

**THE ECLECTIC
MAGAZINE OF
FOREIGN
LITERATURE,
SCIENCE, AND ART**



GIFT OF

Mrs. Anna Alexander



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THE

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MAY TO AUGUST, 1844.

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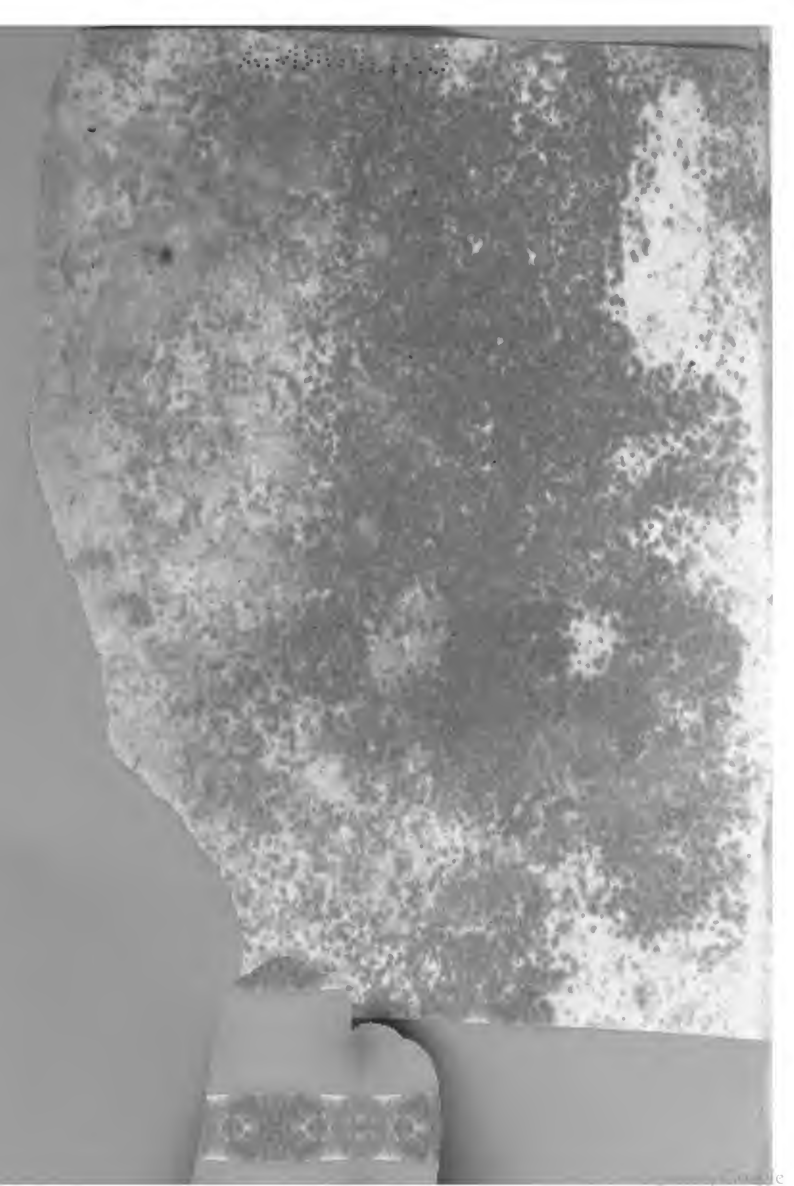
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THE MONUMENT
TO SIR WALTER SCOTT



MONUMENT TO SIR WALTER SCOTT,
designed by James B. Fraser
erected in 1843





THE
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

MAY, 1844.

THE WORKS OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

From the British and Foreign Review.

1. *Six Lectures on Heroes and Hero Worship.* By Thomas Carlyle. London: Fraser, 1841.
2. *Sartor Resartus*: in Three Books. By Thomas Carlyle. London: Fraser, 1841.
3. *Past and Present.* By Thomas Carlyle. London: Chapman and Hall, 1843.

WE gladly take the opportunity offered by the publication of a new work by Mr. Carlyle, to express our opinion of this remarkable writer. We say, our opinion of the writer,—of his genius and tendencies, rather than of his books,—of the idea which inspires him, rather than of the form with which he chooses to invest it. The latter in truth is of far less importance than the former. In this period of transition from doubt to aspiration, this “sick and out-of-joint” time, old ideas die away, or weigh upon the heart like midnight dreams: young ones spring up to view, bright-colored and fresh with hope, but vague and incomplete, like the dreams of the morning. We stand wavering between a past whose life is extinct, and a future whose life has not yet begun; one while discouraged, at another animated by glorious presentiments, looking through the clouds for some star to guide us. One and all, like Herder, we demand of the instinct of our conscience, a great religious thought, which may rescue us from doubt, a social faith which may save us from anarchy, a moral inspiration which may em-

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body that faith in action and keep us from idle contemplation. We ask this especially of those men, in whom the unuttered sentiments and aspirations of the multitudes are concentrated and harmonized with the highest intuition of individual conscience. Their mission changes with the times. There are periods of a calm and normal activity, when the thinker is like the pure and serene star which illumines and sanctifies with its halo of light that *which is*. There are other times, when genius must move devotedly onward before us, like the pillar of fire in the desert, and fathom for us the depths of that *which shall be*. Such are our times: we cannot at the present day merely amuse ourselves with being *artists*, playing with sounds or forms, tickling only our senses, instead of pondering some germ of thought which may serve us. We are scarcely disposed, living in the nineteenth century, to act like that people mentioned by Herodotus, who beguiled eighteen years of famine by playing with dice and tennis-balls.

The writer with whom we have now to deal, by the nature of his labors and the direction of his genius, authorizes the examination we propose to make. He is melancholy and grave: he early felt the evil which is now preying upon the world, and from the outset of his career he proclaimed it loudly and courageously.

“Call ye that a society,” he exclaims, in one of his first publications, “where there is no longer any social idea extant, not so much as the idea of a common home, but only of a common overcrowded lodging-house? where each, isolated, regardless of his neighbor, turned against his

neighbor, clutches what he can get, and cries 'Mine!' and calls it *Le droit*, because in the cut-purse and cut-throat scramble, no steel knives, but only a far cunninger sort can be employed—where friendship, communion, has become an incredible tradition, and your holiest sacramental supper is a smoking tavern dinner, with cook for evangelist? where your priest has no tongue but for plate-licking, and your high guides and governors cannot guide; but on all hands hear it passionately proclaimed, *Laissez-faire!* Leave us alone of your guidance—such light is darker than darkness—eat your wages, and sleep."*

Mr. Carlyle, in writing these lines, was conscious that he engaged himself to seek a remedy for the evil, nor has he shrunk from the task. All that he has since written bears more and more evidently the stamp of a high purpose. In his 'Chartism' he attempted to grapple with the social question; in all his writings, whatever be their subject, he has touched upon it in some one of its aspects. Art is to him but as a means. In his vocation as a writer he fills the tribune of an apostle, and it is here that we must judge him.

There is a multitude around him; and this is the first fact to establish, for it speaks both in favor of the writer and of the public whom he has won over. Since the day when, alone and uncomprehended, he penned the words which we have quoted, Teufelsdröck has made proselytes. The "mad hopes," expressed, with an allowable consciousness of the power which stirred within him, in the last chapter of 'Sartor Resartus,' have been largely realized. The philosophy of clothes—thanks to the good and bad conduct of the two Dandiacal and Drudge sects—has made some progress. Signs have appeared; they multiply daily on the horizon. The diameter of the two "bottomless, boiling whirlpools,"† has widened and widened, as they approach each other in a threatening manner; and many readers who commenced with a smile of pity, or scorn of the unintelligible and tiresome jargon, the insinuations, half-ironical, half-wild, of the dark dreamer, now look into his pages, with the perseverance of the monks of Mount Athos, to see whether they cannot there discover the "great thought," of which they themselves begin to feel the want. They now admire as much as they once scorned,—they admire even when they cannot understand.

Be it so, for this too is good: it is good to see that the great social question, which not long ago was ridiculed, begins to exercise a kind of fascination upon the public mind; to find that even those whose own powers are not

adequate to the task, acknowledge the necessity of some solution of the sphinx-like enigma which the times present. It is good to see, by a new example, that neither ignorant levity nor materialist indifference can long suppress the divine rights of intellect.

There are differences between Mr. Carlyle's manner of viewing things and ours, which we have to premise; but we will not do this without first avowing his incontestable merits,—merits which at the present day are as important as they are rare, which in him are so elevated as to command the respect and admiration even of those who rank under another standard, and the sympathy and gratitude of those who, like ourselves, are in the main upon the same side, and who differ only respecting the choice of means and the road to pursue.

Above all, we would note the sincerity of the writer. What he writes, he not only thinks, but feels. He may deceive himself,—he cannot deceive us; for what he says, even when it is not the truth, is yet *true*,—his individuality, *his errors*, *his incomplete* views of things,—realities, and not nonentities,—the truth limited, we might say, for error springing from sincerity in a high intellect is no other than such. He seeks good with conscientious zeal, not from a love of fame, not even from the gratification of the discovery; his motive is the love of his fellow-men, a deep and active feeling of duty, for he believes this to be the mission of man upon earth. He writes a book, as he would do a good action. Yet more, not only does he feel all that he writes, but he writes nearly all that he feels. Whatever is in his thoughts and has not yet been put on paper, we may be sure will sooner or later appear. He may preach the merit of "holding one's tongue;" to those, in truth, who do not agree with him, are such words addressed; but the "talent of silence" is not his: if sometimes he pretend to reverence it, it is as we may say platonically,—to prevent others speaking ill. But in minds constituted as his, compression of thought is impossible; it must expand, and every prolonged effort made to restrain it, will only render the explosion the more violent. Mr. Carlyle is no homeopathist; he never administers remedies for evil in infinitesimal doses; he never pollutes the sacredness of thought by outward concessions or compromise with error. Like Luther, he hurls his inkstand at the head of the devil, under whatever form he shows himself, without looking to the consequences; but he does it with such sincerity, such *naïveté* and good will, that the devil himself could not be displeased at it, were the moment not critical,

* Sartor Resartus, Book iii. chap. 6

† Ibid., Book iii. chap. 10.

and every blow of the inkstand a serious thing to him. We know no English writer who has during the last ten years so vigorously attacked the half-gothic, half-pagan edifice which still imprisons the free flight of the spirit,—no one who has thrown among a public so much addicted to routine and formalism, so many bold negations, so many religious and social views, novel and contrary to all existing ones,—yet no one who excites less of hostility and aversion. There is generally so much calmness and impartiality in his attacks, so much conviction in his thoughts, so entire an absence of egotism, that we are compelled to listen to what, if uttered by any other man with anger or contempt, would excite a storm of opposition. There is never anger in the language of Mr. Carlyle; disdain he has, but without bitterness, and when it gleams across his pages, it speedily disappears under a smile of sorrow and of pity, the rainbow after a storm. He condemns, because there are things which neither heaven nor earth can justify; but his reader always feels that it is a painful duty he fulfils. When he says to a creed or to an institution, “you are rotten,—begone!” he has always some good word upon what it has achieved in the past, upon its utility, sometimes even upon its inutilty. He never buries without an epitaph,—“*Valeat quantum valere potest.*” Take as an instance, above all, his “History of the French Revolution.”

We place in the second rank his tendencies toward the ideal,—that which we shall call, for want of a better word, his spiritualism. He is the most ardent and powerful combatant of our day in that re-action, which is slowly working against the strong materialism that for a century and a half has maintained a progressive usurpation, one while in the writings of Locke, Bolingbroke, or Pope, at another in those of Smith and Bentham, and has tended, by the doctrines of self-interest and material well-being, to the enthronement of selfishness in men's hearts. All the movement of industrial civilization, which has overflowed intellectual and moral civilization, has not deafened him. Amidst the noise of machinery, wheels, and steam-engines, he has been able to distinguish the stifled plaint of the prisoned spirit, the sigh of millions, in whose hearts the voice of God whispers at times, “*Be men!*” and the voice of society too often cries, “In the name of Production, be brutes!” and he is come, with a small number of chosen spirits, to be their interpreter. He declares that all the bustle of matter and of industry in movement does not weigh against the calm, gentle, and divine whisper, that speaks from the depths of a virtuous soul,

ever when found in the lowest grade of mere machine-tenders; that the producer, not the production, should form the chief object of social institutions; that the human soul, not the body, should be the starting-point of all our labors; since the body without the soul is but a carcase; whilst the soul, wherever it is found free and holy, is sure to mould for itself such a body as its wants and vocation require. In all his writings, in ‘Sartor Resartus,’ in his ‘Lectures,’ in his ‘Essays’ especially, (some of which appear to us to be among the best of Mr. Carlyle's writings,) the standard of the ideal and divine is boldly unfurled. He seeks to abolish nothing, but he desires this truth to be acknowledged and proclaimed, that it is the invisible which governs the visible, the spiritual life which informs the exterior; he desires that the universe should appear, not as a vast workshop of material production (whether its tendency be to centre, as at the present day, in the hands of a few, or to spread, according to the utopian schemes of Owen or Fourier, among the whole community), but as a temple, in which man, sanctified by suffering and toil, studies the infinite in the finite, and walks on toward his object in faith and in hope, with eyes turned constantly toward heaven. Toward this heaven the thought of the writer soars continually with fervor, sometimes even with a kind of despair. It is a reflection of this heaven, the image of the sun in the dew-drop, which he seeks in terrestrial objects. He penetrates the symbol, to arrive at the idea: he seeks God through visible forms, the soul through the external manifestations of its activity. We feel that wherever he found the first suppressed, the second extinguished, nothing would be left for him but idolatry, falsehood, things to despise or to destroy. For him, as for all who have loved, suffered, and have not lost, in the selfish pursuit of material gratifications, the divine sense which makes us men—it is a profound truth that “we live, we walk, and we are in God.” Hence his reverence for nature,—hence the universality of his sympathies, prompt to seize the poetical side in all things,—hence, above all, his notion of human life devoted to the pursuit of duty, and not to that of happiness,—“the worship of sorrow and renunciation,” such as he has given it in his chapter, “The Everlasting Yea” of Sartor Resartus, and such as comes out in all his works. There are, no doubt, many who will term this a truism; there are others who will call it utopian. We would however remind the first that it is not enough to stammer out the sacred words “sacrifice and duty,” and to inscribe the name of God upon the porch of the tem-

ple, in order to render the worship real and fruitful: the theory of individual well-being rules incontestably at the present day, we will not say all our political *parties* (this it does more than enough of course), but all our social *doctrines*, and attaches us all unconsciously to materialism. We would likewise remind the second, that although we have pretended for the last fifty years to organize everything with a view to the interests, that is to say, the happiness, of society, we yet see before us a society harassed by ills, by misery and complaints in eighteen-twentieths of its members. Is it then just to treat the contrary practice as utopian? In looking around us, we affirm that the spiritual view which Mr. Carlyle takes of human life is the only good, the only essentially religious one,—and one of extreme importance, here especially, where the very men who battle the most boldly for social progress are led away by degrees to neglect the development of what is highest, holiest, and most imperishable in man, and to devote themselves to the pursuit of what they call the useful. There is nothing useful but the good, and that which it produces; it is a consequence to be foreseen, not a principle to be invoked. The theory which gives to life, as its basis, a *right* to well-being, which places the object of life in the search after happiness, can only lead vulgar minds to egoism, noble and powerful minds to deception, to doubt, and to despair. It may indeed destroy a given evil, but can never establish the good; it may dissolve, but cannot reunite. Whatever names it assume, in whatever Utopia it may cradle itself, it will invariably terminate in organizing war,—war between the governors and governed in politics, disguised under the name of a system of guarantees, of balance, or of parliamentary majorities,—war between individuals in economy under the name of free competition (*free* competition between those who have nothing and who work for their livelihood, and those who have much and seek a superfluity),—war, or moral anarchy, by effacing all social faith before the absolute independence of individual opinion. This is nearly the present state of things in the world,—a state from which we must at any cost escape. We must come to the conviction, in this as in all other cases, that there exist no rights but those which result from the fulfilment of duty; that our concernment here below is not to be happy, but to become better; that there is no other object in human life than to discover, by collective effort, and to execute, every one for himself, the law of God, without regarding individual results. Mr. Carlyle is an eloquent advocate of this doctrine, and it is this which creates his pow-

er: for there are, thank God, enough good instincts at the bottom of our hearts to make us render homage to the truth, although failing in its practice, when it finds among us a pure-minded and sincere interpreter.

We place in the third rank our author's cosmopolitan tendencies,—*humanitarian* we would say, if the word were in use; for cosmopolitanism has at the present day come to indicate rather the indifference than the universality of sympathies. He well knows that there is a holy land, in which, under whatever latitude they may be born, men are brethren. He seeks among his equals in intelligence, not the Englishman, the Italian, the German, but *man*: he adores, not the god of one sect, of one period, or of one people, but God; and, as the reflex of God upon earth, the beautiful, the noble, the great, wherever he finds it: knowing well, that whencesoever it beams, it is, or will be, sooner or later for all. His points of view are always elevated; his horizon always extends beyond the limits of country; his criticism is never stamped with that spirit of nationalism (we will not say of nationality, a thing sacred with us all), which is only too much at work amongst us, and which retards the progress of our intellectual life by isolating it from the universal life, derived from the millions of our brethren abroad. He has attached himself earnestly to the widest literature endued with this assimilating power, and has revealed it to us. His Essays on Schiller, on Goethe, on Jean Paul, on Werner, his excellent translations from the German, will remain a testimony of the naturalization which he has given to German literature amongst us; as the beautiful pages in his Lectures on Dante, and some of those which he has devoted to French writers, testify the universality of that tendency which we distinguish here as forming the third characteristic of his mind.

To descend to qualities purely literary, Mr. Carlyle is moreover a powerful artist. Since the appearance of his work on the French Revolution, no one can any longer dispute his claim to this title. The brilliant faculties which were revealed in flashes in his previous writings burst out in this work, and one must have a very limited view of the actual duties of the historian to be able to judge it coldly and to remark its defects. He carries his reader along, he fascinates him. Powerful in imagination, which is apt to discover the sympathetic side of things and to seize its salient point,—expressing himself in an original style, which, though it often appear whimsical, is yet the true expression of the man, and perfectly conveys his thought,

—Mr. Carlyle rarely fails of his effect. Gifted with that objectivity, of which Goethe has in recent times given us the highest model, he so identifies himself with the things, events, or men, which he exhibits, that in his portraits and his descriptions he attains a rare lucidness of outline, force of coloring, and graphic precision: they are not imitations, but reproductions. And yet he never loses, in the detail, the *characteristic*, the unity of the object, being, or idea, which he wishes to exhibit. He works in the manner of a master, indicating by certain features, firm, deep, and decisive, the general physiognomy of the object, concentrating the effort of his labor and the richness of his light upon the central point, or that which he deems such, and placing this so well in relief that we cannot forget it. *Humor*, or the faculty of setting off small things, after the manner of Jean Paul, abounds in his writings. Beside the principal idea, secondary ideas meet us at every step, often new and important in themselves, particles of gold scattered upon the shore by the broad wave of the writer's thought. His epithets, although numerous, are seldom without force: they mark a progression in the development of the idea or the qualities of the object. His diction may have faults; of these we shall not treat here, but we may remark that the charge of obscurity so commonly brought against all thinkers endowed with originality, is, generally speaking, only a declaration of incompetence to comprehend or to judge of their ideas. Moreover, his style is, as we have said, the spontaneous expression of the genius of Mr. Carlyle, the aptest form to symbolize his thought, the body shaped by the soul. We would not that it were otherwise; what we require in all things is, *man as he was meant to be*.

Thus frank, honest, and powerful, "*ohne Hast, aber ohne Rast*," Mr. Carlyle pursues his career: may he long continue it, and reap the honors that he merits,—not for himself so much, as for the gratification of those who esteem him, of all those who would see the relation between intelligence and the public drawn more and more close; and may he thus, in his pilgrimage here, attain the consciousness that the seed which he has scattered has not been given to the wind.

We have stated sufficiently at large what is absolutely good in the writer we have undertaken to estimate, that we might the more freely fulfil a second duty, that of declaring what appears to us to render this noble talent incomplete, and to vitiate his work by keeping it behind what the times require elsewhere, and will soon require here. It is a very important question (too important for

the few pages we can here devote to it) that we must now glance at: upon it depends the question of the duty imposed at the present time on the whole world. It appears to us that Mr. Carlyle's tendency, hitherto appreciated from only one point of view,—tory, whig, or sectarian,—well deserves that we should seek to appreciate it from the point of view of the future, from which all the present transitional parties are excluded.

There is but one defect in Mr. Carlyle, in our opinion, but that one is vital: it influences all he does, it determines all his views; for logic and system rule the intellect even when the latter pretends to rise the most against them. We refer to his view of the *collective* intelligence of our times.

That which rules the period, which is now commencing, in all its manifestations,—that which makes every one in the present day complain, and seek good as well as bad remedies,—that which every where tends to substitute, in politics, democracy for governments founded upon privilege,—in social economy, association for unlimited competition,—in religion, the spirit of universal tradition for the solitary inspiration of the conscience,—is the work of an *idea*, which not only distances the object, but misplaces the starting-point of human activity; it is the collective thought seeking to supplant, as the point of view in the social organism, the individual thought; the spirit of humanity *visibly* surpassing (for it has been always silently and unperceived at work) the spirit of man. In the past, we studied one by one the small leaves of the calix, the petals of the corolla; at the present day our attention is turned to the full expansion of the flower. Two thousand years, from the earliest times of Greece down to the latest times of Pagan Rome, worked out Individuality under one of its phases; eighteen centuries have enlightened and developed it under the other. At the present day other horizons reveal themselves,—we leave the individual for the species. The instrument is organized; we seek for it a law of activity and an outward object. From the point of view of the individual we have gained the idea of right; we have worked out (were it only in thought) liberty and equality—the two great guarantees of all personality: we proceed further—we stammer out the word Duty, that is to say, something which can only be derived from the general law, *association*—that is to say, something which requires a common object, a common belief. The prolonged plaint of millions crushed beneath the wheels of competition has warned us that freedom of labor does not suffice to render industry what it

ought to be, the source of material life to the state in all its members: the intellectual anarchy to which we are a prey, has shown us that liberty of conscience does not suffice to render religion the source of moral life to the state in all its members. We have begun to suspect, not only that there is upon the earth something greater, more holy, more divine, than the individual,—collective Humanity,—an existence always living, learning, advancing toward God, of which we are but the instruments,—but that it is alone from the summit of this collective idea, from the conception of the Universal Mind, “of which,” as Emerson says, “each individual man is one more incarnation,” that we can derive our function, the rule of our life, the ideal of our societies. We labor at this at the present day. It signifies little that our first essays are strange aberrations: it signifies little, that falling upon their weak side, the doctrines of St. Simon, of Owen, of Fourier, and others, who have arisen or shall arise, may be condemned to ridicule. That which is important is the idea common to all these doctrines, and the breath of which has rendered them fruitful; it is the object which they all instinctively propose, the starting-point they take. Half a century ago, all the boldest and most innovating theories sought in the organization of societies guarantees for free individual action; society was fundamentally only the power of *all* directed to the support of the rights of *each*: at the present day, the most timid reformers start with a social principle to define the part of the individual,—with the admission of a law, to seek what may be its best interpreter and its best application. What, in the political world, are all these tendencies to centralization, to universal suffrage, to the annihilation of castes? Whence arise, in the religious world, all these discontents, all these reversions toward the past, all these aspirations toward a future, confused, uncertain, but wide, tolerant, and reconciliatory of creeds at present opposed? Why is history, which in old times was satisfied with relating the deeds of princes or of ruling bodies of men, directed at the present day so much to the masses, and why does it feel the want of descending from the summits of society to its base? And what means that word Progress, which, understood in a thousand ways, is yet found on every lip, and becomes more from day to day the watchword of all labors? We thirst for unity: we seek it in a new and larger expression of the mutual responsibility of all men towards each other,—the indissoluble *copartnership* of all generations and all individuals in the human race. We begin to com-

prehend those beautiful words of St. Paul (Romans xii. 5), “We being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.” We resolve the incertitude and caprices of individuals into a universality: we seek the intelligence and harmonizing of persons in the collective mass. Such is the tendency of the present times, and whosoever does not labor in accordance with it, necessarily remains behind.

Mr. Carlyle comprehends only the *individual*; the true sense of the unity of the human race escapes him. He sympathizes with all men, but it is with the life of each one, and not with their collective life. He readily looks at every man as the representative, the incarnation, in a manner, of an idea; he does not believe in a “supreme idea,” represented progressively by the development of mankind taken as a whole. He feels forcibly (rather indeed by the instinct of his heart, which revolts at actual evil, than by a clear conception of that which constitutes *life*) the want of a bond between the men who are around him; he does not feel sufficiently the existence of the bond between the generations past, present, and future. The great religious thought, *the continued development of Humanity by a collective labor, according to an educational plan assigned by Providence*, fore-felt from age to age by a few rare intellects, and proclaimed in the last fifty years by the greatest European thinkers, finds but a feeble echo, or rather no echo at all, in his soul. Progressive from an impulse of feeling, he shrinks back from the idea as soon as he sees it stated explicitly and systematically; and such expressions as “the progress of the species” and “perfectibility” never drop from his pen unaccompanied by a taint of irony, which we confess is to us inexplicable. He seems to regard the human race rather as an aggregate of similar individuals, distinct powers in juxtaposition, than as an association of laborers, distributed in groups, and impelled on different paths toward one single object. Nation itself, country,—the second collective existence, less vast, but still for many centuries not less sacred than humanity,—vanishes, or is modified under his hand: it is no longer the sign of our portion of labor in the common work, the workshop in which God has placed the instruments of labor to fulfil the mission most within our reach; it is no longer the symbol of a thought, of a special vocation to be followed, indicated by the tradition of the race, by the affinity of tendencies, by the unity of language, by the character of localities; it is something reduced, as much as possible, to the proportions of the *individual*. The na-

tionality of Italy is the glory of having produced Dante and Christopher Columbus; the nationality of Germany that of having given birth to Luther, to Goethe, and to others. The shadow thrown by these gigantic men appears to eclipse to his view every trace of the national thought of which these men were only the interpreters or prophets, and of the people, who alone are its depository. All generalization is so repugnant to Mr. Carlyle, that he strikes at the root of the error as he deems it, by declaring that the history of the world is fundamentally nothing more than the biography of great men ('Lectures'). This is to plead, distinctly enough, the falseness of the idea which rules the movement of the times.*

We protest, in the name of the democratic spirit of the age, against such ideas. History is not the biography of great men: the history of mankind is the history of the progressive religion of mankind, and of the translation by symbols, or external actions, of that religion. The great men of the earth are but the marking-stones on the road of humanity; they are the priests of its religion. What priest is equal in the balance to the whole religion of which he is a minister? There is yet something greater, more divinely mysterious, than all the great men,—and this is the earth which bears them, the human race which includes them, the thought of God which stirs within them, and which the whole human race collectively can alone accomplish. Disown not, then, the common mother for the sake of certain of her children, however privileged they may be; for at the same time that you disown her, you will lose the intellect of these rare men whom you admire. Genius is like the flower, which draws one half of its life from the moisture that circulates in the earth, and inhales the other half from the atmosphere. The inspiration of genius belongs one half to heaven, the other to the crowds of common mortals from whose life it springs. No one is gifted with a right comprehension of it, without studying the medium in which it lives.

We cannot, however, here attempt to establish any positive ideas respecting the vocation of our epoch, or the doctrine of the collective progress which appears to us to characterize it: perhaps we may one day take an

* This is the essence of Mr. Carlyle's ideas, as they appear to us to be deducible from the body of his views and opinions and the general spirit which breathes in his works. Of course we meet here and there with passages in opposition to this spirit, and in accordance with that of the age. It is impossible for a writer of Mr. Carlyle's stamp to avoid this; but we do not think we can be accused, if our remarks are read with attention, of unfaithfulness in the material point.

occasion to trace the history of this doctrine, which, treated as it still is with neglect, reckons nevertheless amongst its followers men who bore the names of Dante, of Bacon, and of Leibnitz. We can at present only mark the existence of the contrary doctrine in the writings of Mr. Carlyle, and the consequences to which, in our opinion, it leads him.

It is evident that, of the two criteria of certainty, individual conscience and universal tradition, between which mankind has hitherto perpetually fluctuated, and the reconciliation of which appears to us to constitute the only means we possess of recognizing truth, Mr. Carlyle adopts one alone—the first. He rejects, or at least wholly neglects, the other. From this point, in his view, all follows in a natural connexion: individuality being every thing, the doctrine of *unconsciousness* follows. The voice of God is heard in the intuition, in the instincts of the soul: to separate the individuality from every human external agency, and to offer it in native purity to the breath of inspiration from above,—this is to prepare a temple to God; God and the individual man—Mr. Carlyle sees no other object in the world. But how can the individual alone approach God, unless by transport, by enthusiasm, by the unpremeditated upward flight of the spirit, unshackled by method or calculation? Hence arises all Mr. Carlyle's antipathy to the labors of philosophy; they must appear to him like the efforts of a Titan with the strength of a pigmy. Of what avail are the poor analytical and experimental faculties of the individual intellect, in the solution of this immense and infinite problem? Hence, likewise, his bitter and often violent censure of all those who labor against the social state as it exists. Victory may indeed justify them, for victory is the intervention of God by his decree, from which there is no appeal; but where is the man who can pretend to fore-calculate, to determine this decree? What avails it to fill the echoes with complaint, like Philoctetès? What avails it to contend convulsively in a powerless struggle? What is, *is*. All our endeavors will not alter it before the time decreed; that time God alone determines. What is to happen God will bring to pass, very probably by wholly different means from those which we, feeble and ephemeral creatures, may imagine. Point out the evil, calmly, wisely; then resign yourself, trust, and wait! There is a deep discouragement, a very despair, at the bottom of all that bold fervor of belief which characterizes many of Mr. Carlyle's pages. To us he seems to seek God rather as a refuge, than as the source of right and of power; from his lips,

at times so daring, we seem to hear every instant the cry of the Breton mariner—"My God, protect me! my bark is so small and the ocean so vast!"

Now all this is partly true, and nevertheless it is all partly false; true, inasmuch as it is the legitimate consequence from Mr. Carlyle's starting-point; false, in a higher and more comprehensive point of view. If we derive all our ideas of human affairs and labors from the notion of the individual, and see only in social life "the aggregate of all the individual men's lives"—in history only "the essence of innumerable biographies"—if we always place *man*, singly, isolated, in presence of the universe and of God, we shall have full reason to hold the language of Mr. Carlyle. If all philosophy be in fact, like that of the ancient schools, merely a simple physiological study of the individual,—an analysis, more or less complete, of his faculties,—of what use is it, but as a kind of intellectual gymnastics? If our powers be limited to such as each one of us may acquire by himself, between those moments of our earthly career which we call birth and death, they are indeed enough to attain the power of guessing and of expressing a small fragment of the truth: let him who can *realize* it here. But if we place ourselves in the point of view of the collective existence, Mankind, and regard social life as the continued development of an idea by the life all its individuals,—if we regard history as the relation of this development in time and space through the works of individuals; if we believe in the *co-partnery* and mutual responsibility of generations, never losing sight of the fact that the life of the individual is his development, in a medium fashioned by the labors of all the individuals who have preceded him, and that the powers of the individual are *his* powers grafted upon those of all foregoing humanity,—all our ideas will change. Philosophy will appear to us as the science of the law of life, as "the soul" (Mr. Carlyle himself once uses this expression in contradiction to the general spirit of his works), "of which religion, worship, is the body;" and the complaint of the intellect, so often looked upon as idle, from Byron down to George Sand, will be to us, what it is in truth, the registered, efficacious protest of the spirit, tormented by presentiments of the future, against a present corrupted and destroyed; and we shall feel that it is not only our right, but our duty, to incarnate our thought in action. For it matters little that *our* individual powers be of the smallest amount in relation to the ob-

ject to be attained; it matters little that the result of *our* action be lost in a distance which is beyond our calculation; we know that the powers of millions of men, our brethren, will succeed to the work after us, in the same track,—we know that the object attained, be it when it may, will be the result of *all* our efforts combined.

The object—an object to be pursued collectively, an ideal to be realized as far as possible here below, by the association of all our faculties and all our powers—"operatio humanæ universitatis," as Dante says in a work little known, or misunderstood, in which, five centuries ago, he laid down many of the principles upon which we are laboring at the present day—"ad quam ipsa universitas hominum in tantâ multitudinem ordinatur, ad quam quidem operationem nec homo unus, nec domus una, nec vicinia, nec una civitas, nec regnum particulare, pertingere potest"—this alone gives value and method to the life and acts of the individual. Mr. Carlyle seems to us almost always to forget this. Being thus without a sound criterion whereby to estimate individual acts, he is compelled to value them rather by the power which has been expended upon them, by the energy and perseverance which they betray, than by the nature of the object toward which they are directed, and their relation to that object. Hence arises that kind of indifference which makes him, we will not say esteem, but love, equally men whose whole life has been spent in pursuing contrary objects,—Johnson and Cromwell, for example. Hence proceeds that spirit of fatalism (to call things by their right names) which remotely pervades his work on the French Revolution; which makes him sympathize so much with bold deeds, admire ability, under whatever form displayed, and so often hail, at the risk of becoming an advocate of despotism, might as the token of right. He desires undoubtedly *the good* every where and always; but he desires it, from whatever quarter it may come—from above or from below,—imposed by power, or proclaimed by the free and spontaneous impulse of the multitude; and he forgets that the *good* is above all a moral question; that there is no good apart from the consciousness of good: that it exists only where it is made, not obtained, by man: he forgets that we are not machines for production, from which as much work as possible is to be extracted, but free agents, called to stand or fall by our works. His theory of *unconsciousness*, the germ of which appears in the 'Life of Schiller,' and is clearly defini-

* Essays—'Signs of the Times.'

* De Monarchia.

ed in his essay 'Characteristics,' although a first view it may indeed appear to acknowledge human spontaneity, yet does emphatically involve its oblivion, and sacrifices, in its application, the social object to an individual point of view.

Genius is not, generally speaking, unconscious of what it experiences or of what it is capable. It is not the suspended harp which sounds (as the statue of Memnon in the desert sounds in the sun) at the changing unforeseen breath of wind that sweeps across its strings: it is the conscious power of the soul of a man, rising from amidst his fellow-men, believing and calling himself a son of God, an apostle of eternal truth and beauty upon the earth, the privileged worshipper of an ideal as yet concealed from the majority: he is almost always sufficiently tormented by his contemporaries, to need a compensation—that of feeling his life in the generations to come. Cæsar, Christopher Columbus, were not unconscious: Dante, when, at the opening of the twenty-fifth chapter of the 'Paradiso,' he hurled at his enemies that sublime menace, which commentators without heart and without head have mistaken for a cry of supplication,—Kepler, when he wrote, "My book will await its reader: has not God waited six thousand years before he created a man to contemplate his works?"*—Shakespeare himself, when he wrote,

"And nothing stands

And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand"†

—these men were not unconscious: but even had they been so, even were genius always unconscious, the question lies not there. It is not the consciousness of genius that is important to a man, but of that which he proposes to do: it is the consciousness of the object, and not that of the means, which we assert to be indispensable, whenever man has any great thing to accomplish. This consciousness pervaded all the great men who have embodied their thought,—the artists of the middle ages themselves, who have transferred to stone the aspiration of their souls towards heaven, and have bequeathed to us Christian cathedrals, without even graving their names on a corner-stone. What then becomes of the anathema hurled by Mr. Carlyle at philosophy? What becomes of the sentence passed with so much bitterness against the restless complaints of contemporary writers? What is philosophy but the science of ends? And is that which he calls the disease of the times, at the bottom aught else than the consciousness of a new object, not yet attained?

* Harmonices Mundi: libri quinque.

† Sonnets, 60. See also Sonnets 17, 18, 55, 63, 81, etc.

We know there are many men who pretend, without right and without reality, that they already possess a complete knowledge of the means. Is it this that he attacks? If so, let him attack the premature cry of triumph, the pride, not the plaint. This is but the sign of suffering, and a stimulus to research: it is doubly sacred.

Doubly sacred, we say,—and to murmur at the plaint is both unjust and vain; vain, —for whatever we may do, the words, "*the whole creation groaneth*," of the apostle whom we love to quote will be verified the most forcibly in the choicest intellects, whenever an entire order of things and ideas shall be exhausted; whenever, in Mr. Carlyle's phrase, there shall exist no longer any social faith:—unjust, for while on one side it attacks those who suffer the most, on the other it would suppress that which is the symptom of the evil, and prevent attention being awakened to it. Suffer in silence, do you say? no, cry aloud upon the housetops, sound the tocsin, raise the alarm at all risks, for it is not alone your house that is on fire, but that of your neighbor, that of every one. Silence is frequently a duty, when suffering is only personal; it is an error and a fault, when the suffering is that of millions. Can we possibly imagine that this complaining, this expression of unrest and discontent which at the present day bursts out on every side, is only the effect of the personal illusions of a few egoistical writers? Do we imagine that there can be any pleasure in parading one's own real sufferings before the public? It is more pleasant to cause smiles than tears in those around us. But there are times in which every oracle utters words of ill omen; the heavens are veiled, evil is every where; how should it not be in the heart of those, whose life vibrates most at the trembling of the universal life? What! after proving the evil every instant in our pages, after showing society advancing through moral anarchy and devoid of belief towards its dissolution, can we expect the features to remain calm? are we astonished if the voice trembles, if the soul shudders? Human thought is disquieted; it questions itself, listens to itself, studies itself: this is evidently not its normal state. Be it so: but what is to be done? must we abolish thought,—deny the intellect the right, the duty of studying itself, when it is sick? This is indeed the result of the essay on 'Characteristics,' one of Mr. Carlyle's most remarkable works. The first part is truly admirable; the evil is there perfectly characterized and the principal symptoms described; but the conclusion is most lame and impotent. It ends by suppressing (*how*, is not indicated) the dis-

quietude, or what he terms the "self-sentience," the "self-survey," the consciousness. Would it not be better to endeavor to suppress the malady which produces it? There is a brilliant passage at the end of this same essay, which serves us as a conclusive reply:—

"Do we not already know that the name of the Infinite is Good. is God? Here on earth we are as soldiers, fighting in a foreign land, that understand not the plan of the campaign, and have no need to understand it; seeing well what is at our hand to be done. Let us do it like soldiers, with submission, with courage, with a heroic joy. 'Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.' Behind us, behind each one of us, lie six thousand years of human effort, human conquest: before us is the boundless Time, with its as yet uncreated and unconquered continents and Eldorados, which we, even we, have to conquer; to create; and from the bosom of Eternity shine for us celestial guiding-stars."

We have selected this passage, because, approaching as it does near to the truth in the last lines, and contradicting them (in our opinion) in the first, it appears to us to include in essence all the certainties and uncertainties, the "everlasting Yea" and the "everlasting No" of Mr. Carlyle. God and Duty—these are in fact the two sacred words which mankind has in all critical periods repeated, and which at the present day still contain the means of salvation. But we must know in what manner these words are understood.

We all seek God; but where, how, with what aim? This is the question. Seek him, Mr. Carlyle will say, in the starry firmament, on the wide ocean, in the calm and pure brow of a heroic man; above all, in the words of genius and at the bottom of your heart, freed from all egoistic passions. God is every where: learn to find him. You are surrounded by his miracles; you swim in the Infinite: the Infinite is also within you. BELIEVE,—you will be better; you will be what man should be. True indeed,—but how create belief? This, again, is the question. In all periods of the history of mankind there have been inspired men who have appealed to every generous, great, divine emotion in the human heart, against material appetites and selfish instincts. These men have been listened to; mankind has believed: it has, during several centuries, done great and good things in the name of its creeds. Then it has stopped, and ceased to produce. Why so? Was the thing it had believed, false? No, it was incomplete: like all human things, it was a fragment of absolute truth, combined with many truths relative to time and place, destined to disappear after having borne their fruit,

and when the human intelligence should be ripe for a higher initiation. When this period arrives, all isolated exhortation to faith is useless. What is preached may be eminently sage and moral; it may have, here and there, the authority of an individual system of philosophy, but it will never compel belief. It may meet with a sterile theoretic approbation, but it will not command the practice, it will not dictate the action, it will not gain that mastery over the *life* of men which can make it fruitful in all its manifestations. If the contrary were true, there is no religion that could not make the universe exist for ever in harmony, by the morality which is either developed or involved in it. But there are times in which all efforts are paralyzed by apathy, except we change (by the development of new relations between men, or by calling into action an element hitherto suppressed) the starting-point of social energy, and give a strong shake to the intellect, which has fallen asleep from want of nourishment.

We all seek God; but we know that here below we cannot attain unto him, nor comprehend him, nor contemplate him; the absorption into God of the Brahminical religions, of Plato and of some modern ascetics, is an illusion that cannot be realized: we are too far off. Our aim is to approach God: this we can do by our works alone. To incarnate, as far as possible, his Word; to translate, to realize his Thought, is our charge here below. It is not by contemplating his works that we can fulfil our mission upon earth; it is by devoting ourselves to the evolution of his work, without interruption, without end. The earth and man touch at all points on the infinite; this we know well, but is it enough to know this? have we not to march onwards, to advance into this infinite? But can the individual finite creature of a day do this, if he relies only upon his own powers? It is precisely from having found themselves for an instant face to face with infinity, without calculating upon other faculties, upon other powers than their own, that some of the greatest intellects of the day have been led astray into skepticism or misanthropy. Not identifying themselves sufficiently with mankind, and startled at the disproportion between the object and the means, they have ended by viewing every where death and annihilation, and have no longer had courage for the conflict. The ideal has appeared to them like a tremendous irony.

In truth, human life regarded from a merely individual point of view is a melancholy thing. Glory, power, grandeur, all perish,—playthings of a day, broken at night.

The mothers who loved us, whom we love, are snatched away; friendships die, and we survive them. The phantom of death watches by the pillow of those dear to us: the liveliest and purest love would be a bitter irony, were it not a promise for the future; and this promise itself is not felt strongly enough by us, such as we are at the present day. The intellectual adoration of truth, without hope of realization, is sterile: there is a larger void in our souls, more room for the truth than we can fill during our short terrestrial existence. Break the bond of continuity between ourselves and the generations which have preceded and shall follow us upon the earth, and what is the devotion to ideas but a sublime folly? Annihilate the connection of all human lives, efface the infallibility which lies in the progression of collective mankind, and what becomes martyrdom but a suicide without an object? Who would sacrifice—not his life, for that is little—but all the days of his life, his affections, the peace of those he loves, for country, for human liberty, for the evolution of a great moral thought, when a few years, perhaps a few days, will suffice to destroy it? Sadness, exhaustless sadness, discordance between the will and the power, disenchantment, discouragement,—such constitute life, when looked at only from the individual point of view. A few rare intellects escape the common law and attain calmness; but it is the calm of inaction, of contemplation; and contemplation here on earth is the selfishness of genius.

We repeat, that Mr. Carlyle has instinctively all the presentiments of the period; but not understanding, not admitting throughout, where he labors with the intellect rather than with the heart, the collective life, it is absolutely impossible for him to find the means of realization. A perpetual antagonism prevails throughout all that he does; his instincts drive him to action, his theory to contemplation. Faith and discouragement alternate in his works, as they must in his soul. He weaves and unweaves his web, like Penelope: he preaches by turns life and nothingness: he destroys the powers of his readers, by continually carrying them from heaven to hell, from hell to heaven. Ardent, and almost menacing, upon the ground of idea, he becomes timid and skeptical as soon as he is engaged on that of its application. We may agree with him with respect to the aim—we cannot respecting the means; he rejects them all, but he proposes no others. He desires progress, but dislikes progressives: he foresees, he announces as inevitable, great changes or revolutions in the

religious, social, political order; but it is on condition that the revolutionists take no part in them: he has written many admirable pages on Knox and Cromwell; but the chances are that he would have written as admirably, although less truly, against them, had he lived at the commencement of their struggles. Give him the past—give him a power, an idea, something which has triumphed and borne its fruits—so that, placed thus at a distance, he can examine and comprehend it under all its points of view, calmly, at his ease, without fear of being troubled by it, or drawn into the sphere of its action—and he will see in it all that there is to see, more than others are able to see. Bring the object near to him, and as with Dante's souls in the 'Inferno,' his vision, his faculty of penetration, is clouded. If his judgment respecting the French revolution be in our opinion very incomplete, the reason is that the event is still continued, and that it appears to him living and disturbing. The past has every thing to expect from him—the present, nothing—not even common justice. Have patience, he says, to those who complain; all will come to pass, but not in your way: God will provide the means. By whom then will God provide means upon earth unless by us? are we not his agents here below? Our destinies are within us: to understand them, we need intellect—to accomplish them, power. And why does he design us the first, without the second? Wherefore does he speak to us, at times, in such beautiful passages, of hope and faith, of the divine principle that is within us, of the duty which calls us to act, and the next instant smile with pity upon all that we attempt,—and point to us the night, the vast night of extinction, swallowing up all our efforts?

There is, in our opinion, something very incomplete, very narrow, in this kind of contempt which Mr. Carlyle exhibits, whenever he meets in his path with any thing that men have agreed to call political reform. The forms of government appear to him almost without meaning: such objects as the extension of suffrage, the guarantee of any kind of political right, are evidently in his eyes pitiful things, materialism more or less disguised. What he requires is, that men should grow better, that the number of just men should increase: one wise man more in the world would be to him a fact of more importance than ten political revolutions. It would be so to us also, were we able to create him, as Wagner does his Homunculus, by blowing on the furnaces,—if the changes in the political order of things did not precisely constitute those very manifestations which

appear to us indispensable to the life of the just and wise man. When a creed is the professed object, we must not capriciously destroy the instruments which may enable us fully to attain it.

We know well enough, that there are too many men who lose the remembrance of God in the symbol, who do not go beyond questions of form, contract a love for them, and end in a kind of liberalism for liberalism's sake. We do not need to enter our protest against this caprice, if the reader has paid attention to what we have already said. In our view the real problem, which rules all political agitation, is one of education. We believe in the progressive moral amelioration of man, as the sole important object of all labor, as the sole strict duty which ought to direct us: the rest is only means. But where the liberty of means does not exist, is not its attainment the first thing needful? Take an enslaved country,—Italy for example,—there we find no education, no press, no public meetings; but censors, who, after having mutilated a literary journal for years, seeing that it still survives, suppress it altogether;*—archbishops, who preach against all kinds of popular instruction, and declare the establishment of infant schools to be immoral;†—princes, who stamp all the books belonging to their subjects.‡ What can be done to ameliorate in such a country the moral and intellectual condition of the people? Take a country of serfs,—Poland or Russia, for example,—how can we set about the attempt to annihilate the really existing distinction? Could the education of these nations be commenced otherwise than by a revolution? Take a man, for instance, who labors hard from fourteen to sixteen hours a day to obtain the bare necessities of existence; he eats his bacon and potatoes (when indeed he can get them) in a place which might rather be called a den than a house; and then, worn out, lies down and sleeps: he is brutalized in a moral and physical point of view; he has not ideas, but propensities,—not belief, but instinct; he does not read,—he cannot read; he has not within his reach the least means of self-enlightenment, and his contact with the upper class is only the relation of a servant to a master, of a machine to the director of the machine. Of what use are books to such a being? How can you come at him, how kindle the divine spark which is torpid in his soul, how give

the notion of life, of sacred life, to him who knows it only by the material labor that crushes him, and by the wages that abase him? Alas! this man's name is Million; he is met with on every side; he constitutes nearly three-fourths of the population of Europe. How will you give him more time and more energy to develop his faculties, except by lessening the number of his hours of labor, and increasing his profits? How can you render his contact with the enlightened classes serviceable to him, except by altering the nature of his relations toward them? How, above all, will you raise this fallen soul, except by saying to him,—by telling him in *acts*, not reasonings which he does not understand,—“Thou, too, art man; the breath of God is in thee: thou art here below to develop thy being under all its aspects: thy body is a temple; thy immortal soul is the priest, which ought to sacrifice there for all”? And what is this act, this token destined to raise him in his own eyes, to show to him that he has a mission upon earth, to give him the consciousness of his duties and his rights, except his initiation into citizenship, the suffrage? What is meant by “re-organizing labor,” but bringing back the dignity of labor? What is a new form, but the *case* of a new idea? We perhaps have had a glimpse of the ideal in all its purity,—we feel ourselves capable of soaring into the invisible regions of the spirit. But are we, on this account, to isolate ourselves from the movement which is going on among our brethren beneath us? Must we hear ourselves addressed thus, “You profane the sanctity of the idea,” because the men into whom we seek to instil it are flesh and blood, and we are obliged to speak to their senses? Condemn all action, then; for action is only a form of thought,—its application, practice. “The end of man is an *action*, and not a *thought*.” Mr. Carlyle himself repeats this in his ‘Sartor Resartus’ (Book 2. ch. vi.), and yet the spirit which pervades his works seems to us too often of a nature to make his readers forget it.

It has been asked,* what is at the present day the duty of which we have spoken so much? A complete reply would require a volume, but we can point it out in a few words. Duty consists of that which the life of the individual represents in all possible acts, for the love of God and of man, *all* that he believes to be the truth, absolute or relative. Duty is progressive, as the evolution of the truth; it is modified and enlarges with ages; it changes its manifestations according

* The ‘Subalpino,’ the ‘Lettura Popolari,’ in Piedmont; the ‘Antologia’ at Florence, etc.

† The Archbishop of Turin, Franzoni, in a pastoral letter.

‡ The Duke of Modena.

* Mr. Horne, in his Preface to Gregory VII.

to the acquirement of times and circumstances. There are times in which we must be able to die like Socrates; there are others, in which we must be able to struggle like Washington: one period claims the pen of the sage, another requires the sword of the hero. But ever, and every where, its source is God and his law,—its object, Humanity,—its guarantee, the mutual responsibility of men,—its measure, the intellect of the individual and the demands of the period,—its limit, power. Study the universal tradition of humanity, with all the faculties, with all the disinterestedness, with all the comprehensiveness of which God has made you capable; where you find the general permanent voice of humanity agreeing with the voice of your conscience, be sure that you hold in your grasp something of absolute truth,—gained, and for ever yours. Study also with interest, attention, and comprehensiveness, the tradition of your epoch and of your nation,—the idea, the want, which ferments within them: where you find that your conscience sympathizes with the general aspiration, you are sure of possessing the relative truth. Your life must embody both these truths, must represent and communicate them, according to your intelligence and your means; you must be not only man, but a man of your age; you must act as well as speak; you must be able to die without being compelled to acknowledge, “I have known such a fraction of the truth, I could have done such a thing for its triumph, and I have not done it.” Such is, in our opinion, duty, in its most general expression. As to its special application to our times, we have said enough on this point in the commencement of the part of our article which establishes our difference from the views of Mr. Carlyle, to render its deduction easy. The question at the present day is a perfecting the principle of association, a change of the medium in which mankind moves: duty therefore lies in a *collective* labor,—every one to measure his powers, and to see what part of this labor falls to him. The greater the intellect and influence a man enjoys, the greater his responsibility; but assuredly contemplation cannot satisfy duty in any degree.

Mr. Carlyle's expression of duty is naturally different. Thinking only of individuality, calculating only the powers of the individual, he would rather restrict than enlarge its sphere. The rule which he adopts is that laid down by Goethe,—“Do the duty which lies nearest thee.” And this rule is good, inasfar as it is, like all other moral rules, susceptible of a wide interpretation,—bad,

so far as, taken literally, and falling into the hands of men whose tendencies to self-sacrifice are feeble, it may lead to the revival of selfishness, and cause that which at bottom should only be regarded as the wages of duty to be mistaken for duty itself. It is well known what use Goethe, the high-priest of the doctrine, made of this maxim, shrouding himself in what he called ‘Art;’ and amidst a world in misery, putting away the question of Religion and politics,—“a troubled element for Art,” though a vital one for man,—and giving himself up to the contemplation of forms and the admiration of self. There are at the present day but too many who imagine they have perfectly done their duty, because they are kind toward their friends, affectionate in their families, inoffensive toward the rest of the world. The maxim of Goethe and of Mr. Carlyle will always suit and serve such men, by transforming into duties the individual, domestic, or other affections,—in other words, the consolations of life. Mr. Carlyle probably does not carry out his maxim in practice; but his principle leads to this result, and cannot theoretically have any other. “Here on earth we are as soldiers,” he says:—true, but “we understand nothing, nor do we require to understand any thing, of the plan of the campaign.” What law, what sure object can we then have for action, excepting those to which our individual instincts lead us? Religion is the first of our wants, he will go on to say: but whilst to us religion is a belief and a worship in common, an ideal, the realization of which mankind collectively must seek,—a heaven, the visible symbol of which the earth must be rendered by our efforts,—to him it is only a simple relation of the individual to God. It ought therefore, according to our view, to preside over the development of collective life; according to his view, its only office is to pacify the troubled soul.

Does it at least lead to this conclusion? Is he (we speak of the writer, of whom alone we have a right to speak) calm? No, he is not: in this continual alternation between aspirations as of a Titan and powers necessarily very limited, between the feeling of life and that of nothingness, his powers are paralyzed as well as those of his readers. At times there escape from his lips accents of distress, which, whatever he may do, he cannot remove from the minds of those who listen to him with attention and sympathy. What else is that incessant and discouraged yearning after rest, which, although he has formally renounced the happiness of life, pervades all his works,—‘Sartor Resartus’ espe-

cially,—and which so constantly calls to our minds the expression of Arnaud to Nicolle, —“N'avons-nous pas toute l'éternité pour nous reposer?”—“Let me rest here, for I am way-weary, and life-weary; I will rest here, were it but to die; to die or to live is alike to me, alike insignificant Here, then, as I lay in that CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE the heavy dreams rolled gradually away”* Alas! no, poor Teufelsdröck! there is no repose here on earth. It matters little if the limbs be bruised, the faculties exhausted. Life is a conflict and a march; the “heavy dreams” will return; we are still too low; the air is still too heavy around us for them to “roll away.” Strength consists in advancing in the midst and in spite of them,—not in causing them to vanish. They will vanish higher, when, after mounting a step upon the ladder, life shall expand in a purer medium: the flower, too, springs and unfolds in the earth, to expand only in another element, in the air and sun of God. Meanwhile suffer and act; suffer for thyself, act for thy brethren, and with them. Speak not ill of science, of philosophy, of the spirit of inquiry; these are the implements which God has given us for our labor,—good or bad, according as they are employed for good or for evil. Tell us no longer that “life itself is a disease,—knowledge, the symptom of derangement;” talk no more of a “first state of freedom and paradisiacal unconsciousness.”† There is more *Byronism* in these few words than in the whole of Byron. Freedom and paradise are not behind, but before us. Not life itself, but the deviation from life, is disease: life is sacred; life is our aspiration toward the ideal,—our affections, engagements, which will one day be fulfilled, our virtues, advanced toward greater. It is blasphemy to pronounce a word of disrespect against it.

The evil at the present day is, not that men assign too much value to life, but the reverse. Life has fallen in estimation, because, as at all periods of crisis and disorganization, the chain is broken which in all forms of belief attaches it through humanity to heaven. It has fallen, because the consciousness of mutual human responsibility, which alone constitutes its dignity and strength, being lost together with the community of belief, its sphere of activity has become restricted, and it has been compelled to fall back upon material interests, little objects, minor passions. It has fallen, because it has been too much individualized; and the remedy lies in

re-attaching life to heaven,—in raising it again, in restoring to it the consciousness of its power and sanctity. The means consist in tempering the individual life in the common elements, in the universal life: they consist in restoring to the individual that which we have from the outset called the feeling of *the collective*, in pointing out to him his place in the tradition of the species, in bringing him into communion, by love and by works, with all his fellow-men. By isolating ourselves, we have begun to feel ourselves feeble and little; we have begun to despise our efforts and those of our brethren toward the attainment of the ideal; and we have in despair set ourselves to repeat and comment upon the “*Carpe diem*” of the heathen poet: we must make ourselves great and strong again by association; we must not dishonor life, but make it holy. By persisting to search out the secret, the law of individuality in the individuality itself, man ends only in egoism, if he is evil-minded—in skepticism, in fatalism, or in contemplation, if he is virtuous. Mr. Carlyle, whatever he may himself think, fluctuates between these last three tendencies.

The function which Mr. Carlyle at present fulfils in England appears to us therefore important, but incomplete. Its level is perhaps not high enough for the demands of the age, nevertheless it is noble, and nearer to the object which we have pointed out than that perhaps of any other living writer. All that he combats is indeed really false, and has never been combated more energetically: that which he teaches is not always true. His longings belong to the future,—the temper and habits of his intelligence attach him to the past. Our sympathies may claim the one half of the man,—the other half escapes us. All that we regard as important, he considers so also: all that we foresee, he foresees likewise. We only differ respecting the road to follow, the means to be adopted: we serve the same God, we separate only in the worship. Whilst we dive into the midst of present things, in order to draw inspiration from them, while we mingle with men in order to draw strength from them, he retires to a distance and contemplates. We appeal perhaps more than he to tradition; he appeals more than we to individual conscience. We perhaps run the risk of sacrificing something of the purity of the *idea*, in the pursuit of the means; he runs the risk, without intending it, of deserting his brother-laborers.

Nevertheless, let each follow his own path. There will always be a field for the fraternity of noble spirits, even if they differ in their notion of the present life. Their outward

* Sartor Resartus, Book ii. ch. 9.
† Essays—“Characteristics.”

manifestations may vary, but only like the radiations of light upon the earth. The ray assumes different colors, according to the different media through which it passes, according to the surface of the objects upon which it falls; but wherever it falls, it warms and vivifies more or less visibly, and all the beams proceed from the same source. Like the sun, the fountain of terrestrial light, there is a common element in heaven for all human spirits which possess strong, firm, and disinterested convictions. In this sanctuary Mr. Carlyle will assuredly meet, in a spirit of esteem and sympathy, all the chosen spirits that adore God and truth, who have learned to suffer without cursing, and to sacrifice themselves without despair.

We can but briefly refer to Mr. Carlyle's last work, recently published, entitled 'Past and Present.' We have read it with attention, and with a desire to find cause to alter our opinions. We however find nothing to retract: on the contrary the present work appears to us to confirm those opinions. 'Past and Present' is a work of power, and will do incalculable good. No one will close its pages without having felt awakened in him thoughts and feelings which would perhaps have still slept long in his heart: yet should the reader desire to open it again, with a view to study how he may realize these sentiments and thoughts in the world, he will often, in the midst of eloquent pages, of fruitful truths expressed with an astonishing energy, meet with disappointment. 'Past and Present' is, in our opinion, remarkable rather for the tendencies and aptitudes which it presents than for the paths which it points out. It is a step *to-ward* the future, not a step *in* the future. Will Mr. Carlyle take this step? We know not, but we have every thing to hope for.

TO A CHILD.

From Fraser's Magazine.

My happy child! I smile to see
How wisdom I have sought so long,
Hath come to thee spontaneously
In thine unconsciousness of wrong;
How, wheresoe'er thine eyes may stray,
Their pure, unclouded sight can find
A something beautiful or gay,—
A joy, to which mine eyes are blind.

The red leaves dancing in the breeze,
The falling of the autumn rain,
The solemn waving of the trees,
For us are beautiful in vain;
But thou, with better wisdom far,
Canst find new joy in every change;
Contented with the things that are,
Thy wishes ask no farther range.

And if they're sent to thee alone,
Or if they come alike to all,
Thou carest not; but mak'st thine own
The blessings that around thee fall.
The sunshine and the breath of heaven,
The beauty of the field and wood,
To thee these blessed gifts are given,—
Enough for thee, thou know'st them good.

I love to cast all cares aside,
And, calming down each hope and fear,
To watch the smiles of light that glide
Across thy face when none are near,
And think that glories hid from eyes
Long dimmed with mists of grief and ill
Before thy holier vision rise,
Clad in their vernal beauty still.

Young stranger in a world of care,
Keep, keep thy keen unclouded sight;
No thoughts of ours are half so fair
As those which give thy soul delight.
Our laughter is an empty sound
To that clear, silvery tone of thine,—
Our very hopes are check'd and bound,
Our thoughts in vain for freedom pine.

In thee so lovely life doth seem,
So rich in stores of happy thought,
So calm, so sweet, that I could deem
All joys men feel must needs be brought
From far-off shores of infancy;
Borne onward o'er the wastes of life
Like bursts of music o'er the sea,
Dull'd, but still heard amid the strife.

My child! I blessed thee at thy birth,
Yet knew not then how much had come
Of happiness, and love, and mirth,
With thee, to haunt my heart and home.
I dream'd not thy young life could shed
Such joy and beauty upon mine,
Nor I, by watching thee, be led
To better thoughts of things divine.

THE AFFINITY OF VEGETABLES FOR MOISTURE, is one of the most striking phenomena in natural history. "There is nothing more unaccountable," says a correspondent of the Gardener's Chronicle, "than the fact that of certain plants teeming with moisture, and growing to a large size, in places where no other vegetable can withstand the burning temperature. In the deserts of the East, in Arabia, and those extensive plains where nothing save sand is seen on the ground; where the heat reflected from the earth dissipates the passing cloud, which hastens, as it were, to shed its refreshing moisture on a more grateful spot; where no water ever rises from a spring, or falls from on high, and where the burning soil is intolerable to the foot even of the camel, the water-melon attains the size of a foot and more in diameter, and while all around is parched, offers in its cold and copious juice a draught to the traveller, which has often saved him from a lingering and painful death. In a similar, though less efficient manner, the melon cactus refreshes the wild herds of the Pampas; and the formidable prickles are not a sure guard against the powerful kick of the wild horse, who has no other mode of getting at its interior, but who is often permanently lamed in this extraordinary contest." —Chambers's Ed. Jour.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

From the Literary Gazette.

Prof. H. H. Wilson in the chair. The paper "On the cave-temples of India," by Mr. J. Fergusson, was concluded. This gentleman, who traversed a great part of India as an artist and antiquarian, has had advantages which have fallen to the lot of few in examining these mysterious relics of antiquity; and though he modestly disclaims all pretensions to the knowledge of Indian learning and literature, which some of those have enjoyed who have visited these temples, he is the only person who has investigated them with the sole purpose of ascertaining their age and object, and who has been able to give them his undivided attention; whereas other describers have visited them incidentally, while travelling on their usual avocations. He may also boast of seeing a larger number of them than any other traveller, very few having escaped his research.

If it were possible to render intelligible the descriptions detailed in this very interesting paper without the architectural plans laid on the Society's table, our limits would preclude our doing so; but this is the less to be lamented, as several of these extraordinary excavations have been already described by others. It will be more interesting to give the classification which Mr. Fergusson's extensive observations have enabled him to make of these caverns, and his conclusions on their chronological succession and antiquity, which he brings down very low, compared with the extravagant assumptions of those who have placed them, in this respect, above the oldest temples of Egypt. Mr. Fergusson divides all the cave-temples of India into five classes. The first or most ancient of these he terms the *vihara*, or monastic caverns. These, though one in object and arrangement, are very various in execution. In the simplest instances they are natural caverns somewhat enlarged and improved by art; in more elaborate examples they are extended to a square cell, with a porch; and lastly, to an extensive hall, supported by massy columns, surrounded by cells for the abode of the priest, and having opposite the entrance a deep recess or sanctuary, in which are usually placed statues of Buddha and his attendants. By far the majority of Buddhist excavations are of this class; and the most splendid of these are at Ajanta: there are also fine specimens at Ellora and Salsette.

The second class is that of the *chaitya* caves. These are the temples of the Buddhists; and one, at least, is attached to every set of caves in India. The plan and arrangement of all these is exactly alike; and, unlike the *viharas*, the oldest differ in nothing from the most modern, except in size. They have all an external porch, an internal gallery over the entrance, and a nave or centre aisle, at least twice as long as broad, covered by a vault, with a semi-dome over a *chaitya*, or *daghope*. The whole interior is surrounded by a narrow aisle, separated from the nave by massy columns, and roofed. The most perfect *chaitya* cave in India, and in Mr. Fergusson's opinion the most ancient, is that at Carlee.

These two classes comprise the Buddhist caves. The third class are the Brahmanical caves. These are copies of Buddhist *viharas*, and, until closely examined, appear as though they were Buddhist caves appropriated to Brahmanical use. A nearer acquaintance, however, shows much difference in detail. They are, moreover, never surrounded by cells, the monastic state not being adopted by the Brahmans; and the walls are sculptured, and never painted, as in the *vihara* caves. The finest specimens are at Ellora and Elephanta.

The fourth class are not properly caves; they are imitations of built temples; and as the rock they are cut from is usually higher than the temple itself, they look as though they were built in pits. Thus they can never be properly seen, and have an insignificant appearance. They are in worse taste than either of the classes mentioned, although of considerable interest to the antiquarian. The far-famed Kylas at Ellora is of this class.

The fifth class are the *jaina* caves, which, unless it comprehends the *Indra Sabha* group at Ellora—a matter of some uncertainty,—contains but few specimens, and these of small importance. They consist of a number of colossal figures cut in the rock, and sometimes, but not always, with a screen left standing before, thus constituting a chamber. The sculpture is rude, and in bad taste.

In connexion with the subject, Mr. Fergusson made some remarks on the religions of India. He is of opinion that previous to the appearance of Sakya Muni, in the sixth century before Christ, there existed in India a Brahmanical religion, a sort of fire-worship, very different from modern Brahmanism; and that, contemporary with it, there was a Buddhistical religion, differing but little from it. Kings and people went from one to the other without difficulty or excitement; and in the descriptions left by the Greeks, and in native records, we find it difficult to distinguish between them. He is also of opinion that, from the period of Asoka, b. c. 250, to the fifth century of our era, Buddhism was the prevailing faith of Northern India, while Brahmanism ruled in the south; and that during this participation of territory that polytheistic Brahmanism was elaborated which now prevails throughout India. He concludes that the earliest cave-diggers of India were Buddhists; who were afterwards imitated by the Brahmans; and as to their antiquity, that none are so old as the date of Asoka. Mr. Fergusson finished by deploring the continued destruction of these remains, and more particularly of the paintings, from the injuries of the climate, from their incrustation by the soot, from the native cooking-fires, and by the more destructive propensities of European curiosity-fanciers, who seldom visit a temple without carrying off a head or two, picked out of the wall, which is usually crushed to powder before reaching its destination.

These observations elicited from the meeting a resolution to use all possible means to get copies made of some of these paintings, and especially those of Ajanta, which were more particularly alluded to by Mr. Fergusson.

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM TAYLOR OF
NORWICH.

From the Quarterly Review.

A Memoir of the Life and Writings of the late William Taylor, of Norwich, containing the Correspondence of many years with the late Robert Southey, Esq., &c.
By J. W. Robberds, F.G.S., of Norwich.
2 vols. 8vo. London. 1843.

Mr. Sydney Smith complimented the Norfolk Taylors, so many of whom have made themselves known to the world in our time, by reversing the obsolete adage into 'it takes nine men to make a Taylor.' We believe the distinguished persons of that name from Norwich and the neighboring country do not all consider themselves to be of the same kindred; but, however this may be, they will all, we suppose, allow that for gifts and acquirements the foremost among them was the subject of these Memoirs. Yet, as he put forth little with his name, and did not in his anonymous writings thoroughly identify himself with the theories or interests of any great party among us, we should not be surprised to find that, after a silence of thirteen years, preceded by about as long a period of comparative inactivity, he had nearly ceased to be remembered beyond his province and the professed students of literature. If such obscurity has gathered over him, however, these volumes will dispel it. The narrative is that of an able man—sometimes too ambitious indeed, but nowhere diffuse, every where clear; and the correspondence interwoven is as interesting as any we are likely to see revealed for many years to come.

It is our duty to review such a book as this; but the task is not undertaken without reluctance. Mr. Taylor was the deliberate teacher of pernicious opinions: his conversation and his pen were influential in forwarding some of the most fatal heresies of this age: and the many amiable traits in his character render it most painful to dwell on the obstinacy of his unhappy delusions.

He was born at Norwich in 1765, the only child of wealthy parents. His father had inherited the chief place in an old mercantile house, engaged mostly in the export trade; and William was destined from the cradle to succeed in this respectable position. The family were of the Unitarian sect, and so all their immediate connections appear to have been. The boy was sent to school first under a Swiss refugee, whose favorite study is said to have been etymology, and afterwards with Mr. Rochemont Barbauld, Unitarian minister at Palgrave, whose 'talented and tasteful consort' (early celebrated as

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Miss Aikin) took a large share in the tuition of the house, and soon distinguished Taylor as one of two pupils especially deserving her own and her husband's most assiduous care—the other being Frank Sayers, whose life was in the sequel written and his remains collected by his early companion. Mr. Robberds considers it as an extraordinary circumstance that the two cleverest boys of the school formed an enthusiastic attachment for each other—we should have thought it stranger if they had not; but, he adds, 'a friendship unbroken during the term of forty-three years, amidst severer trials than the struggles of academic vanity or the freaks of juvenile ambition.' That is to say, it survived a total disavowance of opinions on subjects of the highest importance; but this, however rare, is not the only example of the kind, nor the most illustrious one, that Mr. Taylor's biographer records.

In his life of Sayers (1823), Mr. Taylor dwelt with grateful recollection on the pains taken by Mrs. Barbauld (whom he used to call 'the mother of his mind') with the 'English composition' of her young disciples; and, in reviewing that Life, Mr. Southey, a warm friend and admirer of both Sayers and Taylor, made this passage the subject of a brief comment:—

'It may be doubted whether such a habit of early criticism would have the effect of producing a natural and easy style; whether it would not tend to banish colloquial and idiomatic English from composition; and whether pupils so trained would not, as they grew up, be likely to think less of what they had to say than of how they should say it. The moral faculties cannot be accustomed to discipline too early, that they may receive their bent in time; but there is danger of weakening or *distorting* the intellectual powers, if you interfere too soon with their free growth. To make boys critical is to make little men of them, which is the surest way to prevent them from ever becoming great ones.'—*Quart. Rev.*, vol. xxxv. p. 177.

Such remarks might naturally have occurred in reference to any Life of Sayers: but there can be no doubt that Mr. Southey was thinking less of the Doctor than of his historian.

Having acquired as much Greek and Latin as Mr. Barbauld could teach, or as his parents thought desirable, and made very extraordinary progress in various branches of education more likely to be serviceable in a mercantile career, William Taylor was removed from Palgrave to the Norwich counting-house at the age of fourteen. He could already read French and Italian with ease, and the foreign connections of the firm rendering it expedient that he should complete

his mastery of those languages, he was soon afterwards sent to make a tour on the continent, under the care of one of the partners. Some specimens of his letters to his parents from various places abroad are now printed, and they are such as cannot be considered without wonder. He must, indeed, have been a most precocious youth—at fifteen he writes both as to matter and language, whether in English, in French, or in Italian, as few, very few, of his sex at such standing could ever do. It is not surprising that he excited a most lively interest among the friends and correspondents of his family. After some months he returned a man in mind and in manners, and almost in appearance. The experiment was too successful not to be repeated. After being admired as a prodigy for two years more at Norwich, he was again sent abroad for a longer time; and, with a view to some flattering openings in his father's traffic, took up his residence during a whole twelvemonth under the roof of a clergyman at Paderborn, there to add to his other attainments a familiar acquaintance with the German. This residence decided his destiny. His singular facility soon overcame all the difficulties of a new vocabulary. He could, before the twelve months were over, use the language like a native. But his host and preceptor was an enthusiastic admirer, not only of the rising *belles-lettres*, but of the new philosophy of his country, and Taylor left him with his tastes and opinions for ever Germanized. He returned to Norwich at eighteen, full of Goethe, and Bürger, and Voss; but not without having 'pervasively studied' the rationalistic divines as well as the pantheistic poets.

Without formally withdrawing from the paternal desk, he very soon convinced all about him that his father was to be the last real merchant of the lineage. The elder Mr. Taylor cared nothing about either poetry or metaphysics, but he was proud, as well he might be, of his only son, and fancying himself richer than he was, by degrees acquiesced in the views which month after month developed themselves more and more clearly. His boy's translations from the German were handed about—the brilliant novelties were rapturously praised. The Unitarians, at this time prominent in the place, hailed the opening of talents that promised to shed new light upon their body, promote its local ascendancy, and extend its reputation in the world beyond. But the community at large welcomed the juvenile aspirant. There was, as there had long been, a general spirit of intellectual activity in Norwich, but in those days not much of political excitement; and

doctrinal differences, however great and serious, do not seem to have kept churchmen and sectaries from free intercommunion in private life, any more than from cordial co-operation in the promotion of local institutions, either of a literary, or scientific, or a benevolent and charitable description.

It was not until after the French Revolution that this easy state of things was disturbed. At that era the Unitarians were almost universally active as 'friends of the people.' Young Taylor became Secretary of a Democratic Club; and from that time his social connections appear to have been almost exclusively among the dissenters and Whigs in and about his native town.

Besides political clubs Norwich had several Societies which held evening meetings once a week to hear and criticise essays, and debate the questions that these happened to stir; and William Taylor, while yet a stripling, had won distinction among them both as a writer and a speaker. From these meetings younger members often adjourned to a tavern, prolonging the discussion over the bottle or the bowl; and here also William was qualified to bear his part, for his temper was naturally open, and from an early age he had been accustomed to very convivial habits in his father's house. The old man was a most bountiful Amphitryon, and the lad's manly aspect and manners had seemed to entitle him to sit on equal terms with the seniors, whom his variety of information and liveliness of language entertained and amused.

Such was William Taylor's position when he first began to make himself known as a contributor to our periodical publications. Surrounded with ease and comfort at home, the idol of his amiable parents, courted and caressed as the agreeable heir to a handsome fortune, which might abundantly excuse his unconcealed inattention to mercantile concerns—the centre of a cheerful gay circle of his own class—sedulously cultivated and extolled by the authorities of a locally powerful sect—and in a word, habitually looked up as in every way the most promising among the rising citizens of Norwich; if a young man endowed with remarkable brilliancy, and above all with most remarkable facility of parts, thus early accustomed to a sense of acknowledged predominance, naturally fond of society, and thus, without an effort as it were, placed at the head of the society to which he belonged—if such a youth should have elevated his ambition altogether beyond the sphere of immediate and easy triumphs, and, secure of worldly competence, resolved—

ly devoted himself to the most laborious of all lives, that of the man who does great things in literature or in science—he might not indeed have been a solitary, but he must have been a most rare exception to all rules. It was very natural that the essays and speeches of his debating clubs should encourage him to enter into correspondence with a newspaper or a magazine; but, if fugitive verses and articles so published should happen to bring him a considerable addition of notoriety—if he should find himself able, by brief snatches of exertion, to fix on himself such a measure of general literary reputation as no man else in or near Norwich had then achieved—it became doubly improbable that he should trample on hourly strengthening temptations, and determine to be great in place of sitting down content with being already thought so.

The first thing that attracted notice beyond the Norwich sphere, was his translation of 'Lenore.' Bürger is, if not the greatest, at least among the very greatest, of modern ballad poets, and this remains his masterpiece. Taylor's version was the earliest, and his biographer considers it as the best in our language: a casual recitation of it suggested, as is well known, the apprentice effort of Sir Walter Scott, which is certainly, in general accuracy and finish, inferior to Taylor's, but in which we cannot but think there is more of the spirit of poetry. In truth we have no thoroughly satisfactory English 'Lenore.' William Spencer's is wordy and pompous, and gives no idea whatever of Bürger's nervous and fiery style. On the other hand, Taylor, and after him Scott, shrunk from strict imitation of the stanza—whereby, as both Coleridge and Wordsworth have observed, a pervading and pathetic beauty of effect is sacrificed. Scott and several others have followed Taylor in some variations of the story itself, which Mr. Robberds thinks judicious; but here again we have the fortune to disagree with him. Bürger, for instance, lays his scene at the end of the Seven Years' war—Taylor and Scott carry us back to the Crusades. In our opinion the date of the original was well fixed. The ghost superstition, say what we will, has survived to this day every where; at all events there can be no doubt that it was far from being extinct in Germany when Bürger was writing, and Coleridge and Taylor were electrified during their youthful wanderings by his fresh productions: and we believe that when a superstition is really alive in the popular mind, and therefore (which is infallibly the case) not without some shadow of living power in all minds, a story connected with it will,

ceteris paribus—or rather, *ceteris non valde imparibus*—be effective in proportion to the nearness of its date. Besides, whenever there is an alteration there will be some ugly trace of the rent. Many circumstances in the 'Lenore,' when introduced into a story of the twelfth or thirteenth century, whether in England or in Germany, are at once perceived to belong to a much more modern era, and these therefore give an air of patchwork and falsification to both Taylor's version and Scott's, from which the ballad itself is free. According to our view, Taylor's attempt at archaic diction and his Rowleian spelling only make things worse. In fact the whole sentiment of the piece is, like Bürger's own language and rhythm, modern; and especially the picturesque minuteness of the description throughout is proper in reference to a superstition that lingers on and influences the heart and imagination, but is already disparaged and condemned, and stands in need of support. A story like that of Lenore would have been told by a mediæval bard with a Job-like darkness of hints or a Gospel-like simplicity and brevity.

This piece was rapidly followed by other translations from the same poet, and by and bye much more extensive specimens from the German in a variety of measures. In the three bulky volumes, entitled 'Survey of German Poetry,' which Mr. Taylor published in 1830, he collected many of these early performances in verse, with a sort of connecting commentary made up chiefly from his magazine prose of the same period. We should regret with the biographer that he did not re-write the whole of the prose, had he shown in his patches of addition any disposition to recant his juvenile heresies—but, on the contrary, his aim was to lend these new force and attraction.

Mr. Taylor in his translations, and also in his original poetry (so called), was a great experimentalist in metres. Mr. Southey has secured remembrance for his English hexameters by a rather solemn paragraph of the preface to the 'Vision of Judgment.' It may be proper therefore that we should give a small specimen of his workmanship; and we take it from his 'Survey' of the 'Luise' of Voss, a poem of classical reputation, which continues to be hardly less a favorite with the Germans than the most skilfully constructed narrative poem of recent times, the 'Herman and Dorothea' of Goethe. We are not of opinion that the hexameter will ever be naturalized in England. By far the happiest of the attempts is Southey's in the opening of his Vision; but even with his consummate skill the effect of that performance as

a whole is very disappointing. With inferior practitioners, however able men, the result has in all cases been ludicrous. Taylor had little delicacy of ear, or strung together his dactyles and spondees, as a living experimenter of high talents and acquirements is said to have done, 'while he was shaving.' We transcribe part of the celebrated breakfast-scene by the lake:—

'Just where the wind blew into the fire was station'd
the trivet,
On it the well-clos'd kettle, replenish'd with crystalline water.
Meanwhile carried Louisa his pipe to papa, and tobacco
Wrapt in the velvety hide of the seal, and a paper
for pipe-light:
Calmly the old man sat, and he whiff'd, and he
smil'd, and again whiff'd.
Soon as the flame had surrounded the kettle, and
steam from the lid burst,
Out of a paper-envelope the good old lady her coffee
Into the brown jug shower'd, and added some shavings
of hartshorn,
Then with the boiling water she fill'd up the pot to
the summit.
Kneeling she waver'd it over the fire, and watch'd
for its clearing:
Hasten, my daughter, she said, to arrange all the
cups in their places,
Coffee is soonly enough, and our friends will excuse
it unfilter'd.
Quickly Louisa uplifted the lid of the basket, and
took out
Cups of an earthen ware, and a pewter basin of
sugar;
But when all had been emptied, the butter, the rolls,
and the cold ham,
Strawberries, radishes, milk, and the cowslip-wine
for the pastor,
Archly Louisa observ'd: Mamma has forgotten the
tea-spoons!
They laugh'd; also the father; the good old lady
she laugh'd too—
Echo laugh'd; and the mountains repeated the wandering
laughter.
Walter presently ran to the birch-tree beside them,
and cut off
Short smooth sticks with his clasp-knife, offering
skewers for stirrers.'

Surrey, vol. ii. p. 70.

Our English reader will please to understand that we have offered this as a specimen of Taylor's hexameters, not at all as a fair representation either of Voss's narrative style or of Voss's versification. We need hardly point out the original of a justly admired passage in Wordsworth's lines 'To Joanna.'

Mr. Taylor must be acknowledged to have been the first who effectually introduced the Modern Poetry and Drama of Germany to the English reader, and his versions of the Nathan of Lessing, the Iphigenia of Goethe, and Schiller's Bride of Messina, are not likely to be supplanted, though none of them are productions of the same order with Coleridge's

Wallenstein. Mr. Taylor was an excellent German scholar (probably the very best we have had), and he was not without a talent for versification, but we cannot think Nature had meant him for a poet. He largely excited and gratified curiosity—and the influence of what he did has had lasting effects: but no metrical translation, however faithful, however clever, unless it is vivified throughout with the fervor of a true poetical pulse, can ever reach the class of which we have a few examples in our own literature, and of which there are more in the German than in any other literature of the world. But besides a deficiency of native fire, he was far from having such a command of the poetical language of his own country as has been attained by some of his followers in this walk, perhaps as little entitled to be classed with the poets of Nature's framing as himself. In truth, his knowledge of English literature seems in no department whatever to have been first-rate. His reading at the age of vivid impressions was almost exclusively foreign—chiefly German—and his taste, to use a phrase of his own, soon 'got into a rut,' from which it never diverged. He is not the only instance of this irretrievable 'Teutonization,' as he calls it; but such, we believe, has never occurred unless where, as with him, the German studies were taken up without the previous devotion of years to the great models of classical antiquity.

It is fair to observe, too, that Taylor's taste in German literature itself was very often what the best German critics would have pronounced heretical. He even in his old age talks of Kotzebue as the greatest of all dramatists next to Shakspeare—and we might mention not a few equally preposterous decisions. Of Goethe he speaks better and worse than we ever could think—better of him as a moralist, worse as an artist: but Mr. Robberds is candid enough to drop a hint that his early enthusiasm about the demigod of Weimar, cooled obviously after what he regarded as a personal slight. It seems Goethe never acknowledged the receipt of the English Iphigenia. We have no doubt the omission was accidental; for Goethe was not only a polite gentleman, but most assiduous in flattering the minor literati, at home and abroad, so they would but perform the *Kotow*.

Mr. Taylor was first in the field, and he kept it long—or at least the main share of it. The mere possession of the German language was in those days a great rarity—of the few who had made that acquisition, almost all had made it, like himself, with a view originally to mercantile correspondence, and were not likely to have either wish or capacity for availing themselves of it in the ser-

vice of literature. His contributions, metrical and critical, to the periodical press of the time, opened a new and a rich vein—he was treated accordingly by its proprietors and conductors with an eagerness of attention such as seldom falls to the share of any but a great original genius; and this will surprise no one who considers what a dim and drizzling twilight that was which intervened between the obscurity of Cowper and the outblazing of the galaxy that has not yet entirely passed away. As literary demands and connections multiplied, his attendance at the counting-house became slackener and slackener. Before he turned the corner of thirty he seems to have pretty nearly settled into the ‘gown and slipper’ habits of a confirmed bachelor, and a confirmed miscellanist. Had he married at the proper time of life, he would have had motives for either not neglecting his father’s trade, or carrying a more strenuous spirit of enterprise into the department of letters: but this is one of the very few biographies in which there occurs from beginning to end no hint or trace whatever of any tender passion or attachment. Though his writings indicate no coldness of temperament, but the reverse, he appears to have declared from the very first that he never would marry—and he stuck to that resolution as doggedly as he did to his German lore, and what was, we suspect, a main source of all his errors and neglects, his Meerschaum pipe. One of his earliest acquaintances out of the Norwich circle was Godwin; but they had not met for several years when that philosopher happened to pass through Norwich shortly after his marriage with Mary Wolstonecraft. His salutation to Taylor was an expression of surprise at finding him still a bachelor. ‘Yes, Sir,’ said Taylor dryly, ‘I practice what I preach.’*

It was in the summer of 1798 that the secretary of the Norwich ‘Revolutionary Society’ made acquaintance with Mr. Southey, whose early opinions on many subjects were akin to his own, and who was, we believe, a brother-contributor to both the ‘Monthly Re-

view’ and Sir Richard Philips’s ‘Monthly Magazine.’ He first met the poet (by nine years his junior) at the house of a common friend in Yarmouth, and they took to each other so heartily, that Southey not long afterwards revisited Norfolk to pass several weeks under Taylor’s roof. His younger brother, Henry Southey, was by and bye domesticated at Norwich as the pupil of an eminent surgeon there, and Taylor conceiving a warm affection for the youth, and superintending with a paternal care the direction of his extra-professional studies, the letters between him and the poet assume by no slow degrees such a character of entire trust and confidence as might have beseeemed the intercourse of near and dear blood relations. To the correspondence begun under these interesting circumstances, and continued, with few interruptions, until near the end of Mr. Taylor’s life, illustrating as it does in a very lively manner the course of the late Laureate’s literary history, the changes that his mind underwent, and the unchangeable warmth and purity of his heart and feelings, the present volumes owe their highest attraction. The publication of Mr. Southey’s letters was authorized by himself shortly after the death of his Norwich friend: seventy-three of them are here printed.

It must indeed have been with very peculiar feelings that the grey-haired Laureate revised some of these communications for the press. On the 10th of August, 1798, Mr. Taylor writes to him thus:—

‘I have just been reading a delightful book entitled “A Picture of Christian Philosophy,” by Robert Fellows. Such a work, and from a clergyman of the Establishment, is indeed an omen of better times. The character of Burke is remarkably well given in one of the notes. Those of Rousseau and of Paine are to my thinking not quite so fortunate; that of Jesus is drawn exactly as it should be—in the manner most conducive to its useful operation on public morality, and most consonant with the general design of his proper historians. This is infinitely the best answer to Wilberforce’s cant which has yet been produced, but is, I fear, of too refined an order to operate on the organs of his followers—it is attempting with otter of roses to aromatize the fumes of tobacco. . . .

‘I am idling away my leisure in settling questions of chronology. I have stumbled on the new hypothesis, that the Nebuchadnezzar of Scripture is the Cyrus of Greek history, which annihilates seventy years of received story supposed to pass between them. To compress and squeeze together the annals of Egypt sufficiently, has given me most embarrassment. A second proposition is, that Daniel, the Jew, a favorite of this prince, wrote all those oracles scattered in Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, relative to his enterprises, for the particularization of which they afford ample materials. I shall endeavor to unite

* So did not in this matter an elder and a better light of Norwich. The *Religio Medici* was yet a new book, when Sir Thomas Browne espoused, as Whitefoot records, ‘a lady of such symmetrical perfection to her worthy husband, both in the graces of her body and mind, that they seemed to come together by a kind of natural magnetism.’ Johnson adds: ‘This marriage could not but draw the railery of contemporary wits upon a man who had just been wishing “that we might procreate, like trees, without conjunction;” and had lately declared that “the whole world was made for man, but only the twelfth part of man for woman,” and that “man is the whole world, but woman only the rib or crooked part of man.”’

the several investigations in an essay on the life of Cyrus. . . .

'Will it be a sin this tenth of August to transcribe you an attempt at an ode on the death of Messrs. Shears of Dublin?'—

[This is a long rebellious lyric, in phrase and metre as un-English as in sentiments, which we need not transcribe.]

'Many who read your writings forgive your opinions for the sake of the poetry. You are called on for an opposite indulgence—forgive the poetry for the sake of the sentiments.

'Your very affectionate,
'WILLIAM TAYLOR, Jun.'

Next week Mr. Southey says in reply (*inter alia*):—

'I thank you for your ode. You have taught me enough of Klopstock to see that you have caught his manner. The Irish business has been almost a counterpart to the death of the Girondists; yet who would not be content so to die, in order so to have lived? . . .

'I shall look for Fellowes's book. Your chronological researches I can only wonder at; my studies have never been directed that way. Have you seen a volume of Lyrical Ballads, &c.? They are by Coleridge and Wordsworth, but their names are not affixed. Coleridge's ballad of "The Ancient Mariner" is, I think, the clumsiest attempt at German sublimity I ever saw. Many of the others are very fine; and some I shall re-read, upon the same principle that led me through Trissino, whenever I am afraid of writing like a child or an old woman.

'God bless you,—yours truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.'

About the same time, Taylor, in criticising some of Southey's verses, gives him the pithy advice to 'squeeze out more of his whey'—a phrase which is often revived between them—and then rebukes him for some doctrinal and moral aberrations, of what nature we may guess from the reply:—

'Barker is painting a picture from "Mary the Maid of the Inn," but from what part of the story I have not learnt. He might have found better subjects in my better pieces. My "St. Anthony" has no morality at all. Sophistry may be expected from the devil, whose object in arguing is to puzzle his adversary. The eclogue was written before Lloyd's "Lines on the Fast," and "Letter to the Anti-jacobin" had reached me; but Satan defends himself exactly upon the same principle that Charles Lloyd defends existing establishments.'

We have quoted enough to show how Taylor and Southey agreed in their early politics; and the reader of Southey's early poetry, as originally published, and of his Letters from Spain and Portugal in 1796, was already well aware that he in the pride of youth wandered far from the Church of England, in whose principles he was educated

by his parents, and to which he returned in the sobriety of his matured and disciplined understanding. But the whole of that deeply-interesting story will be told ere long by Mr. Southey's own selected biographer, having at command his entire correspondence, and we believe a MS. poem expressly designed to set forth the hidden life of his mind. At present our business is with him only as the friend of William Taylor—the freedom with which the two men from the beginning communicated their thoughts and sentiments to each other, and the perfect charity with which they continued this intercourse in the midst of growing divergence of opinion, and after Mr. Southey's creed, political and religious, had become what it was to the last, the very opposite of Taylor's.

Another of Taylor's eminent early friends was Sir James Mackintosh. They first met at Edinburgh, where Taylor twice visited Sayers, while, like Mackintosh, pursuing his medical studies at the Northern University. Upon being called to the bar here Sir James made choice of the Norfolk circuit, and during the Norwich assizes he either took up his abode under Taylor's roof or spent the evening in his society. One of Taylor's first known attempts in original verse was a lofty but stiff sonnet to the author of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*; and many eulogistic notices of Taylor's talents and sly good-humored allusions to his hopeless heresies of taste and style, are scattered over Mackintosh's Indian diaries and letters; but if they were ever in the habit of epistolary correspondence, we have no proof of it in this book. On the other hand, though Taylor and Coleridge never saw each other, community of connections and sympathies of studies made it natural for them to write to each other when occasion invited: and though neither was there any personal acquaintance between Taylor and Mr. Wordsworth, nor was Mr. Wordsworth at any period so unfortunate as to adopt any of Mr. Taylor's doctrinal errors, it is not surprising that in this case also we should find traces of mutual regard, and now and then the exchange through Southey of friendly messages and criticisms. Taylor says on Mackintosh's first visit at Norwich:—

'Dr. Parr and Mackintosh have been in Norwich—

"Ceu duo nubigenæ quum vertice montis ab alto
Descendunt Centauri."

They are both very dazzling men. One scarcely knows whether to admire most the oracular significance and compact rotundity of the single sentences of Parr, or the easy flow and glittering expansion of the unwearied and unwearied

eloquence of Mackintosh. Parr's far-darting hyperboles and gorgeous tropes array the fragments of his conversation in the gaudiest trim. Mackintosh's cohesion of idea and clearness of intellect give to his sweeps of discussion a more instructive importance. Parr has the manners of a pedant, Mackintosh of a gentleman. Of course people in general look up to Parr with awe, and feel esteem for him rather than love; while Mackintosh conciliates and fascinates. In this feeling I do not coincide with others wholly. There is a lovingness of heart about Parr, a susceptibility of the affections, which would endure him even without his Greek. But admiration is, if I mistake not, yet more gratifying to Mackintosh than attachment; to personal partialities he inclines less. His opinions are sensibly aristocratized since the publication of his "Vindiciæ;" but they retain a grandeur of outline, and are approaching the manner of the constitutional school. Mackintosh's memory is well stored with fine passages, Latin and English, which he repeats; and his taste in poetry inclines to metrical philosophy rather than pathos or fancy. Milton, Dryden, and Pope have alone sufficient good sense to please him. Virgil he overrates, I think, and Cicero too. Style and again style is the topic of his praise. Careless writing, redolent of mind, is better than all the varnish of composition, merely artful. I was surprised to find him agree with the French in thinking Bossuet very eloquent; and still more so at his rating so very high the panegyric mysticism of Bishop Jeremy Taylor.—vol. i. pp. 295-298.

Southey answers :—

'You give me a more favorable account of Mackintosh than I have been accustomed to receive. Coleridge has seen much of him at the Wedgewoods'. He describes him as acute in argument, more skillful in detecting the logical errors of his adversary than in propounding truth himself—a man accustomed to the gladiatorialship of conversation—a literary fencer, who parries better than he thrusts. I suspect that, in praising Jeremy Taylor and in overrating him, he talks after Coleridge, who is a heathen in literature, and ranks the old bishop among his demigods.'

Our readers will by and bye remember with astonishment what William Taylor said at this time concerning "style and again style;" but we must not lose sight of his personal story.

The foreign commerce of the house of Taylor and Co. had received a serious blow on the breaking out of the war with revolutionary France, and among other changes, not long afterwards, the idle partner's name was dropt, while the old gentleman yielded the chief control of the remaining business to a more active person, and withdrew a considerable capital, to be invested by way of permanent provision for his son in mortgages and in the funds. The family continued in the same spacious house at Norwich, and in

the same habits of profuse hospitality. William Taylor is now entirely devoted to his literary studies and magazine engagements during the morning hours, dividing the rest of his time between the most affectionate attention to his parents, the pleasures of their social circle, and the intellectual and convivial activity of his clubs of liberalism and free-thinking. He soon became an active journalist—but this implied in his case a very *helluo librorum*. He was not to be contented with skimming surfaces—though he had, in his command of the continental languages, the means of satisfying his editors and their readers at comparatively little cost of labor to himself, he disdained to make himself the mere exponent of other men's works and views, worked out every subject in his own way for himself, and was undoubtedly more instrumental than any man of his standing in introducing that more discursive and essay-like fashion of reviewal which our Edinburgh brethren had the merit or demerit (there is much to be said on both sides) of ultimately, and we believe permanently, popularizing in this country. Though, as we have already observed, his classical education was slight, and he never attained any thing like a critical skill in Greek or Latin, his curiosity was too genuine to be satisfied without very extensive exploration of the remains of antiquity, and with the help of the numberless excellent translations and ingenious disquisitions which his mastery of German placed at his command, he certainly attained such an acquaintance with the history and manners and philosophical systems of the old world as was in his earlier day most rare among the ablest prosodists and *varie lectiones* men of our universities. That he had made some progress in Hebrew and its cognate dialects is also evident—we do not profess to measure it; with so many German manuals at his elbow, a man of his cleverness might produce much *article* effect with but a slender stock of real Orientalism; but he himself in his letters to Southey now and then alludes to his expertness in the use of his hidden resources for that sort of mystification, with an easy sportiveness which the mere charlatan never had courage for, and which probably rather exaggerates the matter than otherwise. Of his skill in the cultivated languages of the modern continent there can be no question. He spoke and wrote the three most important ones with rare ease and very rare accuracy; and he knew enough of the minor dialects, whether Romance or Teutonic, to read in them whatever they had worth reading. Probably no man ever re-

reviewed books written in such a variety of languages—and he whom we have just heard expatiating on the charm of ‘careless writing, redolent of mind,’ reviewed them all in a style as thoroughly artificial as was ever compounded out of Gibbonism and Parrism; nay, it is not too much to say in a dialect of his own invention, which was adhered to with paternal steadfastness in spite of the solemn reclamations of every editor with whom he formed any connection—in spite of remonstrances and rebukes that led to the breaking up of more than one such connection—in spite of the pressing and affectionate appeals which Southey repeated until the case was utterly hopeless—and in spite of a thousand friendly jokes and jibes from the gall-less Mackintosh, who also at last gave it up in despair, saying in his Bombay diary, ‘Well, there is no help—I am content to add another tongue to my list for the sake of one author.’

This *Taylorian* dialect is mainly English of a Johnsonian cast, spoilt and distorted by the embroidery of vocables from the German, but still more frequently by the introduction of new compounds framed according to the German principle, and involutions of phrase and syntax adopted with similar infelicity from the same quarter. But in his ‘Babel-like structure,’ as Southey calls it, few materials were inadmissible. Words and turns, old or new, from south or north, east or west, whenever they seemed capable of being employed so as to lend precision to his sentence, or to heighten the strut of his paragraph, were alike lawful plunder in the eyes of Mr. Taylor. That even to those who were skilled in the sources of his plunder, he did not often make his meaning clearer by the free use of such license, may be readily conceived; but he of course made himself very often utterly unintelligible to the reading public, who could not translate him for themselves, as they went on, into Dutch: and we should have lamented indeed his adherence to the dialect, had the doctrines it mostly conveyed not been as heterogeneous and presumptuous as the vehicle. This is to be said to his credit, as compared with some other Babel-mongers, perverted by studies not dissimilar from his, that however difficult his phraseology, it does not seem ever to have been made obscure either from mistiness in his ideas themselves, or from reluctance to disclose them.

It is impossible not to be diverted with his description of his own style, in a letter to Southey of 1799:—

‘I think it easier you should always know me in prose than in verse. Were I reviewing my

own reviews, I should say—This man’s style has an ambitious singularity, which, like chewing ginseng, displeases at first and attaches at last. In his pursuit of the *curiosa felicitas*, he often sacrifices felicity to curiosity of expression: with much philological knowledge, and much familiarity among the European classics of all sorts, his innovations are mostly defensible, and his allusions mostly pertinent; yet they have both an unusuality which startles, and which, if ultimately approved, provokes at least an anterior discussion that is unpleasant. His highest merit is the appropriate application of his information: in his account of Rivarol you discover only his philological; in his account of Eichhorn only his theological; in his account of Gillier only his artistical; and of Wieland only his belles-letttristical pedantry, &c.’

We make no attempt to follow our biographer through the long array of Mr. Taylor’s critical labors. They embraced a vast variety of subjects—philology, especially etymology, chronology, topography, history, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, political economy and statistics, international law, Talmudic legend, Mahometan ethics, Biblical texts, churches and sects, parliamentary reform, slave-trade—and, the catalogue would fill a couple of pages, almost every possible branch of the *belles-lettres* of modern Europe. The editor has interwoven specimens, with, we are willing to believe, a good discrimination; and he hints at some larger selection by and by. We doubt if the public will encourage him in that design: it is a very remarkable fact, that no collection of reviews has as yet proved a successful bookseller’s speculation.

We are not exactly prepared to adopt the maxim of an eminent doctor of the craft, that the best reviewer is he who has had least knowledge of his subject until he begins to prepare for his article: but undoubtedly the outpourings of a vigorous writer on a fresh theme may often surpass, in popular attraction, the pages in which one of equal power indulges the gentler enthusiasm of old love. Perhaps some of Taylor’s on great English authors are among the most striking examples of this. The rush of novel ideas masters the man; and he forgets occasionally through a whole printed page, as he often enough does in a friendly letter, that it is below his dignity to express himself in his plain mother tongue. In one of his papers on Milton’s prose, he is so carried away by the magic of *novelty* as to proclaim Milton’s poetry a very inferior species of manufacture. But he is somewhat cooled when he says to Southey a few weeks later:—

‘A. Aikin sent me the new edition of Milton’s Prose Works. Instead of meddling with Sym-

mond's biography, which was almost my whole duty, I have reviewed Milton's pamphlets one by one, as if they were new publications. It is pleasant to get out of the modern shrubberies in perpetual flower, into the stately yew-hedge walks, and vased and statued terraces, and fruitful walls and marble fountains, of the old school of oratory. Such things are not made without a greater expense of study and of brains than modern method requires; and yet there is a something of stiffness and inutility to censure there, and as something of aptness, grace, and convenience to applaud here.'

We wish the editor had afforded more explanatory notes as to various persons mentioned in this correspondence, whose celebrity has already pretty well passed away. Of Mr. Lloyd, indeed, we have a sufficient account in one of the Appendices to Southey's edition of Cowper—but of others who fill no small space in these letters, and who at the time were objects of general curiosity and high expectation, the generation that now is knows little or nothing. Such is the case as to the friend who brought Southey and Taylor together—Mr. George Burnett, of whose literary performances only one, we believe, can be said to have escaped utter oblivion—a small volume of letters from Poland, written about the beginning of this century—a lively and amusing book, which was on its first appearance very popular—the first English book that gave any detailed view of modern Polish society. We see that Burnett was born near Southey's native city of Bristol, the son of a then flourishing farmer, and that he was Southey's fellow-student at Balliol we infer from the name of that college on the title-page of the Polish letters. When he introduced Southey to Taylor he was minister of an Unitarian chapel at Yarmouth. He afterwards studied medicine at Edinburgh—failed in the attempt to establish himself as a practitioner in some provincial town—went abroad as secretary and librarian to a Polish nobleman, with whom he in about a year quarrelled—and hung about London after his return, a mere adventurer of the periodical press, which career his idle irresolute character seems to have made peculiarly unhappy. Of his end we know nothing. Many of Southey's allusions to this gentleman and others of a similar class are dark as the darkest enigmas of Taylorism, for want of a note which we can hardly think it would have cost the editor much trouble to supply. In general, however, our quotations are made for the sake of sentiments or opinions that may stand by themselves—sketches of other men that are by reflex autobiographic—as indeed who can criticise his fellow-beings without throwing light on his own character and tem-

per? Such glimpses of Southey, at all events, must have no ordinary value for all our readers. In September, 1798, Taylor writes:—

'Your friend Mr. Lloyd has been addressing to me a tragedy. I thought it odd he should send to me his poem to read; he has older and dearer friends, who are better judges of the taste of an English public than I, whose taste has been moulded on that of a foreign public. I wrote to him very freezingly—I do not know enough of his heart as yet to take strong interest in his head. The afternoon I drank tea with him at Burnett's, he struck me as better qualified to assert empire over the understanding than over the feelings—as a good reasoner—as a man of great capacities. His sensibility, I suspect, is too soon excited to be very profound, and attains its maximum of irritation by inferior woes. It is a mark of debility, not of vigor, in children and old men to be intoxicated with a small quantity of wine. Those who can die of a rose in aromatic pain have not grief in reserve for Medea's last embrace of her children. If I am wrong, set me right about Lloyd. Is not he one of those men who *underrate their talents and overrate their productions*, and who are too much used to complaisance to bear severity?'

Southey's reply has this passage:—

'Lloyd has promised me his tragedy, and I have been for some time vainly expecting it. You have well characterized him. A long acquaintance would enable you to add to what you have said, not to alter it. Lloyd is precipitate in all his feelings, and ready to be the dupe of any one who will profess attachment. I never knew a man so delighted with the exteriors of friendship. He was once dissatisfied with me for a coldness and freedom of manner: it soon wore off, and I believe he now sincerely regards me, though the only person who has ever upon all occasions advised, and at times reproved him, in unpalliated terms. Certainly he is a powerful reasoner, but he has an unhappy propensity to find out a reason for every thing he does: and whether he drink wine or water, it is always metaphysically right. His feelings are always good, but he has not activity enough for beneficence. I look at his talents with admiration, but almost fear that they will leave no adequate testimony behind them. I love him, but I cannot esteem him, and so I told him. He thinks nothing but what is good, but then he only *thinks*. I fear he will never be useful to others or happy in himself.'

In a subsequent letter, chiefly occupied with a family quarrel of poor Burnett's, on which Southey had as usual spoken his mind without disguise, Taylor, who objected to interfere, gives this reason for his conduct:—

'I shall avoid that sort of comment which sincerity perhaps requires, but which, as it respects a question of the *finer feelings*, would inflict an *unhealable though invisible wound on our relations of intimacy*.

At the time when Southey was bestowing so much of his anxiety on the struggles of

Lloyd and Burnett, his own position in the world was quite uncertain—his means were very narrow, and his health feeble and vacillating. In March, 1799, Taylor writes thus:—

'My dear Friend,—Is all that Burnett writes me true?—that your health declines alarmingly—that you are apprehensive of an ossification of the heart? no, no, I will neither believe nor contemplate such possibility. You have a mimosa-sensibility, which agonizes in so slight a blast; an imagination excessively accustomed to sun-moon trains of melancholy ideas, and marshal funeral processions; a mind too fond by half, for its own comfort, of sighs and sadness, of pathetic emotions and heart-rending woe. You missee the dangers in expectation through the lens of a tear. It cannot be that the laws of nature interrupt with equal indifference the career of the valuable and of the useless part of her offspring,—that no preserving spirit watches over—

'If health, like the good works of the monks, were a transferable commodity, I would give you some of mine, and incur for your sake many weeks of confinement. As things are, I can only wish you well, and add that I have no confidence in your system of extreme temperance, which produces a valetudinarian, disagreeable health, and by never calling into full action the vessels which secrete sensorial power, occasions their shrivelling into impotence before the natural period.'

The poet answers thus—he had, we find, been thinking seriously of the bar, and meant to practice at Calcutta:—

'Friday, March 12, 1799.

'My dear Friend,—Burnett has mistaken my complaint, and you have mistaken my disposition: at one time I was apprehensive of some local complaint of the heart: but there is no danger of its growing too hard, and the affection is merely nervous. The only consequence which there is any reason to dread is, that it may totally unfit me for the confinement of London and a lawyer's office. I shall make the attempt somewhat heartlessly, and discouraged by the prognostics of my medical advisers: if my health suffers, I will abandon it at once. At the age of twenty-five there is little leisure for writing. The world will be again before me, and the prospect sufficiently comfortable. I have no wants, and few wishes. Literary exertion is almost as necessary to me as meat and drink, and with an undivided attention I could do much. Once, indeed, I had a mimosa-sensibility, but it has long been rooted out: five years ago I counteracted Rousseau by dieting upon Godwin and Epictetus: they did me some good, but time has done more. I have a dislike to all strong emotion, and avoid whatever could excite it; a book like "Werter" gives me now unmingled pain. In my own writings you may observe that I rather dwell upon what affects than what agitates.'

Shortly afterwards Taylor receives the first volume of the 'Annual Anthology,'—a

collection edited by Southey at Bristol, which contained, besides his own 'Abel Shuffelbottom,' &c., some remarkable verses by 'a miraculous young man, by name Davy.' Mr. Taylor says:—

"Norwich, 18th Oct., 1799.

'Dear Friend,—The "Annual Anthology" was duly received. There is barely cork enough to float the lead, or barely lead enough to make the scum and scoria sinkable. I have been less pleased than you with the verses signed D. Except the "Song of Pleasure," which is brilliant, and a passage here and there, I have not enjoyed them. I discover not those powers of fancy, those inventive capacities, those creative energies, those almightinesses of plastic genius, which *because you know the man*, and because every body knows him for a first-rate philosopher, you are unavoidably led to associate even with his poetical exertions. I did not recognize you in "Abel Shuffelbottom." Many of the comic pieces are comical. I rejoice, however, that you adopt the method of publishing anonymously your smaller effusions, as it is certainly most for your reputation to associate your name only with the selecter compositions, and to let those of uncertain value be afterwards concentrated, rendered stimulant by withdrawing the water of deliquescence, be alcoholized, and have their aroma distilled into a quintessential drop of otr. If there be a poetical sin in which you are apt to indulge, it is expatiation, an Odyssey garrulity, as if you were ambitious of exhausting a topic, instead of selecting its more impressive outlines only. In a metrical romance this is probably no evil—some feeble intervals increase the effect of the interstitial splendor; but in the poems of an Anthology there is no space for oscillation, no leisure to flag.'

Southey answers thus gently:—

'In Davy's verses I see aspirations after genius and powers of language, all that can be expected in so young a writer. Did I promise more? But it is my common fault usually to overrate whatever I am newly acquainted with. Towards the close of the "Sons of Genius" there are some fine stanzas, but as a whole it is tedious and feeble—but it was the production of eighteen. Davy is a surprising young man, and one who, by his unassumingness, his open warmth of character, and his all-promising talents, soon conciliates our affections. He writes me that two paralytic patients have been cured by the gaseous oxyd of azote—the beatific gas, for discovering which, if he had lived in the time of the old Persian kings, he would have received the reward proposed for the inventing a new pleasure.

'Perhaps it is the consciousness of a garrulous tendency in writing that impels me with such decided and almost exclusive choice to narrative poetry. The books of the Italia Liberata, which I read at Norwich, did me more service towards correcting this fault than any other lesson could have done. In Madoc I think I have avoided it. Sometimes, too, it is serviceable, wherever there are passages of prominent merit.

There should be a plain around the pyramids. As a poet, I consider myself as out of my apprenticeship, and having learnt the command of my tools. If I live, I may, and believe I shall, make a good workman; but at present I am only a promising one. *It is an unfavorable circumstance that my writings are only subjected to the criticisms of those persons whose tastes are in a great measure formed upon mine, and who are prepared to admire whatever I may write.*

We hear by and bye that Madoc is finished, but that the poet designs to keep it by him for a time, and proceed instantly with his Kehama, which he thinks he can have ready for the press in six months. Taylor on this says:—

‘I think you would do well to give your Madoc now to Longman and Rees, and to build your edifice of immortal name on the Hindoo ground.

‘Tasso will lose a little, Milton more, and Klopstock most, of his celebrity, if Christianity should sink from an European religion to an European sect; but those actions which are not stimulated by opinions, such as Homer’s, &c., retain an interest coeval with the human phenomena they describe, commensurate with the fidelity and importance of the delineation, co-extensive with the memory of the event, and conspicuous with the fashion of the language. Ready for the press in six months, is not the condition for everlasting productions. I admit that the outline, the sketch, cannot be too soon made; but the finishing, the pruning, the bringing out of the better figures,—the condensation of prate into oratory, the concatenation of incident into event, the obumbration of description into appendage, is not the work of half a year. My ideas of perfection desperate attempt, but your ardor of execution endangers completeness.’

In 1802 Taylor paid a short visit to Paris, and on his return found the liberals of Norwich busy with a scheme of a new weekly paper. Taylor recommended Southey for the editorship, and urged him to accept it. The poet declined; he had now given up all thoughts of the law, fixed his heart on residing in the country, and was in treaty for a house in Wales. He mentions, casually, that Burnett had lately passed through Bristol without calling on him: that a common friend asked Burnett why, and that he made an impertinent answer. Southey adds:—

‘Poor fellow! he is too vain to know that the feeling which has been rankling in him is envy, and it is now ripening into hatred. He is now in London, waiting for a situation. A tutorship here, and that a very desirable one, was offered him, but he refused it as beneath him. I am vexed and provoked whenever I think of his unhappy folly: that a man should be at once so very proud and so utterly helpless,—so proud of what he will be, and so ignorant of what he is. As to his quarrel with me, I shall not notice it:

but whenever we meet accost him as usual, and think that the fit is past.’

Both as to the Welsh cottage and the insanity of poor Burnett, Taylor’s reply is most Tayloresque—in cleverness, in perversity of thought, and in pedantry of diction the former part—in manly and gentlemanly feeling the latter:—

‘How can you delight in mountain scenery? The eye walks on broken flints; not a hill tolerant of the plough, not a stream that will float a canoe; in the roads every ascent is the toil of Sisyphus, every descent the punishment of Vulcan: barrenness with her lichens cowers on the mountain-top, yawning among mists that irrigate in vain; the cottage of a man, like the eyrie of an eagle, is the home of a savage subsisting by rapacity in stink and intemperance: the village is but a coalition of pig-sties; where there might be pasture, glares a lake; the very cataract falls in vain,—there are not customers enough for a water-mill. Give me the spot where victories have been won over the inutilities of nature by the efforts of human art,—where mind has moved the massy, everlasting rock, and arrayed it into convenient dwellings and stately palaces, into theatres and cathedrals, and quays and docks and warehouses, wherein the primeval troglodyte has learned to convoke the productions of the antipodes.

‘Whether Burnett envies you or not, I envy you: with philosophy enough to despise all wealth, and beneficence enough to deserve all wealth,—with talent that can, and application that will, get fame,—with a wife,—with a child,—how should Burnett not think you an object of envy? I hope neither he nor I should wish to withdraw the smallest atom of a happiness which we have not the spirit to emulate; and I cannot believe that either he or I could view it without complacency, or without the entire wish, were it in our power, to increase it.’

Taylor himself undertook the care of the ‘Norwich Iris;’ and Southey says (January, 1803):—

‘Your prospectus has the mark of the beast. I should have known it to be yours had it been for a York or an Exeter paper; and excellently good it is. Success to you! I wish I had advertisements to send you, or any thing else. I am reviewing for Longman,—reviewing for Hamilton,—translating; perhaps about again to versify for the Morning Post—drudge, drudge, drudge. Do you know Quarle’s emblem of the soul that tries to fly, but is chained by the leg to earth? For myself I could do easily, but not easily for others; and there are more claims than one upon me. But in spite of your prospectus, and all the possible advantages of a party newspaper in a county where parties are nearly equal, I cannot be satisfied that William

• Both Coleridge and Southey had labored for this paper at the time when Canning sung:—
‘Couriers and Stars, Sedition’s Evening host!
Thou Morning Chronicle and Morning Post!’ &c.

Taylor should be a newspaper editor. Few men have his talents, fewer still his learning, and perhaps no other his leisure joined to these advantages. From him an *opus magnum* might—ought to be expected. Coleridge and I must drudge for newspapers from necessity, but it should not be your choice.—vol. i. p. 445.

Taylor replies:—

“I am reviewing for Longman as well as you; but I find myself tempted to steal from articles for Longman for the “*Iris*.” What is my literary conscience to do,—to use the same periods in both capacities? that at least will be the determination of my indolence. I hate to re-compose, although I cannot transcribe without insertion. I never seem to myself to have said enough about any thing, and could always prate, prate, prate at twice the length upon a topic. And yet my theory of good writing is, to condense every thing into a nut-shell: I grow and clip with rival rage, and produce a sort of yew-hedge, tangled with luxuriance and sheared into spruceness. The desire of being neat precludes ease, of being strong precludes grace, of being armed at all points the being impervious at any. If it be more satisfactory to compress *à la* Bacon, it is more tiring to expand *à la* Burke; and I manage to combine the harshness of the one with the profusion of the other, omitting of course of both the far-darting sagacity and omnipresent research.”

Southey received the foregoing while for the first time visiting Coleridge at Keswick. The sight of the lake country, and the enjoyment of Coleridge's talk, made him give up the Welsh scheme, and he settled, as all men know, for life on the shores of Derwentwater. On coming back to Bristol he writes thus to Taylor:—

February 14, 1803.

“My dear Friend,—I was thinking over the “*Iris*,” and whether or no I was not bound in conscience to the effort of a letter upon the subject, when yours arrived and turned the scale,—the matter so pleased me, and the manner so offended me. There,—the murder is out, and now I will say what for a long while I have thought,—that you have ruined your style by Germanisms, Latinisms and Greekisms, that you are sick of a surfeit of knowledge, that your learning breaks out like scabs and blotches upon a beautiful face. I am led by indolence and by good-nature always rather to feel dislike than to express it; and if another finds the same faults that have displeased me in your writings, I have always defended them more zealously than if they had been my own: but faults they are,—faults any where, and tenfold aggravated in a newspaper. How are plain Norfolk farmers—and such will read the *Iris*—to understand words which they never heard before, and which are so foreign as not to be even in Johnson's farrago of a dictionary? I have read Cowper's *Odyssey* and Trissino, to cure my poetry of its wheyishness; let me prescribe the *Vulgar Errors* of Sir Thomas Browne to you

for a like remedy. You taught me to write English by what you said of Bürger's language and by what I felt from your translations,—one of the eras in my intellectual history; would that I could now in my turn impress you with the same conviction! Crowd your ideas as you will, your images can never be too many; give them the stamp and autograph of William Taylor, but let us have them in English—plain, perspicuous English—such as mere English readers can understand. Ours is a noble language, a beautiful language. I can tolerate a Germanism for family's sake; but he who uses a Latin or a French phrase where a pure old English word does as well, ought to be hung, drawn and quartered for high-treason against his mother-tongue.

“I am grieved that you never met Coleridge; all other men whom I have ever known are mere children to him, and yet all is palsied by a total want of moral strength. He will leave nothing behind him to justify the opinion of his friends to the world; yet many of his scattered poems are such, that a man of feeling will see that the author was capable of executing the greatest works.

“I begin to hunger and thirst after Borrodale and Derwentwater. You undervalue lakes and mountains; they make me happier and wiser and better, and enable me to think and feel with a quicker and healthier intellect. Cities are as poisonous to genius and virtue in their best sense, as to the flower of the valley or the oak of the forest. Men of talent may and will be gregarious, men of genius will not; handicraft-men work together, but discoveries must be the work of individuals. Neither are men to be studied in cities, except indeed, as students walk the hospitals, you go to see all the modifications of disease.”

Taylor replies:—

Norwich, June 21st, 1803.

“Dear Friend,—I THANK you for your abuse,—the more of it the better; were it more specific it would be still more instructive; for do you know, I am so accustomed to myself, as often to think that easy and natural in style which appears to another macaronic, affected, harsh, and unclear?”

“I am busied now in theology, and have actually drawn up for the Monthly Magazine a paper, “Who wrote the Wisdom of Solomon?” which has for its object to prove that Jesus Christ wrote it; partly from the internal evidence of passages descriptive of him, partly from the external evidence of the extreme veneration in which the book was held by all the apostolic characters. I have endeavored to keep aloof from the question of miracles.”

In Southey's next letter we see that by June, 1803, the poet was fast throwing off all sympathy with the Norwich heresies:—

Bristol, 23rd June, 1803.

“Dear William Taylor,—Your theology does nothing but mischief; it serves only to thin the miserable ranks of Unitarianism. The regular troops of infidelity do little harm; and their

trumpeters, such as Voltaire and Paine, not much more. But it is such pioneers as Middleton, and you, and your German friends, that work underground and sap the very citadel. That "Monthly Magazine" is read by all the Dissenters,—I call it the Dissenters' Obituary,—and here are you eternally mining, mining, under the shallow faith of their half-learned, half-witted, half-paid, half-starved pastors. We must not give strong meats to weak stomachs. I have qualms of conscience about it myself. There is poor Burnett gone stark foolish, because he has been made the friend of the wise,—diseased at once with a plethora of vanity and an inanition of knowledge; with all the disposition to destroy himself, only that he cannot muster up courage, and that I suppose he will do at last, in the hope of being talked of as an instance of neglected genius. Oh, that proverb about the pearls and the swine has a great deal more in it than I once imagined! I, who am a believer, were I now at three-and-twenty, with the opinions that I hold at nine-and-twenty, would choose the church for my profession; but then I have a deep and silent and poet-feeling connected with these things, which has grown with me and will grow.

'Among the odd revolutions of the world you may reckon this, that my politics come nearer Mr. Windham's than they do William Taylor's. God bless you!'

'R. S.'

Mr. Taylor thus responds:—

'My dear Friend,—I am very glad you are a believer. I think you will desert your low Arian for pure Socinian ground. When you have read my paper about the "Wisdom," you will admit I must be right about the author.'

'You make me curious about your politics. In what points do you agree with Mr. Windham? In any thing beside his nationality, his spirit, his desire of seeing a courageous example of self-denying patriotism set by the higher classes of the people? The time is not come to be patriotic. The best thing ministers can do is to patch up a peace through the mediation of Russia; and to this, torpor, sluggishness, indifference, apathy in the people tend to predispose them. When it is once clear that the third Punic war is come, energy must be put into power; whether that can be done without some popularization of the representation, may be questioned. I believe that we must take up all the jacobin opinions, keep our anti-jacobins, like Bajazets, in cages to show them about, and point out samples of the continental monsters we have to combat; and that we should so reverse the destiny of Carthage, and triumph with the usual fortune of liberty.'

In reply thus Southey avows in detail his great change of opinion as to the question of war with France:—

'My politics are, that France calculated upon the weakness of our most miserable ministers, and was carrying on a system of insult and injury to which it would have been utter ruin to have submitted,—that Buonaparte is drunk with

success,—that Malta was a bad ground for quarrel, the worst that could have been selected, because of least general or national concern, but that there was cause enough for war. My belief is that invasion will be attempted, but that "the Christ of the Lord" (oh, curse his blasphemous soul!) will not adventure himself: my hope is that he may. The landing is a chance, and the chances are against it: if they land they will perhaps reach London, but not a man of them will return to France, and we shall have such a monument as the Swiss reared to Charles of Burgundy. One victory by land or sea turns the scale, and the northern powers, who have more reason to hate France than England, will then join us: then Holland will be free, and Switzerland and Italy made independent of France, and the peace of Europe established for a century to come. But first Buonaparte must go to the devil, and perhaps our national debt too; but I have not a fear for England,—the country was never so united, and therefore never so strong.'

Perhaps our readers may thank us for some specimen of Taylor's 'leaders' in the '*Iris*' of 1833:—

'Twas well in the Attorney-General to banter the Grenville party for talking with so much emphasis of the critical posture and unexamined danger of our situation. Mr. Fox's stately calm is none at par with the mediocrity of the difficulty. This hysterical apprehensiveness of the anti-jacobins is mere affectation; in office they would leave it off, and then boast they had cured the disease they had invented. Their England, as their church, is always in danger. Members in oratory, they convulse us with imaginary effluvia in order to make us call in their medicinal help; but it is surely the very quackery of alarmism thus to give drams against popular ennui and administer cantharides to the love of one's country. Like their models, the exorcists, they infuse the only blue-devil they can banish. 'Were all these men put at nurse to Mrs. Radcliffe? Their tongues falter with the very drunkenness of intimidation; their every phrase blanches the cheek and demands an aghast attitude. They hear a voice in every wind,—they are electrified with incessant terrors. Let us humanely hope it is only within the walls of the House of Commons that they

"See appall'd the unreal scene,"

and discover a shadowy hand mapping the partition of the empire and announcing the plunder of a commercial metropolis. Or are they doomed every where to snatch a fearful joy, to eat their very dinners with a hair-suspended sword above the table, and start at empty elbow-chairs, in which their fancy places the blood-boltered form of Jacobinism studying her English grammar? They merit crowns of mimosa; they claim confidence for professing cowardice, and like the mariner's needle would tremble into place.'

These excellent epigrams were penned in February; yet by November how had Taylor changed his views as to the reality of the

national danger! That he expressed his altered sentiments so openly is greatly to his honor. But we again quote, chiefly for the curious crabbed artificiality of the Taylors' preaching to the Norwich weavers and the farmers of 'Partridgehire':—

'The hostile government of France, to which we vow coeval aversion, ought to learn that the plunder it has exhausted on its accoutred slaves is no earnest of future pillage. We will keep our harvest, starvelings, from your hunger; our households, robbers, from your rapacity; our women, ravishers, from your lust. The invaders must be attacked in every direction by day and by night; we must avail ourselves of the natural advantages of a country known well to us and little to them; where we cannot oppose them in full force we must constantly harass their rear and their flanks, remove the means of their subsistence, cut off their provisions and magazines, and prevent them, as much as possible, from uniting and concentrating their forces.

'War must now be our business—war our amusement: it must occupy, early and late, every hand and every mind. The gun-lock must twinkle at every wrist, the bayonet bristle from every shoulder; the god must be shapen into a pike, and we must have shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore. The rural grove, the well-built street, must learn to echo with the din of war; every parish will seem a camp, every town a garrison. Let the moments spared from toil be passed in learning to fight for the country; let the moments spent in toil be passed in preparing for its defence. The forge should hammer only weapons, the temple become an arsenal of armor; Religion must lend her precincts to Patriotism, and we must firmly trample on the grave and the fear of it. To arms! the priest—to arms! the mother must summon. No, let her sit still; her tears must be secure: the foe shall never cross her threshold.

It is pleasant to know that Taylor once again took a patriotic instead of a *liberal* part in the politics of his time. He was from first to last as strenuous in the cause of Spain and Wellington as Southey himself—but he had at that period no newspaper at his command.

He continued the 'Iris' for two years. When the original subscriptions expired, it died a natural death. He then once more devoted himself entirely to his reviews, and labored for these with an industry which was no longer so purely voluntary as in former days. His father's fortune depended, to a considerable extent, on the good faith of American merchants, with whom he had had large transactions in the more active period of his life. They had put off from year to year the day of reckoning. The old man at last crossed the seas to bring the matter to a point. The result was that he came home with nothing in his pocket. It was one of the many cases of private *repudiation* which

preceded and prepared the way for the grand experiment of Pennsylvania. The losses thus occasioned rendered a stricter economy necessary in the household of the Taylors; and William was determined that henceforth his pen should be wielded *pro virili*, to sustain the tottering fortunes of his family.

As yet, however, no external appearances indicated to kindly or to envious neighbors that those fortunes were at all embarrassed; and we shall give place to the picture which our biographer affords of his friend's usual course of life from this time forth, during several years—in fact, throughout the fifth decade, which a high authority, rejoicing in his own vigor and prosperity, has lately pronounced to be 'the best':—

'He rose early, and his studies usually engaged his undivided attention till noon, when it was his almost daily practice at all seasons to bathe in the river, at a subscription bath-house constructed on the bank of the stream near its entrance into the city. After this he invariably exercised himself by walking, for which purpose he always selected a road on the western side of Norwich, leading to the bridge over the Wensum at Hellesdon. . . . On this road he was seen almost every day for many years, between the hours of one and three. Professing to be no admirer of natural scenery, and to take his chief delight in "towered cities and the busy hum of men," he was once asked why he always made choice of so secluded and solitary a walk. The quaint reason which he assigned for his preference was, that on this road no fit of indolence could at any time shorten his allotted term of exercise, as there were no means of crossing the river at any nearer point, and he was therefore compelled to go round by the bridge, which was about three miles distant from his residence in Surrey Street. Indeed it must be owned that he never seemed to regard the objects around him, but pursued his course in deep mental abstraction, conversing the while most animatedly with himself. There was something singular too in his appearance: his dress was a complete suit of brown, with silk stockings of the same color. In this Quaker-like attire, with a full cambric frill protruding from his waistcoat, and armed with a most capacious umbrella in defiance of the storm, "muttering his wayward fancies he would rove," and fixed the astonished gaze and curious attention of the few passengers whom he met.

'From these rambles he always returned punctually at three o'clock, and devoted the remainder of the day to the pleasures of society. He rarely dined alone, either entertaining a small company at his own table, or "sharing the feast" at that of one of his friends. His conversational powers were now in their fullest vigor; the diffidence of youth was past, and the proximity of age was not come on; no pedantic attempts at studied eloquence dimmed or deflected their brightness; their course was free and natural, their flow lively and sparkling, and the notes of fancy that fluttered in the beam threw a prismatic halo round the sober form on which

learning directed the light to fall.'—vol. ii. pp. 60-63.

He was still, it seems, a pretty regular attendant of several clubs and evening societies. One, called 'the Conversation,' admitted ladies; but the biographer seems to admit that this did not find the highest favor with him. Another, 'the Foreign,' had been begun by a set of young men who wished to cultivate the colloquial use of the continental languages, and who were surprised as well as flattered when Taylor proposed to join them. He became their Magnus Apollo—entered into all their pursuits, topics, and merriments; and seemed as young as the youngest when among them. The biographer extols this as a proof of his extreme good-nature; but though he was a truly good-natured man, we suspect some vanity may have mingled in the matter of the stripling club—perhaps also a little of the spirit of proselytism.

To a letter in which he told Southey of the repudiation affairs and of his anxiety to achieve some literary work of more value than his 'Articles,' the poet replies from Keswick:—

'With all my heart and soul do I wish that you would put forth your strength in some efficient way. All those articles in the Review will do little till some thirty or forty years after you and I are both gone to visit our friends of the days before us. Then some political Peter Bayley will pick out all the golden threads with which you have embroidered such worthless canvasses, to lace his own waistcoat.

'I see no Review but the Monthly, which is not worth seeing; no newspaper but the Whitehaven; no new books but the *Annals*—a good name for such deciduous productions; no society but an old East Indian general, with whom I, once in a month or so, play a rubber of whist. Am I the better or the worse for growing alone like a single oak? Growing to be sure I am, striking my roots deeper, and spreading out wider branches. . . . I am historiifying *totis viribus* [this was the History of Brazil]. *Me judice*, I am a good poet, but a better historian; because, though I read other poets and am humbled, I read other historians with a very different feeling. They who have talents want industry or virtue; they who have industry want talents. One writes like a French sensualist; another like a Scotch scoundrel, calculating how to make the most per sheet with the least expense of labor: one like a slave, another like a fool. Now I know myself to be free from these staminal defects, and feel that where the subject deserves it I write with a poet's feeling, without the slightest affectation of style or ornament, going always straight forward to the meaning by the shortest road. My golden rule is to relate *every thing* as briefly, as perspicuously, as rememberably as possible. I begin, however, to feel my brain budding for poetry, having lain fallow since November, and if I could afford to

do it, should willingly finish Kehama; but being like Shakspeare's apothecary, lean, and obliged to do what I do not like, my ways and means lead me another way, and I am prosing, not altogether against my will, and yet not with my will.'

When Madoc was at last published, it reopened this correspondence, which had paused for some months.

'Norwich April 5, 1805.

'My dear Friend,—Yesterday, at eleven o'clock, the wagoner brought me a copy of Madoc. I was going on foot to dine in the country, at Coltishall, but I could not pluck myself from the book and staid at home the whole day. I did get my dinner just after the death of the Snake-God, but I returned to my book soon, and finished it early in the evening. It is one of the great intellectual luxuries of my life, which I shall always remember, so to have spent yesterday. I am satisfied with Madoc: I expected much, and am not disappointed. I put the Iliad and the Jerusalem Delivered above Madoc; the Pharsalia and the Lusiad below Madoc: it approaches closely in rank and character and quality to the Odyssey, and is to sit in the peers with the Æneid, the Paradise Lost, and the Messiah, with a newer but not less well-earned patent of nobility. . . . The manners are hardly *mixed* enough: almost every body is a real hero, with very fine feelings, notions, and sentiments; and this, whether he is a white or a red man, an educated bard or a runaway savage. There are some painters (Barry is one) who, having accustomed themselves while students at Rome to copy the antique statues frequently, are continually introducing into modern English figures the features and attitudes of the Apollo or the Laocoon, &c. Is there not in your ethic drawing a mannerism of this sort?—a perpetual tendency to copy a favorite ideal perfection, of which the absence of selfishness and warm sensibility constitute the contour and coloring?

Keswick, April 9, 1805.

'My dear Friend,—There is that moral mannerism which you have detected: Thalaba is a male Joan of Arc; and Mr. Barbauld thought Joan of Arc was modelled upon the Socinian Christ. He was mistaken. Early admiration, almost adoration, of Leonidas, early principles of stoicism derived from the habitual study of Epictetus, and the French Revolution at its height when I was just eighteen,—by these my mind was moulded. But are not the characters in Madoc those which the circumstances would form? . . . In classing Madoc in Wales with the historical plays of Shakspeare, you bestow the highest praise, and what I feel to be the most appropriate. It has the historical verisimilitude, and the dramatic truth. The other part, which is *sui generis*, you over and under-rate. It is below Milton and Homer—infinity below both, for both are unapproachably above my strength of wing; it is below Tasso in splendor and in structure of fable, above him in originality, and equal in feeling even to Spenser. With the others I will not admit comparison.

Virgil and Camoens are language-masters of the first order—nothing more; and the “Messiah”—pardon me if I say, that of what you admire in that poem, at least nine-tenths appear to me bubble, and bladder, and tympany—just what I should produce for a mock heroic, and could produce with facility: there is one uniform substitution of *bulk* for *sublimity*.

‘The language is, I hope, pure English undefiled, always straightforward to the point; the style certainly my own, as much as is the bee’s honey, for I read too little English poetry to catch the manner of any predecessor; it savors more of chronicles and romances, Spanish as well as English. I now think the second part wants smiles in all its land-battles; and, if I continue to think so, will pour in learning enough, and bedeck it with diamonds from Golconda and gold from Ophir, with topazes from Brazil and amber from Scandinavia, the furs and feathers of the wild Indian, and the woven hair of the voluptuous Orientalist. You see I have recovered my state of desertion, and think at least as well of my poem and myself as any body else is likely to do.’

Yes, truly.—Mr. Southey made a run to Scotland in the winter of 1805–6, and we may pick a sentence or two from his letters, touching the society of Edinburgh, and his first impressions of the author of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* :—

‘The Scotch society disappointed me, as it needs must do a man who loves conversation instead of discussion. Of the three faculties of the mind, they seem exclusively to value judgment. They have nothing to teach, and a great deal more to learn than I should choose to be at the trouble of instructing them.’

‘I passed three days with Walter Scott, an amusing and highly estimable man. You see the whole extent of his powers in the “*Minstrel’s Lay*,” of which your opinion seems to accord with mine—a very amusing poem; it excites a novel-like interest, but you *discover* nothing on after-perusal. Scott bears a great part in the Edinburgh Review, but does not review well.’

The Edinburgh Review (in which Scott never bore a part of much consequence) was all along gall and wormwood at Keswick. When Taylor’s version of ‘*Nathan the Wise*’ was published by itself (1806), it was criticised, it seems, by Mr. Jeffrey, and Southey writes to Taylor in a strain of furious indignation on the said Article. The mention of Taylor’s name, which though not on the title-page, was not nor had ever been meant to be a secret, seemed to Southey an absolute crime. Taylor, who no doubt perceived that his friend’s ire had been kindled by things nearer home than Nathan the Prosy, makes answer,—‘I agree with Jeffrey in most things about Nathan, and am well satisfied with his reviewal.’

Next to the correspondence with the poet of Keswick, the most striking in the book

is a short series of letter between Taylor and the late Dr. Robert Gooch—a physician second to none of his age either in the learning or the practical skill of his profession, or in elegance of general accomplishments, or in kindness and generosity of spirit. Gooch, born in Taylor’s neighborhood, completed his education at Edinburgh in the companionship of the younger Southey, and then established himself at Croydon, where he speedily earned such success and distinction as paved the way for a splendid, but too short, career in the metropolis. While at Croydon he had the misfortune to lose the wife of his youth, and Taylor addressed to him this letter :—

‘*Norwich, Jan. 28, 1811.*

‘My dear, dear Friend,—I feel for you—I weep at your loss—but am well aware that only the mother’s sorrow can deserve the name of sympathy. ’Twere a deficient consciousness of the excellence that is no more, not to pour out tears again and again before the imaged remembrance, not to wring the hands and call at times on the unanswering Emily. Grieve on. Where real merit is the subject of regret, there is justice in affliction, there is duty in lamentation, there is luxury in woe. It is an expression of that worship of the heart, now, alas! the only sentiment to bestow on the departed. Time is said to be the comforter of all. To you it would yet be a painful reflection to foresee that you too are doomed to cease to deplore. You would feel it as a profanation of the sacredness of your distress to look on it as finite.

‘Your daughter survives. In her education you will take a double solicitude, and will endeavor, as in her features so in her mind, to retrace that rare union of feeling and purity, of intellect and kindness, which marked her other parent. As the highest idea of feminine worth she may hope to realize, you will describe her mother to her, and accustom her to the imaginary presence of a superior being, whose frown was to have checked her every fault, whose smile of approbation was to have recompensed her sweetest virtues, whose example was to have fashioned her for the domestic charities. And thus the holy manes will still be the guardian angel of your household, and even here become what faith and hope have assured us she was to be hereafter.

‘How early you have quaffed the finest sweets and bitterest dregs of the draught of life! Youth and love handed you the matrimonial chalice, its brim smeared with honey; but disease shed poison in the cup, and to the intoxication of delight was to succeed the ravings of despair—the corpse, the spectre, the veiling pall, the unrestoring tomb. You already know the utmost which fate can give or take away. Hope has no blandishments in store that can seduce, nor Fear a threat that can appal.

‘With your disposition and temper these revolutions may improve the sensibility, and increase a benevolent zeal to defend others from such heart-rending separations, as it was not reserved

would they might prepare a stoical apathy; for experience mostly but evolves the tendencies of our dispositions, and philosophy but utters moralities in unison with our passions. You will, I am sure, not make a parade of affliction, but speedily resume the avocations of your employment, and seek in the service of humanity the purest interruption of agonizing thoughts. Be assured that sorrow is not only borne the better, but lasts the longer for being indulged at intervals in private; of all our ideas, the frequent repetition, not the intensity of contemplation, secures the endurance. . . .

'I have by me a letter of yours to answer, written early in December. Be that reserved for other times. What is the prate of friendship to the wound of love?—a muttered spell, which draws aside attention without the slightest power to heal—a lichen on a gravestone, which fain would veil the doom it cannot efface—a prospect from a prison, which only reminds of intercourse barred out for ever. God bless you!

'Believe me, with sincere attachment, yours,
'WILLIAM TAYLOR, JUN.'

Nor is Gooch's reply less admirable. If he had leisure to write many letters, Dr. Henry Southey's pleasing biography of him should not be republished without a copious appendix:—

'Croydon, 20th March, 1811.

'Dear Friend,—You would have heard from me long before this, if a parcel which I sent you a month ago had not been lost on its way from London to Norwich. It contained no books of yours, and indeed nothing to regret the loss of but a few letters, which were prepared for no eyes but those of friendship.

'I was fully sensible to the feeling and the eloquence of your letter,—to your sympathy, your endeavors to impart some sweetness to the bitterness of my grief; but above all, to your eulogium on my departed wife. Indeed it was merited, and more than merited; for under a veil of modesty, so closely woven as to be utterly impenetrable to the eye of the world, was hidden an assemblage of virtues, which now one may look around for in vain. You praise her, and praise her justly, for her feeling and her purity; these perhaps lifted her higher above her sex even than her other virtues, for I confidently believe that a heart at once so warm and so pure never beat before. But these were not all. She had an intellect remarkable for its clearness and accuracy, always seizing with the utmost readiness on the essential points of a question, and leaving nothing for parading and ostentatious minds but ornament and expansion. She had an exquisitely delicate and highly sensitive taste: this was of great value, as it was a constant source of pleasure to me; for when I have been reading to her any eloquent writings (an amusement which formerly closed my days of toil with an evening of the sweetest enjoyment), and came to passages of force and beauty, instead of being cooled by contact with colder feelings than my own, I received an additional warmth of delight from her glowing admiration. One of her most remarkable, and, I may add, of her most valu-

able peculiarities, was the selectness, the warmth, and the lastingness of her attachments. There are some warm-hearted beings whom the slightest intercourse kindles into friendship, who feel equal regard for the acquaintances of a few weeks, and for the friends of many years, and whose seat of affection is of that soft and friable texture on which deep impressions are easily made and easily worn away again. Emily's affection had all their warmth, without having any of their indiscriminateness or evanescence. No one was ever more thoroughly free from all those petty pursuits and vulgar vanities which abound among her sex; and if a strong expression is excusable from a man of my age, grieving for the loss of a wife who was dearer to him, as a wife, even than she had been as a mistress and a bride—I may say with thorough sincerity and unaffectedness that I have never beheld, and never expect to behold again, so perfect and pleasing an instance of feminine gracefulness of character. In losing her I have lost not only my domestic bliss, but all my social pleasures; for my home always contained all the suitable society which this neighborhood afforded. I brought with me all that I ever possessed here, and that all is gone; I live in a populous solitude; for days and weeks I don't see the face of a friend; my mornings are spent in toil and my evenings in loneliness, embittered by the remembrance of my lost felicity. I begin to tremble too, for the life of my little girl; she has her mother's full eye and wan face and fearful delicacy of constitution; she has never been well since she has been motherless, and I see, or fancy that I see, the same disease which has inflicted on me one blow about to inflict another. God avert it! for the prospect of life is pleasing to me only as it presents the idea of rearing and educating my child, and raising my own professional character. A man must have some objects in view, and these are mine, and it is hard indeed if I am deprived of the best half. Pray write me soon, and believe me to be

Your grateful and affectionate friend,
'ROBERT GOOCH.'

—vol. ii. p. 336-338.

After such beautiful effusions as these, prompted by the stern realities of life, the best of mere literary correspondence must needs appear of far inferior moment. We draw to a close then—but must hazard one parting specimen of Taylor's criticism of Southey's writings. After a long, dull story about gout, and lumbago, and whitlows, and suppurations, his pen warms in his fingers, and he turns to 'Roderick the Last of the Goths':—

'I now believe I shall never make a book. I have, however, in the preceding page given you a specimen of what I conceive to be the greatest fault of yours—detaining the attention on little things, when the reader is impatient for the proper business of the work. There is a good deal of prosing in the poem; it does not weigh on the wrist so often as *Madoc*, but oftener than *Joan of Arc* or *Thalaba*, or *Kehama*. Poets

should live in cities; the leisure of the country spoils them. That bucolic contemplation of nature, which spends its ennui in watching for hours the eyelet-holes of a rill's eddies, is very well for a goatherd, and may grace an eclogue; but where fates of empires are at stake, the attention should not be invited to settle on any phenomena not stimulant enough to arrest the attention of a busy man. The engineer, who is sent to reconnoitre, is not to lose his time in zoologizing, entomologizing, botanizing, and picturesquizing, as Pelayo does on his way to Covadonga. I can at most concede to Homer that he may get his dinner. Your heroes never travel in seven-league boots, but rather à la Humboldt. Wordsworth carries further than you the narratory manner, and the magnification of trifles, but you Wordsworthize too often. Another fault of the poem is its incessant religiosity. All the personages meet at prayers; all the heroes are monks in armor; all the speeches are pulpit exhortations; all the favorites are reconciled to the church, and die with the comfort of absolution, as if, not the deliverance of Spain, but the salvation of the court, constituted the action of the epopee. And in this religiosity there is more of methodism and less of idolatry than marked the Spanish catholicism of that era. Thirdly, there are too many women in the poem, and none of them very attaching, except perhaps Gaudiosa; the domestic affections occupy in consequence a preposterous space. Out of a truly respectable puritanism you dislike to contemplate woman in the point of view in which she chiefly interests man. You rather carve a Vestal than a Venus, and in consequence your women want attraction; you take or mistake purity for beauty. Heroes are never very eminent for the domestic affections. While at home they have a superfluous fondness for their wives during the age of beauty; in absence they console themselves with substitutes; and in later life, if they retain their vigor, they despotize over the old woman; if they become infirm, they seek the friendship of their nurse. But all this is very excursive. I should have been glad if your topic had involved the marvellous, and had employed the hostile mythologies of the Catholics and Moslems. Attributing to you still greater scenic than dramatic force, and a more unrivalled power of picturesque than of ethic delineation, the more your opera is a *pièce à spectacle*, the better; your machinery and illumination is always magically dazzling and brilliant."

The perfect freedom of these communications is, we apprehend, without any parallel in the history of men of letters; and the gentleness and candor with which Southey received his friend's analysis is most amiably unique throughout. His character was truly a lovable as well as a venerable one: yet it would be idle to dissemble that these memorials disclose many very strange weaknesses and inconsistencies in this best of recent men. His self-laudations are too often such as one would not wonder at in a dandy novel-

ist. Strange, truly it is, to compare the charitable spirit in which he tolerated the most flagrant heresies in a friend, with the monastic bitterness of his remarks and reflections concerning real or imagined errors in the conduct or opinions of any person, out of his own *set*, by whom he conceived the slightest liberty to have been taken with him in his literary capacity. Behold the dangers of living too much in a narrow circle, however virtuous, however refined, however accomplished.

If we look to what Taylor did, unquestionably few are they who can be entitled to call him idle; but he was considered as eminently so by all who were qualified to compare what he did with what he might have done—by Sayers especially, by Southey, and by himself. He knew himself well, and indicates with a charming frankness, half playful, half sad, in one letter to the laureate, that same weakness which made him so fond of predominating in provincial coteries and juvenile clubs. 'The truth is,' he says, 'I have a childish and singular delight in seeing myself in print.' This is part of his complaint over the non-arrival of a Review, which included one of his articles on the prose of Milton. Brief and pregnant confession!—No wonder that Southey by and bye gives over his urgencies for the undertaking of a *magnum opus*. There remained for the poet such ejaculations as the following:—

'Time is stealing on us. The grey hairs begin to thicken on my head—more years have passed over yours; and it gives me a feeling, which if not exactly the heartache, is something akin to it, when I think what literary fortunes will hereafter be made on your spoils,—thoughts and illustrations pillaged, and systems extracted, while the bibliographer who may chance to discover the real author, and come forward to vindicate his claim, must be content with a place in some magazine or compilation of anecdotes for an article with William Taylor for its heading."

—And for Taylor such echoes as this:—

'At one time the mazzerions of poetry stretch their purple fingers; at another, the hedge-row hawthorns of politics, limiting rights and wounding trespassers; at another, the high-darting, regularly-knotted, elastic, plastic bamboos of metaphysics; at another, the dark-wreathed simulb which strangles the cedar of superstition. Oh that, instead of this morbid versatility, I could persevere in some quiet incessant historic task!'—vol. ii. p. 298.

It is deeply interesting to compare the details of Southey's own daily life as a man of letters, which occur in this correspondence, with the foregoing and other similar confessions of Taylor. We have seen how the mis-

cellanist of Norwich divided his day—how he relaxed in his evening. Southey says in 1807, and we know he might have said the same during thirty subsequent years,—

‘I cannot do one thing at a time : so sure as I attempt it, my health suffers. The business of the day haunts me in the night ; and though a sound sleeper otherwise, my dreams partake so much of it as to harass and disturb me. I must always therefore have one train of thoughts for the morning, another for the evening, and a book not relating to either for half an hour after supper ; and thus neutralizing one set of associations by another, and having (God be thanked!) a heart at ease, I contrive to keep in order a set of nerves as much disposed to be out of order as any man’s can be.’

We believe that, from the same dread of over-excitement in the composition of poetry, which made Johnson give over rhyme altogether, Mr. Southey allotted to that species of work the first hours of his morning—never meddling with verse after breakfast : history, or some grave treatise (most commonly, in later times, in the shape of an article for the ‘Quarterly’), occupied him during the best part of the forenoon. He worked in the large and beautiful room which contained his valuable library, until that overflowed into adjoining closets, and even passages ; and he sat there at his desk, surrounded by his own family and the other relations who had found a home under his roof, undisturbed by their feminine occupations, well and worthily helped now and then by some of them in his own, till it was time for a short walk on the hill or a row on the lake ; after which came the simple meal, a mirthful hour or two of the easy chair, and social talk ; and then, with

‘The cup that cheers, but not inebriates,’

the resumption for what he calls half an hour, but in reality a much longer space, of some lighter employment, in which he could proceed without much consultation of authorities. Alas ! even with all this carefulness of arrangement and subdivision, carried out amidst such prevailing innocence of heart and habits, the demand made on the essentially poetical structure of nerve and brain was far too great : it could not be persisted in with impunity. Nay, in truth, his variation of tasks might have seemed as if he was in search of the over-excitement which he dreaded. There was a false and fatal stimulus in what he adopted as the substitute for repose. What a dreary twilight came after that bright day of rare genius and almost unparalleled diligence, we all know too well. But Mr. Taylor, though he exercised the

higher faculties with which he was endowed for comparatively a small part of his day, and on tasks comparatively trivial, paid, much earlier in life, the penalty of his habitual indulgence in the conviviality of his hospitable and club-abounding Norwich. We have already heard of gout and others of the same ‘painful family’ which generous bachelors with whitening heads and darkening cheeks are so apt to be well endowed withal. By the age of fifty, his biographer says, his friends observed with regret that but a few glasses of wine sufficed to produce an extraordinary flow of spirits. His delicate hints are quite enough to convey the impression that from that time Taylor continued to break down. His literary performances indicated more and more the falling off of pith and fire ; and year after year they were fewer, and of less consequence in every respect—though as age advanced, his pecuniary circumstances deteriorated ; and his pen, if he had exercised it even as energetically as he did when he thought himself a rich man, might have enabled him, and those dearest to him, to escape troubles and vexations that give a very melancholy coloring to several of these chapters.

The repudiation losses were followed by several years of struggling between diminished means and reluctance to confess the fact by visible curtailment of expenditure ; till the remaining fortune sustained another heavy blow by the failure of some canal-share speculations. After these new mishaps it was hopeless to keep hidden what had probably long been guessed in a shrewd mercantile community. A total change in the style of living was necessary—and William Taylor’s pride made him suggest to his parents a removal from Norwich to some sequestered village retreat, where he was to have no society but theirs, and practice in his own person the abstinence which is no doubt easier than temperance in many cases, but hardly so to the inveterate diner-out of a place where dinners were at three o’clock, and the established order of goings on for the rest of the evening such as may be inferred from many passages in this book, among others an imitation of the *Persicos odi* by Dr. Sayers, composed in honor and glory of one favorite Norwich club, ‘The Chips of Comfort’ :—

‘Dinners of form I vote a bore,
Where folks who never met before,
And care not if they ne’er meet more,
Are brought together ;
Cramm’d close as mackerel in their places,
They eat with Chesterfieldian graces,
Drink healths, and talk with sapient faces
About the weather.

Thrice blest who at an inn unbends
With half a dozen of his friends,
And while the curling smoke ascends
In volumes sable,
Mirth and good-humor round him sees,
Chats, lolling backward at his ease,
Or cocks his cross'd legs, if he please,
Upon the table.'

While the family were hunting about for a rural retirement, a third blow reached them—the bankruptcy of a London stockbroker who had neglected to invest in the proper manner, if at all, some thousands entrusted to his care: and William Taylor's manhood was overset. It is grievous to find him confessing that he seriously contemplated 'seeking refuge in a voluntary grave;' and, though his purpose was arrested, and he by and bye expresses thankfulness in having escaped 'a rash and unhallowed act,' no reader of his works can suppose that by the epithet 'unhallowed,' he alluded to any thing else than the forgetfulness of filial piety which its perpetration would in his case have manifested. The biographer very naturally hastens over this sad part of the story. The parents were old when these calamities overtook them—the father paralytic, and the mother blind. But William Taylor's nerves too had been unmanned by his long course of free living, and his free thinking had ended in a settled blindness of dreamy indifference. His biographer speaks of him as having always 'adhered' to the Unitarian system: but he can mean no more than that he never formally renounced his hereditary connection with the 'Octagon.' His filial piety kept him to that—his dear old blind mother had no arm but his to lead and support her to her accustomed meeting-house, and a more affectionately dutiful son than hers, notwithstanding a momentary madness of aberration, there never was upon this earth: but unless Norwich Unitarianism be even a much more miserable thing than we have supposed it, he had long been separated from its creed by a wider gulf than divides it from modern Mahometanism, or from the philosophical deism of ancient Greece and Rome.

In one of his 'Enquirers,' in the 'Monthly Magazine' for 1811 (p. 106), Taylor has these placid sentences:—

'As Socinianism is peculiarly the reverse of a mystical sect, it must be favorable to the evolution of the rational faculty, and is therefore perhaps suicidal. In Holland and elsewhere it died out less from refutation or persecution than from internal causes.'

In one of the most remarkable of his tracts—the Life of 'John Fransham, the Norwich Polytheist,' (*Monthly Mag.*, 1811, vol. i. p. 343)—among other eulogies of 'the litera-

ture of infidelity,' Taylor says, 'it strengthens the vigor and enlarges the dominion of intellect, bestows frankness and moral courage;' and, as if to exemplify in his own person the justice of this praise, he does not blush to add, 'it unlocks the chambers of pleasure, and banishes the fear of death.' This passage produced a controversy; and in the course thereof Taylor says, with the same lofty complacency—'The literature of infidelity is unfit for the married and feminine classes of society. Every thing in its place, but a place for every thing.' (*Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 118.) In the same Life he is pleased to say, 'Fransham hated, as Porson says of Gibbon, our religion cordially.' Was this *frankness*, or contemptuous irony?

In February, 1812 (about a year after his 'unhallowed' temptation), there is some talk of his enlisting among the Edinburgh Reviewers.* Southey's opinion is:—'Your political opinions square sufficiently with the Edinburghers: your heresies would be inadmissible there, for their esoteric atheism is perfectly orthodox in its professions.'

Taking no notice of what did not concern himself, Mr. Taylor in his reply says:—

'Whence you infer my *esoteric atheism*, I know not; it is an incorrect definition of my opinion. Probably you had read in Herbert Marsh that pantheism is but another name for atheism; but Herbert Marsh blundered. There are three forms of pantheism:—(1.) The pantheism of Spinoza, who maintains that the whole is God, that the whole is matter, that the whole is not collectively intelligent. This is a form of atheism. (2.) The pantheism of Berkeley, who maintains that the whole is God, that the whole is spirit, that the whole is collectively intelligent. This is not a form of atheism. (3.) The pantheism of Philo, who maintains that the whole is God, that the whole consists of matter and spirit, that the whole is collectively intelligent. This is not a form of atheism. Now it is this Philonic pantheism that I embrace, believing myself therein to coincide exactly with Jesus Christ in metaphysical opinion concerning Deity.'—vol. ii. pp. 373, 374.

* The 'Monthly Review,' for which Taylor labored most assiduously, was then, and during about fifty years, conducted by R. Griffiths, on whom some American university conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws. He was first a watchmaker, then a bookseller, published Cleland's infamous novel, and dictated of course that laudatory article thereupon, in his Review, which is justly ranked among the curiosities of literature. Though he was 'a steady attendant at the Presbyterian meeting-house,' and often remonstrated with Taylor for over-frankness of 'anti-supernaturalism,' he could have had no great objection to 'unlocking the chambers of pleasure.' But the Doctor had an eye to the till. He 'kept two carriages, and lived in style.' (Taylor, in *Monthly Mag.*, 1811, vol. ii. p. 566.)

And again, in the last page of his 'Survey of German Poetry,' the very last page, we believe, that he ever prepared for the press, Mr. Taylor takes leave of the favorite studies of his youth, his manhood, and his age, in the following words:—

"The general tendency of the German school is to teach French opinions in English forms. They have indeed religious poets, such as Klopstock, Stolberg, and Körner: but, with the single exception of Klopstock, the religious writers owe what they retain of popularity to their love of liberty, not to their love of Christ. Voss, Schiller, Kotzebue, are deists; Lessing, Wieland, Goethe, pantheists; but these shades of dissimilarity have not prevented their becoming the national favorites. Through their instrumentality, a very liberal and tolerant philosophy has deeply penetrated into the German mind; so that their poetry is in unison with the learned literature which surrounds it. Gradually it is overflowing into the Slavonian nations, and will found in new languages and climates those latest inferences of a corrupt but instructed refinement, which are likely to rebuild the morality of the ancients on the ruins of Christian puritanism. German poetry is written for men, not, like English poetry, for women, and their representatives the priests. The effeminacy of the English school of taste may favor domestic propriety; but it does not tend to form a nation of heroes. The Germans have indeed uttered no works so obscene as Voltaire's *Pucelle*, or so profane as Parney's *Guerre des Dieux*; but even the more cautious writings of Wieland and Goethe cannot be Englished without Mr. Sotheby's castrating the Oberon, without Lord F. Gower's castrating the Faustus. Be this an evil or a good, it is still a characteristic fact. . . .

'Born in Valhalla, refined and christianized in the age of chivalry, the German Muse has finally thrown herself into the arms of philosophy, in this, obeying the spirit of the times, and the tide of event. In like manner many cathedrals of the country, which were built for the worship of Woden, Thor, and Frey, then consecrated under catholic conquerors to the Christian Trinity, have been suffered at last to give shelter to a calm and comprehensive anti-supernaturalism.'—*Survey*, vol. iii. pp. 453, 454.

Is this the creed of a Norwich unitarian? Is it any thing else than the deliberate avowal of that fearful system which, discarding an omnipotent intelligence external to man and the world, discards equally all belief in moral sanction, in individual obligation, responsibility, and retribution? Whether Taylor really and sincerely was a believer in the monstrous absurdities which he avowed, is indeed a very different question; but if he was that, he was truly 'without God in the world.'

We have seen that his creed, whatever it was, however 'calm and comprehensive,'

gave him neither comfort nor support in the hour of trial; but even the pantheist of modern days may derive from sources which he disparages thoughts, feelings, sentiments from which Christians cannot withhold sympathy and respect. Friends of various classes and persuasions rallied round William Taylor as soon as his situation was made known. The Southseys were ready with most generous offers; a wealthy kinsman, Mr. Dyson, of Diss, placed a good country-house at his disposal, and urged him to accept as a donation a sum of money which had already been set apart for him as a legacy. A comparative stranger, a young gentleman of whose name we never heard before, addressed to him this letter:—

'London, May 22, 1811.

'My dear and honored Sir,—I heard last Sunday, for the first time, that you were about to remove your family from Norwich. The increased expense of living there was the cause assigned. I will make no apology for what I am going to propose. Your discernment and my own habitual openness render nice development of my feelings unnecessary. You will guess them. I contemplate the value of an accustomed home to your blind mother. I consider her sweet and venerable character; and that she is the nearest, I believe the dearest, relation you have. Notwithstanding the bad times, my annual income exceeds my expenditure by at least a hundred pounds. I do not choose to acquire habits of greater expense, and I have every reason to expect a gradual increase of revenue. Will this sum enable you to remain comfortably at Norwich? If it will, pray take it annually during your mother's life—at least while I am single (I am not even in love yet) and while my means remain as good as they are. Every year's delay I should think is worth gaining on your mother's account. The evil can but come at last, and will be no greater, perhaps even less, hereafter than now. I do not well see how in justice to your mother you can refuse this offer, which, after abundant deliberation, I make in the most hearty manner. In the common course of things nobody shall know any thing about it, except my gentle sister Harriet, the confidante of all my projects, and who entirely approves of this. I shall be very sorry if any obstacle arises from the want of that circuity with which these matters are commonly proposed, and if I am wrong in deeming the direct way most honorable to both of us.

'Respectfully and affectionately yours,

'ELTON HAMOND.'

—vol. ii. pp. 357–359.

But Taylor could not submit to incur obligations so serious; nor indeed, when his affairs were accurately examined, did it turn out that he required assistance of that nature. It proved sufficient that the family should part with their large house and handsome establishment, removing into a humbler

tenement in their native town, and thenceforth abstaining from that hospitality of habits which at any rate could have no longer been suitable for Taylor's infirm parents. He himself gradually recovered his spirits, and resumed very much of his old modes of life. In the mornings he read, scribbled, and, like Voss's pastor of Gränau, 'whiff'd and again whiff'd'; and in the evenings he had admirers about him, who seem to have divided among them the care of keeping his cellar well stocked—the heretic preferred burgundy to claret.

He collected latterly, besides his papers on German poetry, a series of brief essays on English synonyms, which had in their progress excited very general attention, and which in their ultimate shape raised his reputation far higher than it had ever before stood. The obvious faults of the work are the fancifulness of much in it, and its utter incompleteness; but it has many minor blots, which were unintelligible till we had read these Memoirs. We now understand his derivation of *enough*, from *nog*, or *noggin*, a drinking vessel, 'the primary notion being an after-dinner feeling.' (Why did he not deduce Heaven from Havannah?) We now wonder less, as knowing how ignorant dissenters are of things the most familiar to all others, when we see Taylor gravely writing that 'the Archbishop of Canterbury is the Primate, but the Bishop of London is the Metropolitan of England.' But we have not room for dwelling on these trifles. The little volume was reviewed in this Journal thirteen years ago; and we are glad to learn that a new edition, now in the press, is to exhibit many corrections and additions from Mr. Taylor's MSS. It is to be hoped he had done enough to make it supplant in the market the *audacious* compilation of Mr. George Crabb.* If ever we have such a dictionary as the English language deserves, its author will be found to have owed much to the fragments of William Taylor.

Mr. Robberds hurries over the closing years of his friend: but intimates that by September, 1833, he was fully sensible of the decay of his own mental powers—and seems to rejoice in adding that he lingered on till his death, in March, 1836, Anno Ætatis 71, 'undarkened by regrets for the past, or apprehensions for the future.' He was buried beside his parents 'in the cemetery of the Octagon Chapel at Norwich.' The 'Synonyms Discriminated,' and the friendship of Southey, will prove his lasting monument.

* See Quart. Rev., vol. xxxv. p. 403.—Article on 'English Synonyms by Taylor and Crabb.'

'During the latter years of William Taylor's life, Robert Southey was one day dining at his table; it was the last time they ever met; after dinner the host made many attempts to engage his guest in some theological argument, which the latter parried for some time very good-humouredly, and at last put an end to them by exclaiming, "Taylor, come and see me at Keswick. We will ascend Skiddaw, where I shall have you nearer heaven, and we will then discuss such questions as these."—vol. i. p. 317.

'When Mr. Dyson communicated to Mr. Southey the intelligence of William Taylor's death, he received an answer, in which the following passage speaks forcibly:—"I was not aware of my old friend's illness, or I should certainly have written to him, to express that unabated regard which I felt for him eight-and-thirty years, and that hope which I shall ever feel, that we may meet in a higher and happier state of existence. I have known very few who equalled him in talents—none who had a kinder heart; and there never lived a more dutiful son or a sincerer friend."—vol. i. p. 4.

OH! HOW SHALL WE OUR JOY EXPRESS?

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

From the Metropolitan.

Oh! how shall we our joy express

Rejoicing those on earth once dear,
In yon bright land of happiness

Where Bliss doth never shed a tear?
'Tis so like Heav'n to weep with thee,
Now thou art once again with me.

I weep that Love doth thee restore—

I weep that thou each joy wilt share—
I weep, lest Absence yet once more
Should wring my bosom with despair;
But, oh! in Heav'n tears would be vain,
As we could never part again.

How sweet the thought to be for ever

With thee! Oh! ecstasy supreme!
No pride of birth—no friends to sever—
No hope to mock with idle dream:
There! THERE divine reality
Chases the tear from Doubt's sad eye!

Tears are for earth!—they tell our love—

They tell our hopes—they tell our fears—
Each feeling that the heart doth move
Is shown by tears—by ONLY tears:
Those very ones thou mourn'st to see,
Tell my heart's brimming ecstasy!

Yes! I must weep—could I refrain

These tears of joy? No! let them flow,
But to suppress them would be pain,
Changing their source to bitter woe;
The tumult of my soul they calm,
At meeting thee, like heav'nly balm.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERY.

From the Colonial Gazette.

JOURNEY INTO THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

We have been much interested in hearing from Mr. A. H. Bain, some account of a journey undertaken by him into the interior of our continent, from which he has just returned. The exploring party, consisting of Mr. Steel of the Coldstream Guards, Mr. Pringle of the Company's service, and Mr. Bain, left Graham's Town about six months ago, and proceeded about as far as the 24th degree of south latitude—receiving every possible kindness from the various missionaries whose stations they visited, and attention and hospitality from the native tribes through whose territories they passed. They reached a spot about 15 days' journey from the reported great lake; and, from the information received from the natives in that neighborhood, Mr. Bain is inclined to believe that the reputed lake is nothing more than a part of the river Zimbisi or Quillimaine, near its source. This river is said to have a north-easterly current, which would corroborate this supposition, as the Zimbisi runs into the Mozambique Channel. This lake or river is said to overflow its banks annually, in which case, as the country around is marshy and covered with reeds, the water would assume the appearance of a lake.

Two tribes are said to reside here. One of them, known by the name of Makuba, consists entirely of boatmen. The name of the other tribe is Matlumna. They are reported to have firearms in their possession, and are also said to kill great numbers of sea-cows, with which the neighborhood of the water abounds. Mr. Bain has brought with him a piece of Portuguese cloth, which was obtained from the natives, who reside within 14 days of the lake, and who said they had obtained it from the people who dwell there, thus showing that a traffic between them and the Portuguese settlement at Delagoa Bay exists. An assagai, evidently manufactured in Europe, was also procured. The natives who dwell between the spot reached by Mr. Bain and the lake, were stated to be in the habit of bartering ivory and other articles with the inhabitants of the lake or river.

Our travellers visited Sobiqua, chief of the Bawanketze, who resides near the Kurrichean Hills, who is described as an intelligent man, and was a great warrior in his time. Shortly before the arrival of Mr. Bain and his companions, he had been attacked by Mahouri, the Bechuana chief, who by his superiority, in having muskets and ammunition, worsted him in the conflict and took from him a number of cattle.

The chief Massulikatsae was ascertained to be residing at a spot situated about the 25th degree of east longitude, and 22 south latitude. This chief had also recently made an attack upon the Bawanketze, in which he had been successful.

A glowing description is given of the Bakhlatla

Valley, near Mosiga. Here there is abundance of large timber trees. Wild fruit grows also in great quantity, and the stunted wild olive here grows to a large tree. Water is likewise plentiful. Game is plentiful, and a different description of birds to any previously noticed to the southward, was observed. There are copper and iron mines in this valley. The natives, who are the smiths of that part of Africa, contrive to smelt the iron ore, and to manufacture assagais, hoes, &c., and natives from a considerable distance come as customers. Some specimens of these ores have been procured by Mr. Bain. The natives erect a small conical furnace with clay, into which the ore is cast and a rude bellows is applied to the fuel. By these means the ore is melted and the metal reduced. A singular custom prevails amongst these people in reference to this branch of manufacture. A married man is not allowed to enter the enclosure where the people are smelting the ore, because it is supposed he would bewitch the iron: and before a native is allowed to perform this work he must not have lived with his wife for six weeks, nor must he live with her during the period in which he is employed in the operations.

The party visited a bushman cave between Kuruman and Cramer's Fontein. Here they saw the figures of elephants and other animals rudely painted upon the walls in red and white chalk.

We might mention that the Wanketze chief was anxious that some of his subjects should accompany our travellers to the colony to see the wonders they described, more particularly the warriors of the white men, their arms, &c. Two of them did accompany the party a considerable distance towards the colony, and would willingly have remained with them, but they were sent back to their chief.

These enterprising travellers have brought with them a large quantity of native curiosities. They have also brought with them the spoils of a number of wild animals which they have shot. They have succeeded also in killing the gemsbok, the roan antelope, and many other varieties of the antelope tribe. All these species are rare, and altogether unknown in this colony. A caraculopard was also shot, which measured 19 feet 6 inches in height. In a former trip, however, Mr. Bain shot one of these animals, which measured 21 feet 6 inches. An eland was shot, which measured 17½ hands. It is computed that Mr. Bain and his companions travelled 1,500 miles beyond Graham's Town, making no less a distance in all than 3,000 miles with five spans of oxen.

We are sorry that neither time nor recollection will allow us to furnish the reader with more copious particulars of the journey of these intelligent and enterprising travellers. We are not, however, without a hope that they will themselves favor the public with some account of what they saw, heard, thought, and felt whilst wending their way amid the solitude of the desert, or holding communion with some of the scattered fragments of the human family, whose origin, character, or perhaps even existence, was before unknown.—*Frontier Times.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND THINGS.

BY ONE WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY.

THE PRINCE DE METTERNICH.

PART I.

WHEN first I saw the Prince de Metternich he was in his forty-second year. For he was born on the 15th of May, 1773; and when first I beheld this remarkably handsome and healthy-looking statesman, it was in the month of June, 1814. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia had come over to England, to pay their respectful and fraternal homage to the Prince Regent; but, for family and state reasons, it had been deemed expedient for the Emperor of Austria to return from Paris to Vienna, instead of visiting the British metropolis. The Prince de Metternich had been selected by his august sovereign as his special representative at the court of St. James's on this memorable occasion, and this mark of favor and preference was highly appreciated by this distinguished statesman. "Is that the Prince de Metternich?" inquired a member of the House of Commons of the old Whig Rump, as the Prince entered the Guildhall of the City of London, on the 18th of June, 1814, to be present at the civic banquet,—"Can that be the Prince de Metternich?" "Yes, that is the Prince de Metternich," was the reply; "but why do you express such astonishment?" "Because I expected to see so different a man to that now before me. I had conceived of the prince as a sort of Jesuit-looking monk, with head bending over his chest, with sallow complexion, with the air of a true disciple of Machiavel: and now, instead of all this, there is a handsome and healthy-looking man, who stands and walks erect, with an open, intellectual, and agreeable countenance, and apparently without formality or stiffness." The conversation then turned on the true and trite sentiment of "how wrong it was to judge by appearances;" but the old Whig M. P. returned, ever and anon, during the dinner and the evening, to the very mistaken notions he had formed of the Austrian minister.

The Prince de Metternich, on the occasion in question, was conversing with great animation with Count Mierveldi, the then Austrian ambassador at the court of London, and they were evidently admiring the most magnificent pageant before them. The Prince Regent was explaining to the Emperor Alexander the meaning of the various trophies and ornaments which were collected on that very interesting solemnity, and the King of Prussia was enjoying with the Prince Royal,

now the Prussian monarch, the splendor of the scene. Baron Humboldt was contemplating the countenance of his king and master; Marshal Blucher was raising his eyes with astonishment at the marvels which surrounded him; and Counts Hardenberg and Nesselrode were enjoying the dainties which were set before them.

When the health of the Emperor of Austria was proposed, Prince Metternich rose and bowed. There was but little cheering. It was evident that his character was not understood by many of the assembled citizens. They connected with his name certain notions of absolutism, without the philosophy and truth which formed part of his real character. They very likely remembered the outline of the congress of Rastadt, but the *minutiae* had escaped them, as well as the principle for which he had contended, and the memory of his talent was all that remained.

That banquet was worthy of the occasion which led to its celebration, and worthy of that city of London, whose loyalty, during the most trying times of financial difficulty and commercial depression, had justly won for it the respect and gratitude of all Europe. The disinterestedness of Great Britain, not only during the long conflict of the Revolutionary war, but also after that war had been terminated, when the spoils were to be divided, and countries or districts to be appropriated by the great powers, was the subject of constant reference on the part of the Emperor of Russia. "His magnanimous and disinterested ally, the Prince Regent of Great Britain," were words which were continually on the lips of the Emperor Alexander; and the Prince de Metternich, on all occasions, both private and public, expressed similar opinions in strong terms, and accompanied by glowing eulogies. Not, indeed, that this was the first time that the prince had become acquainted with the English character, or had studied on the spot the English nation, since, when a young man, he visited the shores of Great Britain, and investigated our national habits, partialities, prejudices, and institutions.

Clemens Wenzeslaus Nesselrode, Earl and Prince Metternich, Winneburg, Duke Portella, Earl of Königswart, knight of the Golden Fleece, and grandee of Spain, first class,—possessor of all the highest and most elevated European orders,—his imperial royal majesty's privy councillor, court chamberlain, court chancellor, and cabinet minister,—also, minister of foreign affairs, and prime minister of the empire, taking precedence of all others in dignity and office, is descended from an ancient family, which

rose to distinction during the time of Henry the Holy, the last of the Saxon emperors. The family possessed the country from the Moselle to Handsruck; and Lothar, one of the founders of the family, was, from 1599 to 1623, Archbishop and Elector of Treves.

The present Prince de Metternich is the son of Francis George Metternich, the first prince of that house, who was born in Coblenz in 1746. The subject of these reminiscences was born in the same city, and studied, after a careful preparatory education, at the university of Strasburgh. He was present, with his father, at the coronation of the Emperor Leopold, in 1790, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. His younger years were sedulously devoted to the study of international law, and to the principles of government. These studies were conducted at the university of Mayence. In the year 1792, he was, likewise, present at the coronation of the late Emperor Francis II; and he then assisted his father in his administration, and subsequently visited several European courts, remaining some time in England. The disasters carried into the Rhenish countries by the French armies dispossessed his family. In 1794, his talents obtained for him a post at the imperial court; and in the following year he was married to Mary Eleonora, daughter of Prince Ernest of Kaunitz-Rittberg, and the granddaughter of the imperial chancellor. His diplomatic career commenced in 1797-8, when sent by the emperor as plenipotentiary to the congress at Radstadt. His talents and policy at that congress I shall hereafter examine, and shall content myself for the moment, by drawing a rapid and general sketch of the outline of his life to the year 1814, with which I have commenced these Reminiscences.

Hostilities between Austria and France having broken out, in consequence of Austria adhering to the coalition between England and Russia, Count Metternich left Berlin, when the third coalition of Prussia with Buonaparte had been ratified. In 1806, after the humiliating peace of Presburg, which ceded Venice and the Tyrol to Napoleon, Count Metternich, under the title of Earl of Coblenz, proceeded as ambassador to Paris, where he had one of the most difficult parts to play with the haughty and victorious usurper, and with so skilful and impenetrable a foreign minister as Prince de Talleyrand. The Count de Metternich could not, undoubtedly, prevent the disastrous war which broke out, in 1809, between Austria and France. Yet peace, on the one hand, and the supremacy of Austria in Germany on the other, were, at all times, the great objects of

his diplomatic career. Such views were not in accordance with the ambition of Napoleon, nor with the spirit of his restless and belligerent subjects; and the Austrian ambassador returned to Vienna. Soon afterwards he arranged the preliminaries of that forced peace, which gave Napoleon still greater power over Austria, and emboldened him not only to demand, but enabled him to insist on being married to a princess of the house of Hapsburg.

The Russian campaign having proved disastrous to Napoleon, and the Austrian cabinet having, at first, undertaken a position of mediation, Count Metternich endeavored to bring about a cessation of hostilities. There can be no doubt but the matrimonial alliance between Napoleon and the daughter of the Emperor of Austria led to this movement; but the usurper continued as haughty as if he had conquered Russia; and Prussia took her ground with a nobleness which more than compensated for her desertion of Austria on a former occasion. The most distinguished period of the Prince de Metternich's life now commenced; first, by his arranging the Quadruple Alliance treaty at Toplitz; and, second, after the battle of Leipsic, in following up those measures, in which he was personally engaged, with incessant vigilance at Frankfort, Friburg, Basle, Langres, Chaumont, at the convention of Fontainebleau, and at the peace of Paris.

From Paris he accompanied the allied sovereigns to England, and the time he spent amongst us was devoted by him to observing the state of the United Kingdom in regard to our social and national condition. The famous congress of Vienna, which opened in the October following the treaty of May, 1814, was that in which, as president and negotiator, his diplomatic abilities were displayed in the most distinguished and extraordinary manner. And, although somewhat out of order of date, I propose devoting the *first* portion of my Reminiscences of this celebrated man rather to the middle, than to the commencement, or decline, of his life; and shall, in my next article, trace him more fully from the beginning of his diplomatic career, to the time when to him were confided by the Emperor of Austria the many thorny positions connected with the congress of Vienna.

I shall, likewise, in that *second* portion of my Reminiscences, examine his conduct at the congress of Rastadt, look into his proceedings and policy from 1815 to 1830, describe him as the negotiator with the Revolutionary party, and trace him to the present time, when, at the good old age of seventy-

one, he is enjoying the confidence of his sovereign, the respect of all his fellow-subjects, and, I may add, the gratitude of Europe.

Before, however, I proceed to detail the memorable part he took at the congress of Vienna, and, in regard to all its proceedings, it is necessary clearly to state what are the principles, invariable and decided, of the prince. He does not believe that political liberty is essential to the happiness, honor, or dignity of man. He does not believe that the nations which have enjoyed the greatest degree of this political liberty, have been the wisest, most virtuous, or most happy. He does not believe that the material wants and comforts of the people are so well, or so invariably attended to under a constitutional, as beneath the sway of an absolute monarch. He believes that the liberty which the people ought to enjoy every where, is the liberty of making the most of their labor, the liberty of enjoying all they acquire, the liberty of worshipping God according to the forms and ceremonies of the Romish Church, the liberty of enjoying all social and family comforts, without any arbitrary infringement or exactions, the liberty of free action in all things which are not opposed to the laws of the state, and the liberty of forming those relationships and ties, which ensure to man his greatest amount of mere worldly enjoyment. But he does not believe in republicanism or federalism. He does not believe in constitutional monarchies. He does not believe in the three powers in the government of a state. He does not believe in the action of such a government for the welfare of a people. He is of opinion that the unrestrained liberty of the press is much more injurious than beneficial. He is a friend to education, but it must be of a Roman Catholic character. He believes not only in the possibility, but in the certainty of men being most happy, when they pay the least attention to their political institutions. He believes that civilization should by no means be identified with what he regards as revolutionary principles. He believes that no man really feels that politically free institutions are essential to his happiness, as is food, and as are comfortable dwellings, family associations, religious instruction, and protection in the enjoyment of his personal freedom, his fortune, and his life. He believes that the *absolute* principle, assures to man a far greater amount of happiness, than either the democratic or the constitutional principle; and he, therefore, has devoted a large portion of his life to its defence and maintenance. But he is no tyrant. He is no lover of despotism. He invariably opposes all tendencies to tyranny. He has

repeatedly defended the rights of German citizens when they were most in peril. He was a friend to Poland, to the free towns and cities of Germany, to petty princes, and to smaller states; and whilst he has invariably proclaimed the absolute principle as the one most favorable to the happiness of civilized man, he has bent to circumstances, yielded to facts, and sought to render events, which he regarded as calamities, as little calamitous as possible.

There are certain prevalent opinions with regard to the Prince de Metternich, which I shall attack indirectly. And I prefer this line of proceeding, because I desire rather that the incontrovertible facts I shall adduce should speak for themselves, and thus meet the objections which are made to the views and policy of the prince, than that any mere eulogy or defence on my part should even be believed and adopted. The Prince de Metternich is a very great man. He has been mixed up, ardently, zealously, perseveringly, in all the events of the last fifty years. During that half century he has been one of the political chiefs of Europe and the world. He has fought the battle of the monarchy with a zeal, discretion, energy, and forbearance, which prove him to be a consummate statesman. He is now reposing on his laurels. He is now witnessing the success of his monarchical policy and measures. And it will surely be interesting to contemplate such a man at one of the most interesting periods of ancient or modern history—I mean at the time of the congress of Vienna.

The Prince de Metternich was unquestionably one of the most distinguished actors in the great drama of the Vienna congress. He had studied Europe with long and sustained attention. He was perfectly familiar with the difficulties, whether moral, social, physical, or political, appertaining to each state. He had watched with care the demands made by rash people of their respective governments, during the war which had raged for so long a period. And he was fully prepared to discuss their wants, to combat their prejudices, and to relieve positive and undoubted evils. He knew not less intimately the relations of European governments the one to the other: the changes which had been brought about by the events which had transpired since 1789; and the further important changes which must take place, before any thing approaching to a settlement of Europe could be said to be effected.

Let us now see him at work. Let us watch him before the congress. Let us move with him through the various stages of the history

of that great assembly. This shall be done without prejudice, and without partiality.

When the prince became one of the leading members of the congress of Vienna, he carried to that congress a perfect knowledge of existing treaties. There were the separate and secret articles concluded in October 1813 between Austria and Bavaria. There was the treaty of alliance of the 2d of November, 1813, between Austria and Wirtemberg. There was the project of a federal constitution for Germany communicated by the Prince of Hardenberg to the Prince de Metternich, at a conference which had taken place at Baden, in Austria. There was the treaty of Paris of May 30, 1814. And, in one word, a multitude of documents were to be consulted, and the claims they recognised to be discussed and altered, or maintained. With all of these the subject of these reminiscences was perfectly familiar.

Do we examine the proceedings of the sittings of the committee appointed to superintend the affairs of the German states, and which committee was composed of the plenipotentiaries of Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Hanover, and Wirtemberg? We find that Prince de Metternich was the man who took the lead; that he opened the conferences; that he proposed that the basis of a Germanic confederation should be agreed on; that he it was who submitted that the committee should be limited to the representatives of the five powers just named; that he insisted that the secondary powers ought to, and must, submit to their decisions; and he it was who concocted, with the representative of Prussia, those articles for the organization of the German Confederation, which were subsequently submitted to and adopted by the other members of the German committee.

When the ambassador of the King of Wirtemberg insisted on the right of the king, his master, to precedence of the King of Hanover, it was the Prince de Metternich who declared, "that between and amongst each other all kings were equal."

When the Grand Duke of Baden claimed, as of right, to be admitted to the conferences of the German committee, and to form one of their number, it was the Prince de Metternich who opposed any addition thereto. "The states of the first class," said the prince, "called upon to constitute the committee, are, in consequence of their European relations, in a far better position to make suitable propositions than are the German states of the second and third class." Against this decision the smaller states protested; and the name of Prince de Metternich was pronounced with anger by very many of the lesser German po-

tentates. "What care I?" exclaimed the prince, on one occasion, "for the indignation of the Grand Duke of Baden? We do not want a congress of republics, but a congress of sovereigns."

When it was suggested that the states of the second and third class should, nevertheless, be, from day to day, or from time to time, kept informed relative to the decisions of the German committee, it was Prince de Metternich who said, "No; it is our duty, on the contrary, to keep all our decisions entirely secret; and even none of us five, who constitute the committee, ought to have the right to submit any proposition to our respective courts, until the projected constitution shall be complete. Then, let each representative apply to his government for its definitive instructions."

When the project of twelve articles agreed upon between Austria and Prussia came on for discussion, it was Prince de Metternich who defended each clause. In the Prince de Wrede he found an able and zealous disputant; but the close reasoning of the Austrian diplomatist almost invariably prevailed. The right of Austria to have *two* votes, and of Prussia to have the same number, at the deliberations of the German confederations, was maintained with great vigor by the prince.

When the minister of Wirtemberg insisted before the committee, that it was not necessary to fix the rights of German subjects by any declaration of those rights, it was the Prince de Metternich who replied,—

"In my opinion, it is absolutely necessary to fix those rights. In the ancient constitution of Germany, certain rights were guaranteed to all German subjects; but in these later times, in some of the states, oppressive measures have been introduced, from the continuance of which the people ought to be guaranteed. For instance, in some states it has been ordained that persons possessing property must pass a portion of every year in the capitals of those states. This cannot be longer tolerated. Indeed, in some cases, where men of property have possessions in four or five different states, how is it possible that they should obey such requisitions?"

That was a noble document, and worthy of an enlightened monarch, a powerful government, and a free people, which the Counts of Munster and Hardenberg were directed to present, as the two plenipotentiaries of the prince regent, then also Prince Regent of Hanover, to the committee of the five German courts, on the 21st of October, 1814.

I question greatly whether those Whigs who made it their constant business to libel the government of the prince regent, and to represent him as a despot, would have dared to have made use of such language as the fol-

lowing, and which I extract from the state paper in question :—

"His Royal Highness the Prince Regent of Great Britain and of Hanover cannot possibly admit that the changes which have taken place in Germany have given a right to the princes to claim an absolute or despotic sway over their subjects. . . . A representative system has existed, as of right, in Germany from time immemorial. In many states its organization was based on particular arrangements entered into between the prince and his subjects; and in countries where the states had even ceased to exist, the subjects possessed important rights which the laws of the empire had established, and to which they still granted their protection. . . . The King of Great Britain is indubitably as much a sovereign as any European prince whatever; and the liberties of his people, far from tending to overthrow his throne, established its stability."

This was the language of the noble minded and liberty-loving prince regent, who was yet so often represented as the "ally of despots, and the enemy of freedom."

When the Prince de Metternich perused this incomparable document, he exclaimed, "When liberty is thus understood, and when power is thus exercised, constitutional freedom is quite compatible with the monarchical principle." To be sure it is.

That was an interesting discussion, which took place in October, 1814, when the enlightened views of the prince regent with regard to the cause of constitutional freedom in the states of the confederation, were combated by some of the representatives of the five courts. But the Prince de Metternich, to his honor be it recorded, ranged himself on the side of rational liberty, and thus assured the triumph of constitutional principles.

It was the Prince de Metternich who made also the famous proposition, that

"To prevent one state of the confederation from compromising the external safety of Germany, each state should be compelled not to make any warfare itself alone, nor to take any part in such a war; and not to conclude any alliance, treaty, or convention, for the service of troops, without receiving the consent of the confederation."

It was the same prince, also, who declared that, although, in consequence of the large states which Austria added to those of the confederation, she claimed the right of *two* votes, yet that she voluntarily offered to contribute a double proportion of the expense of that body.

The opposition offered by the court of Bavaria to the decisions of the German committee was founded on an idea that the ancient constitution of the empire ought to be preserved; but the Prince de Metternich demonstrated on several occasions, and especially

on the 26th of October, 1814, that such a constitution was no longer possible or applicable, and that the Germans did not wish to found their new institutions on the basis of their old ones.

When the Prince de Wrede attacked the independence of the "*free cities* of Hamburg, Lubec, and Bremen," and declared that "Bavaria could not recognise such a title," it was the Prince de Metternich who observed, "these cities have been already recognised as free by the alliances they have contracted with foreign powers, and notably with England and France; and that such facts could not be set aside." Yet this is the man who is constantly misrepresented as the enemy to human liberty.

When the discussion took place between the members of the German constitution committee on the question of what security should be given to the Germans, that their individual liberty should be respected, it was the Prince de Metternich who said that,

"Although Austria was quite agreed that the rights of sovereignty should be secured to the princes of Germany, it ought, nevertheless, not to be lost sight of, that the object they had then in view was to form a Germanic confederation, and a great political body, composed of German states; and that consequently, in case any attack should be made on the political existence or rights of an individual, contrary to the tenor of the federal act, or of the constitution, and that by such act the individual would be injured in his rights as a German citizen, that the confederation ought to have the power of remedying those contraventions, and that the *federal tribunal* should be established to take cognizance of all such complaints, and provide remedies for all violations of the general constitution!"

Was this the language of an arbitrary and tyrannical despot?

The jealousy of Bavaria and Wirtemberg of the power and influence of Austria, soon manifested itself in the Germanic constitution committee; and not only on the subject of the double votes claimed by the court of Vienna, but likewise on a variety of other points, the representatives of the two first-named powers evinced their want of trust in the Austrian government. On all these occasions the Prince de Metternich spoke without reserve, acted with the most perfect good faith, and displayed a firmness on the one hand, but a sincerity on the other, which secured for him the approbation and confidence of all. On every occasion the prince advocated the advantages of peace, the necessity for union, and the duty of securing to the people all the rights and advantages to which they were manifestly entitled in the new combination. In these views the prince was powerfully sec-

oned by an autograph letter written to him by the Emperor Alexander of Russia; in which his majesty stated, with distinctness, that he fully coincided in the sentiments of Prince Metternich, and desired that his views of the rights of the German people, should be carried into effect.

In the early part of the proceedings of the congress of Vienna, the question of "What was to become of *Poland*?" was felt to be one of the most difficult. The project relative to the incorporation of the whole of Poland with Russia, as a distinct kingdom, under a viceroy, was at first concerted between Russia and Prussia, at the period of the signature of the treaty of Paris. This project, however, was greatly opposed by the Prince de Talleyrand. In vain did Russia and Prussia invoke a secret article of the treaty of Paris, which compelled France to accede to the division which the "allies" should agree to, of the countries which had been conquered or ceded. The Prince de Talleyrand insisted, that by the word "allies," must be understood the *whole* of the allies, and not this or that power; and that France would only recognise the decisions come to by the congress *en masse*. Now, what was the line of conduct adopted by the Prince de Metternich on this important occasion? Did he oppose the Prince de Talleyrand, and the honest and fair interpretation put upon the treaty in the interest of Poland? By no means. He united his voice with those of France and England, and the Polish question was therefore submitted to a new and general discussion. The inconveniences which would have arisen from the union of the whole of Poland, under a Russian viceroy, were at last admitted, even by the King of Prussia, the private friend of the Emperor Alexander; who did not believe that the acquisition of Saxony, and of the countries between the Meuse and the Moselle, could balance the dangers to which the incorporation of Poland would expose his monarchy. The Prince de Talleyrand, with his consummate tact and *finesse*, also labored to prove to the other powers, the great evils which *must* arise from so colossal an aggrandizement of Russia; and he proposed to give to the king of Prussia all the duchy of Warsaw,—at least to the banks of the Vistula. This was generally felt to be the best arrangement, provided it would be found impossible to re-establish Poland in a manner useful to the balance of power in Europe. In the whole of these negotiations the Prince de Metternich invariably leant to the side of the unfortunate, and Poland had in him a decided and powerful friend.

But, to return to the German constitution

committee, and to the conduct of the Prince de Metternich with regard to the Germanic confederation. The King of Wirtemberg, dissatisfied with the proceedings of the committee, and displeased at finding that the propositions made by his representatives were not well received by the other members, sent, on the 16th Nov. 1814, a written protest, in which he required that the whole of the plans of Austria and Prussia, with regard to Germany, should be submitted to him before he should be further required to proceed with the discussions as to the constitution of the confederation. This was the beginning of a serious and formidable opposition. On the very same day, also, a note was delivered to the Princes de Metternich and de Hardenberg, by the plenipotentiaries of *twenty-nine* foreign princes and free cities of Germany, in which they demanded, without delay, to be called upon to deliberate on the subject of the constitution and the constitution of their common country. This formidable list of twenty-nine was afterwards augmented to thirty-four by the signatures of five other courts. This was the beginning of a very severe conflict, during the whole of which the Prince de Metternich displayed a firmness, forbearance, patience, and energy, which confounded those who were most resolute in opposing him. The Duke of Brunswick was energetic in his complaints. The Grand Duke of Baden was decisive in his demands. The plenipotentiaries of the King of Denmark were loud in their remonstrances. And a host of very petty states indeed joined in the general "*charivari*" against the firm and unwavering Prince de Metternich.

But how instructive and delightful it is to notice and record how a giant man with a giant mind calmly, deliberately, and fearlessly proceeded to confront his opponents and to defend his system. He began with the plenipotentiaries of the King of Wirtemberg, and six days after the receipt of their protest, forwarded a note, which destroyed at once the false accusations which they, in the name of the king, had brought against him. In that admirable document the prince thus expresses his opinion with respect to the "object of the great alliance which had delivered Europe from an ignominious yoke," as far as relates to Germany. He says, "that object, as regards Germany, was the dissolution of the Rhenish confederation, and the re-establishment of German liberty and of the constitution, with some modifications."

Whilst constantly occupied with great questions of *principle*, in the discussions which took place before the congress and in the various committees, the Prince de Metternich,

nevertheless, found time to attend to the details of each measure. It was he who drew up the admirable instructions to the Statistical Commission formed to collect together, for the information of the congress, all particulars relative to the territories conquered by Napoleon and his allies. Without such information, it was clear that the various demands, reclamations, and even positions of those states, could not be understood. That commission did well its work; but to the subject of these Reminiscences were they indebted for their plans and system.

One of the first measures which came under the consideration of the high plenipotentiaries of the eight powers, parties to the treaty of Paris, was one of universal importance and philanthropy. It was in January, 1815, that that question of the abolition of negro-slavery and the annihilation of the slave-trade was brought under the consideration of the congress of Vienna. And how did the Prince de Metternich conduct himself during that memorable debate? Did he oppose the cause of emancipation? Did he sanction the long-existing traffic in human flesh? No. He proclaimed, in language worthy of the Christian representative of a great Christian state, that his voice was for the cause of humanity, justice, and real civilization. His was no mere adherence to the cause of philanthropy and mercy, but he pleaded with eloquence and authority for the abolition of the horrible traffic in negro life and blood. Yet this is the man whom it has been the habit of democracy during forty years to represent as an enemy to freedom and to the human race!

In February, 1815, the representatives of the thirty-four lesser German states became most importunate. They had taken no part in the proceedings of the German constitution committee, and they apprehended that the Germanic confederation would be formed without their consent. They accordingly re-addressed the Prince de Metternich, who assured them that all that had been done by the committee was merely preliminary, and that when the whole of their labors should be completed, the representatives of the various states of Germany would be duly convoked. The Prussian government had in the meantime been occupied in preparing two projects; the one, taking it for granted that the confederation would be divided into circles, and the others, under the supposition that it would not so be divided. Prussia was in favor of the division into circles, and yet Prussia protested her desire to see the smaller states of Germany maintain their independence, and not be exposed to become sacrific-

ed to the ambition of the greater German powers. The document in which these views and opinions are given to the Prince de Metternich is one of the ablest state documents ever drawn up by any plenipotentiaries of any government.

The ever-memorable treaties of the 25th March, 1815, which were signed between Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia, were in a great measure the work of the Prince de Metternich. Never were treaties prepared with greater diplomatic skill, or with a more enlightened and philosophical attention to the permanent interests of the whole of Europe. They will bear the closest investigation, and in proportion as they are studied will they be found to contain the most enlarged, noble, and powerful views. The treaty between Great Britain and Prussia now lies before me, and I find appended to it the honored signatures of "Hardenberg," "Humboldt," and "Wellington." Those are names which will be immortal in the page of history when their detractors shall be unknown.

When the treaties between the great powers had been signed, the Prince de Metternich felt that the time had arrived to convoke the representatives of the secondary German states, in order that they might give their adhesion to the *principle* of those treaties, and consent to abide by them, at the same time that they should be invited to offer their opinions relative to the future constitution of the proposed Germanic confederation. Accordingly, on the 31st March, the ministers and plenipotentiaries of the German princes and of the free towns and cities assembled. At length, then, the wishes of the princes of Germany were gratified; but the Prince de Metternich required that the five members of the German constitution committee should form part of the general committee of plenipotentiaries then to be named.

The ably concerted plan adopted by the four great powers, *first* to conclude general treaties between each other, and then to require all smaller states and powers to adhere to their provisions, was, I believe, originally suggested by the Prince de Metternich. This plan was wholly novel, was calculated to save a great loss of time, and prevented heart-burnings, jealousies, rivalry, and discontent. If each of the smaller states of Germany and of Europe had been simply consulted prior to the great and general treaties being framed and signed, years must have been consumed simply in the consideration of their objections.

At length was presented the project of a

fact of confederation of the sovereign princes and of the free towns and cities of Germany. It was laid before the congress by the plenipotentiaries of Prussia in the month of April, 1815. But although the Prussian plenipotentiaries were the organs of the constitution committee, the Prince de Metternich was by no means foreign to the preparation of that document. Nothing escaped his notice, nothing was submitted which had not been laid before him, and which had not obtained, at least, his general approval. Indeed, in his capacity as president of the congress, for he was nothing less, every point under discussion, either special or general, came before him, and to each he gave his best and most valuable attention. So strong, also, was the general feeling as to his love of truth and justice, that when all other attempts and measures had failed, those who thought they had suffered wrongs which ought to be redressed, or that they had rights which were kept in abeyance and were likely to be lost, were sure to draw up their notes, protests, or memoirs, and forward them to him. All of these he examined with attentive interest.

The matchless tact of the Prince de Metternich can never be too highly extolled. On very many occasions in his life has he given proof of this; but on none more remarkably so, than in his negotiations with the plenipotentiaries of the smaller German states. On the 12th April, 1815, those sittings began, and all who were interested in the important debates to which they led have since admitted that so conflicting were the interests, strong the jealousies, and violent the passions, of all parties at that time, that but for the moderation and firmness of the Prince de Metternich, and his consummate tact, there would have been interminable and even subversive discussions. The first point he insisted on was that the alliances formed by the four great powers should be adhered to, and that this adhesion should be given without long debates or unnecessary delay.—

“The treaties must be acceded to,” said the prince; “each power must pledge itself to guarantee their execution, contingent forces must be fixed on to secure the fulfilment of the guarantee, and special conventions must be signed to provide for the maintenance of those contingent troops. Three armies will assemble; one on the Upper Rhine, under the orders of the Prince de Schwarzenberg; the second on the Middle Rhine, under the orders of the Prince of Blücher; and the third on the Lower Rhine, under the command of the Duke of Wellington.”

Here was a plan the most magnificent and yet minute, explained in a few words and reduced to a few lines of writing.

From day to day the plenipotentiaries met. Prince de Metternich admitted of no delay. In vain did some attempt to defeat his plan by protests, memoirs, and notes. The project of the treaty of alliance and of accession with the princes and free cities and towns of Germany was another of the important labors of this extraordinary man, whose eyes, thoughts, mind, seemed to possess the attribute of ubiquity.

And now the name of Buonaparte once more resounded in the ears of Europe. The war against the man who had forfeited his word, broken all his engagements, and escaped from Elba, called into the field the most ardent spirits of all ranks, ages, and classes, and Europe armed against the despot and the usurper.

In all the arrangements necessary to be made for that purpose, Austria and the Prince de Metternich decidedly took the lead, and Europe owes to that distinguished man, simply for his talent, skill, judgment, foresight, and energy in this matter, a debt of gratitude she will be unable to repay.

The separate articles agreed on between Great Britain, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, on the 25th April, 1815, upon the exchange and ratification of the treaty of the 25th March of the same year, were also partly the work of the subject of this memoir; as was also the treaty of accession of the 27th April between the four great powers just mentioned on the one part, and the princes of states and free towns and cities of Germany on the other part.

The complaints of some petty princes that their rights were not respected, their privileges conceded, and their independence assured, became, towards the close of these negotiations, very numerous and loud. The Prince de Metternich examined and considered them; but as he was from principle opposed to the multiplication of power, to the establishment of new governments, and to the resuscitation of governments which had long since ceased to exist, he supplied no favorable answer to the various claimants.

The projected constitution for the Germanic confederation was during the whole of this time the subject of discussion and consideration, and on the 1st May, 1815, the Prussian plenipotentiaries submitted to the Prince de Metternich a new project, revised and corrected. The prince at once undertook the task of examining this document, and in the course of the month presented a proposed basis for a future constitution.

The treaty of Paris of the 18th May, 1815, and the events which rendered it necessary, for some time occupied the mind of the

prince; but he did not lose sight of the divided condition of the "Fatherland," nor was he so engrossed by the mighty facts then transpiring as to be indifferent to the question of the Germanic confederation. The preparation of the separate treaties to be signed by all the lesser powers of Europe with the four greater, also steadily proceeded; and on the 23rd May, 1815, the conferences again commenced at Vienna relative to the establishment of the Germanic confederation. These conferences were continued from day to day, and the observations and objections of every prince and free town or city were heard and examined. On the 8th June, 1815, the memorable act by which the federal constitution of Germany was assured was duly signed, and the act of the congress of Vienna for settling the whole of Europe and establishing it on a permanent basis of order, justice, and liberty, as well as of hereditary right, bears date the following day.

The representatives of the King of Wirtemberg gave much, but fruitless trouble to the Prince de Metternich, during the whole progress of the negotiations relative to the future states of the confederation, the constitution of that confederation, and to various other questions of importance. The conduct of the government and court of Wirtemberg the prince did not approve, and he took occasion several times to make them feel that they were evidently not sufficiently aware of the numerous advantages secured to Wirtemberg by the treaties to which they were the last to adhere. It was not, however, until the period for adhesion had expired that the plenipotentiaries of Wirtemberg yielded; but at last they did so with a very bad grace, and Metternich was victorious.

One of the most interesting but difficult questions which for a long time occupied the mind of the prince related to the boundaries which should be assigned to Prussia, especially with regard to the long-proposed overthrow of the kingdom of Saxony. The prince, far from desiring to circumscribe the limits of Prussia, ardently wished for the creation of a powerful and influential kingdom. Not only did he assert the necessity of this for the sake of Prussia and her monarch, but likewise with regard to the balance of power in Europe. But to him it appeared, as well as it did to his august master, that no act of injustice could be more scandalous, after all the spoliations and sacrifices the King of Saxony had endured and made, than to deprive him of his lawful dominions. Plan after plan was drawn up at the Austrian *chancellerie* and submitted to the Prussian

plenipotentiaries for the purpose of avoiding an act so really felonious; and the Prince de Metternich was at once so anxious to preserve peace, and yet so resolved not to be any party to an act of spoliation, that the line of conduct he had to pursue was very difficult.

Prussia remained for a long time firm in her determination not to yield on this point to the court of Austria, and she represented that the faith of treaties required that she should have as large a territory as was necessary to defend herself against Austrian or other aggressors. The Prince de Metternich met these statements by statistical tables; had accounts of the population of each province and district collected and arranged, and demonstrated by figures that her population was greater in point of numbers than it ever had been, besides being made up of flourishing and most productive countries. To this mode of attack Prussia replied by similar statistical tables with regard to Austria, and showed that the court of Vienna had, at any rate, nothing to complain of with regard to the arrangements which had been made in her favor, and which vastly increased the population of the Austrian dominions. The Prince de Metternich then suggested a scheme by which the King of Saxony might preserve a portion of his dominions, the rest being given to Prussia. This was one of the least able moves of which the prince was ever guilty; and it drew down upon him not only the retort of Prussia "that, as the *principle* of not depriving the King of Saxony of any part of his dominions was now abandoned, it was better that he should have a powerful kingdom assigned to him in Italy, than one of inadequate dimensions in Germany;" whilst Viscount Castlereagh, the Prince de Talleyrand, and the Emperor Alexander, alike fell upon this scheme with all their nerve and talent wholly to destroy it. The correspondence which took place on this subject was most admirable. The Prince de Talleyrand was never more logical, powerful, and unanswerable than in this question, which he treated at the same time with the playfulness of a wit, all the attitude and manœuvring of an actor, all the skill of a diplomatist, and yet all the high and lofty notions of a real statesman.

The Prince de Metternich rallied all his energies, and did his very best to destroy or diminish the impression which his decoy-duck system had made on Europe. But in vain. He attempted to show that it was only in the event of not being able to settle the matter in any other way than then, and then only, it was that he would agree to the dominions of the King of Saxony being partly

given to Prussia. But was not this tantamount to saying that Prussia might have her own way, as far, at least, as Austria was concerned, provided she would be obstinately resolute? And undoubtedly it was this that emboldened the Prussian plenipotentiaries. It was not until the voice of England was heard—England, generous and unselfish—England, disinterested and powerful—that the government of Berlin yielded, and finished by a compromise. Ah! to how much of heart-burnings, weariness, and suspicion, did this question of the boundaries of Prussia, connected as it was with the dissolution or the integrity of the kingdom of Saxony, give rise.

The *Polish* question gave, however, even more trouble and anxiety to the Prince de Metternich than that to which I have just alluded. In the first place, the Austrian government had for a long period of time felt, and even expressed, much uneasiness at the territorial aggrandisement of Russia; and never were fears better grounded than on the present occasion. In the next place, the Prince de Metternich was of opinion that the constitution of an independent kingdom of Poland, under the government of a Prussian prince, would tend materially to preserve the balance of power in Europe. This opinion was likewise held by the British plenipotentiary, and France, when consulted, made a strong and most eloquent protest in favor of the nationality of Poland. The Emperor Alexander was, I am convinced, sincerely desirous for the happiness of the Poles, but he had also fixed his eyes on the duchy of Warsaw, and he could not be tempted or persuaded to relinquish it. On whatever other points he yielded, he would not do so on this, and the "partition of Poland" was the result.

It is really a very curious and instructive task to reperuse, as I have done, all the documents and state papers with regard to this question of Poland. The language of Great Britain was protective, magnanimous, grand. The tone of France was enthusiastic. The Prince de Metternich was calm and dignified, but most certainly favorable, on all occasions, to Polish nationality. Yet that very nationality perished, and Poland now only exists in name. The reality is destroyed. Yet the proclamations of the Emperor Alexander, his address to the army, his letter to the president of the diet, his despatches and those of his ministers, were all positive and I have no doubt sincere, with respect to the Poles preserving their nationality, and being protected by a constitution. The negotiations relative to Poland terminated as did those concerning the kingdom of Saxony, by

a compromise between the Great Powers. The fact was, that the position of France was equivocal, her voice could not be heard with distinctness, England was too far removed from the spot to have direct influence, and the smaller states of Germany had been kept in the back-ground.

When the Emperor of Russia addressed the Polish army, he congratulated it that in future it would have its own colors, fight under its own officers, enjoy its own *drapcau*, and be no longer the army of a foreign power. That all this at the time it was written was believed and intended, I have no reason to doubt, and Prince Constantine himself was not the less sincere when he declared that he should govern the Poles according to their rights, laws, and customs. I shall not prosecute the subject further. The readers of REGINA are not ignorant of the true state of Poland now. The Prince de Metternich was influenced in his final decisions by the love of Austria for territorial aggrandisement. The jealousy felt by Austria of Russian power and extension of possessions was no secret at the court or in the camp of the Emperor Alexander, and the arrangements at last concluded satisfied neither England nor France. But Russia pacified England by promises of a national Polish constitution, and France was wholly unable to go to war. So Poland was sacrificed.

The conduct of Lord Castlereagh during the whole of these transactions was entitled to the highest praise. His diplomatic notes were those which invariably excited the deepest attention, and commanded the highest respect. They were not only manly and eloquent, but argumentative and unanswerable; and it was almost exclusively owing to the support which his lordship gave by his notes to the views of the Prince de Metternich relative to the duchy of Warsaw, that any portions of the duchy were detached from the future territories of Russia.

With regard to the question of Saxony, Lord Castlereagh felt very strongly as to the conduct of his Majesty. Upon one occasion he said that although he should experience some pain in beholding so ancient a family reduced by the measure of the incorporation of Saxony with Prussia to a state of profound affliction and sorrow, yet, that if ever a sovereign placed himself in a condition which authorized the sacrifice of his interests for the sake of the future tranquillity of Europe, that king was the King of Saxony, who, by his perpetual tergiversations, and by being not only one of the most devoted, but also one of the most favored of the vassals of Buonaparte, contributed with all his power, and

also with much zeal, in his double quality of chief of the German and chief of the Polish states, to urge on the usurper in his course of invasion, even his expedition into the very heart of Russia. This declaration of Lord Castlereagh produced a profound impression on the mind of the Prince de Metternich, but the latter still continued to struggle, and eventually with success, for the restoration of the kingdom of Saxony. To no man at the congress of Vienna did Prince de Metternich ever defer with so much real respect and profound admiration as he did to Lord Castlereagh. For that eminent statesman he invariably professed to the end of his days his sincerest homage; and when his lordship's tragic end was communicated to the prince, he shed many and bitter tears. The conduct of Lord Castlereagh during the whole of the most important negotiations at the congress, left an impression upon all minds which was never obliterated.

The Prince de Metternich could not, however, agree with Lord Castlereagh with regard to the question of Saxony. Whilst his lordship thought it a matter of comparative indifference whether the kingdom of Saxony should be reconstructed, when compared to the vast importance of rendering Prussia a large, powerful, and independent kingdom, the Prince de Metternich thus wrote on the same subject:—

"The reconstruction of the Prussian monarchy has appeared so necessary to the Emperor of Austria, that he adopted it as one of the bases of the triple alliance. Austria does not indulge any feeling of jealousy against Prussia. She regards this power, on the contrary, as one of the most useful weights in the balance of the forces of Europe. Of all the powers of Europe it is the one which has most in conformity with Austria. Placed like herself between the grand empires of the East and the West, Prussia and Austria complete their systems of respective defence. United, these two monarchies form an insurmountable barrier against the enterprises of any conqueror who may again, perhaps, some day occupy the throne of France or that of Russia. Both being German powers, they will find in their national connection a reciprocal influence in the German federation, which influence will be favorable to the cause of peace.

"Every thing ought then to tend to unite these courts; and most afflicting would it be to see those powers which are most directly called on to cement the peace of Europe, engaged in vain and injurious discussions. Germany should constitute herself a political corps, the frontier between the great powers ought not to remain undecided; in one word, the union of Austria and of Prussia ought to be perfect in order that the great work may be consummated. It is a measure calculated to prevent this union or to delay its accomplishment, as well as an insur-

mountable obstacle to the arrangement of the federation act, that we condemn the entire incorporation of Saxony with Prussia, and not at all on the ground that by it the dominions of Prussia would be augmented. The incorporation of the whole of Saxony with Prussia is an obstacle to our union, because the principles of the emperor, the closest family ties, and all our relationships of neighborhood and of frontiers are opposed to the measure. It also presents another obstacle not less difficult to surmount with regard to the arrangement of the affairs of Germany, because the principal powers have declared that they would not join the federal act if so menacing a basis to their own personal security as states should be adopted, as would be the incorporation of the powerful German states, effected by one of the powers called on to protect the common country."

The court of Vienna was occupied with two great points: the first was, to prevent, by all means, and at all risks, the incorporation of the *whole* of the duchy of Warsaw into Russia; and the second was to prevent the incorporation of the *whole* of Saxony into Prussia. The plan of Austria was successful—but thanks to whom? most assuredly to none other than the Prince de Metternich.

The admission of the Prince de Talleyrand as a member of the Polish and Saxon Committee of the Congress, was due to the reiterated declarations of Lord Castlereagh and the Prince de Metternich, that such a measure was only just and wise. It was then that the Emperor of Russia proposed, 1st. To deliver to Austria half of the property of the celebrated salt springs and works of Wieliska, as well as the district of Tarnopol, &c. 2d. To deliver up a portion of the duchy of Warsaw to the court of Berlin. 3d. To render the cities of Cracow and of Thorn free. And, 4th. That the rest of the duchy of Warsaw should devolve to the crown of Russia as an *united state*, to which the sovereign of the empire reserved himself the right of giving a national constitution, such as he should judge suitable.

The Emperor of Russia interceded with the Emperor of Austria and with the King of Prussia, in the 8th article of this memorable project, in behalf of their Polish subjects, for the purpose of obtaining for them provincial institutions, which should be of a nature to respect their *nationality*, and which would give them some part in the administration of the country. How singular are these facts! The Emperor of Russia promised a constitution to Poland, pleaded with Prussia and with Austria for large and liberal provincial institutions for the Poles who were subjects of those powers; and did not even propose to hold Poland other than as an independent

kingdom, to which was guaranteed all its nationality, but of which the Emperor was simply the protector.

What, then, have been the events, what the changes in feeling, in conviction, what the differences of opinion, what the facts and circumstances, what the chain of arguments, which together should have led to so great an alteration as that we now behold between Poland as she was to have been, and Poland as she is? When the Grand Duke Constantine, on the 11th November, 1814, issued a proclamation, in which he said to the Poles, "The Emperor, your powerful protector, calls upon you! Re-assemble yourselves around your standards! Let your arms prepare themselves for the defence of your country, for the preservation of your political existence!" The Poles cried, "Long live the Emperor!" and the Count de Nesselrode declared that eight millions of Poles were resolved to defend the independence of their country. When such facts, and when such declarations, are compared with the events which have transpired during the last fourteen years, we may feel assured that the *secret* history of the relation of the Poles to Russia, and of Russia to Poland, has yet to be written. The promises of 1814 were made in sincerity; why have they not been accomplished in a period of thirty years?

The creation of the kingdom of the Pays Bas was another of those subjects to which the Prince de Metternich devoted the energies of his mind. Lord Castlereagh, with his usual discernment and skill, saw from the first the importance of this measure, and hastened, on behalf of Great Britain, to give indubitable evidence of his sincerity and his disinterestedness, by placing such colonial possessions in the power of the king of the Pays Bas as were desirable for him to possess. At the Congress some attempts were made to excite Prince de Metternich to believe, and to act upon that belief, that the real amalgamation of Holland and of Belgium was impossible, on account of the difference of their interests, and of their religious opinions. But on one of those occasions, the Prince de Metternich replied, that it was not necessary that the interests of two united countries should be the same, provided they did not oppose and injure each other. "The speculating genius of the Dutch," he said, "will give a prompt circulation to the riches of the soil of Belgium, and these will require the navigation of the Scheldt, and a participation in the commerce with the colonies. Toleration," he also observed, "will bring about the support and strengthening of the Christian faith. That which was to be feared in the sixteenth is not

to be apprehended in the nineteenth century. The new order of things in the Pays Bas will also be founded on a national representation, to which many of its provinces have been for a long time accustomed, and which cannot produce any great commotion among two people equally calm by nature, and who, although possessing unquestionably different habits, have an identity of *moral principles*." Such sentiments as these appeared so philosophical, as well as so natural and reasonable, that it was only necessary to state them to secure their triumph; and although the Prince de Metternich was justly looked up to as the great defender at the congress of the principles and dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, still he did not hesitate, fully and heartily, to consent to the union of Catholic Belgium with Protestant Holland, under the dominion of a Protestant dynasty!

Alas! that events should since have demonstrated that the spirit of intolerance in the Romish Church still survives, and that the Prince de Metternich should have confounded the cessation of persecution itself with the destruction of the *principle* on which it is founded. The latter remained, and that spirit it was which in 1830 drove from the throne of the Pays Bas one of the wisest and best of kings.

In the negotiations which took place at the congress of Vienna relative to the slave-trade treaties, the Prince de Metternich was applied to by the courts of Spain and Portugal to oppose the measures proposed by the Duke of Wellington. The Spanish plenipotentiary, Salvador, sought to render all measures for the abolition of the slave-trade unavailing, by demanding that it should be declared that each government should itself judge what was the suitable epoch for putting such law or treaty into effect. And the Portuguese representative, Palmella, adopted the same line of argument, and made the same objection, appealing to the Prince de Metternich, as the representative of Catholic states and of Catholic interests, to support them in their opposition. But vain were their hopes. The Prince de Metternich joined heartily in the measures pointed out by the Duke of Wellington, who had then taken the place of Lord Castlereagh at the congress. The Prince, on one occasion, expressed himself so decidedly to Palmella in favor of British views, that it is said, as he left the Austrian diplomatist, he raised his shoulders and exclaimed, "It is useless, when the court of Vienna is liberal."

But I must hasten to conclude the *first* portion of my "Reminiscences of the Prince de Metternich," and I cannot do so better

than by supplying the readers of *REGINA* with an interesting conversation which took place at the period of the congress between the prince and an English gentleman, on the all-important and interesting topic of the form of government, under which the people of a country are likely to enjoy the most of happiness and comfort.

The conversation turned on the easy condition, the tranquillity and the absence of poverty, and the generally affluent state of the Austrian population. The English gentleman admitted this.

Prince Metternich said—"You have been in Hungary: there they have a legislature with a first and second chamber. Does it clothe, feed, or protect the people? Is agriculture in the same improved state? Are manufactures in as thriving a condition as in Austria and Bohemia? both of which you have also travelled over."

The English Gentleman admitted "that Hungary with the most abundant natural resources, had the most wretched populace, that her agriculture was in a rude state, and as for manufactures, that they could scarcely be said to exist; and, further, that to the legislature of Hungary all these evils might be attributed."

Prince Metternich.—"I am happy to hear these admissions."

The English Gentleman.—"Yes; but the legislative constitution of Hungary is not a constitution constructed according to British ideas. It is a legislature which protects the nobility in all their privileges, that frees them from taxation, from liabilities as to the payment of their debts, from arrest, and from all compulsory service. Of the eleven millions of inhabitants, ten are in no way protected by that constitution; while they endure all the public burdens, and all the tyranny of their lords."

Prince Metternich.—"Among us, in Austria, our policy is to extend all possible *material* happiness to the whole population, to leave them nothing to desire in that way, to administer the laws patriarchally, to prevent their tranquillity from being disturbed, and to maintain the national happiness as it at present exists. Is it not delightful to see those people looking so contented," continued he, turning round to the next window, and pointing to the groups walking on the terrace of the Volksgarten immediately before his palace; "so much in the possession of what makes them comfortable, so well fed, so well clad, so quiet, and so religiously observant of order? If they are injured in their persons, or in their property, they have immediate and unexpensive redress before our tribunals;

and in that respect neither I nor any nobleman in the land has the smallest advantage over a peasant. Nor have we every small branch of the provincial administration, as in France, centralized in the capital. The people have their municipal privileges, and they exercise them without our interference. We never, in fact, interfere, except complaints are made to us against the injustice of those in office."

PART II.

The part which England took in the long and night struggle against the despotism of democracy, the efforts of ambition, the injustice and oppression of France towards many lands and people, the iniquitous tyranny of Napoleon Buonaparte and his satellites and slaves; and the sacrifices that same England made in behalf of true freedom and European order, peace, and justice, have not been brought sufficiently before the minds of our young men now advancing from eighteen to thirty. They have heard of a national debt of eight hundred millions of pounds sterling; but they have also "heard that the sum was expended in unjust and unnecessary wars." Many of them—tens of thousands—have not been undeceived; and so *LIE FIRST* has obtained a very general circulation. They have heard of a *HOLY ALLIANCE*, and have been told that Lord Castlereagh and the Duke of Wellington joined "the Despots of the North" to make war on the liberties of Germany, Poland, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, and Portugal. Tens of thousands of our healthy and stalwart young men believe this,—for no one has set about *proving* to them the contrary; and so *LIE SECOND* has obtained currency. They have been told, that Buonaparte was a deliverer: that he had sublime notions of government; that he wished to emancipate the world; and that he carried on single-handed a mighty war against armed sovereigns, in order eventually to establish the independence and the happiness of the people. Now, if popular books had been written in profusion, and circulated cheaply by hundreds of thousands of copies, giving to the young men of our epoch facts, documents, undeniable events, all showing the contrary, *LIE THIRD* would not now be believed in as it is by those who are soon about to become the fathers of the next generation. These same young men have heard that England would have been richer, happier, and more respected, provided she had remained neutral from the very commencement, in the long European struggle of which I write, and that our manufacturers would not now be struggling with closed markets and against high protecting duties levied by foreign governments on

English produce; and that our garners would have been full, and our provisions cheap and abundant, and our poor well employed, and our laboring classes at ease and happy, if we had not engaged in that "long and ruinous war." And no one has taken the trouble, nay, the pleasure, to show to them, that but for the conduct England then pursued we should have had no manufacturers at all,—no allies, no government, or at least no independent one; and that the Gaul would have printed the mark of his iron hoof on our soil, and would have subjected our necks to his iron yoke. Thus *LIE FOURTH* has been propagated, and the history of England, from 1793 to 1815, has been read backwards, or topsy-turvy, by our now youths of from eighteen to twenty-five years of age.

Now, although ignorance is at all times an evil, and though it were well worth while to take all the pains I would have public writers and public lecturers take, simply to convince these our young men that they are most of them holding very erroneous opinions with regard to what I shall call the war of European liberty and independence against France and despotic democracy, from 1793 to 1815,—yet there are other reasons why I now call on public writers and public lecturers to take up this capital and momentous subject, and those reasons I shall state as follows: 1. Ignorance is hereditary, and the next generation may receive from this the erroneous opinions now generally entertained by our youths of from eighteen to twenty-five. 2. This ignorance leads to dissatisfaction,—to the diminishing the love of country,—to the gradual extermination of patriotism,—to indifference to the great and glorious actions of our noble and true patriots,—to a preference of the chivalry or the renown of the great men of other countries to those of our own,—to a continued want of understanding of foreign events as they now arise,—to constant surprise at facts which are the natural consequences of antecedent events, and to a want of confidence in the government of our own country, and a want of gratitude to the living, or to the memories of the departed great men who, in the hands of Providence, saved this country during a period of twenty years from rebellion, starvation, invasion, bankruptcy, and ruin. 3. This ignorance is often the prelude to disaffection. "The government has done nothing for me," cries a broad-shouldered man of twenty-two; "then why should I do anything, or care any thing, for the government?" Ignorant creature! Why, if you knew the real nature of this contest in which England was engaged from 1793 to 1815, you would know that to

the governments of that epoch you are indebted for the fact of our national, independent, and unenslaved condition. The armies of the French usurper entered nearly every palace but that of St. James's; destroyed tens of thousands of the cottages of the peasants of all countries, save those of England; carried famine, rapine, and desolation, into all lands, but into our own well-defended shores; and that the word "*LONDRES*" is not inscribed on the *Barrière de l'Etoile*, at Paris, on which are graven the names of all the capitals into which French armies entered, is, under Providence, to be ascribed to the firm resolution of George III. and of the Prince Regent, and to the stern, vigorous, decisive policy of the governments of those momentous times.

It has not been sufficiently impressed on the minds of the young men who have grown up since 1815, that the conflict in which Great Britain was engaged was on the side of true liberty, and against Gallic despotism. There has been a far too general mixing up in their minds of things essentially different. They have been taught to think with enthusiasm of a certain revolution of 1788, and have vague and confused notions of Europe arming against French liberties. The name of Napoleon has been surrounded by a sort of halo; and Sir Walter Scott has lost with them much of the popularity he acquired by his works of imagination, because of Buonaparte he spoke with fearlessness and truth. Even English writers and lecturers have sought to tarnish the fame and glory of our heroes of Waterloo by misrepresenting the facts of the battle, or by ascribing to Prussia and to Marshal Blücher honors which were not exclusively their due. But above and before all things, the young men born since 1815 have not been taught, as they ought to have been, that we fought for the independence of nations; that we were engaged in a struggle for liberty; that the revolution of 1788 became degraded by the butcheries of 1793, and by the iron despotism of imperial usurpation. Great Britain and her allies did not seek to enslave Europe, but to guard her freedom and defend her people from tyranny. If the young men of this generation had been well-instructed, they would have known that there is not a single country in Europe in which the conflict was not sustained, and that the vassals of the French republic, or of the French Empire, were compelled to lend their aid, frequently against their evident and palpable interests, to crush their own rising hopes, and fasten chains round their own necks. They would be able to take the map of Europe, and, commencing with Norway, and terminating with Con-

stantinople, they would point at multitudinous spots over all the European continent, and say, "There was fought a memorable battle for the independence of that monarchy;" and "there for the liberties of that free city, or of that republic;" and "there for the hereditary rights and privileges of that whole district of mountaineers;" and "there for the rights of the local government of that town;" and "there for the independent existence of that people;" and, in fact, they would find that not merely did we fight and rally against French usurpation and conquest, but we likewise fought and rallied for the cause of the independence of each people, and for their separate enjoyment of such forms of government as they respectively approved. We did *not* fight to propagandize monarchical principles; we did *not* fight to introduce one form of government amongst all nations; we did *not* fight even to maintain the *status quo*, however desirable it might generally be, when there was an evident repugnance to it: and the history of nearly every smaller state in Europe during the period to which I allude abundantly confirms my observations.

It would be an interesting and invaluable task for a man well versed in the history of Europe during the last fifty years, to write a popular account of the truly popular policy of our governments during that time. It should, if rightly written, be mixed up with an account of the multiplied attacks made by what are falsely called liberal governments upon the rights, liberties, and independence of peoples and states during that epoch. It should be shown, as it could be, that governments representing themselves to be of an emancipating and liberalizing character, had made the most daring attacks on the national independence of states; and that to the Conservative principle the Prussians, the whole of the smaller states of Germany, Holland, the lesser northern powers, the Swiss, the Spanish, and the Portuguese, are indebted for all the national institutions they continue to possess. Whether those institutions are monarchical in the most absolute sense, or republican in their largest acceptation, has nothing whatever to do with the question. If the people of a country love the unity and strength of an absolute monarchy, they are as much oppressed by living what is termed among us a liberal and constitutional monarchy forced upon them, as the Swiss would be oppressed by becoming the slaves of a French usurper.

But, besides all this, the young men who have been born since 1815 have not had instilled into their minds, and brought to their inmost hearts, as ought to have been done,

the wonderful exploits of our army and our navy, and the prodigies of valor which they performed. In the cottages of France I have observed some thousand of times, whether on the Jura, the Alps, or the Pyrenees,—whether in the cold districts of Picardy and the Pas-de-Calais, or in the luxurious climate of the south,—in fine, every where throughout that country, small pictures hanging here and there perpetuating the memories of great battles and of distinguished heroes. Even travellers who visit these spots and that people, become unavoidably interested in the little pictures, and through them in the events they record. But the Englishman forgets, from the absence of similar pictures at home, that he has far greater causes for pride and satisfaction than any Frenchman possesses; and unconsciously he joins in the praise of Napoleon, as "*the*" hero of the nineteenth century. The waste of human life, and the slaughter of defenceless victims, to gratify his thirst for blood, his vengeance, or his love of conquest, are forgotten. It is forgotten, too, and often not known, that Buonaparte hated liberty, abhorred moderate and constitutional governments, and knew no law but his own will,—that will being alone subject to his own restless desire and thirst for conquest. Now, if our young men born since 1815 had been well instructed in the history of every war from 1793 to that epoch, they would have sympathized with British governments during that period, rejoiced at British successes, delighted at French and at democratic defeat, and would have had all their sympathies enlisted *not* for Napoleon and the French, for the French revolution and the aggressions it made on all independent territories and people, but would have been, as they must be brought to become, deeply interested in the strength and stability of all Conservative governments; since they would have known and felt that to such governments are they indebted for *all* their liberties.

The Prince de Metternich was one of those men who rightly estimated and judged beforehand the character and results of the French revolution: and he was not mistaken in any of his anticipations. He was and is one who has justly and fully comprehended the events of the last fifty years. He was not deceived by the fair and specious promises of the French republican commissioners at Rastadt. As early as that epoch he examined and judged the republic and its agents. He was not deceived by the civility, intimidated by the threats, or cajoled by the false promises, of the representative of the French republic. In politeness, indeed, he allowed none to surpass him; but when the real question came to be

discussed, whether France should or should not dictate to Germany and to Europe the terms both of territory and of peace, then the prince demonstrated by his consummate tact and skill, that he had a perfect insight into the secret intentions of "liberal" and democratic France. And the prince has constantly kept before the eyes, not only of the Austrian, but of the German people generally, what was the *real* character of the contest in which they were, and had been engaged. The Germans know to a man that they fought for liberty, and that the governments, called despotic, defended and protected the people against conquest and oppression. The young men of Germany born since 1815 are far better acquainted than are our young men of England of the same period with the history of events from 1793 to 1815. Many of the German youth, indeed, have chimerical notions and absurd and preposterous ideas on the right of government; but, at any rate, they are essentially anti-French; know well to what a degraded state French power had reduced their fathers, and are prepared to defend "the Rhine" as the boundary they will not relinquish. The prince de Metternich is one of the great men to whom Germany is indebted for the preservation in the minds of her present youth of the leading events of the war of independence, and for the training they have received at all the universities in the love of German union and German nationality. And those youth know right well that to English blood, treasure, and bravery, are they indebted, worked upon and brought into play as they were by British Conservative governments, for those independent constitutions, and for those national German institutions they now enjoy. Thus, whether we look at Prince de Metternich at Vienna, or examine him at Rastadt, we shall find him invariably and essentially German; but German, nevertheless, with great systems of European improvement and happiness in his mind, still subjected to the invariable and eternal principles of law, justice, and order.

The Prince de Metternich is a great advocate for *nationality*, and, moreover, for that feeling of *nationality* for which I have been contending in the introductory observations to this article. He loves to see each nation with its own colors, language, systems of education, national games, markets, costumes, customs, and provincial rights and privileges. He loves to see a deep affection for these existing in the hearts of the people. He loves to see the fairs and fites—the great assemblages for business and amusement so well known to Germany—because these are not political, but social and national. Now, it is

precisely the same sort of feeling with regard to Germany, as "united and confederate Germany," that he has inculcated and encouraged since 1815; and it is for this reason, principally, that there is now so much more of that nationality in Germany than there was from 1793 to 1815. Into whatever part of Germany you now travel you will find the inhabitants of each state essentially belonging in heart to that state. The Bavarian is essentially Bavarian; the Wurtembergians are essentially Wurtembergians; the Hessians, Hessians; the Hanoverians, Hanoverians; and so on; because, in proportion as the real character of the war from 1793 to 1815 is known in Germany by the young men of from 1815 to 1844, in the same proportion is there a deep horror of all foreign intervention, and especially of French influence. In Germany, too, they have their cheap popular prints and painted pictures of their battles, their heroes, and their princes; and this noble and beneficial sentiment of nationality is rapidly on the increase.

I should like, then, to see all the walls of our cottages and farm-houses, and all our workshops and manufactories in which masses of men, women, and children, are congregated together, covered with pictures of a character to popularize the events of from 1793 to 1815, to depict the noble battles for the independence of nations as against revolution, and against the despotism of democracy, in which we were engaged, and in which we conquered, and to contain at the foot of each, brief and correct statements of the consequences of such battles, as favorable to the independence of nations. I should like to see the portraits of all our illustrious generals and admirals, and other officers and even sub-officers, made familiar to the public mind, with brief records of their noble and daring deeds of national and patriotic courage. I should like to see at our public schools the portraits and busts of the great men who aided in the mighty struggle of life and death from 1793 to 1815, in favor of the independence of European nations and people. I should like to see the whole history of the Spanish war of independence depicted in popular pictures with popular explanations, identifying our own great British heroes with the astonishing battles of that period. There has been for some time past a series of efforts going on to detach English hearts from the English land. Some have labored to convince the English young men that they would be much happier abroad. Others have endeavored to convince them that our rich fine land is not rich or fine enough to supply them with food. The Anti-Corn-law-League has sought to poison their

minds against all the farmers, land-owners, and gentry of the land. Whilst the federal and dissolving faction in Ireland has hoisted the standard of hatred to the Saxons, and, in too many instances, the Saxon young men have applauded the very system which would at once ruin and condemn themselves. Now all this should be met by a rally for modern history in a cheap, true, national, and popular form. We do not want our cottage walls and our cottage chimney-shelves covered with portraits of O'Connell or with busts of Buonaparte, but with portraits of the men and with the busts of the heroes who, both by sea and land, secured not only our own country from invasion and conquest, but all Europe from dependence and subjection to the Gallic yoke.

To popularize Conservatism is our duty; and those who neglect so to do, do not follow as they ought the noble example set them by Prince de Metternich and the Germans. This has been the constant rule of that great man's life, to keep before the eyes of the Germans the value of their own institutions, the importance of maintaining them, the necessity for union, patriotism, and nationality, and the duty of the Germans above and before all things to love their fatherland. His political conduct has been in perfect conformity with his personal views and doctrines; and if we now for awhile contemplate him at the CONGRESS OF RASTADT we shall see him zealously combating with Gallic ambition, and opposing all that could interfere with German nationality.

The official correspondence between His Excellency Count de Metternich (he was not then prince), minister plenipotentiary of the emperor, and the deputies of the French republic, the citizens Treillard, Bonnier, Roberjot, and Jean de Bry, ministers plenipotentiary assembled at Rastadt for the purpose of negotiating a peace between those powers, containing the whole of the state papers from the commencement of the negotiation in December 1797 to April 1799, the period of its dissolution, I have considered with attention and interest. They show, on the part of the prince, that deep distrust in French policy and promises, which the history of that period fully warranted. They show a conviction in the mind of that great statesman that France aimed at despotism, not liberty; at conquest, not emancipation; at the destruction of nationality in the minds of the people both of Germany and other states, the which destruction was essential to carrying into effect the design of territorial aggrandizement on the part of the republic. Whilst the government of France knew that her only chance

of escape was to rally the French round a national cause, and cause them to feel, rightly or wrongly, that they were engaged in a national contest, that same government sought to destroy every vestige of nationality in the minds of other people, and to prepare them for French rule and despotic domination.

The Congress of Rastadt was opened on the 17th January, 1798, in the following manner:—

"The minister plenipotentiary of the French republic having sent Citizen Bertoillot, secretary to the minister Treillard, to Count Metternich to desire him to fix an hour when it would be agreeable to him to wait upon them to be informed of a proposition which they were charged to make on the part of their government, replied to this message that he regarded the exchange of the copies of their respective full powers at the place of his residence as the first act of official conference; and that, therefore, he should not hesitate to repair in his turn to the residence of the plenipotentiaries of the republic, to hear what they had to propose to him, and for that purpose he named the hour of twelve on the following day; but that he expected that these reciprocal attentions and formalities would be observed throughout the course of this negotiation as had hitherto been the accustomed practice on similar occasions*.

"Count Metternich accordingly went at the appointed hour to the residence of the Citizen Treillard, as the senior in point of age of the ministers of the republic, where he found also the Citizen Bonnier. The former of them introduced the conversation by observing that the directorial minister of Mentz having acquainted them that the full and unlimited powers of the empire had been increased by the deputation, and the exchange of legalized copies having been also effected in the usual forms, they were authorized to propose the first basis of a pacification. Citizen Treillard then enlarged 'on the justice of the cause of France;' and having stated as an incontrovertible fact that a war had been proposed by the German empire which had cost the French so much blood and treasure, he proceeded to represent that his government had an incontestable right to an indemnification for all the sacrifices which it had made; and that, in compliance with its principles of loyalty and justice, whose object was to terminate the calamities of war, and to establish peace on the most solid foundation, he proposed for the first basis *that the course of the Rhine should be acknowledged as a boundary.*

"Count Metternich answered, that he had also been informed of the arrival of the unlimited powers for the deputation of the empire; that the proceeding of the directorial minister of Mentz in regard to the ministers of the French republic, had been adopted with his knowledge and approbation as minister plenipotentiary of the chief of the empire. That the first obstacle being removed, he saw with pleasure that nothing prevented an immediate commencement of the negotiations; and that the despatch with which his imperial majesty as chief of the empire and

the states had removed every difficulty, evidently proved his sincere desire to concur in whatever might produce a prompt and complete pacification. Count Metternich added that he could not neglect the opportunity of reiterating the protest he had already made in writing on the form of the full powers of the ministers of the republic, which were not regular, since they contained the appointment to negotiate, but not to conclude and sign; which had been the constant usage in all diplomatic conferences, that the ratification of their powers was essentially necessary under these circumstances; and that besides it was of moment to establish between the contracting powers a perfect reciprocity in all the usual formalities.

"The minister Treillard answered that he had immediately transmitted to the directory the note he had received from the Count Metternich on the subject which had been mentioned, that the directory acknowledged its justice, and had ordered them to declare that they were willing to send other powers in the form required if the plenipotentiary of the empire should insist upon it. At the same time Citizen Treillard suggested that there was no necessity for suspending the negotiations till the arrival of these new powers, since those with which they were already invested were fully sufficient to qualify them to negotiate. Count Metternich acquiesced in this proposition; and that point being settled, he engaged that as to the principal object of their interview he would instantly transmit to the deputation of the empire the proposition which the ministers plenipotentiary of the republic had made, and would with equal readiness inform them of the result of its deliberations when they should have received the sanction of his imperial majesty. Citizen Treillard also notified that he should acquaint the directorial minister at Mentz and the other deputies with the proposition which he had made on the part of the directory. Count Metternich thought it his duty to observe to him that he might do as he pleased, but, at the same time, would not dissemble his opinion that such a proceeding was unconstitutional and would produce no effect whatever. Citizen Treillard expressed his surprise, and instantly observed, that according to this principle the minister of the empire possessed the power of stopping the progress of the negotiation. Count Metternich answered in the affirmative; at the same time he urged how improbable it was that the minister of the empire should take any measures to perplex or put a stop to the negotiations; he, however, thought proper to add that he should in no instance depart from the laws and constitution of the empire. Count Metternich did not think it prudent to enter on a discussion of the Germanic laws, but confined himself entirely to the points already mentioned. The French minister making no reply, the rest of the conversation turned upon different subjects. At length Count Metternich retired perfectly satisfied with the personal demeanor of the French ministers towards him."

Important as the Congress of Rastadt might be, and momentous as were the issues of it on the fate of Europe, I cannot in this

place pretend to follow from day to day the proceedings of the rival diplomatists. France, in the persons of Treillard, Bonnier, and Jean de Bry, had sent forth no common men; and Metternich stood alone in the lists against them; yet in every instance he bore himself with a dignity, firmness, and good breeding, which gave marvellous strength to his arguments.

Both parties played their deepest and best game. Both parties affected the most profound respect for, and confidence in, each other. Both parties observed, to the very letter, all the minutiae of forms, politeness, ceremonies, and civility. Both parties sought for delay. Both parties evaded the great and vital questions, and endeavored to surround, or to bury, the leading points with a vast amount of verbiage, so that delay succeeded to delay, until new events arrived, which changed the aspect of affairs, and rendered new debates and new decisions indispensable. The Count de Metternich had, on the whole, the better of the argument. He appeared sometimes to yield a point of some value, but he was sure, in a few days afterwards, to regain his ground, and carry war into the enemy's positions. The French republican deputies were sometimes carried away by their enthusiasm for their home government and revolutionary cause. The Count de Metternich was uninfluenced by passion, but pursued, noiselessly and without emotion, his diplomatic career. Nothing escaped his notice. If the French deputies omitted any formality, he was the first to remind them of the omission. If they forgot to reply to any point reserved, or to any note which ought to have been answered, he never failed to tell them of their omission. He was a sort of register of forms and ceremonies, at the same time that he kept his eye steadily fixed on the *principle* under discussion, so that the representatives of the French republic never "stole a march" on the diplomatist of the Germanic empire. And yet the ministers selected to represent that republic were by no means inferior men, or men of second-rate powers; and, besides which, their attention was almost invariably directed to seeking to inveigle or alarm him. I know very well that the enemies of the Count de Metternich have delighted to depreciate his efforts, and to represent him as unsuccessful at the Congress at Rastadt. I know they have said that he yielded point by point, as the French deputies became increasingly decided and pertinacious, and that he had well-nigh ceded all, when the Congress was terminated, and war put an end to fruitless negotiations. To this view of the subject I must

decidedly object. The Count had to gain time. He did not believe in peace, though he negotiated for it, and the time so employed was employed well.

But it is time to take a general view of the life of the Prince de Metternich, and to examine him in his private, as well as in his public career.

The influence exercised by the Prince de Metternich over the royal family of Austria is one of those subjects to which that statesman never refers, and which he much dislikes to hear conversed about. The fact is, that Francis II. was, personally, so omnipotent in Austria, that "*right*" was what pleased the emperor, *i. e.* his will; and "*wrong*," what displeased him. It is very far, indeed, from true, that the monarch and his prime minister always thought alike; but the latter knew when to yield, and never allowed the emperor to feel that any other will really governed but his own. The Emperor Francis admired the integrity, openness, and consistency of the Prince de Metternich's character; and would laugh very heartily when told that the English prints sometimes called him a Jesuit. The prince, in his turn, smiled at the eccentricities of his sovereign, and enjoyed the old-fashioned green caleche of his royal master, with his simple pair of horses: the emperor dressed in a brown, shabby cabotte, with a corresponding hat; thus riding along like an old retired merchant, nodding, here and there, right and left, most friendly as he passed along. "In spite of all that easy exterior," remarked the Prince de Metternich to an English gentleman, who was walking with him as his majesty passed, "the emperor is not less an emperor; his will is law in this country, and the people love to have it so." Of his brothers, the emperor was most attached to the Vice-King of Italy; of the Prince Charles he was said to be jealous, Prince John was too learned for him, and the Palatine too impetuous. When the latter requested the emperor's permission to marry for the *third* time, the emperor replied, "You may take her; but I shall myself pray for her long life, for I presume you would next marry a Jewess."

The emperor was attached to the Prince de Metternich for very many reasons; but, unquestionably, one was the similarity of the hours, tastes, and mode of life of his minister to his own. The emperor rose early; so did the prince his minister. The emperor took breakfast an hour afterwards; so did the prince. Then the emperor transacted public business, or gave audiences, and the prince was always at his post. At two the emperor

took a ride; so often did the prince. At four his majesty dined off five dishes, with a dessert, and the prince was not less moderate in his fare. The emperor's constant beverage was water; so was that of the prince. The emperor quaffed a glass or two of tokay; the prince enjoyed the same nectar. After dinner, indeed, the occupations of the monarch and the prince were dissimilar; since the former amused himself with his plants and his conservatory, whilst the prince was generally engaged with the affairs of the state. The emperor, after he had enjoyed his plants and his garden, took coffee at six, the empress presiding at the coffee-table; and music and singing, the emperor playing the violin, succeeded.

Although the reign of Francis II. embraced at once the most turbulent and the most tranquil in the history of Europe, yet the physical, animal, material prosperity and happiness of his subjects never ceased to occupy his mind. On this mighty question, the Prince de Metternich and his royal master were entirely agreed. Thus the archdukes of the emperor were all instructed in some mechanical occupation or pursuit; they were carpenters, cabinet-makers, weavers, and so forth. The emperor always maintained that they should be prepared to labor for themselves with their own hands, and should, likewise, identify themselves with their subjects, so that they might enter into their complaints, know their occupations, and understand fully their physical condition.

"You talk of your constitutional governments," said the Prince de Metternich on one occasion when in England, "and of the relations which exist between the crown and the peasant. But I see not those relations. Where are they to be found? On the contrary, in monarchical Austria the emperor is regarded as the father of the people, and the archdukes as fellow-laborers, mechanics, and *compagnons*." And this observation is so true, that, in Austria, the archdukes are looked to as the patrons and encouragers of industry.

The Emperor Francis, like the Prince de Metternich, was very much attached to the young Duke of Reichstadt, the son of Napoleon Buonaparte. On all occasions the prince displayed towards that unfortunate youth all the respect and consideration to which he was entitled as the son of an Austrian archduchess; and whenever any step was required to be taken to contribute to the Duke de Reichstadt's happiness, the emperor was instantly seconded by the prince. This was not simply from obedience to the monarch, but from the Prince de Metternich's avowed feeling of affection and sympathy for the duke.

There is a story told of the Emperor Francis II. which I believe to be perfectly true, and which fully corroborates Prince Metternich's description of the parental character of that monarch's government. During the period that the cholera decimated its victims at Vienna, the emperor walked in the streets. At an obscure portion of the city he met a funeral. It was evidently that of a poor and wretched being. There were no friends to surround the bier, and the pauper's funeral was conducted with rapidity and inconsideration. "Halt!" cried the emperor; "I shall follow the remains of the deceased to the grave." "He was only an obscure person," was the reply, "and he has died of the cholera." "Never mind that," retorted the monarch, "he was one of my children,—for are you not all my children?" and the emperor followed to the grave the remains of the obscurest of his subjects.

Napoleon, in his insolence and pride, dared to call the emperor a "*vieux ganache*;" and Talleyrand repeated, in the hearing of Maria Louisa, this daring piece of impertinence. "*Vieux ganache*?" asked the archduchess, "what does that mean, prince?" Talleyrand, who believed that the use of words was to conceal ideas and thoughts, replied, with his usual promptitude and wit, "It means—oh! it means—a venerable sage, madame, that's all."

The Prince de Metternich speaks of Francis II. with gratitude, respect, and affection. But he has now another master. The present emperor, when hereditary prince, was accused of "Liberalism." This was not wholly an unjust charge; but if the term had been changed for that of "leaning to popular views and rights in an absolute monarchy," it would have been fairer. On his majesty's accession, however, he wrote a letter to the Prince de Metternich, full of expressions of confidence in his views, admiration of his talents and character, and of his desire that Austria should continue to benefit by his experience and wisdom. Upon one point, however, it is known that the present emperor and the prince differ; it is on that of the reception of provincial deputations. The former is against, the latter is in favor of their reception. But on this point the emperor has his own will, and the Hungarian deputation he would *not* receive. This is a new, or comparatively new, feature in the government of the subjects of Austria, and it is by no means one of a paternal character. It is possible that the emperor may, ere long, see good reasons for changing his decision.

After the Prince de Metternich, for whom his majesty entertains unbounded confidence

and regard, the emperor is most attached to Count Kollowrat, and to Prince Palfy. The Count entertains some liberal sentiments, but loves tranquillity, recommends peace, and advocates the *status quo*. Such sentiments are in perfect harmony with those of the emperor.

The Prince de Metternich has been styled by those who know him not, "Prince Absolute." This is true neither of his public nor of his private life. In public life he has fixed principles, undoubtedly; but when, in 1830, it depended on him to involve Europe in war or peace, for the cause of the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon, it was the prince who said, "*We must have peace*." In private life the manners and conduct of the prince are precisely the reverse of that which the word "absolute" is intended to imply; and his suavity, blandness, and amiability, cannot be excelled.

But though the prince does not merit the title of "prince absolute," he has, undoubtedly, a great aversion to those who accuse him of being so, viz. to the propagandists of Europe. The prince told a story himself at a dinner-table at which Mrs. Trollope was present, which is decidedly worth repeating. At the time Ali Pacha exercised his power against the sultan, Prince Metternich received a letter from him, in which he requested that the prince would immediately despatch to him "*a constitution-maker*," as he was desirous of ruling the country he was about to conquer after the most approved European model. "Now, as we happened," remarked the Prince de Metternich, "to be on the most amicable footing with the sultan whom it was Ali Pacha's purpose to dethrone, I was obliged to decline the patronage he so politely offered me."

In private society the Prince de Metternich is not merely looked up to as one of the greatest men of his day, but he is regarded with much affection by all who come in contact with him. His conversation is animated, philosophical, and attractive. His attachment to friends is shown by acts as well as by words. He has not, perhaps, a *personal* enemy in the world. He has political antagonists, who either do not understand, or else cordially hate his doctrines and his system; but personal enemies he has none. Amongst the enlightened and upper classes in Austria there are many who think that the Tyrolese are ruled badly, and that Austrian policy in Italy is unwise; but yet these all think the Prince de Metternich to be a most admirable and venerable man. Some go so far as to regard him as "the" obstacle to the progress of liberal ideas at the Austrian Court, but in

this I believe firmly they are mistaken. The present emperor is as satisfied that an absolute monarchy is indispensable to the physical and material happiness of all his subjects as is the prince his councillor.

"Though there are several points of Prince de Metternich's *policy* that I think I should not adopt if I were the first minister of the empire," said a distinguished Austrian, "there is no point of his *conduct* that does not command my highest esteem. I am persuaded that if, instead of temperate discussion, he could overhear the most offensive personal observations against himself—if, indeed, any Austrian could be found to utter them—he would neither testify nor feel the slightest emotion of displeasure. But were he to learn that any act or word which could endanger the tranquillity and well-being of the country were either committed or uttered, he would not rest till it was checked and rendered harmless by some means or other. I will dare to assure you that no Roman of them all, from the philosophical Cato to the grumbling Cincinnatus, is a more true and devoted patriot than Metternich; and what is perhaps a higher praise still, after twenty-five years of power greater than has fallen to the lot of any minister in any country, I do not believe that there is a man to be found who can say that Prince de Metternich has ever injured him."

The mansion of the prince is very splendid, and his banquets are frequent and elegant. In a rich and ripe old age he finds himself surrounded, not merely by the *élite* of his own country, but by the most distinguished of all nations who either reside at or visit Vienna. A dinner at the Prince de Metternich's is looked for as "the" treat—the greatest—by all foreigners of distinction, not on account of the viands, the fruits, or the wines, but because the society, conversation, and *tout ensemble* of the entertainment are things to which all travelled persons turn back and dwell upon with the greatest pleasure. The present princess is the third wife of the prince, and is a most fascinating and charming person. Some call her the prettiest of the pretty, and others the most engaging and prepossessing they ever saw. The prince has been most fortunate in all his matrimonial engagements, and has displayed the most perfect taste in the selection of those who have shared with him his distinctions, fortune, and fame.

There is a passage in the life of the Prince de Metternich which does him so much honor, and which demonstrates so clearly that though he is undoubtedly and essentially German and Austrian in his affections and predilections, he is, nevertheless, a lover of peace and a man of straightforward and

not Jesuitical policy, that I shall here introduce it.

At the period of the French revolution of 1830, when the conduct of the newly proclaimed French government was dubious, when the Lafitte administration gave alternately signs of desiring or fearing war, when the Parisians were in a state of perpetual revolt, and when the French government were in a condition of incipient rebellion, proposals were pressed upon the Austrian government, that is to say, upon the Prince de Metternich, in behalf of the Buonapartist party. The Duke de Reichstadt was then living. His health was delicate, and his frame was far indeed from robust, but still he was living, and the French Buonapartists believed that if he should be permitted to appear on the frontiers all Frenchmen would rally round his standard. The purses of the Buonaparte family were ready to support such an enterprise, and the swords of many a general and officer were prepared to leap from their scabbards in defence of the cause. These statements were made, and made repeatedly, to the Prince de Metternich by men of weight and influence belonging to the Buonaparte party, and it was urged on him that Austria might gain eternal renown and obtain unbounded influence over France, if, by reason of her acquiescence, the son of an Austrian archduchess should ascend the throne of that country.

The prince listened at all times with great attention to the plans, proposals, and promises of the Buonapartist agents, but at length the period arrived when it became necessary to speak out, and to put an end for ever to the hopes of the Buonapartist party in that quarter. He said,—

"You wish us to allow you to conduct the Duke of Reichstadt to the frontiers of France. The magic name of Napoleon, connected with the presence of the Duke, will, you believe, in an instant overthrow the present dynasty, and raise up a new order of things. But what guarantee can be presented to him as to the future? To say the love and courage of the French is to say nothing, for they have displayed both for many governments and for many dynasties, both legitimate and otherwise. At the end of six months he would be surrounded by all sorts of claims, demands, exigencies, hatreds, conspiracies, and would be on the verge of an abyss. No, sir; the emperor, my master, is too firmly convinced of the duty he owes to his people, and is too well satisfied of the correctness of his own principles, as well as too anxious for the happiness of his grandson, ever to lend himself for a moment to such proposals. You also deceive yourselves as to the issue of your en-

terprise, and as to the permanency of its results. To establish Buonapartism without a Buonaparte is a senseless and false notion." There was in all this a profound knowledge of the French character, and an honest desire to maintain order and to prevent war.

Although the Prince de Metternich is so much occupied with the important duties of his varied and high offices, still he finds time for the chase, for his family circle, and for the pleasures of conversation. To the chase he is passionately attached, and I believe even to this hour has not resigned his favorite enjoyment. To his children, who are many of them young and handsome, he is devoted. And as to the delights of a family circle and domestic joys, no heart is more sensible of them than is that of this distinguished man. With regard to conversation, he is not only peculiarly happy in his conversational powers, but he directs his observations on almost all occasions to subjects of an elevating and improving character. As the evening draws to a close, his mind appears to gain a stronger and more vigorous tone, and his ordinary conversation at those moments is even eloquent. Yet all this proceeds without dogmatism or pretension, and the happy circle breaks up under the magic spell of the enlightened, lively, convincing, and interesting conversation of a man who, during the last sixty years, has seen all, observed all, known all, and forgotten nothing.

In the art of penetrating the weak points of his superiors, and making himself necessary to their frailties, the Prince de Metternich has shown himself a master. It was in the midst of revelry during the congress of Vienna that the Emperor Alexander grew tired of the fastidious bacchanalia. When the Prince de Metternich perceived this, all the gorgeous tournaments, balls, and dinners, were at once superseded by *petites soirées*, given by himself, at which the Princess de Cl—g was the queen. The emperor was much struck by her beauty and fascinations, but her family withdrew her from Vienna. The Prince de Metternich, aware of the influence which her conversation exercised over the mind of the emperor, still contrived to secure her presence at Trappau and Laybach, to neither of which probably would his majesty have proceeded but from the expectation of there seeing her. All was purity and virtue, but the illustrious lady in question so spell-bound the monarch that, with her aid, the Austrian chancellor contrived to drive away *ennui* from the monarch, and kept him to the great questions which had constantly to come before him until all were settled.

Austria is indebted to Prince de Metternich

for Venice, Milan, and above all, for the Tyrol, Salzburg, and the territory he prevailed on Bavaria to return. Austria has now, thanks to him, a compact body of kingdoms and provinces, with more than 30,000,000 of inhabitants.

To the Russian government the prince has been generally obnoxious. Whilst he has occupied himself with the policy and plans of Russia, the government of St. Petersburg, in its turn, has kept its eye steadily fixed on the Austrian chancellor. It has felt that no one could frustrate its plans so easily and so certainly as the prince, and that by his varied combinations he could alternately excite the jealousy of Prussia, France, and Great Britain, against the policy of Russia. This, indeed, he has done, and but for Prince de Metternich and his policy, Russia would, ere this, have made a determined effort to place her southern capital on the shores of the Bosphorus.

But I must draw my Reminiscences of the Prince to a close, and I shall do so by recalling some of the leading events of his long and memorable life.

The Prince de Metternich was frequently, especially to foreign diplomats, in the habit of saying, "The Emperor Francis II. has a firm will. If I had the misfortune to mistake the path he directs, I should not remain minister for a day." In the affairs of the Lombard-Venetian kingdom; at the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818; at the congress assembled by him in the summer of 1819 at Carlsbad; at the congress of Vienna in 1820, and at Trappau in the same year; at Laybach in 1821, in suppressing the insurrections of Naples and Piedmont, Prince de Metternich may certainly be said to have managed all the negotiations and affairs of the empire, and in many respects influenced those of all the absolute states of Europe, Russia alone excepted. On returning from the congress of Laybach he was elevated by the emperor to the highest office of the empire, that of chancellor, at the same time retaining that of even greater power, minister of foreign affairs.

In October following, on the accession of George IV. to the throne of Great Britain, Prince de Metternich visited Hanover to meet that monarch. In October 1822 he opened the congress of Verona; soon after he was created a grandee of Spain, first class; and in September following he accompanied the Emperor of Austria to meet the Russian emperor at Ezernowitz. His first wife's ill health induced him to visit Paris with her, but she died in 1825, aged fifty, leaving him one son, who died three years after, and two daughters, now living. From Paris the prince

proceeded to Milan, and from thence to the opening of the Hungarian diet. In October 1826 the president of the state conference, Count Zichy Ferraris, died, and to him succeeded Prince de Metternich. He married in November 1827 Mary Antoine, Countess of Beilstein. This beautiful and fascinating princess died two years after, aged twenty-three years, leaving him one son, Prince Richard Clement.

In the affairs of Italy the Prince de Metternich has maintained the principle of interference, and afterwards, in respect to Poland, to prevent the insurrection extending to the old section of that kingdom, which the partition gave to Austria, he sent Field-marshal Stutterheim with 50,000 men to the frontiers. Galizia was afterwards subjected to very arbitrary treatment on the ground that it had corresponded with the liberal societies of France. In regard to the assistance rendered in men and supplies to the Poles by Galizia, no public or prosecuting notice was taken by Prince de Metternich, while the Prussian subjects who assisted the Poles were afterwards punished by their government.

In January 1831 the prince married Melania Maria Antonia, Countess of Ferraris, born in 1803 and daughter of his predecessor in the office of president of state conference. By her he has two lovely children.

Since the Prince de Metternich commenced public life, fifty years of the most eventful in history have elapsed. Three emperors of the house of Hapsburg have passed from the earth since his manhood; three kings of France and one French emperor—one of the number by violence—and an emperor and another king both of them in exile, have also passed away during the same period. Three kings of England, two emperors of all the Russias, and many other sovereigns, besides statesmen, including our Pitts, Foxes, Liverpools, Castlereaghs, and Canning, all of whom were personally known to Prince de Metternich, are also mouldering in the dust; but their great names survive them. The chancellor of Austria still retains the physical and intellectual vigor of manhood; health, strength, memory, vision, speech, sagacity, and energy unimpaired. His knowledge of character is remarkable, no man can estimate more accurately the capacity both of the departed and of the yet living diplomatists and statesmen of Europe and America—of the Pozzo di Borgos, the Talleyrands, the Nesselrodes, and the Wellingtons.

At his weekly *soirees* the most interesting, because the most instructive in Vienna, his frankness, and even his simplicity of manners, always delight. The beauty and *esprit* of the

princess shed a brilliancy over these entertainments.

As a domestic man, the character of Prince de Metternich stands high, and I believe he considers it a proof of having been blessed in the married state that he has sought happiness in another marriage after the loss of a wife (however devotedly beloved) as soon as the observance of the ordinary intermission permitted. His second princess is said to have been one of the most beautiful women in Europe. If an exquisite portrait of her which exists at Vienna, full of expression and loveliness, be a resemblance, she must indeed have been so.

The present princess is only thirty six, and looks much younger. Her countenance is full of expression and fascination. Her two children, with the son by the last princess, run up to her altogether, as if the three were by the same mother, and she receives them with the same tenderness. In the day-time they rush out into the garden, exercise themselves with juvenile spades, wheelbarrows, and various implements; they return back often climbing over the prince's shoulders, and then bound off to their "mutter" the princess. The eldest daughter by the first marriage is married to Count Starnieza; the second princess, Herminia, is young and unmarried, and still lives with her father; both are of a delicate cast of beauty, graceful and amiable, with manners somewhat retiring and perfectly unaffected.

As a diplomatist, Prince de Metternich always says that a frank declared manner is the most honorable and the most successful. How few observe this in practice; how few there are who are not lost through that vanity which is instantly perceived by sagacious and skilful negotiators! The qualifications necessary for an able diplomatist are neither more nor less than firmness of character, sound judgment, energy, sagacity, and a perfect knowledge of the resources and powers of his own and especially of foreign countries. With these, and a capacity to understand the character of other men, and the *habitude* of agreeable manners, a frank, not garrulous, but honest minister, will, in the end, baffle all the cunning and artifice of the ablest disciplinarian of the Machiavelian school.

My task is completed. My Reminiscences of the prince are closed. I have portrayed him with fidelity. Great as a minister, a diplomatist, and a statesman; wonderful at Vienna, and cold and reserved at Rastadt; intimately acquainted with all the events of all countries during the most interesting and memorable period of modern history. As a diplomatic writer, able, clear, concise; as an

Austrian, never forgetful that he owes his first care and obedience to the emperor; as a German, never forgetful that the "fatherland" is "one" as against all other lands; as a conscientious supporter of absolute monarchies, attentive to the physical wants of the people; as an enemy to all revolutions, moderate, but decided and consistent in his measures and in his reserve. A hater of war, a lover of peace, an enemy to *political* liberty, a friend to local and provincial rights, a believer in the Christian religion, a zealous Romanist, an upright citizen, an affectionate husband, a devoted father, a man of great natural powers and of vast acquisitions; a sincere friend, a decided foe—not to persons, but to principles—an obedient subject, and a lover of justice and truth. This is the Prince de Mettenrich!

THE WIFE OF A POPULAR MAN.

BY MRS. ARDY.

From the Metropolitan.

Oh! what grief in my family circle was shown,
When I wrote a refusal to Benjamin Drone,
Young, handsome, good-natured, of character clear,
And owning estates of three thousand a year:
Mamma gave me heart-stricken looks through the day

Like Jenny's sad mother in "Auld Robin Gray,"
But the thought in my head unremittingly ran
That my hand would be sought by a Popular Man!

My lover all tastes and all fancies must hit,
Uniting the scholar, the sage, and the wit;
At home with the gay and the grave he must be,
Skilled alike in wise converse, and brisk repartee;
His presence must light o'er the drawing-room fling,
Entranced amateurs must conjure him to sing,
He must write—learned critics his poems must scan,
And stamp the young bard as a Popular Man.

I was soon by the gay, gifted Brightly addressed,—
(Oh! what evil elf lurked in a granted request!)
I wedded—and deemed in ecstatic delight,
That fairy-land soon would beam on my sight;
But often the fairy-gift mocks and deceives,
And mine was converted to withering leaves,
When the process of stern disenchantment began,
Known too well by each wife of a Popular Man.

I find Brightly's spirits are ever in tune
At the lecture-room, library, hall, and saloon;
No shadow presumes o'er his genius to come,
Till it casts off its visiting habit at home;
There, the envied possessor of fame universal
Divides the dull hours between sloth and rehearsal;
There, toils the *bon-mots* and impromptus to plan,
That the world daily claims from the Popular Man.

I thought by reflected effulgence to shine,
And deemed that his wit might do duty for mine;
Vain hope—all his friends, I can easily see,
Stand amazed how his choice should be fixed upon me.

I fail in light banter, or sage conversation,
I am never prepared with a happy quotation,
And they say in their hearts—"What a clog and a ban
Is a common-place wife to a Popular Man!"

Meanwhile, like a cherished young queen on her throne

Is the bride lately wedded to Benjamin Drone;
She sings in fair style, and he hangs on her strain
As though Malibran charmed a wrapt audience again;

She writes album lyrics with passable taste,
And he deems L. E. L. to the world is replaced;
Poor girl!—what shrewd eyes her pretensions
would scan,

Were she known as the wife of a Popular Man!

Our scanty finances grow weekly more low,
We have nothing for comfort, and little for show,
Yet Brightly, contented new laurels to gain,
Talks and writes about riches with noble disdain!
His "greatness of mind" constant flattery claims
From poetical maids and romance-writing dames,
But alas! not a soul of the blue-stocking clan
Ever flatters the wife of a Popular Man!

A moment's attention I rarely can find
From these high-flown ethereal "daughters of mind,"

Save my raised fevered flush gives the cheering presumption
That I glow with the deep hectic tint of consumption!

Then, my symptoms by each anxious damsel are reckoned,

Who longs to become Mrs. Brightly the second,
And would fain see the days dwindled down to a span

Of the wife so ill-matched with a Popular Man.

Learn wisdom, dear girls, at another's expense,
And smile on the suitor of plain homely sense;
You may still take an interest (tempered by reason)

In the bard of the boudoir, the star of the season—
Nay, sometimes rejoice such a partner to get
In the acted charade, gallopade, or duet;
But don't think of trying the conjugal plan
With society's idol—the Popular Man!

DOST MAHOMET has been shot dead at Cabool by order of the Prince of Believers, the Khan of Bokhara. It is stated that the Khan sent several papers with his own seal to Cabool, stating that whoever should kill the Dost would go to heaven. This event will probably lead to a suspension of any effort on the part of the Affghans to occupy Peshawar; but the event will probably be, that Cabool itself will fall a prey to Bokhara.

The Marwar succession has been settled in favor of Ahmednugger. Tukhl Singh has been unanimously elected King of Marwar, and his son accompanies him as Prince Royal.—*Gentleman's Mag.*

THE LIVING POLITICAL POETS OF GERMANY.

From the *Athenæum*.

THE Cosmopolitan Watchman is a witty, as well as a brawny fellow. He rambles, at first, round his native town, and makes observations and comparisons, which, had he then and there given vent to them, would have cut his nocturnal perambulations very short. He sets out with this very comfortable soliloquy:—

The last faint twinkle now goes out
Up in the poet's attic;
And the roisterers, in merry rout,
Speed home with steps erratic.

Soft from the house-roofs showers the snow,
The vane creeks on the steeple,
The lanterns wag and glimmer low
In the storm by the hurrying people.

The houses all stand black and still,
The churches and taverns deserted,
And a body may now wend at his will,
With his own fancies diverted.

Not a squinting eye now looks this way,
Not a slanderous mouth is dissembling,
And a heart that has slept the livelong day
May now love and hope with trembling.

Dear night! thou foe to each base end,
While the good still a blessing prove thee,
They say that thou art no man's friend,
Sweet Night! how I therefore love thee!

Being thus cynically inclined, the Watchman does not lack food for his gall. He passes the prison, and finds only the *poor* rogues there—the madhouse, and thinks he knows of madder mortals—the church, but it is not there that he makes his confessions. Here, there is a house, full of light, joy, and dancing; at the door freezing servants and starving steeds. He wonders what the fine folks would think of him should he suddenly enter with lantern, spear, and horn, and hat and cloak coated with snow-flakes; and asks himself whether he be as actual a man as any of his gay crew. At the next house he perceives there is no need of him: another watchman stands by the door: it is Death! The father of the family is in his last agony. Another step shows him the poet aloft in his garret,—the bookworm, the verse-spinner, the thought-manufacturer, who steals about by day, while the knowing ones shake their heads, and call him by the opprobrious epithets of Bard and Poet! A lost child of humanity passes him. He does not look in her face, lest he should see some one fallen from “high estate.” He seats himself on a

cannon before the castle, and bewails the fate of that old warrior, which once perhaps thundered victoriously at Austerlitz or Moscow, but now is doomed to act the poet-laureate and pronounce birth-day odes. Feeling himself something like the old cannon, passing his time rather lazily, he marches out at the city-gate, and sets forth on his tour of the world.

There is much bitter sarcasm in his home sketches, and sometimes a passing exhibition of that want of reverence for sacred things with which the whole class of Young Germany has been charged; but, once abroad, the Watchman casts away his cloak and horn, is amazed at his own metamorphosis, and rises into the noble critic and vigorous and lofty poet. His *Welt-gang* or *World-wandering*, is divided into seven stations, including seven of the principal states of Germany. The various moral and political characteristics of these states are touched off with a masterly hand. Frankfort, the city of Jews and diplomatists; Jews who have enslaved all the monarchs and states of Christendom, and ministers who have enslaved Germany. He warns the proud city, lest the Jews one day build a Christian quarter, and lock up the Christians, as they once locked up the Jews. In Hanover he sees the destroyer of the constitution surrounded by sycophants, to whom he expresses his contempt of a people who can submit to fawn on the hand which filched away their rights, and a blind youth riding, whose horse is led by a rein attached to the rein of an attendant's steed, and asks, “Who shall guide the steed of government for him when the old man is gone?” The jealous and pitiful policy of the smaller principedoms is hit off in the following lines:—

In the royal playhouse lately
Sate our honored prince sedately,
When this amusing thing befell,
As the paper states it well.

Taking from his usual station
Through his lorgnette observation,
Straight his eagle eye did hit
On a stranger in the pit.

Such stranger ne'er was seen before,
A blue-striped shirt the fellow wore;
His neckerchief tri-colored stuff,
Ground for suspicion quite enough!

His face was red as sun at rising,
And bore a scar of breadth surprising;
His beard was bushy, round, and short,
Just of the forbidden Hambach sort.

Quick to the Prince's brow there mounted
Frowns, where he did not want them counted,
But asked the Chamberlain quite low,
Who is that fellow? do you know?

The Chamberlain, though most observant,
Knew not, so asked the Prince's servant ;
The valet, to supply the want,
Asked counsellor and adjutant.

No soul could give the slightest notion,—
The nobles all were in commotion ;
Strange whispers through the boxes ran,
And all about the stranger man.

"His highness talks of Propagand—
Forth with the villain from the land !
Woe to him if he make delay
I' the city but another day !"

Thus the police began exclaiming,
With sacred zeal all over flaming,
But soon his highness gave the hint,
None but himself should meddle in't.

One of his servants he despatches
Down to the fellow, while he watches,
And bids him ask him, blunt and free,
Who, and what, and whence he be ?

After some minutes' anxious waiting,
Staring below, and calculating,
With knowing, but demurest face,
Comes back the lackey to his Grace.

"Your Highness !" says he in a whisper,
"He calls himself John Jacob Risper ;
Travels in mustard for his house !"
"Hush ! not a word ! to man or mouse !"

Our Watchman escapes from these petty
princedom, where one mighty potentate
maintains an army of fifty men ! literally,
and yet has his sentinels marching as solemnly
before his gates as the Czar of all the
Russias himself. He escapes to the sea,
where he breaks forth into glorious pæans on
its night, majesty, and genuine greatness,
that we fain would translate :—

It storms ! it rages ! haste, the cliff-top scale !

Gaze through the night, blasphemers, bow thy
will,

Thine head to earth, with joy and terror pale,
That is the sea ! look, tremble, and be still !

So enraptured is he with the sea, that he
declares he will pass over to free England,
will marry a fisher-girl, and live a pilot in a
smoking hut on the coast ; but his patriotism
draws him, and he hastens on to Munich,
where, like all Germans, he condemns what
the king has done for Art, because he has
not done it for Liberty too ; Berlin, where
he lets loose his fury on the king, who is
called the tanzlar of modern Germany.
This strange monarch, who would fain have
the reputation of a liberal with the reality of
a despot, who voluntarily promises a constitu-
tion on his coronation, and then tells his
people that they are not ready for it,—who
establishes universal education, but takes
care to make his schoolmasters at once po-

licemen and slaves of the police,—who re-
stores Arndt to his professorship because he
has done all the mischief that he can, and
expels Hoffmann von Fallenstein from his
professorship for the very same crime of lib-
eral opinion,—who fills his city with great
names, but does not allow them to utter
great truths,—who kneels with Mrs. Fry in
Newgate, and breakfasts with her, a dissenter,
and yet continues to compel, by his forcible
compression of the Lutheran church into the
Evangelical mould, thousands annually to
abandon their native land—this man, our
Watchman reminds of his promises, and tells
him that kings should not be witty, but speak
plain, honest truths. He sees in the great
city of Accomplishment and Test, as he
calls Berlin, but hollow splendor and hollow
hearts ; poverty and lies in the streets with
painted cheeks ; sycophants, who bow to the
cross, but still more deeply to the crosses
(the Orders) ; he sees Tieck, and Rückert,
Cornelius, and many another great name,
filling up the number of the motley tribe of
literati and artists, but protests that genius
cannot walk long on stilts and crutches ; that
the laurel can easily wither on old heads, and
that only young and fresh spirits can pluck
the fruit from the tree of the present time—
and turns his back on the city.

Instead of his masterly sketches of Vienna,
where he addresses a fine and spirited ode
to Count Auersperg, concluding—

Happy thou canst not be—ah ! wherefore wert thou
great ?

let us give a few stanzas as a specimen from
the—

DEPARTURE FROM VIENNA.

Yes ! thou art lovely with thy rose-crowned brow,
The bloom of passion on thy radiant face,
When past thou fliest in the dance, as now,
Amid youth's eager glance and fond embrace.
To sink, forgetful of the world, to rest
Within thy arms, by thy enchantments bound,
That might, methinks, a warrior's steps arrest,
And tempt ev'n gods to tread this dangerous ground.

But woman, I do fly thee,—I will not
Kneel to thee,—of thy convert throng make one ;—
Potiphar's wife !—thy purple tempts me not—
Let go my mantle !—for I will begone !
Before my vision floats a holier light ;
A chaster form, my spirit's purest bride !
Us life, and truth, and poetry unite—
By German vows eternally allied.

Her eye is beautiful, though less than thine ;
It beams with peace, but thine with wild desire ;
Thy kiss is flame, but hers, if not divine,
Is a pure, breathing, and engladdening fire.
Thou dragg'st thy lovers down from hour to hour,
Nearer and faster to earth's misty face ;
She soars aloft with glorifying power,
And bears me with her in her dear embrace.

Her cares and sorrows never dim thy brow,
But her proud joys thy heart can ne'er distend;
Light, flattering one,—the bliss thou dost not know
Boldly with slaves and tyrants to contend.
Child of the happy! thou unto the poor
And to the captive ne'er thy tears hast given;
Hast never mingled with earth's contest sore
The heart of peace and pity sent from heaven.

Go! revel and carouse each coming morrow!
Strive the swift hours thy violence to hold,
But still remorse thy countenance shall furrow,
And discount heap wrinkles, fold on fold.
Pass but a night—and the rose-garlands perish—
And down thy wizard realm of charms is hurled:
But in eternal green thy laurels flourish—
And she—the other—is the abiding world.

Thou knowest her not,—no, never canst thou
know her!—

Ye two can never wander hand in hand!
Thou canst not name her name,—hast not the
power

Her nature or her life to understand.
Feelest thou this?—then cast thy eyelids down,
For from the east her breath comes wafted o'er.
Ah!—the day breaks!—thank God, the dream is
flown—

Ay Love is much, but Liberty far more!

Of Hoffmann von Fallersleben's Unpolitical Songs, as he calls them, it would be impossible to give any just idea by specimens. His two little volumes consist of a multitude of short snatches of verse, any one of which, taken singly, would disappoint the most moderate expectation. Of the actual brevity of his poems, some idea may be formed from the fact, that in his four hundred pages he has upwards of nine hundred pieces. But if his poems are short, his words are sometimes long enough, of which take a sample—*Steuerverweigerungsverfassungsmässigberechtigt!*—meaning a man who is exempt by the constitution from the payment of taxes. It is by the whole that Hoffmann must be judged; and yet, truly, when we have gone through the whole, we Englishmen wonder what there can be in them to frighten such a military monarch as the King of Prussia, and induce him not only to expel the poet, a man of learning, and universally esteemed, from his post and livelihood, but also to forbid the admission of any works into his kingdom out of the shop of the publishers of this and such other things. It is true, there is a good deal of wit and epigrammatic smartness, but it is so fine, and so good-humored, that it does not seem, by any means, very formidable to us. Then his little innocent squibs are thrown out, not only against government follies, but the follies of his countrymen in general, and may justify his title, for if not entirely unpolitical songs, they are by no means merely political. The Confederation; the Zoll-Verein; the censorship; the passion

for titles and orders; the learned pedantry—the affected piety of the despotic monarchs—the laws against the oppression of animals while the oppression of men is practised—the modern heathenism, &c. &c., all have the laugh directed against them. We may take, perhaps, the following as fair specimens of verses quite dreadful where a paternal government exists and a free press does not:

ON THE WALHALLA.

[In which the King of Bavaria had assembled the busts and statues of the great men of Germany, heroes, patriots, and reformers; Luther, and such little men, however, excepted.]

Hail to thee, thou lofty hall,
Of German greatness, German glory!
Hail to you, ye heroes all,
Of ancient and of modern story.

Oh! ye heroes in the hall,
Were ye but alive as once!
Nay, that would not do at all—
The king prefers you, stone and bronze!

LAMENTATION FOR THE GOLDEN AGE.

Would our bottles but grow deeper!
Did our wine but once get cheaper!
Then on earth there might unfold
The golden time, the age of gold.

But not for us, we are commanded
To go with temperance even handed.
The golden age is for the dead;
We've got the paper age instead.

But ah! our bottles still decline!
And daily dearer grows our wine!
And flat and void our pockets fall!
Faith! soon there'll be no times at all!

In this, one of his larger efforts, he sums up a mass of national follies:—

GERMAN NATIONAL WEALTH.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
Confederation protocols:
Heaps of tax and budget rolls:
A whole ship-load of skins to fill
With proclamations just at will.
Or when we to the New World come,
The Germans will not feel at home!

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
A brave supply of corporals' canes;
Of livery suits a hundred wains.
Cockades, gay caps to fill a house, and
Armorial buttons a hundred thousand.
Or when we to the New World come,
The German will not feel at home!

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
 We're off unto America!
 What shall we take to our new land?
 All sorts of things from every hand!
 Chamberlain's keys, a pile of sacks;
 Books of full blood-descents in packs;
 Dog-chains and sword-chains by the ton,
 Of order-ribbons bales twenty-one.
 Or when to the New World we come,
 The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
 We're off unto America!
 What shall we take to our new land?
 All sorts of things from every land!
 Sculleaps, perriwigs, old-world airs;
 Crutches, privileges, easy-chairs;
 Councillors' titles, private lists,
 Nine hundred and ninety thousand chests.
 Or when to the New World we come,
 The German will not find a home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
 We're off unto America!
 What shall we take to our new land?
 All sorts of things from every hand!
 Receipts for tax, toll, christening, wedding,
 and funeral,
 Passports, and wander-books great and small;
 Plenty of rules for censors' inspections,
 And just three million police directions.
 Or when to the New World we come,
 The German will not feel at home.

Of a far different calibre and character are the black songs of Benedikt Dalei. Who Benedikt Dalei is we know not, but his songs have all the feeling and effect of the genuine effusions of a Catholic priest who has passed through the dispensations which he describes. He traces, or rather retraces, every painful position and stage in the life of the solitary priest who possesses a feeling heart. The trials, the temptations, the pangs which his unnatural vow and isolated existence heap upon him, amid the social relationships and enjoyments of his fellow-men. The domestic circle, the happy group of father, mother, and merry children; the electric touch of youthful love which unites two hearts for ever; the wedding, the christening, the funeral, all have for him their inexpressible bitterness. The perplexities, the cares, the remorse, the madness which, spite of the power of the Church, of religion, and of the most ardent faith and devotion, have, through the singular and unparalleled position of the Catholic priest, made him often a walking death, are all sketched with a master's hand, or more properly, perhaps, a sufferer's heart. The poet calls loudly on prince and prelate for the abolition of that clerical oath of celibacy which has been to him and to thousands a burning chain, every link of which has its own peculiar torture. When we look into those horrors which, spite of all the secrecy and the suppression which Church and State

have been able to heap over them, have transpired in the poet's own country, we do not wonder at the intense vehemence of his appeal. In one most extraordinary ode he collects all the terrors and griefs of his subject. It is 'The Song of Celibacy,' which is sung by bands of the souls of priests as they pass in a tempest over a wild heath, in which each successively pours forth the burden of his dread experience. The chorus and construction of this remarkable ode reminds us strongly of Coleridge's War Eclogue. We shall, however, prefer giving a specimen or two from those gentler subjects in which he mingles with his melancholy such sweet touches of external nature.

ENVIABLE POVERTY.

I glanced into the harvest field,
 Where 'neath the shade of richest trees
 The reaper and the reaper's wife
 Enjoy their noon-day ease.

And in the shadow of the hedge
 I hear full many a merry sound,
 Where the stout, brimming water-jug
 From mouth to mouth goes round.

About the parents, in the grass,
 Sit boys and girls of various size,
 And like the buds about the rose,
 Make glad my gazing eyes.

See! God himself from heaven spreads
 Their table with the freshest green,
 And lovely maids, his angel band,
 Bear heaped dishes in.

A laughing infant's sugar lip,
 Waked by the mother's kiss, doth deal
 To the poor parents a dessert,
 Still sweeter than their meal.

From breast to breast, from arm to arm,
 Goes wandering round the rosy boy,
 A little circling flame of love,
 A living, general joy.

And strengthened thus for farther toil,
 Their toil is but joy fresh begun,
 That wife—oh what a happy wife—
 And oh how rich is that poor man!

THE WALK.

I went to walk on Sunday,
 But so lonely every where,
 O'er every path and upland
 Went loving pair and pair.

I strolled through greenest corn-fields,
 All dashed with gold so deep,
 How often did I feel as though
 My very heart would weep.

The heaven so softly azure,
 The sun so full of life,
 And every where was youth and maiden,
 Was happy man and wife.

They watched the yellowing harvest,
 Stood where cool water starts;
 They plucked flowers for each other,
 And with them gave their hearts.

The larks, how they singing hovered,
 And streamed gladness from above;
 How high in the listening bosoms
 Rose the flame of youthful love!

In the locks of the blithe youngsters
 The west wind loved to play,
 And lifted with colder finger,
 My hair, already gray.

Ah! I heard song and laughter,
 And it went to my heart's core,
 Oh! were I again in boyhood!
 Were I free and young once more!

The autobiography of the Catholic priest, sketched by Benedikt Dalei, is enough to make a heart bleed.

The young priest hears, amid the choir of singing voices, one voice which goes to his heart. He beholds the singer in her youthful beauty, and loves—she loves him. But—the vow! It has separated them for ever! He marries her at the altar to his mortal enemy. He baptizes her child. He sees her in her garden as he stands at his window, playing with a child which is not his. She comes to confession, and confesses her misery, and calls on him for help. What help? he himself is in despair. He preaches to his people of the blessings of domestic life, and bleeds inwardly; he buries the dead, and wishes that the corpse were his. He dreads madness or self-murder, yet, living to be old, draws this moving picture of—

THE SICK PRIEST.

In the days of misfortune, in the blank days of sickness,

Oh! how poor was I then, how forsaken, alone!
 Then first comprehend we the depth of our misery,—

To be priests, yet with hearts where soft feelings have grown.

The servants of money, the servants of fortune,
 How they grin with the marks of their fatness upon us;

But no step is there taken by souls of compassion,
 For comfort, for rescue, when sickness lies on us.

Oh! then are the arms and the bosoms too absent,
 Which are softer than cushions of down round us piled;

There is wanting the love which obeys the least whisper,

There is absent the love both of wife and of child!

Go, bury the wretch, ay, bury him living,
 If ever a murder be mercy, 'tis then,
 When you bury the priest whom a heart of humanity

Has made, though most wretched, a man amongst men!

The last and the most significant of these poets whom we can now mention, is Herwegh. This young writer last year made a sort of political and triumphant tour in Germany, which excited a strong sensation throughout the whole country, and the fame of which was even wafted by the newspapers to England. His volume marks a new epoch in the progress of political feeling in Germany. Perhaps he does not equal in poetic genius either Count Auersperg or Dingelstedt, but he surpasses them both in a fiery and unrestrained temperament. He does not stop to dally with imagination, to tie lovers' knots of delicate fancies and rainbow hues; to scatter light and stinging epigrams on this or that minor folly; but he bursts forth hot and dauntless at once on the great evil of the nation, and the absurdity of its tame tolerance. He is a spirit of fiery zeal, and declares it frankly. He rejects all waiting and temporizing. It is enough for him that the nation is suffering and ought to be free; that the princes are false to their vows, and ought to be made to feel it. To the regular common-place of the age—

Thou art young, thou must not speak,
 Thou art young, we are the old;
 Let the wave's first fury break;
 Let the fire grow somewhat cold.

Thou art young, thy deeds are wild;
 Thou art young and unaware;
 Thou art young; first see thou piled
 On thy head our hoary hair.

Learn, my son, first self-denial;
 Let the flame first purge its smoke;
 First of fetters make a trial,
 And find how useful is the yoke.—

He replies full of *youth's* wisdom,—that by whose fervor chains are molten, and nations rescued from the frost of custom,—“ Ah, too cunning gentlemen! there you paint your own portraits, prisoners! But you guardians of the past, who then shall build up the future! What is left you but the protection of our arms? Who shall love your daughters? Who defend your honor? Despire not youth, even when it speaks the loudest. Alas! how often has your caution, your virtue, sinned against humanity?”

This burst of zeal, which has been echoed by a shout of many thousand voices from every quarter of Germany, betrays, as we have said, a new epoch; tells that the heaven has leavened a very considerable portion of the popular mass. The young, at least, are grown weary of promises never fulfilled, and waiting that leads to nothing. The doctrines of the earlier school are renounced as false and delusive. Count Auersperg exclaimed:

Shall the sword then be our weapon? No, the
world, the light, the will!
For the joyful, peaceful conqueror, is the proudest
conqueror still!

And every succeeding political bard
prolonged the cry—"The Word is omnipotent!"
But this is the cry no longer. It is
not the Word but the Sword! The Word,
say they, has deceived; the Sword must
hew a way to freedom. This is the war-cry
with which Herwegh broke forth, and to
which came a host of jubilant echoes:—

Oh! all whose hands a hilt can span,
Pray for a trusty sword!
Pray for a hero, for a man
Armed with the wrath of God.

One contest there is yet in store,
With glorious victory rife;
The earth has yet one conflict more,
The last, the sacred strife.

Hither, ye nations! hither flow,
Around your standard hie!
For Freedom is our general now,
And Forward! is our cry.

The true creed is, according to him, no
longer Love and Patience, but Hate! Hate
is the true patriotism, the true saving faith!

THE HYMN OF HATE.

Forth! forth! out over hill and dale
The morning dawn to meet,
Bid the faithful wife farewell;
Your faithful weapons greet;
Until our hands in ashes fall;
The sword shall be their mate;
We've loved too long; come one and all,
And let us soundly hate!

Love cannot save us, cannot shake
The torpor from our veins;
Hate! let thy day of judgment break!
And break our hated chains!
And wheresoe'er are tyrants found,
Destruction be their fate;
Too long has love our spirits bound,
Now let us soundly hate!

Wherever yet there beats a heart,
Hate be its sole desire;
Dry wood stands every where to start
Into a glorious fire.
Ye with whom Freedom yet remains,
Sing through our streets elate;
Burst ye love's thralldom-forging chains,
And learn at length to hate!

Give quenchless battle and debate
On earth to Tyranny,
And holier shall be our hate
Than any love can be.
Until our hands in ashes fall,
The sword shall be their mate;
We've loved too long; come one and all,
And let us soundly hate!

And the accordant prayer is:—

Rush forth, O God! with tempest-scattering breath
Through the terrific calm!
Give us stern Freedom's tragedy of death
For Slavery's lulling psalm.
In the world's frozen breast no more a stranger,
Let a heart beat aloud.
Send her, O Lord, a terrible avenger!
A hero strong and proud!

Let us once more drink eagerly and deep
From thy communion cup;
Build us an altar on some awful steep
Ourselves to offer up.
Spread us a battle-field, where tyrant hordes
May with free nations fight,
For from their sheaths, their prisons, our keen
swords
Long to leap forth in light.

And the counsel is 'A Call to Arms':—

Tear the crosses from their station!
Make them swords for our salvation!
God in heaven forgive the zeal.
Leave, oh! leave this idle rhyming,
On the anvil loudly chiming,
Strike redemption from the steel!

But enough of this blood-breathing clangor, of these war trumpets, of which we have introduced only such fragmental notes as were necessary for the faithful illustration of our subject. Fain would we see nations abandoning the hope of the sword, and learning to trust in the moral power of truth and of advancing knowledge. Yet when we see how completely a great and intellectual nation has been caught in the subtle net of policy, how princes have learned to despise their promises, and how the moral stamina of the people has been undermined by dependence on office, and by the fear of police, we do not wonder, we can only deplore. The youth of Germany see all this. They see how deeply the poison of government coercion and suppression of free opinion has penetrated into the moral nature of the public; what sequacity, what subserviency, what prostration of all that is great, and daring, and generous, it has infused into the social and intellectual frame; how infidelity in religion has followed in the train of that philosophy to which the German mind has turned as to its only free region of speculation; and they have no hope but in the sword. In any moral power their faith is shaken. They doubt its very existence in the public mind. They hope nothing from the free concession of the princes; they hope as little from the vast mass of their dependents,—that is, of half the nation lulled in a Circean slumber of official comfort, but they know that breach of faith and defrauded hopes

have spread a wide substratum of discontent; that the great powers Prussia and Austria are powers made up of the most heterogeneous fragments, and they hope that a spark of warlike fire breaking out some day in some one quarter—they care not where—may raise a general flame, and national liberty soar up out of the conflagration. How far this hope may be realized, we leave Time to decide. Meanwhile, on the one hand, the governments stand strong on the system which we have described; and, on the other, the triumphant career of Herwegh, and the sale of five editions of his volume in less than two years, prove that the spirit of popular liberty is making rapid strides. Even the King of Prussia, with his affectation of liberality, thought fit to give Herwegh an audience while he was in Berlin, though, with his usual inconsistency, he afterwards ordered him to quit the city. Other princes, following his example, raised the consequence of the young poet, by warning him out of their territories, and he returned to his Swiss stronghold; where, however, he sate himself down in additional strength and comfort, having won a rich wife while in the Prussian capital. The success of his poems, the fire of their contagious spirit, and, above all, the *éclat* of his tour, have, as might be expected, given birth to fresh young poets and fresh issues of songs, which, however, have not yet acquired sufficient importance to be included in this group.

THE PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY IN THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

From the Court Journal.

THE progress of geographical discovery in the interior of Africa has always excited more interest and curiosity than in any other portion of the globe. This is probably owing to the mystery which veils the whole of the central portions of that great continent, combined with the great fatality which has so frequently been attendant upon exploratory expeditions. But "the tide of exploration," said the President of the Royal Geographical Society, in his last anniversary address, "has set in late years in a remarkable manner towards Abyssinia," and as it is from that country, and by the comparative cool and healthy upland and highland districts, that we can most hope for a successful exploration of the interior, so it is also a remarkable fact, that after so many attempts, and the sacrifice of so many lives, the present appears to be the moment when the greatest promises of success are held out to us.

Early in the year 1841, Dr. Beke traced the

route from Tajura, at the mouth of the Red Sea, to Ankober and Angolalla, the capitals of the Eastern and Western Christian kingdom of Shoa. He ascertained that Messrs. Combes and Tamisier had been at Shoa, and were consequently the first European visitors since the time of the Portuguese Jesuits. Monsieur Dufly came next, but he died at Jidda: then the missionaries, Krapf and Leemberg; then Rochet D'Hericourt, and finally himself, being the first Englishman. Three other travellers had perished in the country, Mr. Airtton, and Messrs. Fain and Kielmaer. Dr. Beke ascertained that Ankober was 8200 feet above the sea, and Angolalla 8400.

From Shoa, Dr. Beke travelled to Kok Farn, in the province of Gedem, never before visited by any European. On this excursion he determined the Waterished in $10^{\circ} 11' N.$ in a swampy moor, between the Abai, or Blue Nile, and the Hawash, a river flowing to the eastward to the Mohammedan kingdom of Aussa, where it loses itself in a lake, supposed to be 150 miles in circumference. Dr. Beke describes the countries he traversed as varying in character from the most absolute sterility, to the most luxuriant vegetation. He speaks of large plantations of capsicums and excellent cotton, of rich corn-fields, and fertile meadows, the whole studded with trees, and divided by hedge-rows of jasmine, roses, and honey-suckle.

Mr. Rochet d'Hericourt has published the details of his travels in Abyssinia in the *Bulletin de la Société de Géographie de Paris*. He describes the character of the countries through which he passed, and represents the kingdom of Shoa as full of beautiful landscapes, decorated by a splendidly varied and vigorous vegetation. But his narrative wants astronomical positions, and other positive data. It is understood that this gentleman has again started for Abyssinia, supplied with the necessary instruments.

In 1842, the British Mission, under Major Harris, penetrated from Tajura to Shoa, where they spent upwards of a year. The results of this mission have just been published under the title of "Highlands of Æthiopia;" a work which has disappointed the expectations of many, as amidst an unusual parade of language, containing little real information. The previous favorable reports of the kingdom of Shoa, met, however, with confirmation; and the information gleaned by the naturalists of the party is very valuable.

Dr. Beke had obtained previous information regarding the existence southward of Abyssinia of a great river, called Go-jub, which flows into the Indian Ocean; and major Harris obtained further information regarding this great stream, which, as forming a line of water communication with the interior, may ultimately be turned to good account, is an object of considerable importance. It is represented as being three miles broad, and navigated by large canoes, and is supposed to be the same as the Zeebe of the missionary Antonio Fernandez.

Major Harris also heard of a hitherto unknown Christian population, having a powerful monarch at its head, south of Kaffa, and designated as Sussa; and it is remarkable that, in the seventh century, the knowledge of Æthiopia, acquired

by Cosmas Indoplustes, reached beyond the Agows to a great nation in the interior called Sasou.

Messrs. Antoine d'Abbadie and Lefevre were laboring at the same time in other parts of Abyssinia. They have both communicated many interesting notices to the journals of Paris and of this country. Mr. Lefevre reported particularly on the nature and commerce and character of the people on the Bahr-el-Azrek, or Blue Nile, and the district of Bertha, lying between that river and the Tumat, one of its tributaries. M. d'Abbadie, when last heard of, was at Adowa, engaged in compiling a dictionary of the Hamtonga, or Agow language, which already contained 1400 words. An English traveller of the name of Bell had arrived in the month of April at Adowa, whence it is said he continued his journey inland. The German naturalist Schimpfer was also with M. d'Abbadie.

Messrs. Ferret and Galinier, of the French Etat Major, have also returned from a voyage into Abyssinia, whither they had been sent by the Minister of War; they are said to have brought with them several maps of the country. Messrs. Krapf and Sapeto have also returned from Abyssinia, the former after a residence of three years. M. Blondel, Belgian Consul-general in Egypt, who had undertaken a journey into Abyssinia, had been detained prisoner in that country, but was happily released by the exertions in his behalf of the Pasha of Egypt.

Mehemet Ali has fitted out in modern times two expeditions for the exploration of the Bahr-el-Abiadh, or White Nile. The first, under the conduct of Selim Binsbashi, left Khartum on the 17th of November, 1839, and ascended the stream for seventy-two days. In this expedition, the party ascended the river to the sixth parallel of North latitude.

The second expedition was accompanied by two Europeans, Messrs. Arnauld and Sabatier. They left Khartum on the 25th November, 1840, and ascended the White or Western Nile, for a distance of 518 leagues from Khartum, and reached a spot in lat. $4^{\circ} 42' N$. The want of water at that season of the year prevented their further progress, but when the waters are high the stream may be navigated, it is said, as far as the third parallel of N . latitude. Arrived at their furthest, they yet saw no mountains, so that it would appear that the famed mountains of the moon do not exist in Central Africa, at least, at the most distant sources of the Nile.

In the dominion of the Behrs, the king's palace is described as being on the waters, and as only to be approached by swimming. His guards are two battalions of women, armed with spears and bucklers, and his ministers never enter the palace but when the king is supposed to be dangerously ill, when it becomes their duty to strangle him, that he may not die a natural death, like the vilest of his subjects.

Besides Mr. Rochet d'Hericourt, who has returned to his former field of exploration, Major Harris has offered his services to return to Shoa, and Baron de Wrede, a Frenchman, is also about to proceed to Shoa by Tagura and Housa, or Aussa, following the Hawash. From Shoa he proposes to penetrate the country in a

$S. W.$ direction, in order to discover the sources of the White Nile and of the Tchadda, or Niger, which two latter do not appear to be so far from one another as was once supposed. The Baron then proposes to explore the Quilimancy, into which, according to Mc Queen's and Major Harris's views, the great river Go-jub empties itself; the united rivers flowing into the sea by several mouths near Patta; but this is contradicted by others, who, giving to the Quilimancy its apparently correct orthography, of Kilumaji, identify that river with the Kilifi. The Baron hopes thence to return by the Mohammedan kingdom of Hurrar and the slave-trading Barbera. If only a part of this vast project be successfully executed, it will be a great deal; and considering what we have learned of the fine climate, productive lands, and populous regions, at the sources of the Blue Nile, there is every reason to suppose that the same exists to a certain degree, even if there are not mountains, at the sources of the White Nile and of the Tchadda. From a year and a-half's observation, the British Mission never found Shoa so hot nor so cold as Great Britain. Beyond Shoa, and between that kingdom and the sources of the White Nile, the Baron may visit the people called Shats, the Christian kingdom of Sues, or Sagou, the river Anquer, and the larger river Maleg,—probably the most distant tributaries to the Blue Nile; and thus there is every reason to hope, from any one taking such a line of route, for a proximate acquaintance with the great features and outlines of the geography of Central Africa.

CONSUMPTION.

From the Metropolitan.

STRETCHED on the couch shalies—how frail
Her lovely form—her cheek how pale—
The hectic spot is there;
Her sorrowing friends around her stand,
She clasps her weeping mother's hand,
And bids her not despair.
Though every earthly hope is past,
While void of hope and fear,
Her deep blue eyes are upward cast,
She knows the world is fleeting fast,
She feels her end is near.
Hard seems it one in beauty's bloom,
So bright, so young, should in the tomb
A mouldering corse be laid;
Death at the palace of the great,
And at the lowly cottage gate,
Knocks, and must be obeyed.
THE SUMMERS had gone forth—that night
Her gentle spirit winged its flight
To the bright realms of day;
And thus her latest accents spoke,
While o'er her pallid features broke
A yet divinest ray:—
"Mourn not for me, nor shed a tear,
But trust in the Most High;
Father and mother, Henry dear,
I but regret to leave you here,
Else were it sweet to die."

THOS. D'OYLEY.

Christ Church, Oron, Nov. 1842.

THE IRISH STATE TRIALS.—No. III.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.

From the Metropolitan.

WE traced in our last number the progress of the great issue to the close of the Attorney-General's elaborate oration, which, like the theology of Zoroaster, was composed of two discordant principles—prodigality of promise, and parsimony of proof. We may now speak with freedom, for the contest is over. We leave to others to sound the abysses of state policy, which, after all, are little deeper than common draw-wells; but, deep or shallow, that policy has had, and will have, a profound influence on the future fortunes of Ireland. There is a facetious saying of the emperor Nero, that his favorite ministers "paid dear for their consular supper," and we suspect the continued feasting in the Queen's Bench will hereafter prompt a similar exclamation, with a slight variation in the phrase. Our province is not the political, but it is almost impossible to touch on events without the peril of perhaps an impolitic opinion. With this brief preface, we take up the evidence of the Crown, and the speeches for the accused, which will afford to all matter of amusement or interest. All these, it is true, have already been spread out in the most ample profusion—the press has carried them throughout the world, outstripping in its rapid diurnal whirl our more lazy monthly flight. But there are many incidents, not unworthy of note, which evaporate in such a mode of communication, or sink unobserved into oblivion: and now that the tumult has subsided, and life resumes its ordinary course, we may jot down our recollections of the evidence and of the orations, which have revived the forgotten glories of the Irish bar.

The examination of Frederick Bond Hughes was looked forward to as a rich feast. Wherever you moved, among the leading questions which agitated the circles of small talk, the first was—when will Hughes be in the stocks? In the first heat of prejudice, innocence has often fallen a victim to popular clamor. Public rumors should not be too soon encountered. Give the report of the day time to grow stale, and it either dies of itself, or time will not fail to rectify the false judgment. Mr. Hughes was, unfortunately, one of those against whom the whole weight of public reprobation was directed. As a government reporter, he was not bound to prosecute for the government; his duty was to note what he heard, instead of playing the "informer"—we use the word in the limited sense of swearing the informations, and not as one of

those agents of mischief who enter into the plans of the disaffected, if any exist, and report due progress to the Secretary of State. Mr. Hughes did not conceal his calling as a reporter, though he did as an informer—but then he swore only from his notes, and their correctness was unimpeachable. The traversers, availing themselves of the privilege of inquiring into the conduct of adverse witnesses, to impeach their credibility, had, it is said, made wide casts from some little *memorabilia* in his life, from which, even the most virtuous are not exempt. How far they succeeded is to us utterly unknown, but, from the cunning screw of the mouth, and the glance of the fox-like eye of Mr. Hatchell, we suspected that he was not unprovided with some cross-pellets. It was clear, however, from the gentlemanly bearing of the witness, and the candor with which he not only answered but even added to the questions of the Solicitor-General, that he sought to withhold nothing. This changed the course of Mr. Hatchell, who probed Mr. Hughes with exemplary gentleness; and well he might do so—for the "perjured informer," as it was the fashion to designate him, bore testimony to the extraordinary peace and tranquillity of Mullaghmast—to the high and necessary duties of the O'Connell police—to the comfort of the new Celtic bonnet, which, he admitted, would be an excellent nightcap—and to the imposing splendor of the civic procession, as the worthy aldermen and councillors, in velvet and scarlet, ascended the historic Rath. He described the "inauguration" of Mr. O'Connell, who laughed most heartily at the novel coronation, while the Solicitor-General turned up his keen eye to the jury, and looked mysteriously grave. What was that municipal march but the affectation of royal pomp? What that foolish cap but the "likeness of a kingly crown?" Surely the Dublin aldermen did not dedicate their beauty to the sun of Mullaghmast without an adequate cause. And as for the great Agitator, in his coronetted magnificence,

"Whoso had beheld him then,
Had felt some admiration, mixed with dread,
And might have said,
That sure he seemed to be the King of Men—
Less than the greatest—that he could not be
Who carried in his port such might and majesty."

The caution and safety of Mr. Hatchell elicited all that was possible from the witness, and kept out of view the unfavorable, among which was the "Behemoth" trifle which formerly submitted Mr. Hughes to a perfect storm of indignation. He established his truthfulness in each particular, and clearly accounted for the memorable mistake in iden-

tifying one of the traversers. We like to aid in purging away a cloud from a fair reputation. Bond Hughes was associated in the popular mind with the Armstrongs and Reynolds, and that eminent and patriotic engraver, William Holbrooke, was, it is said, engaged in a line engraving of the perjured and faithless informer, to be supplied to each repeal warden, and suspended in the repeal rooms throughout Ireland, as a warning against Saxon treachery. The candor of the English spy has dispensed with the exercise of Mr. Holbrooke's artistic skill.

The next of the "battalion of testimony" was Mr. Charles Ross, who has acquired much reputation on this side of St. George's Channel. He had three heads issuing from one small trunk. He reported for Downing Street, and also for a liberal and conservative journal. So very disinterested was he, that the *Chronicle* shared his favors in common with the *Standard*, and Sir J. Graham with both. He came over to this savage country, the victim of the most miserable apprehensions. He dreaded the repute of a government informer, and would not take fifty thousand pounds, as he confessed to Mr. Henn, to disclose his dangerous occupation, though Mr. Bond Hughes was roaming about at large in jarvey and fly-boat, and feasting, unharmed, on repeal viands—there was, too, never a drop of an opiate infused into the Lord Mayor's "crusted port," with which he so freely indulged at the Rotundo dinner. With a political digestion so admirable as Mr. Ross could boast, it is surprising that his natural stomach should generate such dismal vapors and apprehensions of personal safety. He ventured, in deep alarm, to Donnybrook, and all were so good-humored there that he had the courage to pass beyond the jurisdiction of the new police, and commit his sacred body among the bloodhounds of Connaught. In his cross-examination by Mr. Henn, he afforded an excellent specimen of that fluctuation of opinion which is characteristic of his generous patron. *Tel mastre tel valet*. He opened the campaign of life in the glowing pride of Radicalism, but, as he naively remarked, "All men's sentiments undergo changes in time from reflection and reading." Too much learning, on the authority of *Festus*, made an apostle mad—it had not quite so decided an effect on the editor of the *Carlisle Patriot*—it only subdued his ancient fervor in behalf of abstract rights and imaginary republics to the more quiet tone of conservatism. When pressed to reveal the mysterious operations which deprived the radical world of such a "bright particular star," he, most unlike Sir John Falstaff,

yielded to "compulsion," and was on the point of revelation, when the Solicitor-General interposed, and stayed the confession. What gave the bar and the public an elevated opinion of the fine sensibilities of Mr. Ross was the delightful uxoriousness which, like a thread of shining silver, ran through his testimony. Dear Mrs. R— was at the top and bottom of all his movements, sentiments, and opinions. What she said became an immutable law in his conduct. He would become another *Erostratus* and fire Westminster Hall, if Mrs. R— only suggested the fatal enterprise. What a model of an obsequious partner is Mr. R—! Mr. Henn, a compact bachelor, was struck forcibly with the picture of conjugal happiness. Will he repent of his unsocial singleness?

These were the only direct agents of the "Minister of Police." They were followed by two Irishmen, a Mr. Jackson, and a Mr. "John Ulick M'Namara." The former fared miserably in confirming his notes, and the latter had nothing to tell. Then followed a long and formidable array of stipendiary magistrates, head-constables, sub-constables, and common constables, who proved themselves accomplished masters in what *Tacitus* calls "noting the words of men, watching their looks, and warping every trifling circumstance into a crime." They showed, with all the good derivable to a government from the existence of such a force, the counterbalancing dangers and evils. They were the most expert of note-takers; long speeches and conversations were reported on the strength of accurate and powerful memory, for the police are all peculiarly gifted in that quality. Whenever any thing of a seditious nature was spoken, out flew the scroll, and down went the treason. One of the most remarkable facts connected with the meetings was the facility of access and movement afforded on all occasions to the police. They went on the platforms, surrounded the presidential chairs, and when the Union was declared to be a "nullity," or the "sergeants" were promised promotion, or any special stimulant applied to the flagging enthusiasm of the multitude, in the shape of new tenures and titles, the policemen coolly took a note of the eloquent apostrophe, without menace, remonstrance, or violence. They did all in their power to back up the statement of the Attorney-General in the drilling, and marshalling, and parade of multitudes. Of infantry and cavalry we had countless numbers, marching under their wardens, who ever and anon exclaimed, "Steady, men—keep the step;" but of that very effective arm of field service, the artillery, there was no evi-

dence—that only was wanted to enable Mr. O'Connell to take the field!

Of the cavalry, we will take as a specimen a very respectable and efficient force, "*The Ballinakill Repeal Cavalry.*" They must have formed a most magnificent body, if one were to judge from the state of their equipments, the condition of their horses, and the regularity of the march. Mr. Whiteside brought out their points of military efficiency in brilliant style. In Raphael's picture of the interview between Pope Leo and Attila, there is a mounted Hun in the foreground, without bridle or saddle. His image was suggested in the description of the Ballinakill light horse, whose accoutrements were almost as simple and primitive. "Splendid force, eh?" quoth Mr. Whiteside, stroking his unwhiskered jaws, and with a maliciously-humorous smile. "I have seen better," was the reply. "Did you? Well I am astonished! They moved, I dare say, with prodigious regularity!" And so he went on, amid a storm of laughter, to bring to light the imposing grandeur of the Cossacks of Conemara. On a total of two hundred, the amount of the Ballinakill contingent to the national army, saddles averaged about ten per cent., the remaining horsemen contriving to "balance their bodies on the sharpened ledge of spare back-bones." *Bona fide* bridles were about the same low average, the supplement being made up of twisted hay, which served the double purpose of control and fodder. "Woman," observes a crabbed and unloving philosopher, "is the baggage that retards man's march in life." The heroes of Ballinakill did not agree with the sour stoic, for each carried his baggage behind him. In such style did the pride of occidental chivalry prepare themselves for the great national struggle.

We are surprised the Attorney or Solicitor-General did not make more of this remarkable circumstance. It is matter of history that the Romans, in such secret expeditions as required a sure and decisive blow to be struck, always mounted a foot soldier behind the regular horseman, so that they doubled their force at the point of attack, without the delay or fatigue of a foot-march. By a similar stroke of military policy, the French often surprised and defeated the Spanish generals in the last Peninsular war. Now, it appeared to us very likely, though the sagacious police did not detect the scheme, that the repeal leaders pursued a similar course, and that the blue cloaks and petticoats were merely the disguises of "warrior men." We may also assume another hypothesis—that the "baggage" were true

daughters of Eve, but, emulous of the renown which their sisters on the other side of the Shannon had acquired from the defence of Limerick, and of which they were unceasingly reminded by our national orators and poets, they accompanied their lords to the battle field, determined no longer to breed or suckle slaves. Had Mr. Smith discovered this manœuvre, he should have sent up a collateral issue to the jury, and they would, no doubt, have found that the women were men! Now, the Ballinakill division was confessedly the crack contingent of the Connaught levy, according to police testimony. They called these poor peasants "cavalry," who had come from afar off with their wives to see Mr. O'Connell, and as they moved together, distinct from the crowds on foot, they give them "marching order," and "military array?" Miserable heather-fed ponies, and harmless holiday peasants, constituting "Repeal cavalry?" It was too ludicrous. One could not laugh at its solemn absurdity, for it involved an imputation on the national loyalty. In describing the march of one of those irregular squadrons, we believe the Mallow procession, the witness, a policeman, stated that they moved in "close column," but that occasionally they broke rank, when the "captains" restored, by a word the disjointed array. "Oh, I see," edged in the Attorney-General, "*marshalling them.*" This was a most unfair inference, but it proved the overflowing anxiety of the Crown to establish the drilling, and conjure up the terrors of '98. Here we leave the Ballinakill cavalry, and the Shilmonier infantry, and the "close embattled ranks," who were to fight under Mr. Holbrooke's oriflamme, and renew the glories of the Yellow Ford. That there was considerable regularity in their movements is true enough, but that the road exercise was performed to habituate them to the labors of future fields, as the Attorney-General suggested, is about as true as that the Loughrea light horse could measure swords with the Enniskillen Dragoons, or the canal-turf-boats exchange broadsides with the gun-boats of the upper Shannon.

The documentary evidence consisted of Mr. O'Connell's speeches, newspaper articles, resolutions and publications of the Repeal Association. The first were read at great length, and, notwithstanding the tedium of listening to one of the most untuned of voices mouthing through whole files of newspapers, it was impossible not to be struck with the numerous passages of striking beauty with which the speeches abounded. We read them all before, but when brought together, and contrasted with each other, the

mass and variety of thought which they contained was astonishing. What seemed to us peculiar in his eloquence is, the delicate sensibility with which he traces, and the natural expression with which he points out, his familiarity with whatever is sweet or majestic in the simple aspects of nature. No orator of our times indulges so much in what constitute the material elements of poetry. In the midst of his most busy and practical speeches, there are bursts of picturesque beauty, without effort or restraint, conjured up from the scene before him, without interfering with his proper business, or appearing to digress from love of applause or need of repose. The opening of his speech at Balinglass was a beautiful landscape; and, as if to show his triumph in humor, as well as fancy and imagery, he lit up the faces of his audience with the story of the attorney's message. Then followed the congress of tailors, to deliberate on the fate of the snail, an apologue which had a joint application to Mr. Brewster and the Under Secretary. The quatrain ran thus:—

"Four-and-twenty tailors came to kill a snail,
One heroic tailor trod upon his tail—
And the snail put out his horns, like a great dun
cow—
Run away, tailors, or he'll kill you all now."

What Mr. Sheil afterwards said in his speech appeared to us perfectly correct. Look at the vast quantities of thought spread over these speeches of nine months, and who, in ancient or modern times, has surpassed the effort? Look, also, at the oceans of words, many in the most exciting circumstances, and where is the leader of a people who, on the whole, has been so gentle and abstinent?

In the documentary evidence, there was one foolish and wicked handbill produced by the Crown. It was one of those papers of authority which are circulated by clamorous hawkers, and contained "The only true and genuine account of a most barbarous and bloody massacre of four hundred Roman Catholics by their tyrants, the Saxons." In seasons of peace and order, such wretched vendibles may safely be left to their brown paper and rarely-dishevelled type—things to grow fat upon, if such be the result of vigorous laughter. But when the social state is disturbed, and governments grow unusually vigilant, these miserable grotesqueries are fetched out of their obscurity, blown out into extravagant importance, and the safety of the monarchy is made to hang on a "doleful ballad!" The history of this myth of Mullaghmass, which was allowed in evidence

against the accused, is this. There lives a speculator on small sedition of this marketable character in Thomas street. He finds a ready sale for glowing descriptions of the battles of Aughrim and Athenry, and the clivalrous bearing of heroes who have never existed. The Irish are an imaginative people, and purchase with avidity, in the shape of truth or fiction, whatever exalts the character of their country, and enables them to forget the degradation of the present, in the real or fabulous glory of the past. This purveyor had touched a chord in his bulletins of Benburb and the Bloody Pass, and, with the eye of speculating wisdom, he despatched his licenciates to Mullaghmass with a cargo of inflammation. A policeman, looking far into the future, purchased a copy for a single penny, and made an entry thereof in the diary. This was admitted in evidence against the accused—many conceived by a strained construction of the rule of law which makes the individuals who compose a public meeting responsible for every act performed at that meeting. In the whole mass of evidence, this was the only paper with which the public were not generally acquainted before. It was, no doubt, vile and seditious, and the printer of such infamies ought to be severely punished, but, to charge its dissemination as an overt act to establish a conspiracy against Mr. O'Connell, was morally, and not far from legally, unjust. On the eleventh day, the Crown brought their case to a sudden close, and the meagreness of their testimony to prove such serious charges as "conspiracy and sedition," astonished all. The accusation of corrupting the army, which Judge Burton truly declared to be "awful," depended on a loose phrase of Mr. O'Connell—a penny pamphlet, openly published, but not recognized by the Association—and the injudicious letter of a Catholic clergyman. This was the analogous corruption with that of '98, read by the Attorney-General from the Secret Report! On the entire case of the Crown, there was scarcely a single person in court who did not think the indictment "not proven." But who is that little man with flashing eye and anxious look, holding a torch on high, and just about to start for a noble prize! Palpitating crowds await with intense expectation, and he manifestly shares in the general solicitude. That is Richard Lalor Sheil.

Saturday, the twenty-seventh, far surpassed in intense anxiety the portentous opening day. The child of native eloquence was to appear at the bar, after a long absence, to renew those oratorical triumphs which have gained him an abundant crop of senatorial

laurels. The occasion was one to put in motion all his loftiest powers. The great accused had fought side-by-side with Mr. Sheil in the "perilous and well-foughten field" of Catholic freedom, and now that the pupil was to lift up his appealing voice to protect his teacher from a dungeon, all expected such an effort as might be worthy the advocate and the client. The bar was all compact of wigs—rank and fashion, to use the stereotyped vocabulary of the newspapers, crowded the galleries. Like the ladies of an harem peeping from their lattices, bright eyes gleamed out from every nook and corner. Even the seat of justice was not free from the anxious intruders. The steps on both sides, leading to the judicial arm-chairs, were thronged with a solid column, while some, not having the fear of the law before their eyes, thrust themselves fair in front of their lordships. We knew by one patient judge that his gallantry was sadly on the ebb, and that he had rather the gentle intruders remained at home over their pianos or knitting frames. There was a rumor in court—the circulation of a wag, who sought a comfortable seat on Dean Swift's manœuvre of ordering oysters for his horse—that Mr. Sheil was too unwell to speak that day. The disappointment soon cleared off, for he came into court at the appointed hour. He looked, in truth, very ill. His face was pale, and traced with suffering. The tender motion beneath showed that the proverbial curse of aldermen had laid his toes under contribution. But that was not the time to sink under infirmities. He did not, like Appius, enter the senate in a litter, or, like Lord Chatham, on crutches—he moved *suis pedibus*, but not without pain. He is before us, and now let him proceed on his eloquent way. When he rose, the universal hum subsided into a dead stillness. Leaning forward on the table, he opened his oration in a few faint and fluttered periods. He told the jury of the magnitude of his duty, and he appeared to feel it. He was deeply agitated, and his lips quivered with convulsive emotion. For a few minutes, he jerked out his sentences with a dropping, though distinct voice. He implored the jury to pardon or bear with his defects, compared with the intellectual powers and forensic expertness of the eminent lawyers with whom he was associated. His modest appeal was quite touching, but underneath that simplicity there lay consummate art. Passing rapidly from the solemnity of powerful and well-digested exordium, he floated along for nearly one hour in a current of mingled wit, playfulness, and banter.

He seemed to us to have broken ground

too soon in this department of his art. Sportiveness is, on occasions, more effective than the gravest logic or most pompous eloquence; but for all things there is a time. We are not professors of rhetoric, or expounders of critical rules. Genius, like the wind, bloweth where it listeth. Mr. Sheil's instinctive skill and practised habits are a surer guide than our sayings or opinions. But we shape our remarks by a judgment less fallible than our own—the countenance of Mr. O'Connell bearing "the mind's impress" on its sagacious front. He pressed his lips—knit his brows—shifted his spectacles—looked into a paper lying before him, and, as if to interrupt the strain, handed the speaker a volume of Carrington and Payne's reports, which drew him off to more sober considerations and loftier eloquence. He stirred the court with alternate admiration and laughter. The Attorney-General alone was an immobility. It has been his hard fate to undergo the assaults of many tongues. Honorable, and fearless, and manly, it pained us to see him exposed to the effects of his position. Mr. Sheil hit him hard, but there was no serious bitterness in his sarcasm—it was light—jocular—sometimes penetrating, but never for a moment insulting or malicious. It was easy to discriminate between delicate and playful irony and cold and vindictive severity. The tram-net and the miraculous catch of agitators, editors, and priests, was in the happiest style of conception, and the very perfection of delivery: and when he looked laughingly at the Attorney-General, and then shot forward with pointed finger, and asked, "*why did you not catch a Bishop?*" Judge Burton passed his hands over his face, and even the Chief Justice smiled. This may be said to be the personal part of his address. A wider and more interesting picture was now before him. The past supplied the materials out of which were moulded the most beautiful and eloquent passages of his speech, and at the same time the most influential on the minds of the Jury, if the kindling power of an impassioned oratory could awake in them a remembrance of duty to their country, rising high and far above the charge of the chief, and the cruel strictness of the law. If Mr. Sheil left no permanent effects in his glorious track, it was not because he did not sink deep. That was perceptible to all, but it was soon effaced by other causes.

His historical sketch of the state of Ireland, and the changes in her condition and constitution, was singularly clear and graphic. If Mr. O'Connell spoke with freedom of the injustice of England, was he alone in his indignant denouncement? There was the

famous "Case of Ireland"—there were the Drapier's letters—there was the burning grandeur of Grattan, and the logical invective of Flood—there was the free-speaking opposition in the Irish Parliament, and the volunteers in their conventions and congresses! No Attorney-General dared to prosecute them for sedition and conspiracy. If he did, would a jury of '82 convict them? Would they immolate their patriots and their own liberties on the same altar? This was the train of his argument and eloquence. One passage from the very brilliant conclusion of his speech drew down a universal burst of applause. The spirit that informs it is in the best vein of pathetic eloquence. It was the closing appeal. As we shall hereafter take up the speeches of Mr. Sheil, Mr. Whiteside, and others in a separate paper, we abstain from extracts at present; but the beauty of this peroration will lose in no repetition:—

"There is not a great city in Europe in which, upon the day upon which the great intelligence shall be expected to arrive, men will not stop each other in the public way, to inquire whether twelve men upon their oaths have doomed to incarceration the man who gave liberty to Ireland. Whatever may be your adjudication, he is prepared to meet it. He knows that the eyes of the world are upon him, and that posterity, whether in a gaol or out of it, will look back to him with admiration. He is almost indifferent to what may befall him, and is far more solicitous for others at this moment than for himself. But I—at the commencement of what I have said to you, I told you that I was not unmoved, and that many incidents of my political life, the strange alternations of fortune through which I have passed, came back upon me. But now the bare possibility at which I have glanced has, I acknowledge, almost unmanned me. Shall I, who stretch out my hand to you in behalf of the son—the hand whose fetters the father had struck off—live to cast my eyes upon that domicile of sorrow, in the vicinity of this great metropolis, and say 'Tis there they have immured the Liberator of Ireland, with his fondest and best beloved child?' No! it shall never be! You will not consign him to the spot to which the Attorney-General invites you to surrender him. No. When the spring shall have come again, and the winter shall have passed—when the winter shall have come again, it is not through the windows of this mansion that the father of such a son, and the son of such a father, shall look upon those green hills on which the eyes of many a captive has gazed so wistfully in vain; but in their own mountain home they shall listen to the murmurs of the great Atlantic; they shall go forth and inhale the freshness of the morning air together; they shall be free of mountain solitudes; they will be encompassed with the loftiest images of liberty upon every side; and if time shall have stolen its suppleness from the father's knee, or impaired the firmness of his tread, he shall lean on

the child of her that watches over him from heaven, and shall look out for some high place far and wide into the island, whose greatness and whose glory shall be for ever associated with his name. In your love of justice—in your love of Ireland—in your love of honesty and fair play—I place my confidence. I ask you for an acquittal, not only for the sake of your country, but for your own. Upon the day when this trial shall have been brought to a termination, when amidst the burst of public expectancy, in answer to the solemn interrogatory which shall be put to you by the officer of the court, you shall answer 'not guilty,' with what a transport will that glorious negative be welcomed! How will you be blest, adored; and when retiring from this scene of excitement and of passion, you shall return to your tranquil homes, how pleasantly will you look upon your children, in the consciousness that you will have left them a patrimony of peace, by impressing upon the British cabinet, that some other measure besides a state prosecution is necessary for the pacification of your country."

It is unnecessary to pass in review all the topics on which Mr. Sheil dilated. All were well conceived and apposite, forming the constituent parts of a complete and elaborate whole. The various elements, and they are multitudinous, which could be brought to bear on a jury of Irishmen, and above all of Dublin citizens and Protestants, were skillfully mixed up—the glories of '82 with its Protestant volunteers—the gloom of the Union, with the consequent decay of trade—the petitions of the Orange Corporation to restore the Parliament—"the guilty desire" that Ireland had been a nation of Protestants—all were expounded for the palate of the jury with the most refined artistic skill. As a display of forensic eloquence, however, it is no demerit to its excellence to state, that it fell short of those models of magnificence which fill the highest places in the temple of oratory, and which we are accustomed to regard as the masterpieces of sublime art. We have heard it foolishly remarked, that it rivalled or surpassed the immortalities of ancient or modern times. The most that may be said in the panegyrical fashion is, that it was worthy the reputation of Mr. Sheil—and this is proceeding far in the direction of real praise. When we reflect on the grave character of the issue—when we consider that he was on that occasion the advocate not of one, but of millions—that the most sacred privileges of the people were in his keeping—that the first and loftiest principles of the constitution, and the venerable common law of the realm, were in danger—that he was the advocate of a nation against a government—that the history of centuries was at his command, to extract the finest materials that ever quickened, elevated, and inspired human eloquence—when we weigh all

these, and read the speech, grand as it is, we must say, that Mr. Sheil might have soared into an "ampler ether." Pictures might be drawn of triumphs and defeats—of sufferings and of struggles—more comprehensive in design, and richer or more sombre in coloring, than the most eloquent of painters ever completed. Except the cause of his country in the hands of Demosthenes, there was nothing comparable to the occasion of Mr. Sheil; principally to him, because in the allotment and distribution of the parts, that of history was assigned to his picturesque eloquence, the more weighty consideration of constitutional law and particular facts being appropriated to others. He alone had "verge enough" to trace in imperishable characters the past, present, and future fortunes of his country. We proudly acknowledge the splendid manifestations of intellectual power in many parts of his speech—there were streams of sparkling beauty and subduing pathos alternating with high and ennobling oratory—but we missed those imperishable flashes which are treasured up and remembered—the emanations of mind, which, like the bursting of the fountains of the great deep, fling out their living waters, to refresh and gladden for ever—the enduring power which for ever is incorporated with the history of the human mind, and which, like the conqueror of the Python, leaves the image of the orator to all future time in ever-living and unrivalled beauty and grandeur, when the orator and the epoch are passed away, and both are only known or remembered by the embalming powers of immortal eloquence.

In these remarks we set up the standard of an ideal excellence which very few have, but which has been reached. Mr. Whiteside, whose overpowering effort we shall notice in due order, has closely approximated to it in some passages—Mr. Sheil hovered near the confines, but, attracted by more inviting and transitory elements, he dropped into mid air. To derogate, however, from the extreme finish and beauty and effect of his oration, we are utterly indisposed. If we were to judge of its splendor by the response of universal admiration and applause, its merit stands confessed. One learned Judge declared it to be the most eloquent speech he had ever heard, and he had heard the defence of the Catholic Delegates—the prosecution and defence of the Bottle Conspirators—Mr. O'Connell's speeches in defence of Magee and Barrett, with many other of the most consummate displays of the Irish bar. Such was his estimate of Mr. Sheil. To roll up this long distended thread of gentle criticism, Mr. Sheil was witty, brilliant, polished, and

persuasive. If he was not first in oratory, he was foremost in effect. There was little professional argument, not because he was incapable of application to that department, but because his duties lay in an opposite direction. He was not to convince the court, but to move the jury,—to shame the minister—to soften the parliament, and absorb the attention of the people of England in painting the wrongs and sufferings of their oppressed brethren in Ireland. Why, men said, did not Sheil explain the law? He had a higher duty—to lay the basis of future laws. If he was not profound in legal exposition, it was because five were to follow who would exhaust the subject, through all its magnitude and variety. He had art, tact, and passion—the whole set off by the most exquisite acting, very curious, though very impressive. Every gesture and tone and cadence and position, was a study for the actor and elocution-master. It was perhaps too violent in some respects, and subversive of personal dignity, for you might feel that the orator was tickling you into an acknowledgment of his ability, by putting you off with empty dexterity of body instead of inspirations of mind. But in Mr. Sheil's case the orator accompanied the actor, and the mind and the eye were alike satisfied. In style it was the chastest of his we ever read. There was none of the redundancy and straining after expression which is perceptible in most of his earlier and some of his later efforts. No such conceits as calling "tears" the "steam of burning hearts"—and patriotism "the sunflower of the soul." Such frigidities had yielded to a more graceful and accomplished diction. The portraits of Saurin and Bushe, though brief, were characteristic and beautiful—the royal procession to College Green, and the delineation of the sovereign—the wife and the mother—the very gems of pictorial eloquence. The most faultless and touching of perorations drew forth some tears—O'Connell himself wept. Some idea of its subduing effect may be formed from one miraculous circumstance—the unexampled phenomenon of *Mr. William Ford* pouring out his feelings in hysterical sobs,—Pluto's iron tears! The effect produced by Mr. Sheil somewhat resembled that produced by Sheridan's speech, for Mr. Moore, following the example of Mr. Pitt, obtained from the court an adjournment. No ladies fainted, though sensitive town clerks shed tears—something still more strange than the accounts we read of the impressions produced on the Athenian audience by the *Eumenides* of *Æschylus*. A grey attorney in hysterics!

On the following day Mr. Moore commence-

ed his address for the Rev. Mr. Tierney. His task was comparatively easy, as, of all the accused, the meek pastor of Clontibret was the least involved in the conspiracy. But Mr. Moore did not limit himself to the mere exculpation of his client. He stood on higher ground, and, while he prominently kept his peculiar cause in front of the argument, and extracted ample proofs of his client's innocence from the indictment and the evidence, he did battle at the same time for all the traversers. He had not Mr. Sheil's wit to vivify—or his eloquence to inspire—or his vigorous action to rivet attention: but he had pure and unembarrassed reasoning—constitutional principles to lay down—sound and just conclusions to draw—rational conjectures from complicated and contradictory testimony to infer—and all impressed with that authority and weight which the highest professional character can bestow. If he had none of the impassioned bursts, or that overwhelming vehemence which constitute the more exalted style of advocacy, he had that unpretending but not the less convincing plainness and simple force of expression which spring from sterling sense and clear and calm reason. You could cull no particular passage, and say, “this is eloquence”—but you would say that the entire was characteristic of a powerful mind. It was remarkable for two qualities—a condensed exposition of the law, and cutting, we might almost say savage, sarcasm. He is a modest and good-natured man, to whom the utterance of a harsh expression is quite a novelty. An understanding so sound, and judgment so well balanced, rarely yield to the impulses which sway less sober and reflective minds. Irony and invective are alien to such natures; they are found in the wayward, the sensitive, the strong of passion and intemperate of tongue; but who would have sought them in Richard Moore? His severity to the Attorney-General broke on us with surprise. Keen as was the satire, and poignant and wicked the wit of Mr. Sheil, he was surpassed by Mr. Moore in the intensity and unsparing weight of his blows. And yet there was nothing which fell without the circle of professional duty. This is the difficulty to guard against, and for transgressing which, in the esteem of the Attorney-General, Mr. Fitzgibbon was honored with his cartel. We can account for the unloosing of Mr. Moore's generally inoffensive tongue. A deep deposit had been accumulating in his mind since the day he was charged with “gross ignorance.” The long fast since then had sharpened his appetite. He gathered up and nursed his just indignation for a future day, when it suddenly burst on the Attorney-General's ear with an

effect quite appalling. His parliamentary career, and we ourselves acknowledge a guilty participation, has exposed Mr. Smith to much unprovoked bitterness. To gall a generous steed by a continual pricking of his ulcerated wounds, is unkind and cruel. Had he done deeds of dishonor and disrepute, let him pay the penalty of a criminal remembrance—otherwise let him be spared. In the case of Mr. Moore, it was only the old law of *Talis*. Mr. Smith pierced, and was punished in return. That Mr. Moore so smote, let the Attorney-General accuse the quickness of his own temper, which is for ever rising up in judgment against him—a weakness, however, which is more than balanced by many virtues.

To pass to more pleasing contemplations than the quarrels of honorable men, which, after all, amount to nothing more than that artificial enmity engendered by the temporary conflict of heated minds, and which soon fades before the returning light of cool and deliberate reflection—Mr. Moore cleared up what Mr. Sheil left for the most part untouched in all its purity—the law of conspiracy, and its application to the case of all the traversers. He was very clear and powerful in untying the hard knots with which the Crown had drawn in and fastened the accused. Every sentence contained a principle. Without identifying himself with the repeal question, from which he kept sedulously distant, he rested the right of the Irish people to pursue it on the true, intelligible, and constitutional grounds. From an abstract view of the law, he descended to particulars, and alit on the Clontarf meeting, which it was stated by the Attorney-General was not held by Mr. O'Connell, “from a conviction of its illegality.” This afforded Mr. Moore a fine opportunity of assailing the conduct of the government in their tardy issue of that memorable proclamation, and at the same time, of explaining the views and extolling the humanity of Mr. O'Connell, in saving the unarmed multitudes from the chances of a collision with the soldiery. Whether the projected march to Conquer-Hill, with Mr. Morgan's “turms of horse and wings,” and the sable denizens of the Coal Quay in divisions and sections—was legal or not, we shall not inquire after the verdict, but that the motives of the leader originated in purer and better feelings than those attributed by the Attorney-General, we cannot for a moment doubt. Mr. Moore, with simple eloquence, depicted the disastrous consequences which might ensue from a rash or sudden act or word of offence—and with the possible horrors of a butchery before the eyes of Mr. O'Connell, he left the Jury to choose between

the convictions of humanity and illegality. The speech occupied two hours in the delivery, and within that time it would be difficult to compress more solid reasoning—more comprehensive, and at the same time minute and particular exposition—more successful development of principles, and more skill in their application. He aimed at no splendid display—he forgot himself in the interests of his clients, and was content with the more humble duty of keeping close to his subject. After the high flavor of Mr. Sheil's oratory, the homeliness of Mr. Moore was a great relief—one had the cream of champagne, the other of humble but more nutritious milk. Each, however, is good in its season.

Mr. Hatchell's defence for the Secretary of the Association surpassed in effect the customary run of his jury addresses. Circumspect and cunning, he threw deep into shadow, or passed over with the slightest glance of his cautious mind, those points of the accusation which bore most heavily on Mr. Ray. He pressed the Crown with well-affected indignation on the solemn mockery of punishing a man for a conspiracy who was merely the paid servant of the conspiring body. This was the very danger in which his client was involved, and he pushed it aside with a "Really, gentlemen of the jury, this is *too* bad. Was there ever any thing so monstrous, as to punish my client for speaking *no* seditious speech—moving *no* criminal resolution—attending *no* monster-meeting? For I will show you that the excursion to Tara was an innocent *pic nic*?"—and *sic* to the end. The light materials of his defence were worked together with much adroitness, and put forth with vigor and effect. One point he turned to the greatest advantage. In the cases of Herne Tooke and Hardy, the law officers of the day, influenced by British feelings, and dealing with British juries, produced for examination the secretary to the Corresponding Society—a reluctant witness for the Crown: but an English Attorney-General gave accused Englishmen the benefit of his cross-examination. That witness established the innocent character of the Society. Here the "Secretary" was distorted into a conspirator, and struck mute for self and fellows. Mr. Hatchell was overflowing with "monstrosities"—this was monstrous—that was monstrous—every thing done by the Crown, in fact, was to him inexplicably monstrous. Now was it to be believed that in a free country—governed by a free constitution and laws—that the Crown should bear down on so innocent a man as Mr. Ray—for doing what?—receiving the moneys of the Society—directing the corres-

pondence of the Society—ordering the publications of the Society—and discharging the bills of the Society. It was monstrous, "Gentlemen," preposterously monstrous! Mr. Hatchell's language was distinguished for abstinence from all personality or attribution of unfair or uncandid motives. He spoke without offence, and his efficiency was not less. The doses administered by his predecessors were strong enough, and perhaps the policy of moderation in that juncture was the best that could have been adopted.

Mr. Fitzgibbon had from the commencement thrown himself into the lead, and maintained it with an inflexibility which often savored of undue hardness to his opponents; but the cause lay deeper—in the peculiarity of his temperament. It was his constitution, the character of his mind, and not the result of an obtrusive or vindictive disposition: for though a bold and courageous man, he is in many respects gentle and retiring. Professionally he strikes forward, and stays within no limits which he conceives it his duty to surpass. In all this there is no "criminal intent." He was counsel for Dr. Gray, of the *Freeman's Journal*, and unlike Mr. Moore, who contented himself with a rapid and forcible sketch, there remained for him the boundless variety of the law and evidence. This was the ponderous task which Mr. Fitzgibbon incurred, and he accomplished it in a speech of immense length. He pitted himself against the eleven hours of the Attorney-General, and in truth assumed the part of Attorney-General for the accused. He was able, searching, and logical; but had he been more compressed, he would have been more convincing. His fault lay in his prolixity. Condensed into five or six hours, his argument would have proved the masterpiece of the trials: but being long of argument, and strict of conscience, he gave the accused the full benefit of both. The foretaste of his severity in the past discussions influenced all the law officers to erect their united ears, and watch every word of Mr. Fitzgibbon. It was believed that he, with his usual fearlessness, would take advantage of the occasion, and "speak the truth that was in him." Feeling, perhaps, that in the stern discharge of his duty, his language might give offence, he opened with a high eulogy on the professional merits of the Attorney-General—he rounded off his character as a gentleman and a lawyer most panegyrically, but then he took care to discriminate between what was due to him as a private individual and state prosecutor. In the latter capacity he felt bound to speak as his client, standing at the bar, would have spoken.

This is the theory of advocacy, but the exercise of the right is rarely carried out to the full extent, and the license is limited by the wisdom and discretion of counsel. One passage gave rise to the most singular event of all with which these trials abounded. Here it is *in extenso*. We well remember the long metaphysical face of the speaker as he fixed his eye on the Attorney-General :

"Gentlemen, if there exists a case in which a lawyer of the meanest order, in citing the law, is bound to cite it candidly and fairly, that case is the case of a state prosecution. If there be a case in which common humanity requires that the law should be fairly and candidly cited, it is a case where a man of my own rank—of my own profession—who was for nearly half a century an ornament of that profession—who was for nearly half a century, without any disparagement of myself, my clearly admitted superior in all particulars of professional excellence—if there be a case in which every ennobling feeling that belongs to the human kind in any heart where feeling has found a footing, it is this case, where a man in the discharge of a public duty has the painful task imposed upon him of driving into a prison to eke out in miserable wretchedness the evening of a long life—his brother barrister—his fellow-man—who has nearly completed that measure of human life that is said to be its full extent, and to consign him to eke out the little of that life that now remains, in the cold and freezing atmosphere of a dungeon. That is the case which ought to suggest fairness and candor, if any had been. That is the case in which I would go standing to defend myself against my brother barrister if it should be his duty, as Attorney-General, to prosecute me. That is the case in which I, conscious of innocence, would say to him, my brother, do your duty—do it like a man—strike hard, but strike fairly! I would say to him, strike fairly, but if you aim below the belt, I repeat it, although I succeed in parrying your treacherous blow, you are no longer a man entitled to any respect, or entitled to any quarter. Am I, gentlemen, because I am not here in my own case, am I not to fight this battle as I would fight it for myself? Gentlemen, it may be productive of bad consequences to me in my career to do so—but I shall never eat the guilty bread which is earned by professional subserviency. I shall not retire to rest upon my pillow, borne down with the remorseful feeling that I was an example of turpitude, as I should if I would not say over and over again every word that I am justified in saying, and in saying, because I am justified in feeling it. Such, gentlemen, has been the conduct of the Attorney-General in this prosecution."

A message to retract or fight followed. The circumstances of that strange proceeding we pass over. They have unfortunately conferred a most undignified celebrity on the course of Irish justice. It surprised all that the Attorney-General should have resorted to such a vulgar vindication at that particular

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time, while his opponent was in the very act of discharging the most solemn and responsible of duties. But, after all, Attorneys-General are men with the faults and frailties of men. Human feelings transcend official forms, and however grievous the folly and pernicious the precedent, let us still remember the generosity—perhaps the mistaken generosity which influenced the deed. Mr. Law, afterwards Lord Ellenborough, when pleading for Warren Hastings, sent a cartel to one of the managers. Men whose honor is offended will not be restrained from vindicating their reputation at any sacrifice. We do not justify, though we may soften down the crime. There was at least in that rashness the impulse of a lofty spirit, which is increased by the consideration that Mr. Fitzgibbon is known to be a man ever ready to support his words by the last resort. Both are possessed of a fearless and intrepid courage—neither knows what is the compromise of his opinions. In one point of view Mr. Fitzgibbon's conduct swerved somewhat from the strict line of propriety. After returning the letter, the appeal to the court was an error. The surrender implied an act of oblivion binding on all parties; but still smarting with the recollection of the offence, and guided by other advice, he invoked the protection of their lordships. Let the matter rest here. Though both were animated by deep resentment, we do hope that what Sir Thomas Browne calls "an honest possibility of reconciliation" is open, and that both will regard the affair as one of those acts of conventional hostility, which astonish the vulgar but amuse the initiated. The Attorney-General transgressed and relented—Mr. Fitzgibbon forgave. Never did public officer tread so close on imminent ruin. Let it be to him for ever a warning and a lesson.

When we stated, in our sketch of Mr. Whiteside, that he was the only representative of the old eloquence at the Irish bar, we uttered a partial truth, which would have been complete, if we had added, of the purest school of that eloquence, for, like the ancient philosophy, it ramified into many sects, and assumed many forms more or less correct and chaste. We are not, however, false in the prediction, that he would rekindle the extinguished light, and restore the lamp to the altar where it had long burnt with such unrivalled splendor, until the substitution of an unsound standard of forensic skill had quenched it. Extraordinary occasions have produced extraordinary displays of power. When all deemed the ancient glory of the Irish bar was declined for ever, it once more refreshes itself with draughts from the original foun-

tains of its fame. Whatever our haughty brethren of Westminster Hall may think of our late incursions into the field of so many former triumphs—whatever standard their more fastidious taste may erect as a model of forensic oratory—be it the faultless elegance of Sergeant Talfourd, or the robust sense of Sir Thomas Wilde—however much they may decry our provincial pretensions, and insinuate that “our speech bewrayeth us,”—that our virtues, if any we boast, are of that fresh and rude stamp which mistake finery for gracefulness, and bombast for force,—if there be who think so, we refer them to Mr. Gurney’s forthcoming report, and that will dissipate the delusion. Unbiased minds will place Mr. Whiteside’s noble speech among the most successful efforts of modern times. We knew the man, and the qualities that informed him, and however we doubted his merits as a lawyer, we predicted for him great and unquestioned success as an orator. We institute no comparisons here, or we might draw down on us the disapprobation of Mr. Sheil’s admirers, and they are too numerous to encounter; but as combined efforts in one cause, we would wish to know where they have been surpassed. Mr. Whiteside’s speech was conceived in the highest style of art, and delivered with all those thrilling accompaniments which heighten its impressiveness. It was the just and admirable remark of Fox, that “speeches were made to be spoken, and not to be read.” Mr. Whiteside’s can bear the most scrutinizing inquiry as a composition: but half the effect is lost to those who did not hear him. The voice and the gesture—the visible inspiration of intense energy and conscious power—the fluctuating emotions of the crowded court borne away by his fervor, when he carried them back to the days of national independence, and contrasted present desolation with past prosperity,—when he pointed to the fabric of the legislative temple, deserted as it was by the tutelary gods of old,—or when, in language not unworthy of Erskine, he traced the blessings derived to the world from the right of free discussion—the soul he inspired into all he said, and the impassioned whirl in which his noble language rolled forth—all are lost in the transcript, and the frost-work of words only remains.

To those who remembered the men of the olden time, and some there were there old enough to remember, his speech was allowed not to be inferior to many of their best productions. To us, whose memory cannot draw on such distant recollections, and who have been conversant only with the cold and creeping verbosity which is dignified with the

appellation of “practical,”—who have never heard the responses of the living oracle—only some false pretender to inspiration—the Simon Maguses on bills of exchange and ejections on the title—on us Mr. Whiteside came with astonishment, even after the brilliant wonders of the member for Dungarvan. We are not led away by the frivolous or the fanciful—we think we can distinguish between the correct and false in taste—between the genuine and spurious in thought and diction—between the mock-feeling of a nisi prius peddler and the strong spirit of the true orator—between the bursting of the deep fountains and the scanty stream of a syringe. With every disposition to moderate feeling, we were compelled to acknowledge the powerful influence of Mr. Whiteside, more particularly in the closing passages of each day which, it is no abuse of language to say, electrified the court. But it was not alone in the strong flights that his superiority was conspicuous. He equally delighted by his lightness and humor—by that perpetual play of pleasantry, which of all oratorical attributes is perhaps the most delicate to manage and the most difficult to reconcile with depth and originality. We cannot at present proceed further, as one or two more claim a portion of our attention. At more fitting leisure we shall compare the eminent displays of all, and give the world the benefit of our judgment on this revival of the old triumphs of our country. He was succeeded by Mr. M'Donagh, who labored under the disadvantage of being preceded by such a speaker. He made an admirable and effective argument, for he did not affect to soar, though, ostrich-like, he passed over the ground with surprising quickness. Misfortunes are rarely single. Mr. Henn followed, and withdrew public attention from the skilful reasoning and sound explication of the law they had just heard from Mr. M'Donagh. One matter we noticed during the delivery—that their lordships more frequently resorted to their pens—a sure sign of a sound argument.

Mr. Henn long held out against all persuasives, but the defenceless condition of Tom Steele softened him into a relenting mood. It was a public regret that he did not lead, which he might have done with such weight and authority. But he would not infringe on an established rule of professional duty, and Mr. Moore stood in front. On the day only before he spoke did he determine, of all the leaders, not to remain silent. His speech was unexpected and unprepared, but the speaker was not unprepared in those elements of power which mark the consummate advocate and lofty reasoner. High intellect

is ever ready for the work. Mr. Henn's address may rather be called the outline of a great argument. Had he, consistently with the public time, and a sense of duty, filled it up with that breadth and amplitude of which it was capable, there was none to surpass it in powerful effect. He was called suddenly to his task, and brief as was the time, he did not fall short of his reputation and the general hope. It was reported that Mr. Henn accepted a retainer on the condition that he would not be called on to speak. Some construed this into a desire, on his part, to keep well with the party in power. They who knew the manliness and independence of his character, could not for a moment doubt, that no such feelings lurked at the bottom of his engagement. Fearless and honorable, he would not fall short of his duty, although the shrinking were to lead to the highest honors. The fable reached his ears, and was soon dissipated in his acceptance of Mr. Steele's defence; though he seemed to feel that after the preceding displays, which, though brilliant, were the result of elaborate preparation, that his less ambitious effort would shine with diminished lustre. This is the native modesty of eminent minds. His light did not blaze as long or as strongly as Mr. Sheil's or Mr. Whiteside's, but it burned with as clear an effulgence during the one short hour of his unequalled address. Able judges declared that it was the most lucid and succinct—the most masterly in the concentration of the questions involved, and the application of the law—the most keen in the dissection of the charges—the most intelligible to and telling on the reason and consciences of the jury—the most conclusive and pithy in argument, and generally the most calmly convincing of all that had been spoken. The member for Dungarvan's was a brilliant epitomized history of Irish suffering, reaction, and success—Mr. Moore's a forcible constitutional argument—Mr. Hatchell's a skilful *nisi prius* defence—M. Fitzgibbon's a thorough development of the law and evidence, but too redundant to be impressive—Mr. Whiteside's a wide field of humor, research, and eloquence—Mr. M'Donagh's a clever ingenuity—but Mr. Henn's was a strong and undiluted essence of sober and earnest reasoning.

We have to do unsparing justice to all, but the pearl of the entire was Mr. Henn's short speech. With the music of Sheil's epigrammatic, and Whiteside's frank, fresh, and forcible eloquence still ringing in our ears—with the "law of conspiracy" hammered into our heads—and the evidence in all its minutest details made as plain to our

minds as Baron George's pike-staff, we pitied Mr. Henn for the disadvantages under which he labored in addressing the court. To be original in adding a new argument, or propounding a new principle, seemed beyond human capacity. The resources of skill and research appeared exhausted; but though he came on a long-beaten track, his arguments had a freshness and novelty as unexpected as they were rare. What he said went home. There was a dignity in his manner, and a sincerity in his language, supported and informed as both were by a plain and straightforward reasoning, which produced a striking effect. The sly lints of sarcastic humor which he levelled at the indictment—the conference of the law officers, in which the Attorney-General gave his opinion in favor of "High Treason,"—the more calculating Solicitor for "Sedition,"—and Mr. Brewster's "Flat Burglary,"—were inimitable. His constitutional reading on the right of free discussion was a pregnant and powerful teaching, and the closing appeal to a jury of "Irish gentlemen" and of "Irish Protestants," who had in charge the liberties of their Catholic brethren, was chaste, touching, and eloquent. Ministers should remember one phrase uttered by Mr. Henn—only as an advocate, it is true, but the people cannot dissociate the sentiments of the advocate and the Irishman—"I was of opinion that the Repeal would be fraught with mischief to England and ruin to Ireland; but I will not say that I have not heard much during this discussion calculated to shake that opinion."

Last came Mr. O'Connell. His patent of precedence might have placed him at the head of the array, but he was reluctant from the commencement to withdraw any portion of his defence from his able leaders. Doubting the policy of such a course, he was with some difficulty prevailed upon to mingle fresh ingredients in the defence, and appeal to the national feelings of the jury. He resolved to smite the Union hip and thigh, and if there were one man in that box to be softened, his aim was not altogether misdirected. To this object his speech was mainly applied, but he trod lightly and not unsuccessfully on the legal ground so often ploughed up before. Of him the scriptural saying cannot well be averred, for one of the first advocates in Europe could not come within the category of imprudent counsellors, but it must be confessed that Mr. O'Connell did not rise to that eloquent height which had been anticipated. His speech resolved itself into two divisions—the legal and political, but, like Falstaff's tavern bill, the second was the sack. His reply to the charges of conspiracy and dis-

loyalty was a lofty and impressive vindication of his public life and conduct through nearly half a century of battle and storm. He appealed to his indignant denunciations of all secret conspiracies—to the peril of his own life in uprooting the trades' combinations—to his hatred of Chartism—to his repudiation of French Republicans and American Slave-owners—to the peaceful doctrines of his apostleship—to the maxims he inculcated—to the publicity of his proceedings, and the orderly triumphs he had obtained. No person could contemplate the appearance of such a man without emotion—standing at the bar as a public criminal, and at the close of a long life of renown, to purge himself from the accusations of traitor and conspirator. It was a moving sight, and notwithstanding what Mr. Whiteside called "the gigantic scissors" of the Attorney-General, and his elaborate construction of an harmonious whole out of a thousand disjected members, there are few unconvinced of Mr. O'Connell's innocence as a public conspirator, however exciting his language, and ardent his sentiments.

Had Mr. O'Connell kept within the strict line of disproof, his speech would have been the crowning stone of the monument. He yielded to a too liberal enthusiasm, and would contrast, in the presence of a jury of Dublin citizens and shopkeepers, the glorious image of ancient prosperity with the melancholy reality of present ruin. In this, we think, the judgment of Mr. O'Connell erred. He collected an imposing multitude of authorities. He combated the Attorney-General with weapons fetched from his own armory. If the extracts from his anti-union speeches made him a conspirator, then did he "conspire, confederate, and combine," in sentiment and opinion with the highest and most venerated authorities. There was one conspicuous trait in his speech—not a word of harshness or unkindness to the Attorney-General. He praised him rather for the moderation of his statement, and the candor of his conduct. This generosity was ill requited, for some of the subordinate conductors indulged themselves throughout in a rude and impertinent giggle, inconsistent with the calmness and impassiveness of state prosecutors. The Attorney-General had no reason to complain of Mr. O'Connell. Whoever reproved, he praised him.

The speech occupied six hours, and compared with many of his former efforts, it did not rise to the true standard of his eloquence. He had not that strong and seductive strength—that overwhelming fulness of intense passion—illustrative humor, and acute and vig-

orous reasoning, which enter into his less constrained displays. The very importance of the occasion subdued him. We have generally observed that his accustomed power is dissipated when he has to work his way through statistics and practical details. He is one of those speakers who, like the chariot-wheel, catch fire from the unbroken rapidity of their speed. He requires, too, the acclamations of multitudes—the electrical sympathies of a popular audience to animate him. The cold silence of a court of justice is a drag-chain to his eloquence, while that very coldness would enable him to construct the highest legal argument from the coolness and concentration of his reasoning faculties.

We have not touched on the Solicitor General's reply—the Charge of the Chief Justice, and the all-important verdict. The first was an elaborate and lucid summing up of the evidence—the second a very hearty piece of advocacy against the accused, and with all respect for his lordship's knowledge of his judicial duties, far too warm and unilateral for the grave and impersonal administrator of justice. How different from Chief Justice Eyre's calm and dignified charge in Hardy's case, or Sir N. Tyndal's on the Chartist trials! Among the other matters in reserve for future consideration, is this unique demonstration of a "rigor beyond the law." Of the verdict we say nothing. It is the solemn finding of twelve sworn men. We hold it sacred.

SONNET.—THE BRIDE.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

From the Court Journal.

A HOLY softness glistened in her eyes,
As bright in tearful smiles, the new-made bride
Surveyed the wedded lover by her side,
Now linked to her for ever, with the ties
Of heaven's own blest cementing, as with sighs
That breathed of speechless fondness, she replied
To his enraptured words, and strove to hide
Those sweet effusions which at times would rise
To dim her radiant glances, like the dews
That fall on summer mornings, and bespoke
The soul's o'erflowing transport, while the hues
Of love's celestial painting, softly broke
O'er her fair cheek, and added blushing grace
To each divine expression of her face.

HISTORIES AND MYSTERIES.

FROM A TRAVELLER'S COLLECTION.

BY J. W. LAKE, (OF PARIS).

CHARLES LE MAUDIT.

PARIS—THE "THREE DAYS" OF 1572.

From the Metropolitan.

THE Duc de Guise, the Grand Prior of France, and the other Catholic chiefs, passed the remainder of the night in exciting the people and soldiers to murder and pillage. Whenever they saw them, from fatigue, relax in their savage occupation, the noble prince and the grand prior harangued this horrible multitude, urging them on to fresh crimes and cruelties.

"Death to the Protestants!" cried the Prince Lorraine; "heaven and the king ordain it;—away with pity—away with mercy for these factious heretics. The garments they wear are abandoned to the faithful who undertake to fulfil the divine and royal decrees; but woe to whoever affords shelter to those rebels proscribed by law!"

The Ducs de Montpensier, de Nemours, and d'Aumale, as well as Tarannes, Goudy, and Henri d'Angoulême, seconded the cruel enemy of the Protestants. Excited by the prospect of plunder, and sure of more than impunity, the fanatic wretches gave themselves up without reserve to excesses for which language has no name.

All the passions hostile to humanity were free to indulge their homicidal rage. Envy, hatred, and jealousy, discord, avarice, and vengeance—each and all partook, at this eternally execrable period, in the odious triumph of fanaticism.

The social ties were all spurned or broken; the impatient hier immolated his aged and helpless relation; the debt of gratitude was paid by a dagger in the bosom of the benefactor; mothers were seen to make away with their own children, and children to murder the authors of their existence; husbands destroyed their wives, and wives their husbands.

To possess wealth was equally perilous as to be suspected of heresy. Glory, genius, goodness, were crimes, which ignorance and envy punished with death. Every species of rivalry became a cause and motive for murder.

The Protestants, although the principal, were not the only victims of this frightful proscription. Many good Catholics were sacrificed to the interest or vengeance of their private enemies.

Paris, at this moment, offered the most hideous of spectacles. To the savage howlings and imprecations of the assassins, were joined the cries and shrieks of despair, the plaints and groans of those who fell beneath the merciless blows of their persecutors. With the dull and sinister tolling of the bells, mingled the noise of the loud drums and murderous firearms. The unfortunate victims, half naked, the greater part wounded, the blood streaming from their wounds, escaped from the hired assassins in their houses, to be massacred by the licensed assassins in the streets. Many precipitated

themselves from the windows, from whence, also, the dead bodies were thrown, whose fall was more than once fatal to the slaughterers below. Others plunged into the Seine, and if they were able to cross the river, whose waters were red with human gore, they found a speedy and horrible death where they had hoped for safety.

Nor beauty, youth, nor old age, nor even tender infancy, could soften the executioners. The fiat of *Charles le Maudit* had gone forth; his fanatic agents were alike insensible to menaces and to prayers. Their souls seemed to be governed by an infernal genius. They dealt their deadly blows without distinction of age or sex, and their fiend-like ferocity contrived to render the agonies of death still more agonizing, by adding the most odious sarcasms, the grossest insults, to all their homicidal frenzy could inspire of the most revolting cruelty.

Women, in a state which is respected by the most savage nations, were not respected by those wretches. On the contrary, the helpless mother and the untimely infant were—but here we must drop the veil.

At this terrible epoch, it was not uncommon to behold fathers exercising their children to fire upon the Huguenots, encouraging them to kill those who were only wounded, and to insult them in their dying moments by the most infamous language.

The friend refused a shelter to his proscribed friend; the relation to his next of kin; the father to his son, the son to his father, from the selfish fear of compromising their own safety. No hiding-place was secure for the unfortunate Protestants; they were either tracked to their most secret covers by the bloodhounds of Charles and Guise, or basely betrayed, and sold to their unsparing foes.

The public squares, streets, lanes, passages, alleys, were encumbered with dead bodies. In many places they were piled up to the second floor, especially in the vicinity of the royal residence, the Louvre. The surprised and terror-struck Calvinists hurried either to the Hotel de Coligny or to the palace of their sovereign: in the first reigned desolation—in the latter the author of this frightful carnage. Death awaited them at the gates of both.

Such were the horrors that Paris presented during three days, its streets streaming with gore, and the Seine covered with the mutilated remains of the victims, dreadful evidences of the cruelty of the Parisians of that period, which the crimsoned flood bore "far away!" Unhappily, their cruelty found imitators in every part of the kingdom.

In the principal towns, de la Brie, de l'Anjou, du Berry, de l'Orléanais, du Lyonnais, du Languedoc, and de la Normandie, the Protestants were immolated without pity, as in the capital. The dagger of fanaticism penetrated alike into the lofty chateau and the lowly cottage, without distinction, and without remorse.

The disfigured remains of the Huguenots whom the proscription had attainted were left unburied on the French soil. Woe to whoever had dared to give a murdered Protestant a grave! Such an act of common humanity, commanded

even by the interest of the survivors, by the public health, would have passed for a crime, and he who had been guilty of such imprudence would have paid for it with his life!

One of the first victims of the massacre was the Count de la Rochefoucauld, a nobleman who, by his virtues, had acquired general esteem, and for whom the king himself appeared to entertain much regard.

Charles, in a moment of involuntary generosity, had even sought to retain him at the Louvre that fatal night; but the count refused, and the monarch, fearing to excite his suspicions by pressing him too closely, finished by turning his instances into pleasantry, and, with the most atrocious coolness, said,

"Eh, bien! cher comte; you will not be surprised, if, this very night, I cause you to be awake, and inflict upon you a slight correction, to punish you for the rebellion of which you are guilty this evening!"

The count was far from imagining the horrible threat comprised in those few words; he took leave of the sovereign, and returned to his hotel.

Awoke in the middle of the night by men in masks, who dragged him violently from his bed, he at first felt no alarm, thinking it was merely the execution of the king's pleasantry, to punish him, as he had laughingly said, for his refusal. A sword-wound he received in the arm convinced him, however, that it was an attempt on his life, and he endeavored to defend himself. But what chance had he against a dozen armed assassins? La Barge, gentilhomme auvergnat, who commanded the ruffians, and who had already wounded him, struck him such a furious blow in the throat, that he fell, and, with a deep groan, expired. The king, informed of these details, evinced no emotion, and yet this prince loved La Rochefoucauld, as much as such a cruel tyrant was capable of entertaining a sentiment in accordance with humanity. To recompense La Barge for his crime, he was permitted to pillage the hotel of his victim, and to share the spoil with his myrmaids.

Brion, who had attained his eightieth year, equally respectable by his talents and virtues, was governor of the Prince de Conti, brother of the Prince de Condé. But he was a heretic. Pursued by the wretches sent to abridge, by a horrible crime, the few days that, in the course of nature, remained to him, he took refuge in the apartment of his pupil, and, pressing him in his arms, implored the affrighted boy to intercede for him.

The young prince, holding out his innocent hands to the murderers, conjured them, with the most piteous cries, to spare his venerable governor. His tears flowed in vain, his prayers were unheard; his promises disregarded.

Brion was poniarded in the arms of his pupil, who was covered with his blood.

The cries of the youthful prince re-echoed through the palace, and it was only by violence that they could force him from the inanimate form of his beloved tutor. The horrible scene impressed itself so strongly on his memory, that it was frequently re-produced in his dreams. The shock was so great, that for a long time

even his life was not considered out of danger; and during his whole existence, the remembrance of that dreadful night caused him the most painful emotion.

Charles Beaumanois de Lavardin, whose sole crime was heresy, being no longer safe in his house, sought a hiding-place at the residence of his friend, Pierre Loup, procureur au parlement; the latter, consulting only his heart, alive to every generous sentiment, received the Calvinist, and promised to do all in his power to save him from the dreadful fate that menaced him.

The retreat of the heretic was soon known; the house of the procureur was besieged by a band of wretches, who broke the windows with stones, and, with horrible howlings and imprecations, declared, that if the refugee was not instantly delivered up to them, they would massacre all the inhabitants of the house, orthodox or others. Pierre, at first, essayed to pacify the barbarians, or, at least, to moderate their fury, but, finding that he excited rather than appeased it,

"Well," said he to them, "know, then, that heresy has not a more ardent enemy than I am; and if I have not sooner proclaimed it to you, it was to convince myself of your zeal, and to be assured that religion and the king had not more valiant, more incorruptible defenders than yourselves. Having proved the devoted zeal that animates you, I now declare that I only deceived the Huguenot, Lavardin, to my house to prevent his escaping my just vengeance elsewhere; in a few hours, my friends, he shall have ceased to exist."

"He must die this very instant," cried the chief of the band.

"I know that he can make important revelations," resumed the procureur, "and I hope to obtain them. It is, therefore, in the interest of the good cause that his death should be retarded for some hours. Grant me this delay, I entreat you!"

"Be it so," replied the bravo; "but do not suppose that you can deceive us. A part of my followers shall remain here, and woe to yourself if you seek to save him whose head we require!"

He then withdrew, leaving a sufficient force to watch the house, who remained like serpents waiting for their prey. The generous magistrate, however, nothing daunted, had still hopes of saving his guest, when a summons came, in the king's name, immediately to deliver up the unfortunate Lavardin, under the penalty of being himself considered as a rebel, and treated as such.

The struggle became hopeless, useless; in sacrificing himself for the proscribed heretic, he could not save the former's life; he therefore was obliged to communicate to him the rigorous orders he had just received.

The unfortunate, to whom he just conveyed the inevitable sentence of death, threw himself into the arms of his attempted liberator, exclaiming—

"Generous man! Heaven forbid that I should render you a victim of your devotedness! I should be more culpable than the wretches who

seek my life, if I longer exposed you to their fury. Adieu!"

He then presented himself to the assassins, and boldly said:—

"I am ready. Obey the king's orders. I have always respected them myself."

At the same instant several of the ruffians rushed on him, bound his hands and feet, and then dragged him, bleeding, under the windows of the Louvre; for it was there that the principal chiefs of the heresy were taken to be immolated beneath their sovereign's eyes. Before he had arrived there, Lavaradin was insensible; they stabbed him, however, in several places, and threw his body into the river.

The Captain Michel, one of the most famous, and most cruel, of the slaughterers, had received orders to proceed to the dwelling of Pierre de la Place, president of the Cour des Aides de Paris, and murder him.

To his sanguinary habits Michel added the most insatiable cupidity. La Place hoped, that by satisfying this last passion he might prevail upon the murderer to save his life. He therefore entreated a moment's private interview with him, assuring the wretch that he had something to say which was of great importance to him, Michel. The selfishness of the latter led him to acquiesce in the prayer of his devoted victim; he then made his accomplices withdraw out of hearing, having first made himself quite sure that the president had no offensive weapon about him.

"What have you to say to me?" demanded this worthy instrument of the vengeance of Medicis.

"I seek to ransom my life, by making your fortune," replied the proscribed magistrate.

"My orders are precise; and my punishment certain, if I derogate from them, or am even suspected," replied the cunning brigand.

"I will furnish you the means of saving me, in such a way that you shall incur no suspicion of having aided me!"

"That alters the case. But if I concur in your wishes, what recompense shall I receive, and what am I to do to gain it?"

"I will begin by answering your last question. You will say to your — that is, to those who are with you, that it is necessary to make the king acquainted with the revelations I have made to you; that they are of a nature requiring an interview with his majesty, and that you feel it to be your duty to retard the moment of my execution."

"Suppose I consent to tell this falsehood, it will not save you; it can only prolong your existence for a few hours."

"You will give me my study for prison, leave me alone, and place as many guards as you think proper at the door. You will then go to the king, for the purpose of communicating what I am supposed to have told you; ere you return, I shall be in safety."

"I understand, . . . you will save yourself by some secret passage. 'Tis well; but I incur imminent risk in thus serving you, and you have not yet named the price of my compliance."

"A thousand *ecus d'or*."

"What! You think me mad enough to hazard my life, for it would be nothing less than that, for such a paltry sum! It seems to me that you might value your own somewhat higher."

"I fear that you may require more than it is in my power to give."

"I will do nothing for less than three thousand golden *ecus*."

"May I rely upon you; and you shall have them?"

"Yes—for that sum I will fulfil your wishes exactly."

"Follow me, and I will begin by realizing my promise."

"Before all, what must I say to the king?"

"That I have the most important revelations to make to him, in respect to the conspiracy of which we are accused."

"Bah! who knows better than he does, that this pretended conspiracy is but a pretext to get rid of you all?"

"And you yourself are convinced of it."

"Certainly."

"Nevertheless—"

"We are commanded, and it is our duty to obey."

La Place could not help shuddering with horror at such reasoning; it would have been dangerous to show it; this he knew, and remained silent. He then put the promised gold into the hands of the rapacious ruffian, over whose features passed a frightful and sinister smile; he, however, kept his

"Word of promise to the ear,
And broke it to the hope."

Michel having with difficulty persuaded his ferocious accomplices to wait, proceeded to place his ill-gotten treasure in safety, and then went to the king, to tell his tale.

In the meantime La Place, left alone in his study, fell on his knees, and offered up a fervent prayer to heaven, to save him from his enemies. He then touched a secret spring behind the tapestry, the prison-door flew open, he descended a dark passage, and hastened to his wife's chamber, to communicate to her his hopes of escaping his enemies. Trembling, doubting, distracted, between fear and hope, his tender partner attached to the sleeves of his coat, and upon his hat, several bits of paper, in the form of crosses, such as the Catholics wore, not to be confounded with the Huguenots, which, however, did not prevent many of those who bore these badges of the "true faith" from being sacrificed.

Enveloped in the ample folds of his cloak, La Place left his hotel by a little door opening upon an almost desert street, and proceeded to gain the residence of his friend, the Sire de Crespy. It was necessary for him, however, to pass along the most populous quarters of the metropolis to arrive there, and what horrible spectacles, O God! met his sight, ere, through many "hair-breadth 'scapes," he reached the dwelling of his anticipated friend in need! He knocked, but before they opened, his name was required: he pronounced it; a dead silence ensued; he knocked again, but no proscribed head was suffered

to enter there, even under the sacred ægis of friendship. Casting around him a melancholy look, the lips of the poor fugitive murmured the word *Ingrat*, and then, lowering his hat over his eyes, he went to seek an asylum elsewhere. His instances were equally fruitless with other friends. Fear had closed every heart to the importings of pity, every one trembled for his own safety, and acts of devotedness and heroism were extremely rare during that dread period.

Rejected on all sides, and having in vain attempted to quit Paris, La Place, apprehensive of being recognised, was compelled to return home.

His wife had at first counted with terror, then with hope, the long hours that had elapsed since his absence. She at length believed that heaven had granted her prayers, and was about to offer up her thanks, when her husband again stood before her. The paleness of his visage, the despair of his soul reflected on his features, all presaged to his afflicted companion the sad reality.

"What!" exclaimed she, receiving him in her arms, "the cruel ones have then repulsed thee?"

"Yes! all . . . I come to give up my head to the executioners; my death is inevitable."

At this moment, a loud crashing was heard; the doors of the hotel were burst open, and, with horrible menaces and imprecations, the savage fanatics rushed in.

Michel had, however, been to the king, but the latter knew too well that La Place could have nothing to reveal, and reproached the captain for his little zeal: he then ordered Sennecé, prevot de l'hôtel, to go and seize the president, and conduct him to the Louvre.

Sennecé understood the import of these last words, and immediately hastened to execute the royal commands. His surprise was extreme at not finding the victim in his study. The mansion was searched, and the prisoner at length secured. Affecting a tone of respect, the leader of the gang said to his destined prey,

"The king has charged me, monsieur, to conduct you into his august presence. Follow me; resistance would be unavailing."

"I have no idea of offering any; I obey.—Let us go," replied the unfortunate president.

He then tore himself from the convulsive embrace of his wife, who fell on his knees before Sennecé, and with tears streaming from her eyes, implored the wretch not to bereave her of her husband. The disconsolate wife then presented her youthful son to the barbarian, but their joint entreaties were brutally spurned.

"Begone, madam!" replied the fanatic; "it is time that the tree which bears only bad fruit should be uprooted."

And he repulsed the distracted wife with such violence, that she fell senseless on the floor. The child threw himself on his mother, uttering the most piercing shrieks.

"*Infame!*" exclaimed the president.

The wretches tried to force him away, but indignation had doubled his strength; and lifting from the floor his hapless wife and son, he embraced them for the last time, and then, confiding the precious deposit to some of his people present, he exclaimed, "I am ready."

"Come along, then," repeated the ruffians.

La Place, on taking his hat, perceived the paper-cross which was still affixed to it, and tore it off; not from any irreligious feeling, but because he was convinced that it could not now protect him.

"The wretch!" cried Sennecé, "he has profaned the sacred sign of the redemption."

The rest of the fanatic gang joined in chorus with their chief, and rushing upon the prisoner, threw him down, bruised him with their feet, and tied his hands so tight behind his back, that the cord penetrated their victim's flesh. They then forced him to get up, and walk in the midst of them, through an infuriated populace, drunk with human gore and carnage, who pelted him with dirt, and every moment threatened to tear him in pieces. Each time he staggered from feebleness of body, he met the sharp-pointed halberds or the swords of his destined murderers, who ceased not to excite still more the fury of the enraged multitude, crying,

"He has trampled on the cross!—he has blasphemed!"

Most of the passers-by cast stones at him, and some even threw at him the gory limbs of the victims with which the streets of the capitol were strewed. Arrived in the Rue de la Verrerie, this horrible cortège was increased by several braves, who fell upon the half-dead Calvinist, and put an end to his torments, by stabbing him to death. Scarcely had he fallen ere the monsters rushed upon the palpitating corse, cut it in pieces, with which they made a bonfire, and round which they danced, singing hymns of thankfulness and joy, imploring heaven to strengthen its agents of justice and vengeance, to enable them to achieve the glorious and holy undertaking it had inspired them with from on high.

RECOLLECTIONS.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

THERE is a feeling, calm and holy,
That o'er the veriest senses steals,
It breathes a tone of melancholy,
And yet a silent joy reveals.
It is, when Memory loves to dwell
On the bright visions of the past,
Times that our fancy loved so well,
Too bright, too beautiful to last.

We love to muse on childhood's hour,
When all that met our gaze was bright,
To feel again that thrilling power,
That waked our infantile delight.
And how each fair, each winning scene,
That charm'd us with its sunny smile,
Vanish'd as though it ne'er had been,
Or lingered only for the while.

And though long years have thinn'd our brow,
And quench'd the vigor of the frame,
Each happy scene is treasured now,
In all its loveliness the same.
O yes! 'tis sweet indeed to dwell
On the bright visions of the past,
Scenes that my fancy lov'd too well,
Too bright, too beautiful to last.

LIFE OF GERALD GRIFFIN.

From the Dublin Review.

Life of Gerald Griffin, Esq. By his Brother.
London: 1843.

"In the time of my boyhood, I had a strange feeling,
That I was to die ere the noon of my day;
Not quietly into the silent grave stealing,
But torn, like a blasted oak, sudden away.

"That e'en in the hour when enjoyment was keenest,
My lamp should quench suddenly, hissing in gloom :—
That e'en when mine hours were freshest and greenest,
A blight should rush over, and scatter their bloom !"

How is it that this presentiment of early death is so frequently an accompaniment of genius, especially genius of an imaginative cast? Is it some natural instinct of these finer minds—some more delicate organization of their perceptive faculties—which enables them to detect symptoms of decay invisible to grosser eyes; to see the taint upon the fairest fruit, and the canker in the freshest flower; to hear the murmur of the approaching storm, while all others are still heedlessly enjoying the glow of the sunshine? Or is it a mysterious influence from the tomb, which casts its cold shadows forward into the brightest hours of its predestined victim,—a sympathy, active though unseen, from the land of spirits, which draws their yet living brother towards his eternal home? Or is it not rather a merciful dispensation of a wise Providence, to remind these gifted children of earth, that, with all its bright and beauteous scenery, still they are but "strangers and pilgrims" here,—to wean them from the smiling visions which woo their young hearts, and whose unalloyed enjoyment would rivet their affections to the things below?

Happy they who read this lesson aright!
Happy they who hearken wisely to this warning: who learn in time that they are born for better and greater things than the highest efforts of mere earthly genius can accomplish; who cheerfully devote to God's true service the gifts which men would fain claim exclusively for themselves; and, even when earth is fairest and most attractive,—when its triumphs are spread out in all their freshness before their yet unsated eye, and glory beckons them onward with smiling looks and flattering words,—pause in their giddy course, and remember, like St. Augustine, "Thou hast made us for thyself, O Lord, and our heart is restless till it rest in thee!"

Such was the happiness vouchsafed to our gifted and lamented countryman, Gerald Griffin. He has left behind him an example

* Verses found among Griffin's papers after his death.

rare in these degenerate times; but one from which, though few perhaps are called to imitate it, yet all may draw much salutary instruction. It is difficult to speak of so good a man without what many will deem extravagance and enthusiasm. We know not, in the whole range of literary history, a more beautiful character; genius of the highest order united with a truly childlike simplicity; affections warm, generous, and uncalculating, yet pure and stainless as the bright spirit from which they sprung; ardent and lofty aspirations after fame, chastened throughout life by religion, and at last sacrificed, or rather forgotten, in its service. It is delightful to turn from the world of letters,—hollow, selfish, and corrupt, as it too commonly is,—to contemplate one, who, though in, was not of it; and who, though drawn for a space into its giddy whirl, exposed too by youth and poverty and friendlessness, and every form of temptation, to its most corrupting influences, came forth at last without carrying away a single stain upon his pure soul.

The memoir now before us has been promised for a considerable time; and, in expectation of its appearance, we have been delaying, number after number, a long projected notice of the life and writings of our gifted countryman. And yet, now that it has appeared, our task must remain half-unaccomplished. We never anticipated that a life so quiet and retiring as that of Griffin, would have furnished materials so varied and so interesting as those collected in the present volume; but we now feel that it will be impossible to do justice to the life, without devoting to it all the space at present at our disposal, and we must reluctantly reserve for a future occasion all notice of the works, which are now for the first time collected into a uniform edition.

The memoir is from the pen of Daniel Griffin, M. D., a younger brother of the deceased. Except one or two of the opening chapters, which are a little prolix, it is in all respects worthy of the subject; and, while it every where bespeaks the affectionate admiration which it would be impossible not to feel for such a brother, is altogether free from that idolizing tone which too frequently pervades biography, even where it has not the plea of kindred to render it tolerable to the reader. We are particularly pleased with the manly and judicious, but yet modest, strain, in which Dr. Griffin describes the motives which influenced his brother in retiring from the world and relinquishing his literary pursuits. He seems to us to have caught up the mantle of the departed, and to have entered fully into all his thoughts and

feelings on this, the most important occasion of his life.

With the exception of a short journal of a Highland tour, Griffin seems never to have made any attempt at autobiography. It is possible indeed that among the manuscripts which he destroyed before he entered the monastery, there may have been some fragments of this character; but, in one so modest and distrustful of himself, it is hardly probable. His biographer once entertained the idea of keeping some record of his conversations, but circumstances rendered it impossible for him to put it in practice. It is much to be regretted that they are entirely lost, as not only his own family, but all his intimate friends, concur in representing them as brilliant and instructive in the highest degree. But, as it is, we learn a good deal of his mind from the copious and interesting selection from his correspondence, contained in the present volume; and this, for our own part, we infinitely prefer to the affectedly modest, or openly egotistical stuff written for the public eye, and made up entirely with a view to effect, which we are sure to meet even in the very best specimens of autobiography. If, therefore, we may be allowed to judge the reader's taste from our own, we are sure he will not object to our forgetting the critical character altogether for a time, and extracting freely from this correspondence, contenting ourselves with such an outline of the principal events recorded by the biographer as may suffice to render the extracts intelligible.

Gerald Griffin was born at Limerick, in December 1803. He was the *ninth* son of Mr. Patrick Griffin, at that time a wealthy and extensive brewer, though he subsequently encountered a severe reverse of fortune. His father was a quiet and affectionate, though, apparently, not very intellectual man. Mrs. Griffin, on the contrary, appears to have been a woman of peculiarly strong and cultivated mind. She was profoundly religious, and tenderly devoted to her children; and to her tender and judicious management Gerald's mind owed infinitely more than to all the school culture which the circumstances of his family permitted him to enjoy.

His boyhood seems to have been like that of other boys; at least, the few unimportant facts preserved by his brother do not indicate any very peculiar idiosyncrasy. One of the first exploits was an essay in chimney sweeping, which alarmed his parents a good deal; he was, like most other boys, very fond of birds; made several ingenious attempts in the manufacture of gunpowder; and narrowly escaped being shot by his brother (the au-

thor of the memoir), while playing incautiously with a loaded pistol. When we add that he was passionately fond (though excessively timid) of ghost stories, we have put the reader in possession of all that is told of the domestic history of Gerald Griffin, as a boy.

His first master was a Mr. M'Eligot, one of that now nearly extinct race of classical schoolmasters which flourished about sixty years back, in almost every district of the south of Ireland. Of Mr. M'Eligot's attainments, we may form an idea from one record which is preserved, an advertisement commencing with these words,—“When ponderous polysyllables promulgate professional powers.” Griffin, however, did not remain long under his care; his father having removed his residence, when Gerald was about seven years old, to a place called Fairy Lawn, at some distance from the city. His education, therefore (except a few lessons in French from his elder sisters), fell, for a time, into the hands of a tutor, who, among his other acquirements, was a passionate admirer of Goldsmith, and inoculated his young pupil with his own tastes. A few years later, in his eleventh year, he was sent back to Limerick, and entered the school of a Mr. O'Brien, a person of refined taste, and considerable literary attainments. Among Gerald's school favorites, Virgil held the highest place; and though he had not then mastered the Greek language sufficiently to be able to enjoy its humor fully, he was also very much captivated by Lucian's Dialogues. Unhappily, however, he did not long enjoy the advantages of this school, being again called home, and placed under the care of a rude, though not untalented, village master, named O'Donovan, a native of the classic “kingdom of Kerry,” who took up his abode in the neighborhood of Fairy Lawn. For the benefit of the unlearned reader, we must record one rule laid down by this worthy abecedarian, whose seminary Griffin afterwards immortalized in his tale, “The Rivals.”

“‘Mr. O'Donovan,’ said one of the scholars, ‘how ought a person to pronounce the letter *i* in reading Latin?’ ‘If you intend to become a priest, Dick,’ said the master in reply, ‘you may as well call it *ee*, for I observe the clergy pronounce it in that manner; but if not, you may call it *ee* or *i*, just as you fancy.’ ‘Dick’ has become a priest since, and a most excellent one; and, I have no doubt, pronounces the letter in the manner recommended in that contingency.”—p. 52.

From these facts, it will be seen that Griffin derived but little advantage from his school studies. But his reading at home ap-

pears to have been directed by a judicious, as well as affectionate hand. One of his mother's earliest presents to him was a manuscript copy of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, which he treasured religiously among his papers to his latest hour. She seems to have been a woman of extensive reading; and, next to his religious training, took peculiar pleasure in directing his studies into a useful track. He himself, from his earliest years, was a most assiduous reader. At breakfast or tea, he used to sit with a book before him, one or two under his arm, and several on the chair behind him.

"My mother met him one night," writes Dr. Griffin, "going to his room, with several large octavo volumes of Goldsmith's *Animated Nature* under his arm. 'My dear child,' said she with astonishment, 'do you mean to read all those great books before morning?' He seemed a little puzzled; but looking wistfully at the books, and not knowing which to part with, said he wanted them all, upon which he was allowed to take them. One evening, when one of our young people was reading aloud something about the trade-winds, one of his elder brothers, to whose tastes I have before alluded, and who from childhood had shown great activity of mind, imagined he could illustrate the subject with a spinning-wheel that was in the kitchen, and went out to try. While the servants observed him with astonishment, and some concern for his senses, Gerald instantly guessed what he was about. On returning to the parlor, my mother asked, 'Gerald, where is William?' 'He is *spinning monsoons, mamma,*' said Gerald, with an air of great gravity."

Although his early boyhood does not appear to have exhibited any indication of the poetic talent developed in after life, yet, in his maturer poetry may be found abundant evidence of a mind early stored with the imagery which none but a poet can draw from external nature, and with impressions and recollections, unheeded, perhaps, at the time, but carefully treasured up for future use. The following beautiful lines, though written long afterwards, have a peculiar interest notwithstanding, as connected with the recollections of this portion of his life:—

I
 "Old times! old times! the gay old times!
 When I was young and free,
 And heard the merry Easter chimes
 Under the sally tree,
 My Sunday palm beside me placed,
 My cross upon my hand,
 A heart at rest within my breast,
 And sunshine on the land!
 Old times! Old times!

II
 "It is not that my fortunes flee,
 Nor that my cheek is pale,

I mourn whene'er I think of thee,
 My darling native vale!
 A wiser head I have, I know,
 Than when I loitered there!
 But in my wisdom there is woe,
 And in my knowledge, care.
 Old times! Old times!

III.

"I've lived to know my share of joy,
 To feel my share of pain,
 To learn that friendship's self can cloy,
 To love, and love in vain;
 To feel a pang and wear a smile,
 To tire of other climes,
 To like my own unhappy isle,
 And sing the gay old times!
 Old times! Old times!

IV.

"And sure the land is nothing changed,
 The birds are singing still;
 The flowers are springing where we ranged,
 There's sunshine on the hill;
 The sally waving o'er my head,
 Still sweetly shades my frame,
 But ah, those happy days are fled,
 And I am not the same!
 Old times! old times!

V.

"Oh, come again, ye merry times!
 Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm;
 And let me hear those Easter chimes,
 And wear my Sunday palm,
 If I could cry away mine eyes,
 My tears would flow in vain;
 If I could waste my heart in sighs,
 They'll never come again!
 Old times! Old times!—Pp. 59-60.

In 1820, his parents, with the elder portion of the family, emigrated to America. Gerald, however, who was then about seventeen, remained in Ireland, with a younger brother, and two sisters—one of whom was in delicate health—under the protection of an elder brother, William Griffin, who had just entered upon the medical profession. For a time, it was intended that Gerald should follow the profession of his brother, and he had actually commenced a course of studies under his direction. But the love of literature prevailed in the end; and he gradually devoted himself entirely to it,—first, as an occasional contributor to some of the Limerick journals, and eventually as managing editor of a paper called the *Advertiser*. This, however, appears to have been any thing but a congenial occupation. Griffin was an ardent politician, and, although the journal was nominally liberal, the proprietor was afraid of every thing which could give the shadow of offence to "the Castle." During the intervals of these occupations, he devoted himself to poetry; and before he had yet completed his eighteenth year, he produced his

first tragedy, *Aguire*, founded on a Spanish story. The extreme beauty of this play, and the high promise of literary excellence which it bespoke in so young a writer, induced his brother, though not without considerable hesitation, to yield his approval to Gerald's bold resolution of going to London, and offering it for representation at some of the leading theatres. Accordingly, in the autumn, of 1823, before he had completed his twentieth year, he set out for the great metropolis, "with a few pounds in one pocket, and a brace of tragedies in the other, supposing that the one would set him up before the other was exhausted."

The history of his struggles in the commencement of his career—the oft-told tale of hope deferred—the chilling neglect of hollow patrons, and hollow friends—the wasting drudgery of unrequited labor, and the still more melancholy tale of the physical wretchedness, the penury, the neglect, the shame, the sickness, into which he was plunged—is full of most painful interest. Much of it is given in his letters to his brother; some has been collected from the few literary friends whom he had during these years of trial, but much more remained untold, locked up in the recesses of his own sensitive heart. The following letter to his father and mother, when he had just begun to emerge from his trials, is a condensed history of this painful period; but it is easy to perceive that, in mercy to them, he passes over the darkest scenes, or touches them so lightly, as to disguise the depth of the misery to which he had been exposed. We may premise that the actor to whom he intrusted his play for presentation is believed to have been Mr. Macready.

"15, Paddington Street, Regent's Park,
London, October 12th, 1825.

"MY DEAR, EVER DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, —To make sure of your hearing from me now, I send a second letter. I have just received from the editor of the *Gazette*, J. W——'s letter of the 6th of last August. By the merest chance in the world it reached me, as its direction was indeed the most uncertain possible. Mary Anne's I never got. Under the circumstances as they appear to you, it is matter more of pain than astonishment to me, that you should have been so entirely at a loss in finding excusable motives for my silence, and I have no objection whatsoever to offer to J——'s 'unwilling suppositions.' It is one of those misfortunes (and I hope the last of them) which the miserable and galling life I have led since I came to London, (until very lately,) has thrown on my shoulders, and which of course I must endure as well as I can. But if you knew, my dear Mother, what that life has been, it would, I believe, have led you to a less injurious conclusion

to me. Until within a short time back, I have not had since I left Ireland a single moment's peace of mind—constantly—constantly running backward and forward, and trying a thousand expedients, and only to meet disappointments every where I turned. It may perhaps appear strange and unaccountable to you, but I could not sit down to tell you only that I was in despair of ever being able to do any thing in London, as was the fact for a long time. I never will think or talk upon the subject again. It was a year such as I did not think it possible I could have outlived, and the very recollection of it puts me into the horrors. William has, I suppose, let you know my movements, and I fear I shall be repeating him if I set about telling you how I have fared. But I have a long sheet before me, and may as well just glance at a few of them. Let me first, however, beg you to be satisfied that this it was, and no neglect—I was not guilty of it for an instant—that prevented my writing; beside that when I do write I must fill up a large sheet, or send none. When first I came to London, my own self-conceit, backed by the opinion of one of the most original geniuses of the age, induced me to set about revolutionizing the dramatic taste of the time by writing for the stage. Indeed the design was formed, and the first step taken (a couple of pieces written) in Ireland. I cannot with my present experience conceive any thing more comical than my own views and measures at the time. A young gentleman totally unknown, even to a single family in London, coming into town with a few pounds in one pocket, and a brace of tragedies in the other, supposing that the one will set him up before the others are exhausted, is not a very novel, but a very laughable delusion. 'Twould weary you, or I would carry you through a number of curious scenes into which it led me. Only imagine the modest young Munsterman spouting his tragedy to a room full of literary ladies and gentlemen; some of high consideration too. The applause however of that circle on that night was sweeter, far sweeter to me, than would be the bravos of a whole theatre at present, being united at the time to the confident anticipation of it. One of the people present immediately got me an introduction to * * * * (I was offered several for all the actors.) To * * * * I went, and he let down the pegs that made my music. He was very polite, talked and chatted about himself, and Shiel, and my friend—excellent friend Banim. He kept my play four months, wrote me some nonsensical apologies about keeping it so long, and cut off to Ireland, leaving orders to have it sent to my lodgings, without any opinion. I was quite surprised at this, and the more so, as Banim, who is one of the most successful dramatic writers, told me he was sure he would keep it: at the same time saying, what indeed I found every person who had the least theatrical knowledge join in, that I acted most unwisely in putting a play into an actor's hands. But enough of theatricals! Well, this disappointment sent me into the contrary extreme. I before imagined I could do any thing; I now thought I could do nothing. One supposition was just as foolish as the other. It was then I

set about writing for these weekly publications; all of which, except the *Literary Gazette*, cheated me abominably. Then, finding this to be the case, I wrote for the great magazines. My articles were generally inserted; but on calling for payment, seeing that I was a poor inexperienced devil, there was so much shuffling and shabby work that it disgusted me, and I gave up the idea of making money that way. I now lost heart for every thing; got into the cheapest lodgings I could make out, and there worked on, rather to divert my mind from the horrible gloom that I felt growing on me in spite of myself, than with any hope of being remunerated. This, and the recollection of the expense I had put William to, and the fears—that every moment became conviction—that I never should be enabled to fulfil his hopes or my own expectations, all came pressing together upon my mind and made me miserable. A thousand, and a thousand times I wished that I could lie down quietly and die at once, and be forgotten for ever. But that however was not to be had for the asking. I don't think I left any thing undone that could have changed the course of affairs, or brought me a little portion of the good luck that was going on about me: but good luck was too busy elsewhere. I can hardly describe to you the state of mind I was in at this time. It was not an indolent despondency, for I was working hard, and I am now—and it is only now—receiving money for the labor of those dreadful hours. I used not to see a face that I knew, and after sitting writing all day, when I walked in the streets in the evening it usually seemed to me as if I was of a different species altogether from the people about me. The fact was, from pure anxiety alone I was more than half dead, and would most certainly have given up the ghost I believe, were it not that by the merest accident on earth, the literary friend who had procured me the unfortunate introduction a year before, dropped in one evening to 'have a talk' with me. I had not seen him, nor any body else that I knew, for some months, and he frightened me by saying I looked like a ghost. In a few days, however, a publisher of his acquaintance had got some things to do—works to arrange, regulate, and revise; so he asked me if I would devote a few hours in the middle of every day to the purpose for £50 a year. I did so, and among other things which I got to revise was a weekly fashionable journal. After I had read this for some weeks, I said to myself, 'Why, hang it, I am sure I can write better than this at any rate.' And at the same time I knew that the contributors were well paid. I wrote some sketches of London life, and sent them anonymously to the editor, offering to contribute without payment. He inserted the little sketches, and sent a very handsome sum to my anonymous address for them; desiring me to continue, and he would always be happy to pay for similar ones. This put me in great spirits, and by the knowledge I had acquired of literary people and transactions altogether, I was enabled to manage in this instance, so as to secure a good engagement. The editor made several attempts to find me out. He asked my name plainly in one letter,

and I told him Joseph (Gerald's name in confirmation). This did not satisfy him. He invited me to his house in the country, (a splendid place he has got,) and I declined. He repeated the invitation—and at last finding I could not preserve the incognito any longer, I left the publisher, and secured myself with him by making myself known. I went to his country house, and found him there with his wife—a very elegant woman and family; surrounded by harps, harpsichords, pianos, piazzas, gardens, in fact a perfect palace within and without. He professed the highest admiration for me, for which I did not care one farthing; but that at first it led me to suspect he had some design of cheating me at the end; such is the way of the world; but I do so much for him now that I have in some degree made myself necessary. I have the satisfaction to see—and he sees it too—my articles quoted and commended in the daily papers; satisfaction, I say, as every thing of that kind gives me a firmer hold of the paper. The theatrical department is left altogether to me; and I mortify my revengeful spirit by invariably giving * * * all the applause he could expect, or in justice lay claim to. I assure you I feel a philosophical pride and comfort in thus proving to myself that my conduct is not to be influenced by that of another, no matter how nearly the latter may affect my interests. Mr. W—, the editor I speak of, has this week given me a new engagement on a new weekly publication—and also on one of the Quarterly Reviews of which he is editor, that is, as he told me plainly enough, if he liked my articles, that they should be inserted and paid for; and if not, sent back to me. I have sent one and he has kept it. This you must know is no slight honor, for all the other contributors are the very first men of the time. The review appears on the same day in four different languages, in four countries of Europe. Thus, things begin to look in smiles upon me at last. I have within the past fortnight cleared away the last of the debts I had incurred here, with the good fortune of meeting them in full time to prevent even a murmur. With the assistance of Heaven, I hope my actual embarrassments ('tis laughable to apply the words to such little matters as they are) have passed away for ever. Will you direct a letter for me, my dear mother, to the address I have given above, and as soon as you receive this? I have not seen a line from one of you since I came to London. Let it be a long one, and contrive to say something about every separate individual of that dear circle to which my thoughts are constantly and affectionately wandering, and where I have resolved on wandering myself as soon as the despotism of circumstances will allow. I sometimes luxuriate in the prospect of being able to arrange matters with a publisher here, so that a trip might set me down, at least as it found me; and such an arrangement it is not improbable I may accomplish when I have established a better connection here.

"My dear Father and Mother,

"Your affectionate Son,

"GERALD GRIFFIN."

—pp. 137-141.

We could not bear to curtail this long but interesting letter. Throughout all his difficulties, he seldom allowed himself to forget hope, which he calls "the sweetest cordial, next to religion, with which Heaven qualifies the cup of calamity." In the interval of sunshine between the presentation of his play and its final rejection, he turned himself to almost every other possible means of procuring a literary livelihood. First he sought employment as reporter in the law courts; but, as the parliament was not sitting at the time, he found the profession overstocked by the unengaged parliamentary reporters: then he commenced, with a Spanish friend named Llanos, a series of translations from Calderon, which they offered to Colburn, but found to be "out of his line." Then he conceived the idea of translating or modifying the *Causes Célèbres* of the French courts. The bookseller to whom he mentioned it, was caught by the idea; but, before he could be induced to take it up, the scheme was anticipated by another. He wrote for almost all the magazines, and his papers generally found a ready insertion; but the payment was far less easily managed. He thought of reporting the celebrated trial of Thurtell for the murder of Weare, which was then pending; but seems not to have found any one to undertake its publication. The most miserable drudgery of translation or compilation was eagerly caught at. He translated a volume and a half of Prevolt's works for two guineas, and furnished a bookseller in five days, with a pamphlet containing as much matter as would fill an ordinary post octavo volume.

To complete his distress, the intelligence which he received of the ill-health of his brother, Dr. Griffin, made him conceal his real situation from those who would cheerfully have relieved him; and he suffered on in silence, though never in absolute despair.

"You have no idea what a heart-breaking life that of a young scribbler, beating about, and endeavoring to make his way in London, is: going into a bookseller's shop, as I have often done, and being obliged to praise up my own manuscript, to induce him to look at it at all—for there is so much competition, that a person without a name will not even get a trial—while he puts on his spectacles, and answers all your self commendation with a 'hum—um;'—a set of hardened villains! and yet at no time whatever could I have been prevailed upon to quit London altogether. That horrid word failure,—No!—death first!"—pp. 121-123.

It is pleasing to know, that amid all this misery, he found a constant and zealous friend in our countryman, Banim, who used

all his influence to forward his prospects,—to whose friendly and persevering services he was indebted for his eventual success. And yet the same extreme sensitiveness, which induced him to conceal his circumstances from his own family, prevented him from allowing Banim to know any thing of his embarrassments. He was keenly alive to all his kindness. "I should never be tired of talking about and thinking of Banim," he writes to his brother. And yet he could not bring himself, we do not say to ask, but even to accept, when kindly offered, the slightest pecuniary assistance from him.

"Gerald had, as we have seen by one of the last-quoted letters, not gone near Mr. Banim's house for the last two months, though frequently urged by the most pressing invitations, which he seems to have met by various excuses, that were not even to himself satisfactory, and could not of course appear so to his friend. This was so unusual an absence, that Mr. Banim made various conjectures to account for it, but without success; at length a light suddenly broke in upon him, and he began to apprehend that the cause was a much more serious one than any he had fallen upon. He instantly set out in search of him, but had much difficulty in ascertaining his address, as he had not seen him for some time, and Gerald had, as we have seen, changed his lodgings. At length, he found the place; a small room in some obscure court, near St. Paul's. Gerald was not at home. He called again next day. He was still out on his mission perhaps for 'more drudgery.' He then questioned the woman who kept his lodgings as to his condition and circumstances. These she spoke of in terms of pity; represented him as in great distress; said she had never spoken to him on the subject, but she was afraid he denied himself even the commonest necessities, that he appeared in bad spirits, dressed but indifferently, shut himself up for whole days together in his room, without sending her for any provision, and when he went out, it was only at night-fall, when he was likely to meet no one that he knew. This was a very distressing picture, particularly when considered in connection with his incommunicativeness, and the silent endurance with which it was going on. Mr. Banim immediately returned home, and wrote him a very kind letter, offering him some pecuniary assistance, until he should be able to get over his present difficulties. As I am not in possession either of this letter, or the one written in reply to it, and as all that is characteristic in such things depends more upon the manner almost, than the matter, it would not be quite fair to attempt to give a version of them here, especially as the account I have had of the transaction was not received from Mr. Banim himself. It is sufficient to say that the offer was rejected, with a degree of heat and sharpness which showed that he had not succeeded in lulling the dangerous feeling to which I have alluded, and that this good-natured attempt proved so completely abortive, that there was evidently no use in

pursuing the matter further. The friends did not meet again for some time; and the circumstance occasioned a degree of estrangement which it was not easy to repair."—pp. 129-131.

But we have been anticipating a little. His first feeling, on Macready's returning his tragedy, was disappointment, though, he says, he felt relieved to know that he was not doomed to owe his success to "histrionic patronage." But he regained his wonted energy, and, by Banim's advice, commenced a new play, on the story of *Tancred and Sigismunda*, which, however, he soon abandoned for that of *Gisippus*. This exquisite drama was written in an incredibly short space of time, and under the most singular disadvantages. "You'd laugh," he writes to his mother, "if you saw how it was got through. I wrote it all in coffee-houses, and on little slips of paper, from which I afterwards copied it out." But even for this admirable drama, so successful since the author's death, he was unable to procure a favorable reception; and he soon after abandoned dramatic literature altogether.

It is not easy to imagine the depths of suffering into which a mind like his, sensitive to a painful degree, must have been plunged by the humiliations and heart-burnings to which he was constantly exposed; and it is hard to conceive how his constitution sustained itself under the amount of physical labor he underwent. He was often kept drudging until four, and even five, in the morning, and seldom got to bed before three, unless when—(for sickness, too, was added to his cup of trial)—"he happened to doctor himself, which was not often." Can we wonder that in scenes like these, his young aspirings after fame were chilled almost into indifference, or, rather, positive disgust?

"As to fame, if I could accomplish it in any way, I should scarcely try for its sake alone. I believe it is the case with almost every body, before they succeed, to wear away all relish for it in the exertion. I have seen enough of literature and literary men to know what it is; and I feel convinced that, at the best, and with the highest reputation, a man might make himself as happy in other walks of life. I see those who have got it as indifferent about it, as if totally unknown, while at the same time they like to add to it. But money! money is the grand object—the all in all. I am not avaricious, but I see they are the happiest who are making the most, and am so convinced of the reality of its blessings, that if I could make a fortune by *splitting matches*, I think I never would put a word in print."—p. 117.

How few of those for whose intellectual enjoyment he was toiling, or, to speak more

correctly, panting to be permitted to toil, would ever dream that the miserable state, not only of his finances but even of his wardrobe, which his excessive delicacy made him seek to conceal, was preventing him from availing himself of the introductions by which Banim sought to forward his fortunes, and even from applying to the booksellers for a renewal of the wretched pittance of employment, by which he had been striving to keep soul and body together.*

"The fact is"—we cannot transcribe the poor fellow's words without emotion—"I am at present almost a complete prisoner: I wait until dusk every evening to creep from my mouse-hole and snatch a little fresh air on the bridge close by. Good heaven! to think that I am here in the centre of a mountain of wealth, almost 'upon Change,' and to have no opportunity of laying an *honest* hand upon a stray draught of it, in its

* The following beautiful ode is a most touching picture of his feelings in those hours of loneliness and desolation:—

"My soul is sick and lone,
No social ties its love entwine,
A heart upon a desert thrown
Beats not in solitude like mine:
For though the pleasant sunlight shine,
It shows no form that I may own,
And closed to me is friendship's shrine,
I am alone!—I am alone!

"It is no joy for me
To mark the fond and eager meeting
Of friends whom absence pined—and see
The love-lit eyes speak out their greeting.
For then a silly voice repenting,
What oft hath woke its deepest moan,
Startles my heart, and stays its beating,
I am alone!—I am alone!—

"Why hath my soul been given
A zeal to soar at higher things,
Than quiet rest—to seek a heaven
And fall with scathed heart and wings.
Have I been blest? the sea-wave sing,
'Tween mine and all that was mine own,
I've found the joy ambition brings,
And walk alone! and walk alone!

"I have a heart! I'd live,
And die for him whose worth I knew—
But could not clasp his hand and give
My full heart forth as talkers do.
And they who loved me, the kind few,
Believed me changed in heart and tone,
And left me, while it burned as true,
To live alone!—to live alone!—

"And such shall be my day
Of life, unfriended, cold, and dead,
My hope shall slowly wear away,
As all my young affections fled.
No kindred hand shall grace my head,
When life's last flickering light is gone;
But I shall find a silent bed,
And die alone!—and die alone!—

flight from one commercial fellow to another, who has no more business with it than I have with—any thing that I have too much of already, and don't know what to do with—say common sense and modesty.”—p. 122.

And this, while he was writing to his sick brother at home, fearful lest they should think of suspecting that he was in want. “At present let me distinctly say, that I am not in want of money, and the furthest inconvenience which I apprehend, is the being obliged for some time to remain in *statu quo*”!

His brother's account of him during those days of bitterness is most affecting.

“Notwithstanding all I have stated, it may appear extraordinary, that when his affairs began to wear such a gloomy aspect, he did not explain the state of them clearly and plainly to his brother, who would have been shocked at the thought of his allowing matters to run to such an extremity; and I believe he would readily have done so, if it had not been for the unfortunate occurrence of that illness to which he alludes in his letters, and which he was sensible would in a professional person have a natural tendency to lead to embarrassment. All the circumstances I have mentioned; the depth and earnestness with which he felt his vocation; his observation, that his partial success had been due to himself alone, and his delicacy about trespassing further on his brother; his many distressing efforts to obtain employment, together with the wasting anxiety which such a state of things naturally engendered in a mind like his—seem to have made him adhere only the more strongly to his early determination, and when his difficulties thickened, and his necessities became more urgent, induced him to push those feelings to an extremity; to shrink entirely within himself; and to reject even the commonest offices of friendship; those little favors which it delights to bestow; which are often the very tests of its truth, and without the exercise of which on proper occasions its professions would be worthless, and itself a mere shade that follows wealth or fame. It is perhaps one of the characteristics of all minds endowed with much sensibility, and with a high feeling of independence, to have this sensibility exalted, and to become quick and irritable beyond what is rational, in circumstances such as those I am about to mention. We all remember the indignation with which Johnson in his poverty, flung away a pair of new shoes, which some unknown but kind friend, as related by Boswell, had left at his door. The difficulty which friendship has to overcome in these instances, is not so much to bestow the favor, which it is always willing to do cheerfully; but to bestow it in such a manner as not to rouse a very universal feeling, which is seldom dormant, and is at such times more than usually watchful. The careful consideration of this difficulty during the exercise of such favors, is perhaps one of the surest trials of its sincerity and depth.”—pp. 126-7.

But it will be a relief to turn for awhile from those gloomy scenes. All his efforts were not doomed to disappointment. By slow degrees, and after failures which would have struck down many a stronger mind, he obtained a footing as a contributor to the periodical literature of the day. It is much to be regretted that nothing approaching to an authentic record of his contributions has been preserved. Their number must have been prodigious, and if we judge of their excellence from his other productions at the same period, they must be well worthy of being collected and republished as a sequel to the complete edition of his works. The account of his first connection with the *News of Fashion* is not uninteresting.

“I am in *statu quo* with one exception, that is, that I have got an engagement on a paper (*The News of Fashion*) of which you've seen a number. I sent the editor a couple of essays or sketches of London life, or some trash of the kind, anonymously. He begged to know my name. I did not tell, but offered to continue them gratuitously. He wrote to say he would be glad to pay for them. I had no objection whatever, and he gives me a pound per page—fair enough. I am furnishing him now with a regular series, of which he has had six in number already. I generally get in from thirty shillings to two pounds per week in this way, which, if it continue, is pleasant enough, considering that it does not interfere with my other occupations. The gentleman, however, is soundly apt to slip a column or so in the reckoning, which is not agreeable.

“This editor of the *News* has dealt handsomely enough too. He made out several articles which I had published anonymously in his paper, before I dreamed of asking him for an engagement, and paid me liberally for each of them. This I took as an inducement to make me *do my best*. It is pleasant, too, inasmuch as the rest of the paper is furnished by the first periodical hands of the day. By the way, he don't know me as it is. He sends the money to my address every week by a livery servant, who never says a word, but slips the note to a servant—touches his lips and mum! presto! off he is. All very romantic, isn't it? A good illustration of a remark I made to you concerning patronage in the literary world is this. I applied openly to this same gentleman about a year since through his publisher. He wouldn't have any thing to do with me. Latterly, however, he determined it seems, to find me out, though I gave a wrong name, and I was a little surprised one day to see here in my room a tall stout fellow with mustachio'd lips and braided coat, announcing himself as Mr. W—, after I had three or four times declined invitations to his country seat (wishing to keep incog.) I went there yesterday, and had a long chat with him. He has a perfect palace there, with Corinthian piazzas, garden, vines, and the Lord knows what besides; a magnificent apartment with low win-

dows going to the garden, &c. On one side a splendid double-action harp, for which he gave, as he says, three hundred guineas. On another, a grand piano—his wife a pleasing woman—no great shakes of a musician after all. We settled that he should give me £100 a year, paid weekly, according to what I sent. I have just been scribbling off now two hundred lines of an epistle to Liston on his return to London—poetry of course.”—pp. 160-61.

It was not till his prospects began to brighten somewhat, that he could bring himself to write to his mother, who was still in America. The following simple but charming letter from her in reply is not unworthy the notice of such a son. It must have been a balm to him in his trials; but his family and American friends were never able to obtain his address during his difficulties, and hence this is the first letter which he received from them after his removal to London.

“Mrs. Griffin to her Son.
“Fairy Lawn, Susquehanna County,
“Dec. 26th, 1825.

“MY EVER BELOVED GERALD.—We were sitting with a little party of friends on Christmas eve, when your letter reached me, and a more welcome visitor, unless indeed it were the dear writer himself, could hardly have appeared amongst us. It was unlucky that I could not procure your address since you left Ireland. I did all that writing could do to obtain it, and yet failed. The sympathy of his family would have been some comfort to my poor Gerald under the adverse course which his probation as an author has subjected him to. It is an ordeal, however, which some of our greatest writers have been obliged to pass through.

“I have, dear Gerald, travelled with you through your mortifying difficulties, and am proud of my son—proud of his integrity, talents, prudence, and above all, his appearing superior to that passion of common minds, revenge; though I must own, fully provoked to by ***’s conduct. I hope, however, they may soon have to seek you, not *you* them. Perhaps, after all, it may have been as well that we did not know at the time what you were to endure on your first outset. We should in that case have been advising you to come out here, which, perhaps, would have been turning your back on that fame and fortune, which I hope will one day reward your laudable perseverance and industry. When the very intention you mention of paying us a visit delights me so much, what should I feel if Providence should have in reserve for me the blessing of once again embracing my Gerald.

“We have had one of the finest summers, and most delightful autumns you can imagine; the latter I like best here, the woodland scenery is so beautiful, tinged with a thousand dyes at that season: the air so still and so serene, that if you come to visit us, your muse will surely be inspired. It is very interesting to witness the progress of vegetation here, after the winter is
May, 1844.

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over, it is so very rapid. Nothing can equal the variety of colors the woods exhibit in the latter part of the year. They look very beautiful indeed, though I suppose I shall not admire them so much this season as I did the last, they are so associated in my mind with the approach of winter, which I do not like, notwithstanding it is the season of amusement to all the people here, who are continually sleighing about, and go hundreds of miles to visit their friends. The place about us is pretty thickly inhabited by the Yankees, as they call the people of New England. They are decent and obliging, and seem to take an interest in showing us the easiest mode of doing farming business, as theirs is in many things different from ours. They have an agreeable accent, and are very intelligent; but their peculiar application of words is sometimes very diverting. A man called here the other day, who was going to Chenango, a town about nine miles off. He told me that if I had got any little *notes* to send for, he would bring them for me with great pleasure. I have observed some others use the word in the same way since. May God bless my dearest Gerald, prays his fond mother,

“ELLEN GRIFFIN.”—pp. 151-53.

By degrees his circumstances improved, and he again began to mix a little in the society from which he had for a time withdrawn. It may not be uninteresting to have his opinions on a few of the literary characters of his day;—not the stars, for to them there are few allusions; but the minor luminaries, especially those whose walk, like his own at that time, lay chiefly in periodical literature. The following letter throws some curious light on certain matters, which the readers of *Blackwood* about the time to which it refers may possibly remember:—

Gerald Griffin to his Brother.

“London, Nov. 10th, 1824.

“MY DEAR WILLIAM,—Since my last I have visited Mr. J.—several times. The last time, he wished me to dine with him, which I happened not to be able to do, and was very sorry for it, for his acquaintance is to me a matter of great importance, not only from the engine he wields—and a formidable one it is, being the most widely circulated journal in Europe—but also because he is acquainted with all the principal literary characters of the day, and a very pleasant kind of man. He was talking of Maginn, who writes a good deal for *Blackwood*, and spoke in high terms of his talents: nevertheless, though he is his friend, he confessed he did not think him a very considerate critic, and thought there was something unfeeling in his persecution of Barry Cornwall, who, by the way, is an acquaintance of my Spanish friend. You may have seen those letters to Bryan Proctor, in *Blackwood’s Magazine*. Barry Cornwall is, he says, one of the mildest, modestest young fellows he ever knew, and does any thing but assume. Maginn, however, imagines that those he attacks think as little of the affair as him-

self, which is by no means the case. The other day, he attacked Campbell's *Ritter Bann* most happily, and at the same time cuttingly, and afterwards wanted J—— to get up a dinner, and bring Campbell and him together. J—— begged leave to decline. He is a singular looking being, Dr. Maginn. A young man about twenty-six years of age, with grey hair, and one of the most talented eyes, when he lets it speak out, I ever beheld. Banim, who is his bosom crony, says, he considers him the most extraordinary man he ever knew. He attacked Banim, too, before they were acquainted, but that's all forgot long since. Hazlitt praised Banim in the *London Magazine*, and of course rendered it imperative on Blackwood to abuse him. Have you seen Campbell's late poems, any of them? I have been told that the volume of his, which is coming out shortly, *Theodric*, &c., is very poor indeed—lamentably so. Campbell is the most finical, exact kind of fellow in the whole world. As an instance, I have heard that he was asked to write a little poem some time since for the occasion of Burns' monument, which was then in agitation, and in which my informant took great interest. Campbell consented, but directed that proofs should be sent to him to the country, and before the poem appeared, had actually sent five or six messengers back and forward, to and from town, with revisions of commas and semicolons!! There is a young writer here, Miss Landon, the authoress of *The Improvisatrice*, a poem which has made some noise lately, who has been brought out by J——, and to be sure he does praise her. She sent some pieces to the *Literary Gazette*, a few years since, and through that journal (without intending any insinuations as to desert), has made herself popular enough to run through a few editions. J—— has asked me to meet Alaric Watts, at his house, when the latter comes to town, which he intends shortly. Watts is a very sweet writer in his own way, and rather a favorite. I have got, a few days since, a note from my friend Banim, to know 'what has become of me?' and he adds, as a *spur*, that Dr. Maginn has just been with him, and said that Mr. J—— expressed himself highly pleased with the series I am at present furnishing him. I dined the other day—at least, about a month since—with him and a friend of his, an artist of the name of Foster (to whom, if you recollect, Madame de Genlis dedicated one of her works, and expresses her gratitude for his assistance in some of her literary labors). He is one of the most delightful, facetious fellows I ever saw. My dear William, ever affectionately yours,

"GERALD GRIFFIN."—pp. 180-2.

Perhaps, for the honor of our craft, we should gloss over this indignant allusion to poor Keats, the victim of a malignant reviewer.

"Keats, you must know was in love, and the lady whom he was to have married, had he survived Gifford's (the butcher) review, attended him to the last. She is a beautiful young creature, but now wasted away to a skeleton, and will follow him shortly, I believe. She and her sister say they have oft found him, on suddenly entering the room, with that review in his hand,

reading as if he would devour it—completely absorbed—absent and drinking it in like mortal poison. The instant he observed any body near him, however, he would throw it by, and begin to talk of some indifferent matter. The book displays great genius, but unfortunately it afforded one or two passages capable of being twisted to the purpose of a malignant wretch of a reviewer, such as Gifford is, with much effect."—p. 190.

Ap[ro]pos of reviewers, we must enter our protest against the following being taken as a specimen of the style in which we perform our work of "critical dissection."

"He was often highly amused at receiving from the editor of some periodical, three volumes of a newly published novel, accompanied by a request that he would not cut the leaves. This, which he at first conceived so very ridiculous, and so apparently impossible with any justice to the author, he eventually found was almost a matter of necessity with many of the publications sent to him. They were of so trashy a description, that no one of ordinary taste could possibly get through even the first few chapters. His usual plan was to glance through the early part of a work, so as to obtain some notion of the plot; a peep here and there in the second volume gave him an idea of the skill with which it was developed, and a slight consideration of the latter end of the third, or slaughter-house, as he used to call the concluding part of a disastrous story, or fifth act of a tragedy, satisfied him both as to the genius of the author, and the merits of the performance. He, no doubt, made a more intimate acquaintance with his subject, when his first hasty supervision gave him reason to believe it was written by a person of more than ordinary talent; and did not appear to feel conscious of having done any injustice during the short period he was engaged as a professional critic."—pp. 205-6.

It would be an act of gross injustice to our worthy friends of the printing desk, to suppress Griffin's humorous panegyric of their almost preternatural sagacity in discovering the meaning of a manuscript to all else illegible.

"You tax me with my illegible writing; but I fear I cannot amend it, for I must not stay to shape my letters, and I have, I believe, got a bad habit from the facility with which the printers here make it out. I verily believe, if I shut my eyes, or flung the pen at the paper, so as to make any kind of mark, the London printers would know what I intended to say. They always send me back my manuscript with my printed proofs for correction, and I actually have repeatedly been unable to make out what I had written, until I had referred to the same articles in print. What a dull, mechanical, imperfect mode of communication this is though, of writing, and reading, and speaking! Why cannot we invent some more rapid and vivid means of transferring our ideas? Why cannot we commune in spirit, or by intelligence? I suppose I must give myself a lady's reason in reply. It is

because we can't. Well! we shall do better in Heaven."—pp. 155-156.

But it is time to return to the history. Once established, as we have seen, in permanent, though humble and ill-requited occupation, his after success, though purchased with a hard struggle, was eventually secure. His letters, through this later period of his literary life, are full of interest; particularly a correspondence which arose out of a misunderstanding with his friend Banim, and which, though removed by a short explanation, was for a long time a source of great uneasiness to Griffin. But we have already extracted so liberally, that we must content ourselves with a reference to them.

Disappointed in his hopes from the drama,* and feeling that his precarious contributions to periodical literature were, at best, but a frittering away of his energies, as well as of his time, he was induced to try his powers in a wider field of fiction; and, accordingly, without discontinuing his other labors (on which, indeed, he was dependent for his livelihood), he commenced the series of tales afterwards published under the title of *Holland-tide*. His application at this time was absolutely beyond all belief. After an early breakfast, he wrote without interruption till dinner, except that, before sitting down to table, he took a turn round the park: after a short walk in the evening, he resumed his pen, and continued his labors till late in the night. All this time, he was suffering from severe palpitation of the heart. In order to avoid the attack, which invariably awaited him if he retired early to bed, his practice was to recline on a sofa, or upon chairs, till the usual hour of visitation had passed, when (about two or three o'clock in the morning) he arose, undressed, and retired to bed for the brief remainder of the night. He arose invariably at five, and, after a cold shower-bath, resumed his ordinary occupations.

His first essay in regular fiction, in 1827, was entirely successful, and so completely established his character with the "trade," that although he left London immediately after its publication, and returned to reside with his family, the very men who for years had been deaf to all his solicitations for the humblest literary employment, now vied with each other in their efforts to secure his services. The *Tales of the Munster Festivals* soon followed; and *The Collegians*, the most successful of his works, completely fixed his

character as a novelist of the very highest order.

The success of this work induced him to turn his thoughts to an historical novel, founded on some story in our national history. He commenced this work, *The Invasion*, in 1828; but, in his anxiety to become fully conversant with the manners and characters of the time, he deferred its completion till 1832, issuing, in the meantime, a new series of *Tales of the Munster Festivals*.

His literary occupations continued for several years longer without interruption. But, about this period, a change came over all his views and feelings, which deadened, if it did not destroy, the relish which he had formerly felt for those pursuits, and ended, a few years later, in his abandoning them altogether. The reflections of his biographer on this subject are very just, and extremely creditable to his feelings as a Catholic, no less than as a brother: but we shall transcribe, in preference, Gerald's own account of the change of his opinions, given in a letter addressed to his father, in 1833.

"I owe many letters to America, which I wish I had leisure to write, but at present I have more to do than my health will suffer me to discharge with the necessary expedition. There is one subject, however, my dear father, which I wish no longer to defer speaking of. I mean the desire which I have for a long time entertained of taking orders in the Church. God only knows whether I may ever live to carry the wish into execution. I have good reason to judge, however, that at least I do not act rashly in entering on the preparatory studies. They must take some time, and under the uncertainty in which one must always continue of this being truly a merciful vocation from God, I have the satisfaction of knowing that at all events there is nothing lost by my acting as if it were. My time is divided between my college course of study and my usual pursuits, and I have no doubt that the Almighty, who sees that with a thousand faults I have a sincere desire to execute his will, in his own time will not fail to make it known to me. To say nothing of the arguments of faith, I do not know any station in life in which a man can do so much good, both to others and himself, as in that of a Catholic priest, and it gave me great satisfaction to find that my dear friends in America were of the same mind with me on this point. Mary Anne says truly, that there need be no reserve upon such subjects, yet for a long time the idea gave me so much to think of, and debate about in my own mind, that I felt unwilling to say any thing about it. It could not have found a being more unwilling than myself, nor one more entirely reluctant to make the trifling sacrifices it required; but, thank God! I can shake my head at them all now, and look upon them as literally nothing. But enough, dear father, on that very serious subject, only let all my dear friends pray for me,

* He wrote one or two successful pieces for the English Opera House; but although it appeared to open a sure and easy road to competence, he abandoned it after almost the first trial.

that I may not be deceived. I feel a great security in the approval of so many friends, and how much indeed in the words of my poor mother (so like herself in their discretion and humility), which E—— W—— mentioned to me in his last letter. I read myself so much, that I am unwilling to say all that I could wish, while I have yet advanced so short a way towards this great object, but I hope, before many months have gone by, to be able to talk as freely as dear Mary Anne can wish. How well our Saviour knew us, when he advised those who were about building a tower, to calculate beforehand, whether they should be able to finish it! Such flashes of thought as this are enough to startle one, and make him work a little harder than he might be inclined to do, if left to himself. My dear father, pray for me that I do not miscalculate—that I may be able to finish the tower which I have begun.

"March 17th, 1833. The above was written, my dear father, as you perceive, nearly three months ago, and on looking it over now, it seems to me so lukewarm, so wavering and unworthy of one who had any reason to believe himself called to the service of God, that I am ashamed to send it. I have, however, no longer any doubt that it is my duty to devote myself to religion—to the saving my own soul, and the souls of others. This letter alone, my dear father, may show you in some degree, that this is not a conviction hastily adopted; nor can I suppose it necessary to enter into any full explanation of all that has passed in my own mind on the subject, in order to save myself from any imputation of rashness, for giving up the affairs of time, and embracing those of eternity. To compare the two for an instant is enough. To say that Gerald the novel writer is, by the grace of God really satisfied to lay aside for ever all hope of that fame, for which he was once sacrificing health, repose, and pleasure, and to offer himself as a laborer in the vineyard of Jesus Christ—that literary reputation has become a worthless trifle to him, to whom it once was almost all—and that he feels a happiness in the thought of giving all to God—is such a merciful favor, that all the fame and riches in the world dwindle into nothing at the thought of it. But this is talking of myself, and my own happiness alone. I am not to forget that there were other duties connected with my hopes in literature, which cannot equally be answered in this new vocation. It is true, my dear father, scarcely any circumstance connected with my success in those pursuits could have given me greater satisfaction, than the reflection that I was at the same time an instrument in the hands of God, for adding any thing to the temporal happiness of even a few; but, generally speaking, I fear the world is at the bottom of too great precaution on this point. If I serve God well, have I not his own promise, that he will not forsake my friends or me. I feel great pain in speaking on this subject, for I fear it may look as if I wanted sympathy for friends, whom God is pleased to try with worldly visitations. God knows such is not my feeling; and I trust I shall always be ready to do my duty when it is made clear to me—but I should wrong their affection, and

their faith, if I supposed they did not well know how far the claim of God was before all others, and that it would be to wrong his goodness and mercy, to delay entering on his service through an apprehension of worldly evils which he may never mean to send, and which he has it in his power to send, in spite of all our worldly precautions. But surely, all this is obvious, and it is trifling to dwell upon it. My dear sisters will forgive me for concluding this spiritless letter without writing to them. When I get home, I hope to say something more than asking them to pray for me; and that I hope will be within the next fortnight for the book, though ready for press, is not to be published till next season. Ever my dear father's affectionate,

"GERALD GRIFFIN."—pp. 252-54.

This change in his views and opinions was neither sudden nor indeliberate. From a letter to Banim, and another to a friend, whose name is not given, it would appear that he had for a time yielded to doubts regarding religion, though they do not seem to have gone the length of positive unbelief. These, however, were soon dissipated; and perhaps the reaction may have carried him onward more generously, than if he had never wavered in his faith. However this may be, his first thought, as we find in the above and several similar letters, was to devote himself to the sacred ministry; and he actually commenced his preparation for entrance into St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, and continued regularly to devote a portion of each day to a revision of the entrance examination course of that college.

The years which he spent among his family were among the happiest of their lives. Among the few friends whom his retiring habits permitted him to cultivate, was a family of the Society of Friends, who resided in his neighborhood. The letters which he addressed to them form a large section of his published correspondence. They could not be judged, and indeed might possibly be misapprehended, from a few specimens; but they are almost necessary, as an illustration of the gayer shades of the writer's character, which they exhibit in a very pleasing light.

But it is already time to draw to a close, and we have left the most important portion of his life untouched. There do not appear to be any data whence the time of his relinquishing the idea of the Church can be satisfactorily inferred. But the pleasure which he began to take, about the period of which we are writing, in instructing poor children, would seem to indicate that he already looked towards the project which he eventually realized, of devoting himself to the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.*

* For a full account of this admirable institute, see "Dublin Review," vol. ix. p. 331, *et seq.*

It is not difficult to find, in the nervously timid and scrupulous character of his mind, the causes which induced him to shrink from the responsibilities of the ministry. He himself barely alludes to the fact; adding, that "he should never have entertained the idea," and alleging among the attractions of the order which he entered, that "its subjects were expressly prohibited from aspiring to the priesthood."

It is plain that among the motives which induced him to abandon his literary pursuits, the principal was a consciousness of their unprofitable, not to say questionable, character. Of this he had long been painfully sensible. In the very first year of his London career, the thought used to come startlingly across his mind, that he "might possibly be mispending his time." It returned at intervals, even during his busiest days; and even what is considered the least objectionable of his works, and perhaps of all the novels of the present day, *The Collegians*, far from satisfying himself, served rather to convince him of the impossibility of combining a good moral with an interesting plot. His criticism of the moral of this (artistically considered) exquisite book, is a good lesson on the pernicious tendency of all, even the very best, novels.

"One would wish to draw a good moral from this tale, yet it seems impossible to keep people's feelings in the line they ought to go in. Look at these two characters of Kyrle Daly and Hardress Cregan, for example: Kyrle Daly, full of high principle, prudent, amiable, and affectionate; not wanting in spirit, nor free from passion; but keeping his passions under control; thoughtful, kind-hearted, and charitable; a character in every way deserving our esteem.—Hardress Cregan, his mother's spoiled pet, nursed in the very lap of passion, and ruined by indulgence,—not without good feelings, but for ever abusing them, having a full sense of justice and honor, but shrinking, like a craven, from their dictates; following pleasure headlong, and eventually led into crimes of the blackest die, by the total absence of all self-control. Take Kyrle Daly's character in what way you will, it is infinitely preferable; yet I will venture to say, nine out of ten of those who read the book would prefer Hardress Cregan, just because he is a fellow of high mettle, with a dash of talent about him."—pp. 258-9.

Neither his own reflection, nor the arguments of his friends, could remove or weaken this conviction; and at length it obtained such a hold upon his mind, that, before he left home for the purpose of entering the monastery, he not only destroyed the greater part of his unpublished manuscripts, but actually wrote to one of his publishers, to purchase all

the copies of his works which he could discover still unsold.

He entered the order of Christian Brothers as a *postulant*, on the feast of the nativity of our Lady (September 8th), 1838, and on that of St. Teresa (October 15), he was admitted to the religious habit of a novice in the brotherhood. We have before us, while we write, a manuscript, found among his papers after his death, containing meditations and resolutions made by him during his first spiritual retreat. It is a precious little volume, an affecting monument of the profound piety of the writer. Not that it is marked by any of that lofty spiritualized eloquence, which some might expect from a mind like his. It is solid, simple, unpretending, practical; full of humility and self-distrust, yet instinct with Christian hope; without a breath of that vague and unsubstantial generality, which is too often mistaken for fervor, even by the best instructed, but, on the contrary, descending to the every day duties of religious life, and embracing all the smallest and most practical details of the fundamental obligations of the Christian.

But it were presumptuous in us to analyze the sentiments of this admirable young man. By kindred spirits they can be better felt, than we could hope to describe them; and we shall content ourselves with a few short extracts taken either from his own letters, written from his convent, or from conversations affectionately recorded by his brother.

"Those miserable years I spent in London! Whatever it may prove for the next world, it has been to me, through God's infinite mercy, a complete specific for this; nor, poor, and sluggish, and dastardly as my own efforts have been to correspond with his High graces, would I exchange the peace of heart they have procured me, for the fame of all the Scotts and Shakespeares that ever strutted their hour upon the stage of this little brief play which they call life; let people twist and turn their brains about on which side they will, and as long as they will, there is, after all, nothing absolutely worth thinking upon but saving their souls. 'One thing is necessary;' all the rest, from beginning to end, is such absolute trash, that it seems downright madness to give it a moment's care." * * * "Religion is, indeed, the paradise on earth; experience alone could teach it. The world will not believe us when we tell them so, and they won't come themselves to make the trial." * * * "Indeed, no one has, or can have, an idea of the happiness of life, in a religious community, without having actually experienced it. It is a frequent subject of conversation with us here, at recreation hours, to guess at the causes which make time fly by so rapidly, that the day (though we make it a pretty long one by always rising at five) is ended almost before we feel that it is begun." His letters are full of such expressions. In another he says, "I would despair of giving

you any idea of the perfect liberty of mind and happiness one feels in the religious state (when it is not one's own fault), and which it is in his power to increase every day and every hour. I could write volumes about it without being tired, but it would be of no use attempting it; to be known, it must be tried. The worst of it is, the thought that one will have to give an account of all those graces, and to show that he made good use of them, which, alas!—but I'll stop preaching!"—pp. 464-5.

It was an instructive picture—Gerald Griffin in the habit of a poor monk; the admired of the highest circles of the land, toiling unseen at the work of an humble clarity school; the mind which long had dwelt in the loftiest regions of literature, and whose native language seemed to be eloquence and poetry itself, chained down to teach, in one unvarying round, that, as he playfully writes, "o, x, spells ox; that the top of a map is the north, and the bottom the south, with various other 'branches;' as also, that they ought to be good boys, and do as they are bid, and say their prayers every morning and evening!" And yet, in the duties of this humble sphere, he found the peace and happiness which he had sought in vain from the triumph of genius and the praise of learning; the guileless words and grateful looks of his little pupils were dearer to his soul than all the admiration his pen had ever won; and it "seemed curious even to himself," he writes to a quondam literary friend, "that he felt a great deal happier in the practice of this daily routine than he ever did while he was roving about the great city, absorbed in the modest project of rivalling Shakspeare, and throwing Scott into the shade."

But, alas! even our holiest hopes are doomed to disappointment. Brother Gerald survived but by two short years his entrance into religion, having scarcely completed the sacrifice when he was called to receive its reward. In June 1839, he was transferred from Dublin to the South Monastery at Cork; and, before twelve months had elapsed, his remains were laid in the quiet cemetery of this humble brotherhood.

Peace to his soul!—Nearly four years have since passed. In the selfishness of our sorrow, we have scarcely yet learned to cease from repining. But we have long felt its injustice. His brief career was full of usefulness. "Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time." He was sent among us to fulfil a high destiny, which, with God's blessing, he has accomplished,—to teach a great lesson, which he taught generously and well. It is ours to watch, that, in our own case, it may not have been taught in vain.

WHERE ARE THEY?

SWABIAN POPULAR SONG.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

WHERE are they, the Belovèd,
The Gladsome, all?
Where are they, the Belovèd,
The Gladsome, all?
They left the festal hearth and hall.
They pine afar from us in alien climes.
Oh, who shall bring them back to us once more?
Who shall restore
Life's fairy floral times?
Restore
Life's fairy floral times?

Where are they, the Belovèd,
The Gallant, all?
Where are they, the Belovèd,
The Gallant, all?
At Freedom's thrilling clarion-call
They went forth in the pride of Youthhood's powers.
Oh, who shall give them back to us once more?
Who shall restore
Long-buried hearts and hours?
Restore
Long-buried hearts and hours?

Where are they, the Belovèd,
The Gifted, all?
Where are they, the Belovèd,
The Gifted, all?
They would not yield their souls the thrall
Of gold, or sell the glory of their lays.
Oh, who shall give them back to us once more?
Who shall restore
The bright, young, songful days?
Restore
The bright, young, songful days?

God only can restore us
The lost ones all.
But God He will restore us
The lost ones all!
What, though the Future's shadows fall
Dark o'er their fate, seen darker through our tears,
Our God will give them back to us once more—
He can restore
The vanished golden years!
Restore
The vanished golden years!

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.—A man named Malony, an auctioneer, formerly residing in Bel-lurteel, forged a draft for £130 some time ago, and effected his escape to America. Whilst there, he learned that he was heir to £50,000 in dispute in Ireland. He had the hardihood to return, made good his claim, was immediately afterwards arrested, was tried in the Commission Court, Dublin, last week, convicted of forgery, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. The treasure is, of course, confiscated to the Crown. Baron Lefroy, in passing sentence, intimated that, if an application were made to the Crown, the property might be granted to the children.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

A SLIGHT TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF SIR HUDSON LOWE.

BY MAJOR BASIL JACKSON, HALF-PAY ROYAL
STAFF CORPS.

From the United Service Magazine.

I was honored with the friendly notice of Sir Hudson Lowe, and enjoyed much of his confidence during a course of thirty years. I knew him when his military reputation marked him as an officer of the highest promise; I witnessed his able conduct as Governor of St. Helena; I saw him when the malice of his enemies had gained the ascendant, and covered him with unmerited opprobrium; I beheld him on his death-bed;—and throughout those various phases of his career I admired and respected his character, while I truly loved the man. I knew him to be a kind, indulgent, affectionate husband and parent, a warm and steady friend, a placable, nay, generous enemy, and an upright public servant. He is gone, and left it for posterity to do him justice. Happily, he devoted much time and care to the task of preparing materials for the use of his biographer, which remain in the possession of his family: the numerous friends and admirers of Sir Hudson Lowe have only, therefore, to wait till his intentions, in compiling the voluminous MSS. he has left, shall be carried into effect.

Owing to the remarkable industry of Sir Hudson Lowe, his papers comprise almost his entire correspondence during an active life; and hence we may not only expect to obtain from them a full account of every thing relating to the captivity of Napoleon Bonaparte, but also, much original information respecting the late war, as Sir Hudson's military talents were kept in constant employment throughout the most eventful and stirring periods of our history, namely, from 1796 to the close of the war; particularly in 1813 and 1814, when, being employed on a mission to the armies which were assembled in the north of Germany, he rendered himself a highly useful agent in promoting the objects of the British Government, which had resolved upon straining every effort to put those armies into a state of efficiency, preparatory to a combination of their strength against Bonaparte. In the course of the grand military operations that followed, Sir Hudson Lowe was attached to the army of Silesia, and engaged, I believe, in every battle and action fought by Marshal Blücher up to the day of the triumphal entry of the Allies into Paris; and the determined courage he evinced on many a well-contested field acquired for him amongst the Prussians the appellation of "the brave Englishman;" while his talents and conduct gained him, at the same time, the respect and firm friendship of Blücher, Kleist, Gneisenau, and other distinguished men, as his correspondence will be found to prove.

In the mean time, I have a melancholy satisfaction in bearing my testimony to the merits of an excellent man, and of hoping that my feeble efforts may prove availing to remove from his memory some portion of the misconception under which it still suffers in reference to his treatment of Bonaparte and his followers at St.

Helena, while performing a very delicate, important, and,—as he foresaw when he suffered himself to be prevailed on to accept the trust,—most invidious duty.

It is not my province to enter upon a lengthened vindication of the manner in which Sir Hudson Lowe performed his unpleasant office; but, as I served under him at St. Helena, and had peculiar opportunities of knowing somewhat of the Longwood tactics, I shall here contribute my mite of testimony to the evidence in his favor which has crept forth from various quarters, and in a great measure set him right in public opinion. I must, however, first be permitted to explain how I came to be placed in a situation to have those opportunities.

In 1814 and 1815 I served on the Staff of our Army in the Netherlands, and became known to Sir Hudson Lowe, who was Quartermaster-General to that force. On being nominated to the Governorship of St. Helena he invited me to accompany him thither, procuring at the same time the permission of the Duke of Wellington, under whose command I was then serving, for my services to be transferred to that island.

Longwood House consisted of a medley of buildings, covering a great extent of ground, which required constant attention to keep them in a habitable state, and this duty was assigned to me, with strict orders to neglect nothing that could tend to promote the comfort of Bonaparte and the distinguished persons of his suite. My visits to Longwood being almost daily, and as I was known to be a *protégé* of the Governor, they were very naturally regarded with an eye of suspicion by the French, who concluded that it was more than probable my attention to the condition of their dwellings was only an ostensible employment, and that a little quiet espionage constituted my principal functions. But in process of time their distrust gradually declined, and as I could converse in their language with tolerable fluency, my constant visits to their establishment began to be received on a more friendly footing. Still my position was one of considerable delicacy, and, although I strove by circumspection, and, I hope, in every way propriety of conduct, to maintain it; yet am I well aware that I owed something to the kindness and good-nature of the French party.

It is incumbent on me, in this place, distinctly to declare, that Sir Hudson Lowe never breathed a word to me having reference to surveillance; and I may also state, that the great delicacy observed by him on that point, first inspired in me the high respect for his character which I have never since ceased to feel up to the present moment.

I must beg to be pardoned for this mention of myself; but as I eventually came to be received on a very friendly footing by more than one of the Generals in Napoleon's suite, and thereby acquired a better knowledge of the interior of the French establishment than—I may venture to say—any English officer, it was requisite for me to show the precise position which I occupied while employed at St. Helena.

A paper appeared a few months since in the United Service Magazine, entitled, "Notes on St. Helena." The writer has therein correctly

stated, that a certain line of policy was early adopted, and to the last persisted in, by Napoleon, with a view of exciting sympathy in Europe; but the Journal of Count Las Cases long ago, let us into that secret, by the following paragraph, which, although quoted by the writer in question, I shall here insert. I believe it was this passage which first let Sir Hudson Lowe into the secret of the Longwood policy, when the Count's Journal in MS. was in his possession at St. Helena, prior to the departure of its author; of which mention is made by the writer of "Notes on St. Helena."

"We are possessed of moral arms only; and in order to make the most advantageous use of these, it was necessary to reduce into a system our words, our sentiments, and even our privations, in order that we might thereby excite a lively interest over a large portion of the European population; and that the opposition in England would not fail to resist the violence exercised against us by the Ministry."

All Bonaparte's followers knew that he was nursing a phantom in imagining that a system of agitation could by any possibility procure his removal from the island, which they were well convinced would prove his tomb; but as the little intrigues, plottings, and covert correspondence with certain persons in England, furnished him with occupation; and as feeding on hope, however delusive it might prove, was his chief solace; they felt that it would be cruel in them to destroy the support which, during a long and dreary period, served, though feebly, to sustain his sinking spirits.

Generals Bertrand, De Montholon, and Gourgaud, and the Count de Las Cases, were all honorable men—at least according to the *code Napoléon*—and we must not bestow too much severity of censure on any of their acts in the service of a master whose will to them was law. But they, or most of them, were open avowed opponents of the Governor, by order of their Emperor; whereas it was an inferior and dirty class of individuals who were employed to malign Sir Hudson Lowe.

Of the private sentiments of Count Las Cases in reference to him, I am unable to speak, as he quitted St. Helena before I had the pleasure of being intimate with any of the Longwood persons; but his Journal must in no wise be considered as embodying the Count's real opinion, being strongly imbued with the Napoleonic policy. Notwithstanding which, I know that it afforded Bonaparte little satisfaction.

In regard to Generals Bertrand, De Montholon, and Gourgaud, I have reason to believe that, notwithstanding the warfare carried on between Longwood and Plantation House,* in which they were compelled to take an active part, they entertained a respect for the character and behavior of Sir Hudson Lowe. On the close of the St. Helena drama, all the assumed enmity between the belligerents ceased, and the Counts De Montholon and Bertrand—all that remained of Napoleon's original suite—dined with him, I think, more than once, and nothing occurred thenceforth to disturb the

peace which was declared over the tomb of the ex-Emperor.

On returning to France, the Count de Montholon, in conjunction with General Gourgaud, published the manuscripts which had been prepared at St. Helena under the eye of Bonaparte; but they did not seize the opportunity thereby afforded them, to put forth a syllable against Sir Hudson Lowe.

I lament the fate of General de Montholon, who, of all the persons who accompanied Bonaparte to St. Helena, stood highest in his favor, and, shall I term it so? affection. He now languishes in confinement for having shared in the mad attempt of Louis Bonaparte against the King of the French. I always considered him to be a man of talent, possessing many excellent qualities, and for whom I ever felt a sincere regard. While the sun of prosperity shone upon him, his house was always open to me; and in former years I visited him both in Paris and at his beautiful château of Frémigny, near Arpajon. He always spoke well of Sir Hudson Lowe, and had the good feeling to shake his head when that part of Bonaparte's unwarrantable policy was alluded to, which sought to brand with infamy the character of an honest man. "Mon cher ami," he used to say, "an angel from heaven could not have pleased us, as Governor of St. Helena."

I well remember his using precisely the same expression when at St. Helena, in reference to the Governor; and it will serve to show how completely the Longwood measures were reduced to a system, if I mention a trifling occurrence which concerned myself. I happened to tell the Count de Montholon that the Governor had entertained thoughts of posting me at Longwood as orderly officer, (a situation of trust which was always held by a Captain of the garrison,) but that he had refrained from giving me the appointment, out of delicacy to Napoleon, as I was but a Lieutenant, and he knew that the measure of employing an officer of inferior rank, would at once be made a ground of complaint. The Count's remark was to the following effect:—"My good friend, you have had a fortunate escape, for had you come hither as orderly officer, we would most assuredly have ruined your reputation. It is a part of our system, *et que voulez vous dire?*"

General Gourgaud was a gentlemanly man, and possessed of much propriety of feeling, of whom I saw a good deal during his sojourn on the island. He, I am sure, could never find fault with the conduct of Sir Hudson Lowe towards himself. The following passage was written by me to correct some misinformation which the author of "Events of a Military Life" had received respecting him. It is perhaps somewhat long, yet as it furnishes an instance of the style of Sir Hudson Lowe's proceedings towards the French under his charge, and displays his conduct in a very favorable light, I beg to submit it to the reader's notice. I must likewise take this opportunity to say, that Mr. Henry's lively, interesting, and well-written book contains several chapters on St. Helena, where he served as Assistant-Surgeon of the 66th Regt.; and as he had means of collecting

* The Governor's residence.

much correct information relative to the condition and treatment of Bonaparte, without being then in any way connected with Sir Hudson Lowe, or thrown in contact with him since, the evidence he bears as an impartial witness to the praiseworthy conduct of that functionary in his difficult office, is of the utmost value to the seeker of truth.

Extract of a communication to Staff-Surgeon Henry:—

"So much nonsense has been written about General Gourgaud, that I feel induced to tell you shortly what were the circumstances attending his quitting Napoleon. At Longwood, as well as on the throne, the Machiavelian policy, '*Divide et impera*,' was the ex-Emperor's rule, the result of which was injurious to him in the extreme; for, imbued with jealousy, distrust, and enmity amongst themselves, his little band of followers soon found their position any thing but agreeable. I fancy the Count de Las Cases was very glad to get out of the mess, and General Gourgaud at length found his isolated situation so irksome as to be no longer bearable. An active and intelligent Officier d'Ordonnance, he had been rapidly promoted about the time of Napoleon's struggles in Germany, prior to the battle of Leipsig (he is mentioned very favorably in Caulaincourt's Memoirs); and I believe followed his master into exile from attachment to his person. I do not know precisely the origin of his disagreement with Bonaparte at Longwood, but have some reason to think they were not cordial for any length of time after reaching St. Helena. At the period when Gourgaud applied for permission to leave the island, Counts Bertrand and Montholon with himself formed the whole suite. The two first were but just upon speaking terms, while Montholon and Gourgaud were at open enmity, as was often avowed by the latter. Bertrand and Montholon had their separate establishments, and were living comfortably with their families, while Gourgaud remained in solitude. I used frequently to call and chat with him, when he would often lament his hard fate and sigh for La belle France, for Paris and les Boulevards."

"At length, *maladie de pays* got the better of him, and he determined to leave Longwood. Sir Hudson Lowe sent for me, and having mentioned General Gourgaud's wish, asked whether it would be agreeable for me to reside with him until an opportunity should offer for his quitting St. Helena. 'I propose this to you,' added the Governor, 'from thinking such an arrangement would be acceptable to General Gourgaud, and in consequence of his conduct having been quite unexceptionable so far as our regulations have affected him; I, therefore, shall be glad to please him in this matter.' Accordingly, General Gourgaud and myself were installed in a comfortable house, in which servants and a table were provided for us at the expense of Government. We lived near the residences of the Austrian and Russian Commissioners, whom we occasionally visited, and nothing could exceed the attention and hospitality of Sir Hudson Lowe to General Gourgaud. If the latter be still alive, I feel certain he must retain

a pleasing recollection of the treatment he then met with.

"In justice to that excellent and grossly-maligned individual, Sir Hudson Lowe, I shall now relate a circumstance which I am sure General Gourgaud will be ready to confirm. When the latter removed from Longwood, I accompanied him to the Governor's residence, where I took an opportunity to leave him and Sir Hudson *tête-à-tête*. Immediately on our riding from Plantation House together, the General broke out into strong exclamations of surprise that Sir Hudson should simply have received his visit as the call of one gentleman upon another, without even alluding to Longwood during their conversation. 'I expected,' added he, 'that the Governor would have seized with avidity so favorable an occasion as my excited state offered, to gather from me some information about the goings on at Longwood. Je ne reviens pas de mon étonnement; non, je n'en reviens pas.' These expressions of surprise he repeated over and over again during our short ride.

"I may add, that I had many opportunities of remarking the really chivalrous delicacy of Sir Hudson in reference to General Gourgaud.

"Although the Emperor and the General did not part the best friends, yet, as it was known at Longwood that the latter was unprovided with funds, a considerable sum was offered to him by Napoleon, and even pressed on his acceptance when leaving Longwood, which he declined to receive. But afterwards, when about to embark for England, the poor General experienced the usual inconveniences of a penniless position, and sent me to Longwood to ask General Bertrand for a loan of two or three hundred pounds. The General, however, declined his request, observing that the Emperor had offered him a much larger sum, the refusal of which was most disrespectful: but added, that even then, if General Gourgaud would accept the Emperor's gift, he would also lend him the sum he asked. Bertrand's words were, 'Qu'il ne me mette pas dans la position de manquer à l'Empereur.'

"Gourgaud was a good deal distressed by the refusal of Bertrand, which was quite unexpected, but still declined placing himself under a pecuniary obligation to Napoleon, and would have sailed to England without a shilling but for Sir Hudson Lowe, who, as soon as he learned the above circumstances, sent him by me an order for one hundred pounds on his banker in London, which sum, I need scarcely say, was repaid as soon as General Gourgaud obtained the command of his own resources."

I must not forego the opportunity now afforded me of stating,—and I believe that I am correctly informed in the matter,—that Sir Hudson Lowe uniformly treated Bonaparte with all the deference and attention in his power; and that he endeavored to carry out the instructions of his Government with every possible delicacy. For instance, he was directed to style the captive, *General Bonaparte*; but he yielded to the wishes and feelings of the ex-Emperor so far as to term him *Napoleon Bonaparte* in his official communications; steadily refusing, however, to call him *Napoleon* alone, as was urgently

expressed by General Bertrand,—of course under Bonaparte's direction. Again, Sir Hudson never sat in the presence of *Napoleon Bonaparte* without being requested to do so. His conversations with Bonaparte were all in Italian; and in addressing him he invariably used the third person singular, *Lui*, which is a polite mode of expression, and may be employed in that language to persons of any rank.

Sir Hudson Lowe had altogether but four interviews with Bonaparte, and on two of those occasions Napoleon's language and manner were not only very violent, but also personally insulting to Sir Hudson; who, however, regarded his violence as the roarings of an enraged tiger, and calmly suffered his fury to exhale without retort. Rear-Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm was present during the last, and I heard him say that Bonaparte wholly forgot the respect which he owed to himself, as well as what was due towards a British officer and a gentleman; while the Governor's conduct was perfect throughout.* Now this I heard Sir Pulteney Malcolm mention at his own hospitable board; and I think on the same day that the occurrence took place. I was the only military man present, but many naval officers must still be alive who can corroborate my statement.

I have not a doubt that Sir Hudson Lowe's papers will be found to contain nearly verbatim, his conversations with Bonaparte; and very curious ones we shall find them to have been. And here I cannot help expressing my deep regret that he did not publish a full account of his Governorship, immediately on his return from the island. I am well aware that he felt very great delicacy about publishing certain official documents without the sanction of Government, as he entertained peculiarly strict notions in regard to the conduct of a public servant; still, as his character had been assailed by systematic calumnies, put forth under the most artful forms; and, as the subject of Napoleon's treatment in captivity was of universal interest, I think that, not only in justice to his own reputation, but also for the credit of our country, he ought to have spoken out. I am, however, very far from considering that the libels themselves were worthy of a direct reply from himself. Sir Hudson Lowe's conduct, throughout the whole of his government, had received the most unqualified approval both of his Sovereign and the British Ministry; and for a man of his station and character to descend into the arena of controversy, and combat such antagonists as were his assailants, would have been,—and Sir Hudson felt it so,—improper and undignified. The Quarterly Review, however, espoused the cause of Sir Hudson Lowe,—and of truth: and, in a very able article which appeared in October, 1822, completely destroyed the credit of the principal libeller, by furnishing documentary proof, not

only of the malice and vindictiveness which actuated him, but also of his ingenious mendacity.

Napoleon is said to have remarked—in reference to libels against himself, which he was urged, while at St. Helena, to answer—"Where are now the libels against Cæsar? sooner or later all calumny must die." Sir Hudson Lowe likewise insisted that truth would eventually prevail. But he did not consider the force with which calumnies are propelled by party and political spirit, nor how powerful is prejudice when once deeply rooted. The calumnies against him will assuredly die; but the present generation must first pass away.

Had Sir Hudson laid a full statement of his conduct before the world, he would thereby have changed the tone of historians in reference to it. Writers of general history, as well as Bonaparte's biographers, necessarily dwell more or less upon St. Helena occurrences; and historians—like all animals—if they cannot obtain good wholesome food, are compelled to put up with the best they are able to procure. Possibly Sir Hudson Lowe did not foresee precisely what would be the full effect of his treasuring up truth for posterity; but I suspect that each successive historian rather unpleasantly reminded him of what I always considered to be his great mistake, and that others of his friends think as I do, I have reason to know.

In justice to Bonaparte, I must here mention, that on his death-bed he felt compunction for the wrongs which his line of policy had done Sir Hudson Lowe; and it was his dying command to Count Bertrand, who had been the principal medium, through his public letters, and the support he gave to Mr. O'Meara's insidious practices, of carrying forward his master's unworthy plans, that he should omit no means to become reconciled to the Governor. Count Bertrand accordingly made overtures to him with this view, which were met by the generosity and good feeling which at all times characterized Sir Hudson Lowe.

I must not attempt to draw this paper to a greater length; having given a kind of general testimony in favor of a revered friend's memory, I shall refrain from seeking to vindicate it by entering more into particulars. Besides, as I have on various occasions been admitted to a partial knowledge of Sir Hudson Lowe's correspondence, and likewise gleaned, in conversation, what were his sentiments and feelings upon many points relating to his St. Helena Government, I think it would be improper in me to anticipate the labors of his future biographer.

VOLCANOE; SANDWICH ISLANDS—On the 10th of January last a great volcanic eruption took place near the summit of a mountain called Manna Loa, at an elevation of 14,000 feet above the sea, and has since poured out floods of burning lava in terrific abundance. A similar phenomenon occurred in another part of the island, near the missionary station Hillo, in 1840. The Chimneys of this quarter of the Earth seem to be established in and about the Sandwich group. *Lit. Gaz.*

* I am not sure of the fact, but think it was after this scene, that Napoleon expressed his disappointment at his affected passion having failed to provoke the ire of the Governor. "Could I but have made that man bang the door after him," was his observation. His object, of course, was to make Sir Hudson commit himself in the presence of Sir Pulteney Malcolm.

ANDREW MARVELL.

From the Edinburgh Review.

The Life of Andrew Marvell, the celebrated Patriot; with Extracts and Selections from his Prose and Poetical Works. By JOHN DOVE. 12mo. London: 1832.

ANDREW MARVELL was a native of Kingston-upon-Hull, where he was born Nov. 15, 1629. His father, of the same name, was master of the grammar school, and lecturer of Trinity Church in that town. He is described by Fuller and Echard as 'facetious,' so that his son's wit, it would appear, was hereditary. He is also said to have displayed considerable eloquence in the pulpit; and even to have excelled in that kind of oratory which would seem at first sight least allied to a mirthful temperament—we mean the *pathetic*. The conjunction, however, of wit and sensibility, has been found in a far greater number of instances than would at first sight be imagined, as we might easily prove by examples, if this were the place for it: nor would it be difficult to give the *rationale* of the fact. Both, at all events, are amongst the most general, though far from universal accompaniments of genius.—The diligence of Mr. Marvell's pulpit preparations has been celebrated by Fuller in his 'Worthies' with characteristic quaintness. 'He was a most excellent preacher,' says he, 'who never broached what he had new brewed, but preached what he had pre-studied some competent time before, insomuch that he was wont to say, that he would cross the common proverb, which called Saturday the working day and Monday the holyday of preachers.' The lessons of the pulpit he enforced by the persuasive eloquence of a devoted life. During the pestilential epidemic of 1637, we are told that he distinguished himself by an intrepid discharge of his pastoral functions.

Having given early indications of superior talents, young Andrew was sent, when not quite fifteen years of age, to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was partly or wholly maintained by an exhibition from his native town. He had not been long there, when, like Chillingworth, he was ensnared by the proselyting arts of the Jesuits, who, with subtlety equal to their zeal, commissioned their emissaries specially to aim at the conversion of such of the university youths as gave indications of signal ability. It appears that he was inveigled from college to London. Having been tracked thither by his father, he was discovered after some months in a bookseller's shop, and restored to the university. During the two succeeding years he pursued

his studies with diligence. About this period he lost his father under circumstances peculiarly affecting.

The death of this good man forms one of these little domestic tragedies—not infrequent in real life—to which imagination itself can scarcely add one touching incident, and which are as affecting as any that fiction can furnish. It appears that on the other side of the Humber lived a lady (an intimate friend of Marvell's father) who had an only and lovely daughter, endeared to all who knew her, and so much the idol of her mother that she could scarcely bear her to be out of her sight. On one occasion, however, she yielded to the importunity of Mr. Marvell, and suffered her daughter to cross the water to Hull, to be present at the baptism of one of his children. The day after the ceremony, the young lady was to return. The weather was tempestuous, and on reaching the river's side, accompanied by Mr. Marvell, the boatmen endeavored to dissuade her from crossing. But, afraid of alarming her mother by prolonging her absence, she persisted. Mr. Marvell added his importunities to the arguments of the boatmen, but in vain. Finding her inflexible, he told her that as she had incurred this peril to oblige him, he felt himself 'bound in honor and conscience' not to desert her; and, having prevailed on some boatmen to hazard the passage, they embarked together. As they were putting off, he flung his gold-headed cane on shore, and told the spectators that, in case he should never return, it was to be given his son, with the injunction 'to remember his father.' The boat was upset, and both were lost.

As soon as the mother had a little recovered the shock, she sent for the young orphan, intimated her intention to provide for his education, and at her death left him all she possessed.

One of his biographers informs us that young Marvell took his degree of B. A. in the year 1638, and was admitted to a scholarship.* If so, he did not retain it very long. Though in no further danger from the Jesuits, he seems to have been beset by more formidable enemies in his own bosom. Either from too early becoming his own master, or from being betrayed into follies to which his lively temperament and social qualities readily exposed him, he became negligent in his studies; and having absented himself from certain 'exercises,' and otherwise been guilty of sundry unacademic irregularities, he, with four others, was adjudged by the masters and

* Cooke, in the life prefixed to Marvell's poems. 1726.

seniors unworthy of 'receiving any further benefit from the college,' unless they showed just cause to the contrary within three months. The required vindication does not appear to have been found, or at all events was never offered. The record of this transaction bears date September 24, 1641.

Soon after this, probably at the commencement of 1642, Marvell seems to have set out on his travels, in the course of which he visited a great part of Europe. At Rome he stayed a considerable time, where Milton was then residing, and where, in all probability, their lifelong friendship commenced. With an intrepidity, characteristic of both, it is said they openly argued against the superstitions of Rome within the precincts of the Vatican. It was here, also, that Marvell made the first essay of his satirical powers in a lampoon on Richard Flecknoe. It is now remembered only as having suggested the terrible satire of Dryden on the laureate Shadwell. At Paris he made another attempt at satire in Latin, of about the same order of merit. The subject of it was an Abbé named Lancelot Joseph de Maniban, who professed to interpret the characters and prognosticate the fortunes of strangers by an inspection of their handwriting.

After this we have no trace whatever of Marvell for some years; and his biographers have, as usual, endeavored to supply the deficiency by conjecture—some of them so idly, that they have made him secretary to an embassy which had then no existence.

Mr. Dove* says, that this lack of information respecting Marvell extends over eleven years—not quite, however, even on his own showing; for the very next record he supplies, tells us at least how the first four years of

this period was spent, and a considerable though indeterminate portion at the close of it. The record referred to is a recommendatory letter of Milton to Bradshaw, dated Feb. 21, 1652. It appears that Marvell was then an unsuccessful candidate for the office of assistant Latin Secretary. In this letter, after describing Marvell as a man of 'singular desert,' both from 'report' and personal 'converse,' he proceeds to say—'He hath spent four years abroad, in Holland, France, Italy, and Spain, to very good purpose, as I believe, and the gaining of those four languages; besides, he is a scholar, and well read in the Latin and Greek authors, and no doubt of an approved conversation; *for he comes now lately out of the house of the Lord Fairfax, where he was entrusted to give some instructions in the languages to the lady, his daughter.*' Milton concludes the letter with a sentence which fully discloses the very high estimation he had formed of Marvell's abilities—'This, my lord, I write sincerely, without any other end than to perform my duty to the public in helping them to an humble servant; laying aside those jealousies and that emulation which mine own condition might suggest to me by bringing in *such a coadjutor.*'

In the following year, 1653, Marvell was appointed tutor to Cromwell's nephew, Mr. Dutton. Shortly after receiving his charge, he addressed a letter to the Protector, from which we extract one or two sentences characteristic of his caution, good sense, and conscientiousness. 'I have taken care,' says he, 'to examine him [his pupil] several times in the presence of Mr. Oxenbridge, as those who weigh and tell over money before some witness ere they take charge of it; for I thought there might be possibly some lightness in the coin, or error in the telling, which hereafter I should be bound to make good.' 'He is of a gentle and waxen disposition; and God be praised, I cannot say he hath brought with him any evil impression, and I shall hope to set nothing into his spirit but what may be of a good sculpture. He hath in him two things that make youth most easy to be managed—modesty, which is the bridle to vice—and emulation, which is the spur to virtue. . . . Above all, I shall labor to make him sensible of his duty to God; for then we begin to serve faithfully when we consider He is our master.'

On the publication of Milton's second 'Defence,' Marvell was commissioned to present it to the Protector. After doing so, he addressed a letter of compliment to Milton, the terms of which evince the strong admiration with which his illustrious friend

* We gladly admit that Mr. Dove's little volume is a tolerably full and accurate compilation of what is known to us of Andrew Marvell's history, and contains some pleasant extracts from his writings. But we must express our regret that he has been, in a trifling degree, misled, by adhering too literally to the etymology of the word 'compilation.' It is true that 'compilation' comes from *compilatio*, and equally true that *compilatio* means 'pillage'; but it does not follow that 'compilation' is to be literally 'pillage.' A considerable number of his sentences, sometimes whole paragraphs, are transferred from Mr. D'Israeli's *Miscellanies*, and from two articles on Andrew Marvell which appeared in the *Retrospective Review* some twenty years ago, without alteration and without any sort of acknowledgment. Had they been printed between inverted commas, and the sources specified, we should have called it 'compilation' but no 'pillage'—as it is, we must call it pillage, and not compilation. Mr. Dove may, it is true, have been the author of the articles in question. If so, there was no conceivable reason why he should not have owned them, and we can only regret that he has omitted to do it. If not, we cannot justify the use he has made of them.

had inspired him. His eulogy of the 'Defence' is as emphatic as that of the *Paradise Lost*, in the well known commendatory lines prefixed to most editions of that poem.

In 1657, Marvell entered upon his duties as assistant Latin Secretary with Milton. Cromwell died in the following year; and from this period till the Parliament of 1660, we have no further account of him. We have seen it stated that he became member for Hull in 1658. But this is not true, and would be at variance with the statement in his epitaph, where it is said that he had occupied that post nearly twenty years. Had he been first elected in 1658, he would have been member somewhat more than that period.

During his long parliamentary career, Marvell maintained a close correspondence with his constituents—regularly sending to them, almost every post night during the sittings of Parliament, an account of its proceedings. These letters were first made public by Captain Thompson, and occupy about four hundred pages of the first volume of his edition of Marvell's works. They are written with great plainness, and with a business-like brevity, which must have satisfied, we should think, even the most laconic of his merchant constituents. They are chiefly valuable now, as affording proofs of the ability and fidelity with which their author discharged his public duties; and as throwing light on some curious points of parliamentary usage and history. Some few sentences, interesting on these accounts, may be worth extracting. Of his diligence, the copiousness and punctuality of the correspondence itself are themselves the best proofs; but many of the letters incidentally disclose others not less significant. The following evidence of it, few members now-a-days would be disposed to give, and no constituency, we should imagine, would be unreasonable enough to expect:—'Sir, I must beg your excuse for paper, pens, writing, and every thing; for really I have by ill chance neither eat nor drank from yesterday at noon till six o'clock to-night, that the House rose.* And again—'Really the business of the House hath been of late so earnest daily, and so long, that I have not had the time and scarce vigor left me, by night, to write to you; and to-day, because I would not omit any longer, I lose my dinner to make sure of this letter.† On another occasion he says—'Tis nine at night, and we are but just now risen; and I write these few words in the Post-house, for sureness that my letter be

not too late.* In one letter we find him saying—'I am something *bound up*, that I cannot write about your *public affairs*; but I assure you they *break my sleep*.†

Of his minute attention to all their local interests, and his watchful care over them, these letters afford ample proof; and in this respect are well worthy of the study of honorable members of the present day. He usually commences each session of Parliament by requesting his constituents to consider, whether there were any local affairs in which they might more particularly require his aid, and to give him timely notice of them. His prudence is equally conspicuous in his abstinence from any dangerous comments on public affairs; he usually contents himself with detailing bare facts. This caution was absolutely necessary at a period when the officials of the Post-office made no scruple of breaking the seal of private correspondence, for the purpose of obtaining information for the Government. On one occasion this seems to have been done in his own case, as he tells his constituents that a letter of his had been shown about town. They vehemently disclaimed all knowledge of any breach of trust, in a very complimentary reply. In acknowledging this letter, he says—'I am very well satisfied, gentlemen, by your letter, that it was none of you; but it seems, therefore, that there is *some sentinel set both upon you and upon me*, and to know it therefore is a sufficient caution: the best of it is, that none of us, I believe, either do say or write any thing, but what we care not though it be made public, although we do not desire it.‡ He, notwithstanding, repeatedly cautions them not to let his letters be seen by any but themselves. In this respect, there is a striking yet perfectly natural contrast between the cautious statements of facts in his public correspondence, and the lively comments upon them in his private letters; in which his indignant patriotism expresses itself with characteristic severity against the corruptions of the court. Thus in a letter to a friend in Persia, we find the following memorable passage—'Now, after my usual method, leaving to others what relates to business, I address myself, which is all that I am good for, to be your gazetteer. The King having, upon pretence of the great preparations of his neighbors, demanded three hundred thousand pounds for his navy, (though, in conclusion, he hath not set out any,) and that the Parliament should pay his debts, (which the ministers would never par-

* Marvell's *Letters*, p. 302.

† *Ibid.* p. 83.

* Marvell's *Letters*, p. 106.

† *Ibid.* p. 33.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 262.

ticularize to the House of Commons,) our House gave several bills. You see how far things were stretched, though beyond reason, there being no satisfaction how those debts were contracted, and all men foreseeing that what was given would not be applied to discharge the debts, which I hear are at this day risen to four millions; but diverted as formerly. Nevertheless, such was the number of the constant courtiers increased by the apostate patriots, who were bought off for that turn—some at six, others ten, one at fifteen thousand pounds in money, besides what offices, lands, and reversions to others, that it is a mercy they gave not away the whole land and liberty of England.*

In the same letter he thus speaks of the shamelessness with which the Parliament emulated the profligacy of the court—prostituting its own and the nation's honor as vilely as the royal mistresses it enriched had prostituted theirs:—They have signed and sealed ten thousand pounds a-year more to the Duchess of Cleveland, who has likewise near ten thousand pounds a-year out of the new farm of the country excise of beer and ale, five thousand pounds a-year out of the Post-office, and they say, the reversion of all the King's leases, the reversion of all places in the Custom-house, the green wax, and indeed what not? All promotions, spiritual and temporal, pass under her cognizance.† On the King's unwelcome visits to the House of Peers, he says—'Being sat, he told them it was a privilege he claimed from his ancestors to be present at their deliberations. That therefore they should not, for his coming, interrupt their debates, but proceed, and be covered. They did so. It is true that this has been done long ago; but it is now so old that it is new, and so disused that at any other but so bewitched a time as this, it would have been looked upon as an high usurpation and breach of privilege. He indeed sat still, for the most part, and interposed very little, sometimes a word or two. . . . After three or four days continuance, the lords were very well used to the King's presence, and sent the Lord Steward and Lord Chamberlain to him (to know) when they might wait, as a House on him, to render their humble thanks for the honor he did them! The hour was appointed them, and they thanked him, and he took it well. So this matter, of such importance on all great occasions, seems riveted to them and us, for the future, and to all posterity. . . . The King has ever since continued his session among them, and says it is better than going to a play.‡

* Marvell's Letters, p. 405. † Ibid p. 406.

‡ Ibid. p. 417-419.

Marvell's stainless probity and honor every where appear, and in no case more amiably than in the unhappy misunderstanding with his colleague, or 'his partner' as he calls him, Colonel Gilby, in 1661, and which seems to have arisen out of some electioneering proceedings. With such unrivalled talents for ridicule as Marvell possessed, one might not unnaturally have expected that this dispute would have furnished an irresistible temptation to some ebullition of witty malice. But his magnanimity was far superior to such mean retaliation. He is eager to do his opponent the amplest justice, and to put the fairest construction on his conduct. He is fearful only lest their private quarrel should be of the slightest detriment to the public service. He says—'The bonds of civility betwixt Colonel Gilby and myself being unhappily snapped in pieces, and in such manner that I cannot see how it is possible ever to knit them again: the only trouble that I have is, lest by our mis-intelligence your business should receive any disadvantage. . . . Truly, I believe, that as to your public trust and the discharge thereof, we do each of us still retain the same principles upon which we first undertook it; and that, though perhaps we may sometimes differ in our advice concerning the way of proceeding, yet we have the same good ends in the general; and by this unlucky falling out, we shall be provoked to a greater emulation of serving you.'* Yet the offence, whatever it was, must have been a grave one, for he says at the conclusion of the same letter—'I would not tell you any tales, because there are nakednesses which it becomes us to cover, if it be possible; as I shall, unless I be obliged to make some vindications by any false report or misinterpretations. In the mean time, pity, I beseech you, my weakness; for there are some things which men ought not, others that they cannot patiently suffer.†

Of his integrity even in little things—of his desire to keep his conscience pure and his reputation untarnished—we have some striking proofs. On one occasion he had been employed by his constituents to wait on the Duke of Monmouth, then governor of Hull, with a complimentary letter, and to present him with a purse containing 'six broad pieces' as an honorary fee. He says—'He had before I came in, as I was told, considered what to do with the gold; and but that I by all means prevented the offer, I had been in danger of being reimbursed with it.‡ In the same letter he says—'I received the bill which

* Marvell's Letters, p. 33, 34.
† Ibid. p. 36. ‡ Ibid. p. 210.

was sent me on Mr. Nelehorpe; but the surplus of it exceeding much the expense I have been at on this occasion, I desire you to make use of it, and of me, upon any other opportunity.*

In one of his letters he makes the following declaration, which we have no doubt was perfectly sincere, and, what is still more strange, implicitly believed:—‘I shall, God willing, maintain the same *incorrupt mind and clear conscience, free from faction or any self-ends, which I have, by his grace, hitherto preserved.*’†

We have said that these letters are also interesting as incidentally illustrating parliamentary usage. Marvell was one of the last—if not the very last—who received the wages which members were entitled by law to demand of their constituents. To this subject he makes some curious references. On more than one occasion it appears, that members had sued their constituents for arrears of pay; while others had threatened to do so, unless the said constituents agreed to re-elect them at the next election. ‘To-day,’ says he in a letter dated March 3, 1676-7, ‘Sir Harbottle Grimstone, Master of the Rolls, moved for a bill to be brought in, to indemnify all counties, cities, and boroughs for the *wages due to their members for the time past*, which was introduced by him upon very good reasons, both because of the poverty of many people not able to supply so long an arrear, especially new taxes now coming upon them, and also because Sir John Shaw, the Recorder of Colchester, *had sued the town for his wages*; several other members also having, it seems, threatened their boroughs to do the same, unless *they should choose them*, upon another election, to Parliament.’‡ The conditions of re-election are assuredly strangely altered now—it is no longer possible to drive so thrifty a bargain, or bribe after so ingenious a fashion. But these ‘wages,’ moderate as they were—only about two shillings a-day to a member of a borough, and to a county member four—were in some cases alleged to be so heavy a tax, that instances occur of unpatriotic boroughs begging to be *disfranchised*, to escape the burdensome honor of sending members to Parliament! Nor was the reluctance always on one side. At earlier periods of our history, we have accounts of members who, notwithstanding this liberal pay—about that of a hedger and ditcher in these more luxurious days—found the inconveniences of membership so great, and the honor in their unam-

bitious estimate so small, that they shrank from representing a borough, as much as the borough from the dignity of being represented; and expressed their aversion with as much sincerity as ever primitive Bishop, in times of hot persecution, cried ‘*Nolo Episcopari.*’ Nay, there are authentic cases on record, in which the candidates fairly ran away from the proffered dignity, and even resisted it *vi et armis*. Strange revolutions! we are ready to exclaim, that a man should now be willing to spend a fortune even in the unsuccessful pursuit of an honor which his ancestors were reluctant to receive even when paid for it; and that constituencies should resist, as the last insult and degradation, that disfranchisement which many of them in ancient times would have been but too happy to accept as a privilege!

In such a state of things we can hardly wonder, that the attendance of members was not very prompt and punctual, or that great difficulty was often found in obtaining a full House. Severe penalties were threatened at various times against the absentees. In one letter we are told—‘The House was called yesterday, and gave defaulters a fortnight’s time, by which, if they do not come up, they may expect the greatest severity.’* In another—‘The House of Commons was taken up for the most part yesterday in calling over their House, and have ordered a letter to be drawn up from the Speaker to every place for which there is any defaulter, to signify the absence of their member, and a solemn letter is accordingly preparing, to be signed by the Speaker. This is thought a sufficient punishment for *any modest man*; nevertheless, if they shall not come up hereupon, there is a further severity reserved.’†

More than once we find a proposition, that these absentees should be punished by being compelled to pay double proportions toward the never-ending subsidies. One member proposed that the mulcts thus extorted from negligent or idle senators, should be exclusively employed in building a ship, to be called *The Sinner’s Frigate*—an ill-boding name, and applicable only to a vessel

‘Built in the eclipse, and rigg’d with curses dark.’

Though the law-makers of that age were paid at little more than the rate of a journeyman tailor of modern times, their performances, if estimated by their value, were greatly overpaid. When we see in Marvell’s correspondence how the House was frequently employed—shamefully betraying the nation with whose interests they were in trusted—taxing

* Marvell’s Letters, p. 276.

† Ibid. p. 210.

‡ Ibid. p. 289.

* Marvell’s Letters, p. 117.

† Ibid. p. 240.

the groaning people to support the royal profligacy—ingeniously contriving the most elaborate and comprehensive methods of ruin, and pursuing the worst ends by the worst means—diminishing, by their absurd enactments in relation to trade and commerce, that very revenue which was almost their sole object of solicitude—addressing the King, that he will be pleased to abstain from wearing one shred of foreign manufacture, and to discountenance the use of it in his subjects—bringing in bills that all Nonconformists shall pay double taxes, and that all persons shall be buried in woollens ‘for the next six or seven years’—and other things of a similar nature, we cannot forbear lifting up our hands in astonishment at the vaunted wisdom of our ancestors.

Some strange scenes appear now and then to have occurred in the Commons, and worthy rather of an Arkansas House of Assembly than of a British Parliament. The following is an example; though, as usual in such squabbles, the ‘Pickwickian construction’ of all offensive words seems to have prevailed at last. ‘One day, upon a dispute of telling right upon division, both parties grew so hot that all order was lost; men came running up confusedly to the table, grievously affronted one by another; every man’s hand on his hilt, quieted though at last, by the prudence of the Speaker; every man in his place being obliged to stand up and engage his honor, not to resent any thing of that day’s proceeding.’*

The disputes with the Lords were frequent, and difficult of adjustment. The following is a droll complication of their relations, and almost as hopeless as the ‘dead-lock’ in the *Critic*. I have no more time than to tell you, that the Lords having judged and fined the East India Company, as we think *illegally*, upon the petition of one Skyner, a merchant, and they petitioning us for redress, we have imprisoned him that petitioned *them*, and they have imprisoned several of those that petitioned *us*. . . . It is a business of very high and dangerous consequence.†

One or two other brief extracts from these letters seem not unworthy of insertion. The following is a curious example of the odd accidents on which the most important events depend. Sir G. Carteret had been charged with embezzlement of public money. ‘The House dividing upon the question, the ayes went out, and wondered why they were kept out so extraordinary a time; the ayes proved 138, and the noes 129; and the reason of the long stay then appeared:—The

tellers for the ayes chanced to be very ill reckoners, so that they were forced to tell several times over in the House; and when at last the tellers for the ayes would have agreed the noes to be 142, the noes would needs say that they were 143; whereupon those for the ayes would tell once more, and then found the noes to be indeed but 129, and the ayes then coming in proved to be 138, whereas if the noes had been content with the first error of the tellers, Sir George had been quit upon that observation.’*

The following sounds odd—‘Yesterday, upon complaint of some violent arrests made in several churches, even during sermon time, nay, of one taken out betwixt the bread and the cup in receiving the sacrament, the House ordered that a bill be brought in for better observing the Lord’s Day.’†

‘To William Ramsden, Esq.—I think I have not told you that, on our bill of subsidy, the Lord Lucas made a fervent bold speech against our prodigality in giving, and the weak looseness of the government, the King being present; and the Lord Clare another to persuade the King that he ought not to be present. But all this had little encouragement, not being seconded. Copies going about every where, one of them was brought into the Lords’ house, and Lord Lucas was asked whether it was his. He said, part was and part was not. Thereupon they took advantage, and said it was a libel even against Lucas himself. On this they voted it a libel, and to be burned by the hangman, which was done; but the sport was, the hangman burned the Lords’ order with it. I take the last quarrel betwixt us and the Lords to be as the ashes of that speech.’‡

Not seldom, to the very moderate ‘wages’ of a legislator, was added some homely expression of good-will on the part of the constituents. That of the Hull people generally appeared in the shape of a stout cask of ale, for which Marvell repeatedly returns thanks. In one letter he says—‘We must first give you thanks for the kind present you have pleased to send us, which will give occasion to us to remember you often; but the quantity is so great that it might make sober men forgetful.’§

Marvell’s correspondence extends through nearly twenty years. From June 1661, there is, however, a considerable break, owing to his absence for an unknown period—probably about two years—in Holland. He showed little disposition to return till Lord Bellasis, then high steward of Hull, proposed to that

* Marvell’s *Letters*, p. 426. † *Ibid.* p. 106

* Marvell’s *Letters*, p. 125, 126.

† *Ibid.* p. 189.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 416.

§ *Ibid.* p. 14, 15.

worthy corporation to choose a substitute for their absent member. They replied that he was not far off, and would be ready at their summons. He was then at Frankfort, and at the solicitation of his constituents immediately returned, April 1663.

But he had not been more than three months at home, when he intimates to his correspondents his intention to accept an invitation to accompany Lord Carlisle, who had been appointed ambassador-extraordinary to Russia, Sweden, and Denmark. He formally solicits the assent of his constituents to this step, urges the precedents for it, and assures them that during his watchful colleague's attendance, his own services may be easily dispensed with. His constituents consented; he sailed in July, and appears to have been absent rather more than a year. We find him in his place in the Parliament that assembled at Oxford, 1665.

In 1671, for some unknown reason, there is another *hiatus* in his correspondence. It extends over three years. From 1674, the letters are regularly continued till his death. There is no proof that he ever spoke in Parliament; but it appears that he made copious notes of all the debates.

The strong views which Marvell took on public affairs—the severe, satirical things which he had said and written from time to time—and the conviction of his enemies, that it was impossible to silence him by the usual methods of a place or a bribe, must have rendered a wary and circumspect conduct very necessary. In fact, we are informed that on more than one occasion he was menaced with assassination. But, though hated by the Court party generally, he was as generally feared, and in some few instances respected. Prince Rupert continued to honor him with his friendship long after the rest of his party had honored him by their hatred, and occasionally visited the patriot at his lodgings. When he voted on the side of Marvell, which was not infrequently the case, it used to be said that 'he had been with his tutor.'

Inaccessible as Marvell was to flattery and offers of preferment, it certainly was not for want of temptations. The account of his memorable interview with the Lord Treasurer Danby has been often repeated, and yet it would be unpardonable to omit it here. Marvell, it appears, once spent an evening at Court, and fairly charmed the merry monarch by his accomplishments and wit. At this we need not wonder: Charles loved wit above all things—except sensual pleasure. To his admiration of it, especially the humorous species, he was continually sacrificing his

royal dignity. On the morning after the above-mentioned interview, he sent Lord Danby to wait on the patriot with a special message of regard. His lordship had some difficulty in ferreting out Marvell's residence; but at last found him on a second floor, in a dark court leading out of the Strand. It is said, that groping up the narrow staircase, he stumbled against the door of Marvell's humble apartment, which, flying open, discovered him writing. A little surprised, he asked his lordship with a smile if he had not mistaken his way. The latter replied in courtly phrase—'No; not since I have found Mr. Marvell.' He proceeded to inform him that he came with a message from the King, who was impressed with a deep sense of his merits, and was anxious to serve him. Marvell replied with somewhat of the spirit of the founder of the Cynics, but with a very different manner, 'that his Majesty had it not in his power to serve him.*' Becoming more serious, however, he told his lordship that he well knew that he who accepts court favor is expected to vote in its interest. On his lordship's saying, 'that his Majesty only desired to know whether there was any place at court he would accept;' the patriot replied, 'that he could accept nothing with honor, for either he must treat the King with ingratitude, by refusing compliance with court measures, or be a traitor to his country by yielding to them.' The only favor, therefore, he begged of his Majesty, was to esteem him as a loyal subject, and truer to his interests in *refusing* his offers than he could be by *accepting* them. His lordship having exhausted this species of logic, tried the *argumentum ad crumenam*, and told him that his Majesty requested his acceptance of £1,000. But this, too, was rejected with firmness; 'though,' says his biographer, 'soon after the departure of his lordship, Marvell was compelled to borrow a guinea from a friend.'

In 1672 commenced Marvell's memorable controversy with Samuel Parker, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, of which we shall give a

* Another and less authentic version of this anecdote has been given, much more circumstantial indeed, but on that very account, in our judgment, more apocryphal. But if the main additions to the story be fictions, they are amongst those fictions which have gained extensive circulation only because they are felt to be not intrinsically improbable. We have been at some pains to investigate the origin of this version; but can trace it no further than to a pamphlet printed in Ireland about the middle of the last century. Of this we have not been able to get a perusal. Suffice it to say, that the version it contains of the above interview, and which has been extensively circulated, is not borne out by the early biographies; for example, that of Cooke, 1726.

somewhat copious account. To this it is entitled from the important influence which it had on Marvell's reputation and fortunes; and as having led to the composition of that work on which his literary fame, so far as he has any, principally depends—we mean the *Rehearsal Transposed*.

Parker was one of the worst specimens of the highest of the high churchmen of the reign of Charles II. It is difficult in such times as these to conceive of such a character as, by universal testimony, Parker is proved to have been. Even Addison's Tory Fox-hunter—who thought there had been no 'good weather since the revolution,' and who proceeded to descant on the 'fine days they used to have in King Charles II.'s reign;' whose dog was chiefly endeared to him because he had once 'like to have worried a dissenting teacher;' and who 'had no other notion of religion but that it consisted in hating Presbyterians'—does not truly represent him. Such men could not well flourish in any other age than that of Charles II. Only in such a period of unblushing profligacy—of public corruption, happily unexampled in the history of England—could we expect to find a Bishop Parker, and his patron and parallel, Archbishop Sheldon. The high churchmen of that day managed to combine the most hideous bigotry, with an utter absence of seriousness—a zeal worthy of a 'Pharisee' with a character which would have disgraced a 'Publican.' Apparently as attached to the veriest minutæ of their high church orthodoxy as any of the sincere bigots of the present Oxford School—they gave reason to their very friends to doubt whether they did not secretly despise even the cardinal doctrines of Christianity.* Scarcely Christians in creed, and any thing rather than Christians in practice, they yet insisted on the most scrupulous compliance with the most trivial points of ceremonial; and persisted in persecuting thousands of devout and honest men, because they hesitated to obey. Things which they admitted to be indifferent, and which, without violation of

conscience, they might have forborne to enforce, they remorselessly urged on those who solemnly declared that without such a violation they could not comply. More tolerant of acknowledged vice than of supposed error, drunkenness and debauchery were venial, compared with doubts about the propriety of making the sign of the cross in baptism, or using the ring in marriage; and it would have been better for a man to break half the commands in the decalogue, than admit a doubt of the most frivolous of the church's rites. Equally truculent and servile, they displayed to all above them a meanness proportioned to the insolence they evinced to all below them. While holding the same high church extravagances with their modern successors, they were far from participating in the same jealousy of the state, which they were ready to arm with the most despotic authority. They formally invested the monarch with absolute power over the consciences of his subjects; and, with a practice in harmony with their principles, were ready at any moment, (if they had had any,) to surrender their own. As far as appears, they would have been willing to embrace the faith of Mahometans or Hindoos at the bidding of his Majesty; and to believe and disbelieve as he commanded them. Extravagant as all this may appear, we shall shortly see it gravely propounded by Parker himself. It was fit that those who were willing to offer such vile adulation, should be suffered to present it to such an object as Charles II.—that so grotesque an idolatry should have as grotesque an idol. As it was, the god was every way worthy of the worshippers. In a word, these men seemed to reconcile the most opposite vices and the widest contrarieties; bigotry and laxity—pride and meanness—religious scrupulosity and mocking skepticism—a persecuting zeal against conscience, and an indulgent latitudinarianism towards vice—the truculence of tyrants, and the sycophancy of parasites.

Happily the state of things which generated such men has long since passed away. But examples of this sort of high churchmanship were not infrequent in the age of Charles II.; and perhaps Bishop Parker may be considered the most perfect specimen of them. His father was one of Oliver Cromwell's most obsequious committee-men; his son, who was born in 1640, was brought up in the principles of the Puritans, and was sent to Oxford in 1659. He was just twenty at the Restoration, and immediately commenced and soon completed his transformation into one of the most arrogant and time-serving of high churchmen.

* Of Sheldon, Bishop Burnet says, that 'he seems not to have had any clear sense of religion, if any at all.' Of Parker he speaks yet more strongly. But perhaps the most striking testimony is that of a Jesuit, Father Edward Petre, cited by Mr. Dove. He says, 'the Bishop of Oxford has not yet declared himself openly; the great obstacle is his wife, whom he cannot rid himself of: though I do not see how he can be further useful to us in the religion he is in, because he is suspected, and of no esteem among the heretics of the English Church. . . . If he had believed my counsel, which was to temporize for some longer time, he would have done better.' Surely this Jesuit and his pupil were well matched for honesty.

Some few propositions, for which he came earnestly to contend as for the faith once delivered to the Saints, may give an idea of the principles and the temper of this worthy successor of the Apostles. He affirms, 'That unless Princes have power to bind their subjects to that religion they apprehend most advantageous to public peace and tranquillity, and restrain those religious mistakes that tend to its subversion, they are no better than statues and images of authority—That in cases and disputes of public concernment, private men are not properly *sui juris*; they have no power over their own actions; they are not to be directed by their own judgments, or determined by their own wills, but by the commands and the determinations of the public conscience: and that if there be any sin in the command, he that imposed it shall answer for it, and not I, whose whole duty it is to obey. The commands of authority will warrant my obedience; my obedience will halloo, or at least excuse my action, and so secure me from sin, if not from error; and in all doubtful and disputable cases 'tis better to err with authority, than to be in the right against it: That it is absolutely necessary to the peace and happiness of kingdoms, that there be set up a more severe government over men's consciences and religious persuasions than over their vices and immoralities; and that princes may with less hazard give liberty to men's vices and debaucheries than their consciences.*'

He must have a very narrow mind or uncharitable heart, who cannot give poor human nature credit for the sincere adoption of the most opposite opinions. Still there are limits to this exercise of charity; there may be such a concurrence of suspicious symptoms, that our charity can be exercised only at the expense of common sense. We can easily conceive, under ordinary circumstances, Dissenters becoming Churchmen, and Churchmen becoming Dissenters; Tories and Whigs changing sides; Protestants and Romanists, like those two brothers mentioned in Locke's second 'Letter on Toleration,'† so expert in logic as to convert one another, and then, unhappily, not expert enough to convert one another back again—and all without any suspicion of insincerity. But when we find very great revolutions of opinion, at the same time very sudden, and exquisitely well-timed in relation to private interest;—when we find these changes, let them be what they may, always, like those of the heliotrope, towards the sun;—when we find a man utter-

ly uncharitable even to his own previous errors, and maligning and abusing all who still retain them, it is impossible to doubt the motives which have animated him. On this subject Marvell himself well observes—'Though a man be obliged to change a hundred times backward and forward, if his judgment be so weak and variable, yet there are some drudgeries that no man of honor would put himself upon, and but few submit to it if they were imposed; as, suppose one had thought fit to pass over from one persuasion of the Christian religion into another, he would not choose to spit thrice at every article that he relinquished, to curse solemnly his father and mother for having educated him in those opinions, to animate his new acquaintances to the massacring of his former comrades. These are businesses that can only be expected from a renegade of Algiers and Tunis;—to overdo in expiation, and gain better credence of being a sincere Mussulman.*'

Marvell gives an amusing account of the progress of Parker's conversion—of the transformation by which the maggot became a carrion-fly. In the second part of the *Rehearsal*, after a humorous description of his parentage and youth, he tells us that at the Restoration 'he came to London, where he spent a considerable time in creeping into all corners and companies, horoscoping up and down' ('astrologizing' as he elsewhere expresses it) concerning the duration of the government;—not considering any thing as *best*, but as *most lasting*, and *most profitable*. And after having many times cast a figure, he at last satisfied himself that the Episcopal government would endure as long as this King lived, and from thenceforward cast about how to be admitted into the Church of England, and find the highway to her preferments. In order to this, he daily enlarged not only his conversation but his conscience, and was made free of some of the town vices; imagining, like Muleasses, King of Tunis, (for I take witness that on all occasions I treat him rather above his quality than otherwise,) that, by hiding himself among the onions, he should escape being traced by his perfumes.† Marvell sketches the early history and character of Parker in both parts of the *Rehearsal*—though, as might be expected, with greater severity in the second than in the first. A few ludicrous sentences may not displease the reader. He says:

'This gentleman, as I have heard, after he had read Don Quixote and the Bible, besides such school-books as were necessary for his age,

* *The Rehearsal Transposed*.—Vol. I. pp. 97, 98, 99, 100, 101.

† Locke's Works—Vol. V. p. 79.

* *Rehearsal Transposed*.—Vol. I. pp. 91, 92. † *Ibid.* vol II. pp. 77, 78.

was sent early to the university; and there studied hard, and in a short time became a competent rhetorician, and no ill disputant. He had learned how to erect a *thesis*, and to defend it *pro* and *con* with a serviceable distinction. . . . And so, thinking himself now ripe and qualified for the greatest undertakings and highest fortune, he therefore exchanged the narrowness of the university for the town; but coming out of the confinement of the square cap and the quadrangle into the open air, the world began to turn round with him, which he imagined, though it were his own giddiness, to be nothing less than the quadrature of the circle. This accident concurring so happily to increase the good opinion which he naturally had of himself, he thenceforward applied to gain a like reputation with others. He followed the town life, haunted the best companies; and to polish himself from any pedantic roughness, he read and saw the plays with much care, and more proficiency than most of the auditory. But all this while he forgot not the main chance; but hearing of a vacancy with a nobleman, he clapped in, and easily obtained to be his chaplain: from that day you may take the date of his preferments and his ruin; for having soon wrought himself dexterously into his patron's favor, by short graces and sermons, and a mimical way of drolling upon the Puritans, which he knew would take both at chapel and at table, he gained a great authority likewise among all the domestics. They all listened to him as an oracle; and they allowed him, by common consent, to have not only all the divinity, but more wit, too, than all the rest of the family put together. . . . Nothing now must serve him, but he must be a madman in print, and write a book of Ecclesiastical Polity. There he distributes all the territories of conscience into the Prince's province, and makes the Hierarchy to be but Bishops of the air; and talks at such an extravagant rate in things of higher concernment, that the reader will avow that in the whole discourse he had not one lucid interval.*

The work here mentioned, his *Ecclesiastical Polity*, was published in the year 1670. But the book which called forth Marvell, was a Preface to a posthumous work of Archbishop Bramhall's, which appeared in 1672. In this piece Parker had displayed his usual zeal against the Nonconformists with more than usual acrimony, and pushed to the uttermost extravagance his favorite maxims of ecclesiastical tyranny. Like his previous works on similar matters, it was anonymous, though the author was pretty well known. Marvell dubs him 'Mr. Bayes,' under which name the Duke of Buckingham had ridiculed Dryden in the well-known play of the *Rehearsal*; from the title of which Marvell designated his book, *The Rehearsal Transposed*. The latter word was suggested by the scene in which Mr. Bayes gives an account of the manner in

which he manufactured his plays. '*Bayes*—Why, sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or *regula duplex*,—changing verse into prose, or prose into verse, *alternative*, as you please.' '*Smith*—Well, but how is this done by rule, sir?' '*Bayes*—Why thus, sir; nothing so easy when understood. I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere, for that's all one: if there be any wit in't, as there is no book but has some, I *transverse* it; that is, if it be prose put it into verse, (but that takes up some time,) and if it be verse put it into prose.' '*Johnson*—Methinks, 'Mr. Bayes, that putting verse into prose should be called *transposing*.' '*Bayes*—By my troth, sir, 'tis a very good notion and hereafter it shall be so.'

The success of the *Rehearsal* was instant and signal. 'After Parker had for some years entertained the nation with several virulent books,' says Burnet, 'he was attacked by the liveliest droll of the age, who wrote in a burlesque strain, but with so peculiar and entertaining a conduct, that, from the king down to the tradesman, his books were read with great pleasure; that not only humbled Parker, but the whole party; for the author of the *Rehearsal Transposed* had all the men of wit, (or, as the French phrase it, all the *laughers*,) on his side.'

In fact, Marvell exhibited his adversary in so ridiculous a light that even his own party could not keep their countenances. The unhappy churchman resembled Gulliver at the court of Brobdingnag, when the mischievous page stuck him into the marrow-bone. He cut such a ridiculous figure, that, says the author, even the King and his courtiers could not help laughing at him.

The first part of the *Rehearsal* elicited several answers. They were written for the most part in very unsuccessful imitation of Marvell's style of banter, and are now wholly forgotten. Marvell gives an amusing account of the efforts which were made to obtain effective replies, and of the hopes of preferment which may be supposed to have inspired their authors. Parker himself for some time declined any reply. At last came out his *Reproof to the Rehearsal Transposed*, in which he urged the Government 'to crush the pestilent wit, the servant of Cromwell, and the friend of Milton.' To this work Marvell replied in the second part of the *Rehearsal*. He was further spirited to it by an anonymous letter, pleasant and laconic enough, left for him at a friend's house, signed 'T. G.,' and concluding with the words—'If thou darrest to print any lie or libel against Dr. Parker, by the eternal God, I will cut thy throat!' He who wrote it, whoever he was, was igno-

* *Rehearsal Transposed*—Vol. I. pp. 62–69.

rant of Marvell's nature, if he thought thereby to intimidate him into silence. His intrepid spirit was but further provoked by this insolent threat, which he took care to publish in the title-page of his Reply. To this publication Parker attempted no rejoinder. Anthony Wood himself tells us, that Parker 'judged it more prudent to lay down the cudgels, than to enter the lists again with an untowardly combatant, so hugely well versed and experienced in the then but newly refined art, though much in mode and fashion ever since, of sporting and jeering buffoonery. It was generally thought, however, by many of those who were otherwise favorers of Parker's cause, that the victory lay on Marvell's side, and it wrought this good effect on Parker, that for ever after it took down his great spirit.' And Burnet tells us, that he 'withdrew from the town, and ceased writing for some years.' Of this greatest work of Marvell's singular genius it is difficult, even if we had space for it, to present the reader with any considerable extracts. The allusions are often so obscure—the wit of one page is so dependent on that of another—the humor and pleasantry are so continuous—and the character of the work, from its very nature, is so excursive, that its merits can be fully appreciated only on a regular perusal. We regret to say, also, that there are other reasons which render any very lengthened citations undesirable. The work has faults which would, in innumerable cases, disguise its real merit from modern readers, or rather deter them from giving it a reading altogether. It is characterized by much of the coarseness which was so prevalent in that age, and from which Marvell was by no means free; though, as we shall endeavor hereafter to show, his spirit was far from partaking of the malevolence of ordinary satirists. Some few instances of felicitous repartee, or ludicrous imagery, which we have noted in a repurusal of the work, will be found further on.

Yet the reader must not infer that the only, or even the chief, merit of the *Rehearsal Transposed* consists in wit and banter. Not only is there, amidst all its ludicrous levities, 'a vehemence of solemn reproof, and an eloquence of invective, that awes one with the spirit of the modern Junius';* but there are many passages of very powerful reasoning in advocacy of truths then but ill understood, and of rights which had been shamefully violated.

Perhaps the most interesting passages of the work are those in which Marvell refers

to his great friend, John Milton. Parker, with his customary malignity, had insinuated that the poet, who was then living in cautious retirement, might have been the author of the *Rehearsal*—apparently with the view of turning the indignation of Government upon the illustrious recluse. Marvell had always entertained towards Milton a feeling of reverence akin to idolatry, and this stroke of deliberate malice was more than he could bear. He generously hastened to throw his shield over his aged and prostrate patron.

About three years after the publication of the second part of the *Rehearsal*, Marvell's chivalrous love of justice impelled him again to draw the sword. In 1675, Dr. Croft, Bishop of Hereford, had published a work entitled 'The Naked Truth, or the true state of the Primitive Church, by a humble Moderator.' This work deserved the character of that sermon which Corporal Trim shook out of the volume of Stevinus. 'If you have no objections,' said Mr. Shandy to Dr. Slop, 'Trim shall read it.' 'Not in the least,' replied Dr. Slop, 'for it does not appear on which side of the question it is wrote; it may be a composition of a divine of *our* church as well as of *yours*, so that we run equal risks.' 'Tis wrote upon *neither* side,' quoth Trim, 'for it is *only* upon conscience, an' please your honors.' Even so was it with the good Bishop's little piece. It was written on *neither* side. It enjoined on all religious parties the unwelcome duties of forbearance and charity; but as it especially exposed the danger and folly of enforcing a minute uniformity, it could not be suffered to pass unchallenged in that age of high church intolerance. It was petulantly attacked by Dr. Francis Turner, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, in a pamphlet entitled, 'Animadversions on the Naked Truth.' This provoked our satirist, who replied in a pamphlet entitled, 'Mr. Smirke, or the Divine in Mode.' He here fits his antagonist with a character out of Etherege's 'Man of Mode'—as he had before fitted Parker with one from Buckingham's 'Rehearsal.' The merits and defects of this pamphlet are of much the same order as those of his former work—it is perhaps less distinguished by coarseness and vehemence. Of Dr. Croft's pamphlet, he beautifully expresses a feeling, of which we imagine few of us can have been unconscious when perusing any work which strongly appeals to our reason and conscience, and in which, as we proceed, we seem to recognize what we have often thought, but never uttered. 'It is a book of that kind, that no Christian can peruse it without wishing himself to have been

* D'Israeli.

the author, and almost imagining that he is so: the conceptions therein being of so eternal an idea, that every man finds it to be but a copy of the original in his own mind.'

To this little *brochure* was attached, 'A Short Historical Essay concerning general Councils, Creeds, and Impositions in matters of Religion.' It is characterized by the same strong sense and untiring vivacity as his other writings, and evinces a creditable acquaintance with ecclesiastical history; but it is neither copious nor profound enough for the subject.

In 1677, Marvell published his last controversial piece, elicited like the rest by his disinterested love of fair play. It was a defence of the celebrated divine, John Howe, whose conciliatory tract on the 'Divine Prescience' had been rudely assailed by three several antagonists. This little volume, which is throughout in Marvell's vein, is now extremely scarce, is not included in any edition of his works, and was evidently unknown to any of his biographers.

His last work of any extent was entitled, 'An Account of the growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England.' It first appeared in 1678. It is written with much vigor—boldly vindicates the great principles of the constitution—and discusses the limits of the royal prerogative. The gloomy anticipations expressed by the author were but too well justified by the public events which transpired subsequently to his death. But the fatal consequences of the principles and policy he denounced, were happily averted by the Revolution of 1688.

A reward was offered by the Government for the discovery of the author of this 'libel,' as it was pleasantly designated. Marvell seems to have taken the matter very coolly, and thus humorously alludes to the subject in a private letter to Mr. Ramsden, dated June 10, 1678—'There came out about Christmas last, here, a large book concerning the growth of Popery and arbitrary government. There have been great rewards offered in private, and considerable in the Gazette, to any one who could inform of the author or printer, but not yet discovered. Three or four printed books since have described, as near as it was proper to go, (the man being a member of Parliament,) Mr. Marvell to have been the author; but, if he had, surely he should not have escaped being questioned in Parliament, or some other place.'

Marvell also published, during the latter years of his life, several other political pamphlets, which, though now forgotten, were doubtless not without their influence in unmasking corruption and rousing the nation to a con-

sciousness of its political degradation. One *jeu d'esprit*—a parody on the speeches of Charles II.—in which the flippancy and easy impudence of those singular specimens of royal eloquence are happily mimicked and scarcely caricatured, is very characteristic of his caustic humor. A few sentences may not displease the reader.

'I told you at our last meeting, the winter was the fittest time for business, and truly I thought so, till my lord-treasurer assured me the spring was the best season for salads and subsidies.'

Some of you, perhaps, will think it dangerous to make me too rich; but I do not fear it, for I promise you faithfully, whatever you give me, I will always want; and, although in other things my word may be thought a slender authority, yet in that, you may rely on me, I will never break it. . . . I can bear my straits with patience; but my lord-treasurer does protest to me, that the revenue, as it now stands, will not serve him and me too. One of us must pinch for it, if you do not help me. . . . What shall we do for ships then? I hint this only to you, it being your business, not mine. I know by experience I can live without ships. I lived ten years abroad without, and never had my health better in my life; but how you will be without, I will leave to yourselves to judge, and therefore hint this only by-the-bye. I don't insist upon it. There is another thing I must press more earnestly, and that is this: it seems a good part of my revenue will expire in two or three years, except you will be pleased to continue it. I have to say for it—pray, why do you give me so much as you have done, unless you resolve to give on as fast as I call for it? The nation hates you already for giving so much, and I will hate you too if you do not give me more. So that, if you do not stick to me you will not have a friend in England. . . .

Therefore look to it, and take notice, that if you do not make me rich enough to undo you, it shall lie at your door. For my part I wash my hands on it. . . . I have converted my natural sons from Popery. . . . 'Twould do one's heart good to hear how prettily George can read already in the Psalter. They are all fine children, Good bless 'em, and so like me in their understandings! But, as I was saying, I have, to please you, given a pension to your favorite, my Lord Lauderdale, not so much that I thought he wanted it, as that you would take it kindly. . . . I know not, for my part, what factious men would have; but this I am sure of, my predecessors never did any thing like this, to gain the goodwill of their subjects. So much for your religion, and now for your property. . . . I must now acquaint you, that by my lord-treasurer's advice, I have made a considerable retrenchment upon my expenses in candles and charcoal, and do not intend to stop; but will, with your help, look into the late embezzlements of my dripping-pans and kitchen-stuff, of which by the way, upon my conscience, neither my lord-treasurer nor my Lord Lauderdale are guilty.'

* Marvell's Works.—Vol. I. p. 428, 429.

Marvell's intrepid patriotism and bold writings had now made him so odious to the corrupt court, and especially to the bigoted heir presumptive James, that he was compelled frequently to conceal himself for fear of assassination. He makes an affecting allusion to this in one of his private letters.—' *Magis occidere,*' says he, '*metuo quam occidi; non quod vitam tanti astinem, sed ne imparatus moriar.*'†

He died August 16, 1673, the very year that his obnoxious work on the growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government appeared; and as he was in vigorous health just before, strong suspicions were entertained that he had been poisoned.

In person, according to the description of Aubrey, who knew him well, Marvell 'was of a middling stature, pretty strong set, roundish-faced, cherry-checked, hazel-eyed, brown-haired. In his conversation he was modest, and of very few words. He was wont to say, he would not drink high or freely with any one with whom he could not trust his life.' Captain Thompson gives a somewhat different account of his complexion and the color of his eyes; but, as is too often the case, he does not mention his authority. It seems probable that he has been giving us a description from the impression conveyed by his portraits, of which there are two, without allowing for the effects of time; so that we have but the picture of a picture.

Of the editions of Marvell's collected works, that of 1726, in two volumes duodecimo, contains only his poems and some of his private letters. That of Captain Thompson, in three volumes quarto, was published in 1776. Yet even this, as already said, omits one treatise. The Captain's diligence is indeed worthy of commendation, and his enthusiasm may be pardoned. But he was far from being a correct or judicious editor; and is often betrayed by his indiscriminate admiration into excessive and preposterous eulogy. The only separate biography is, we believe, the little volume mentioned at the head of this article.

The characteristic attribute of Marvell's genius was unquestionably wit, in all the varieties of which—brief sententious sarcasm, fierce invective, light raillery, grave irony, and broad laughing humor—he seems to have been by nature almost equally fitted to excel. To say that he *has* equally excelled in all would be untrue, though striking examples of each might easily be selected from his writings. The activity with which his mind sug-

gests ludicrous images and analogies is astonishing; he often absolutely startles us by the remoteness and oddity of the sources from which they are supplied, and by the unexpected ingenuity and felicity of his repartees.

His *forte*, however, appears to be a grave ironical banter, which he often pursues at such a length that there seems no limit to his fertility of invention. In his endless accumulation of ludicrous images and allusions, the untiring exhaustive ridicule with which he will play upon the same topics, he is unique; yet this peculiarity not seldom leads him to drain the generous wine even to the dregs—to spoil a series of felicitous railleries by some far-fetched conceit or unpardonable extravagance.

But though Marvell was so great a master of wit, and especially of that caustic species which is appropriate to satirists, we will venture to say that he was singularly free from many of the faults which distinguish that irritable brotherhood. Unsparring and merciless as his ridicule is, contemptuous and ludicrous as are the lights in which he exhibits his opponent; nay, further, though his invectives are not only often terribly severe, but (in compliance with the spirit of the age) often grossly coarse and personal, it is still impossible to detect a single particle of malignity. His general tone is that of broad laughing banter, or of the most cutting invective; but he appears equally devoid of malevolence in both. In the one, he seems amusing himself with opponents too contemptible to move his anger; in the other to lay on with the stern imperturbable gravity of one who is performing the unpleasant but necessary functions of a public executioner. This freedom from the usual faults of satirists may be traced to several causes; partly to the *bonhomie* which, with all his talents for satire, was a peculiar characteristic of the man, and which rendered him as little disposed to take offence, and as placable when it was offered, as any man of his time; partly to the integrity of his nature, which, while it prompted him to champion any cause in which justice had been outraged or innocence wronged, effectually preserved him from the wanton exercise of his wit for the gratification of malevolence; partly, perhaps principally, to the fact, that both the above qualities restricted him to encounters in which he had personally no concern. If he carried a keen sword, it was a most peaceable and gentlemanly weapon; it never left the scabbard except on the highest provocation, and even then, only on behalf of others. His magnanimity, self-control, and good temper, restrained him from avenging any insult offered to him-

* Cooke's *Life of Marvell, prefixed to his Poems*, p. 14.

self;—his chivalrous love of justice instantly roused all the lion within him on behalf of the injured and oppressed. It is perhaps well for Marvell's fame that his quarrels were not personal: had they been so, it is hardly probable that such powers of sarcasm and irony should have been so little associated with bitterness of temper.

This freedom from malignity is highly honorable to him. In too many cases it must be confessed that wit has been sadly dissociated from amiability and generosity. It is true, indeed, that there is no necessary connexion between that quality of mind and the malevolent passions, as numberless illustrious examples sufficiently prove. But where wit is conjoined with malevolence, the latter more effectually displays itself; and even where there is originally no such conjunction, wit is almost always combined with that constitutional irritability of genius which it so readily gratifies, and which, by gratifying, it transforms into something worse. Half the tendencies of our nature pass into habits only from the facilities which encourage their development. We will venture to say, that there is not a tithe of the quarrels in the world that there used to be when all men were accustomed to wear arms; and we may rest assured, that many a waspish temper has become so, principally from being in possession of the weapon of satire. Not seldom, too, it must with sorrow be admitted, the most exquisite sense of the ridiculous has been strangely combined with a morbid, gloomy, saturnine temperament, which looks on all things with a jaundiced imagination, and surveys human infirmities and foibles with feelings not more remote from those of compassionate benevolence than of good-humored mirth. Happy when, as in the case of Cowper, the influence of a benign heart and unfeigned humility, prevents this tendency from degenerating into universal malevolence. There are few things more shockingly incongruous than the ghastly union of wit and misanthropy. Wit should be ever of open brow, joyous, and frank-hearted. Even the severest satire may be delicious reading, when penned with the *bonhomie* of Horace, or of Addison, or the equanimity of Plato, or of Pascal. Without pretending that Marvell had aught of the elegance or the delicacy of any of those immortal writers, we firmly believe he had as much kindly feeling as any of them. Unhappily the two by no means go together; there may be the utmost refinement without a particle of good-nature; and a great deal of good nature without any refinement. It were easy to name writers, who with the most exquisite grace of diction can

as little disguise the malice of their nature, as Marvell, with all his coarseness, can make us doubt his benevolence. Through the veil of their language (of beautiful texture, but too transparent) we see chagrin poorly simulating mirth; anger struggling to appear contempt, and failing; scorn writhing itself into an aspect of ironical courtesy, but with grin distortion in the attempt; and sarcasms urged by the impulses which, under different circumstances, and in another country, would have prompted to the use of the stiletto.

It is impossible, indeed, not to regret the coarseness, often amounting to buffoonery, of Marvell's wit; though, from the consideration just urged, we regard it with the more forbearance. Other palliations have been adverted to, derived from the character of his adversaries, the haste with which he wrote, and the spirit of the age. The last is the strongest. The tomahawk and the scalping-knife were not yet discreditable weapons, or thrown aside as fit only for savage warfare; and it is even probable, that many of the things which we should regard as gross insults would then pass as pardonable jests. It is difficult for us, of course, to imagine that callousness which scarcely regards anything as an insult but what is enforced by the *argumentum baculinum*. Between the feelings of our forefathers and our own, there seems to have been as great a difference as between those of the farmer and the clergyman, so ludicrously described by Cowper, in his 'Yearly Distress':—

"O, why are farmers made so coarse,
Or clergy made so fine?
A kick that scarce would move a horse,
May kill a sound divine."

The haste with which Marvell wrote must also be pleaded as an excuse for the inequalities of his works. It was not the age in which authors elaborated and polished with care, or submitted with a good grace to the *limæ labor*; and if it had been, Marvell allowed himself no leisure for the task. The second part of the 'Rehearsal,' for example, was published in the same year in which Parker's 'Reproof' appeared.—We must profess our belief, that no small portion of his writings stand in great need of this apology. Exhibiting, as they do, amazing vigor and fertility, the wit is by no means always of the first order.

We must not quit the subject of his wit, without presenting the reader with some few of his pleasantries; premising that they form but a very small part of those which we had marked in the perusal of his works; and that, whatever their merit, it were easy to

find others far superior to them, if we could afford space for long citations.

Ironically bewailing the calamitous effects of printing, our author exclaims—'O Printing! how hast thou disturbed the peace of mankind? Lead, when moulded into bullets, is not so mortal as when founded into letters. There was a mistake, sure, in the story of Cadmus; and the serpent's teeth which he sowed, were nothing else but the letters which he invented.' Parker having declared, in relation to some object of his scurrility, that he had written, 'not to impair his esteem,' but 'to correct his scribbling humor,' Marvell says—'Our author is as courteous as lightning; and can melt the sword without ever hurting the scabbard.' After alleging that his opponent often has a byplay of malignity even when bestowing commendations, he remarks—'The author's end was only railing. He could never have induced himself to praise one man but in order to rail on another. He never oils his hone but that he may whet his razor, and that not to shave, but to cut men's throats.' On Parker's absurd and bombastic exaggeration of the merits and achievements of Bishop Bramhall, Marvell wittily says—'Any worthy man may pass through the world unquestioned and safe, with a moderate recommendation; but when he is thus set off and bedaubed with rhetoric, and embroidered so thick that you cannot discern the ground, it awakens naturally (and not altogether unjustly) interest, curiosity, and envy. For all men pretend a share in reputation, and love not to see it engrossed and monopolized; and are subject to inquire (as of great estates suddenly got) whether he came by all this honestly, or of what credit the person is that tells the story? And the same hath happened as to this bishop. . . Men seeing him furnished up in so martial accoutrements, like another Odo, Bishop of Baieux, and having never before heard of his prowess, begin to reflect what giants he defeated, and what damsels he rescued. . . After all our author's bombast, when we have searched all over, we find ourselves bilked in our expectation; and he hath created the Bishop, like a St. Christopher in the Popish churches, as big as ten porters, and yet only employed to sweat under the burden of an infant.' Of the paroxysms of rage with which Parker refers to one of his adversaries, whom he distinguishes by his initials, Marvell says—'As oft as he does but name those two first letters, he is, like the island of Fayal, on fire in threescore and ten places;' and affirms, 'that if he were of that fellow's diet here about town, that epicurizes on burning coals,

drinks healths in scalding brimstone, scranches the glasses for his dessert, and draws his breath through glowing tobacco-pipes, he could not show more flame than he always does upon that subject.' Parker, in a passage of unequalled absurdity, having represented Geneva as on the south side of the lake Leman, Marvell ingeniously represents the blunder as the subject of discussion in a private company, where various droll solutions are proposed, and where he, with exquisite irony, pretends to take Parker's part. 'I,' says Marvell, 'that was still on the doubtful and excusing part, said, that to give the right situation of a town, it was necessary first to know in what position the gentleman's head then was when he made his observation, and that might cause a great diversity—as much as this came to.' Having charged his adversary with needlessly obtruding upon the world some petty matters which concerned only himself, from an exaggerated idea of his own importance, Marvell drolly says—'When a man is once possessed with this fanatic kind of spirit, he imagines if a shoulder do but itch that the world has galled it with leaning on it so long, and therefore he wisely shrugs to remove the globe to the other. If he chance but to sneeze, he salutes himself, and courteously prays that the foundations of the earth be not shaken. And even so the author of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, ever since he crept up to be but the weathercock of a steeple, trembles and creaks at every puff of wind that blows him about, as if the Church of England were falling, and the state tottered.' After ludicrously describing the effect of the first part of the 'Rehearsal' in exacerbating all his opponent's evil passions, he remarks—'He seems not so fit at present for the archdeacon's seat, as to take his place below in the church amongst the *energumeni*.' Parker had charged him with a sort of plagiarism for having quoted so many passages out of his book. On this Marvell observes—'It has, I believe, indeed angered him, as it has been no small trouble to me; but how can I help it? I wish he would be pleased to teach me an art (for, if any man in the world, he hath it) to answer a book without turning over the leaves, or without citing passages. In the mean time, if to transcribe so much out of him must render a man, as he therefore styles me, a "scandalous plagiarist," I must plead guilty; but by the same law, whoever shall either be witness or prosecutor in behalf of the King, for treasonable words, may be indicted for a highwayman.' Parker having viewed some extravaganzas of Marvell's riotous wit as if worthy of serious com-

ment, the latter says—'Whereas I only threw it out like an empty cask to amuse him, knowing that I had a whale to deal with, and lest he should overset me;—he runs away with it as a very serious business, and so moyles himself with tumbling and tossing it, that he is in danger of melting his sperm-aceti. A cork, I see, will serve without a hook; and, instead of a harping-iron, this grave and ponderous creature may, like eels, be taken and pulled up only with bobbing.' After exposing in a strain of uncommon eloquence the wickedness and folly of suspending the peace of the nation on so frivolous a matter as 'ceremonial,' he says—'For a prince to adventure all upon such a cause, is like Duke Charles of Burgundy, who fought three battles for an imposition upon sheep-skins;' and 'for a clergyman to offer at persecution upon this ceremonial account, is (as is related of one of the Popes) to justify his indignation for his peacock, by the example of God's anger for eating the forbidden fruit.' He justifies his severity towards Parker in a very ludicrous way—'No man needs letters of marque against one that is an open pirate of other men's credit. I remember within our own time one Simons, who robbed always on the briccole—that is to say, never interrupted the *passengers*, but still set upon the *thieves themselves*, after, like Sir John Falstaff, they were gorged with a booty; and by this way—so ingenious that it was scarce criminal—he lived secure and unmolested all his days, with the reputation of a judge rather than of a highwayman.' The sentences we have cited are all taken from the 'Rehearsal.' We had marked many more from his 'Divine in Mode,' and other writings, but have no space for them.

But he who supposes Marvell to have been nothing but a wit, simply on account of the predominance of that quality, will do him injustice. It is the common lot of such men, in whom some one faculty is found on a great scale, to fail of part of the admiration due to other endowments; possessed in more moderate degree, indeed, but still in a degree far from ordinary. We are subject to the same illusion in gazing on mountain scenery. Fixing our eye on some solitary peak, which towers far above the rest, the groups of surrounding hills look positively diminutive, though they may, in fact, be all of great magnitude.

This illusion is further fostered by another circumstance, in the case of great wits. As the object of wit is to amuse, the owl-like gravity of thousands of common readers would decide that wit and wisdom must dwell apart, and that the humorous writer must ne-

cessarily be a trifling one. For similar reasons, they look with sage suspicion on every signal display, either of fancy or passion; think a splendid illustration nothing but the ambuscade of a fallacy, and strong emotion as tantamount to a confession of unsound judgment. As Archbishop Whately has well remarked, such men having been warned that 'ridicule is not the test of truth,' and that 'wisdom and wit are not the same thing, distrust every thing that can possibly be regarded as witty; not having judgment to perceive the combination, when it occurs, of wit and sound reasoning. The ivy wreath completely conceals from their view the point of the *thyrsus*.'

The fact is, that all Marvell's endowments were on a large scale, though his wit greatly predominated. His judgment was remarkably clear and sound, his logic by no means contemptible, his sagacity in practical matters great, his talents for business apparently of the first order, and his industry indefatigable. His imagination, though principally employed in ministering to his wit, would, if sufficiently cultivated, have made him a poet considerably above mediocrity; though chiefly alive to the ludicrous, he was by no means insensible to the beautiful. We cannot, indeed, bestow all the praise on his poems which some of his critics have assigned them. They are very plentifully disfigured by the conceits and quaintnesses of the age, and as frequently want grace of expression and harmony of numbers. Of the compositions which Captain Thompson's indiscriminate admiration would fain have affiliated to his muse, the two best are proved—one not to be his, and the other of doubtful origin. The former, beginning—

'When Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,'

is a well known composition of Dr. Watts; the other, the ballad of 'William and Margaret,' is of dubious authorship. Though probably of earlier date than the age of Mallet, its reputed author—the reasons which Captain Thompson gives for assigning it to Marvell, are altogether unsatisfactory. Still, there are unquestionably many of his genuine poems which indicate a rich, though ill-cultivated fancy; and in some few stanzas there is no little grace of expression. The little piece on the Pilgrim Fathers, entitled the 'Emigrants,' the Fanciful 'Dialogue between Body and Soul,' the 'Dialogue between the Resolved Soul and Created Pleasure,' and the 'Coronet,' all contain lines of much elegance and sweetness. It is in his satirical poems that, as might be expected from the character of his mind, his fancy appears most vigorous; though these are largely disfigured by the characteristic defects of the age, and

many, it must be confessed, are entirely without merit. With two or three lines from his ludicrous satire on Holland, we cannot refrain from amusing the reader. Some of the strokes of humor are irresistibly ridiculous:

'Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
As but the off-scouring of the British sand;
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots when they heav'd the lead;
Or what by th' ocean's slow alluvion fell,
Of shipwreck'd cockle and the muscle-shell;
This indigested vomit of the sea
Fell to the Dutch by just propriety.
Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
They, with mad labor fish'd the land to shore;
And dived as desperately for each piece
Of earth, as if it had been of ambergris;
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
Less than what building swallows bear away;
For as with pigmies, who best kills the crane,
Among the hungry he that treasures grain,
Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard reigns,
So rules among the drowned he that drains.
Not who first see the rising sun commands:
But who could first discern the rising lands.
Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,
Him they their lord, and country's father, speak.'

His Latin poems are among his best. The composition often shows no contemptible skill in that language; and here and there the diction and versification are such as would not have absolutely disgraced his great coadjutor, Milton. In all the higher poetic qualities, there can of course be no comparison between them.

With such a mind as we have ascribed to him—and we think his works fully justify what we have said—with such aptitudes for business, soundness of judgment, powers of reasoning, and readiness of sarcasm, one might have anticipated that he would have taken some rank as an orator. Nature, it is certain, had bestowed upon him some of the most important intellectual endowments of one. It is true, indeed, that with his principles and opinions he would have found himself strangely embarrassed in addressing any parliament in the days of Charles II., and stood but a moderate chance of obtaining a candid hearing. But we have no proof that he ever made the trial. His parliamentary career in this respect resembled that of a much greater man—Addison, who, with wit even superior to his own, and with much more elegance, if not more strength of mind, failed signally as a speaker.

Marvell's learning must have been very extensive. His education was superior; and as we have seen from the testimony of Milton, his industry had made him master, during his long sojourn on the continent, of several continental languages. It is certain, also, that he continued to be a student all his days:

his works bear ample evidence of his wide and miscellaneous reading. He appears to have been well versed in most branches of literature, though he makes no pedantic display of erudition, and in this respect is favorably distinguished from many of his contemporaries; yet he cites his authors with the familiarity of a thorough scholar. In the department of history he appears to have been particularly well read; and derives his witty illustrations from such remote and obscure sources, that Parker did not hesitate to avow his belief that he had sometimes drawn on his invention for them. In his Reply, Marvell justifies himself in all the alleged instances, and takes occasion to show that his opponent's learning is as hollow as all his other pretensions.

The style of Marvell is very unequal. Though often rude and unpolished, it abounds in negligent felicities, presents us with frequent specimens of vigorous idiomatic English, and now and then attains no mean degree of elegance. It bears the stamp of the revolution which was then passing on the language; it is a medium between the involved and periodic structure so common during the former half of the century, and which is ill adapted to a language possessing so few inflections as ours, and that simplicity and harmony which were not fully attained till the age of Addison. There is a very large infusion of short sentences, and the structure in general is as unlike that of his great colleague's prose as can be imagined. Many of Marvell's pages flow with so much ease and grace, as to be not unworthy of a later period. To that great revolution in style to which we have just alluded, he must in no slight degree have contributed; for little as his works are known or read now, the most noted of them were once universally popular, and perused with pleasure, as Burnet testifies, by every body, 'from the king to the tradesman.'

Numerous examples show, that it is almost impossible for even the rarest talents to confer permanent popularity on books which turn on topics of temporary interest, however absorbing at the time. If Pascal's transcendent genius has been unable to rescue even the *Lettres Provinciales* from partial oblivion, it is not to be expected that Marvell should have done more for the *Rehearsal Transposed*. Swift, it is true, about half a century later, has been pleased, while expressing this opinion, to make an exception in favor of Marvell. 'There is indeed,' says he, 'an exception, when any great genius thinks it worth his while to expose a foolish piece; so we still read Marvell's answer to Parker with pleasure, though the book it answers be sunk

long ago.' But this statement is scarcely applicable now. It is true that the 'Rehearsal' is occasionally read by the curious; but it is by the resolutely curious alone.

Yet assuredly he has not lived in vain who has successfully endeavored to abate the nuisances of his own time, or to put down some insolent abettor of vice and corruption. Nor is it possible in a world like this, in which there is such continuity of causes and effects—where one generation transmits its good and its evil to the next, and the consequences of each revolution in principles, opinions, or tastes, are propagated along the whole line of humanity—to estimate either the degree or perpetuity of the benefits conferred by the complete success of works even of transient interest. By modifying the age in which he lives, a man may indirectly modify the character of many generations to come. His works may be forgotten while their effects survive.

Marvell's history affords a signal instance of the benefits which may be derived from well-directed satire. There are cases in which it may be a valuable auxiliary to decency, virtue, and religion, where argument and persuasion both fail. Many, indeed, doubt both the legitimacy of the weapon itself, and the success with which it can be employed. But facts are against them. To hope that it can ever supply the place of religion as a radical cure for vice or immortality, would be chimerical; but there are many pernicious customs, violations of propriety, ridiculous, yet tolerated, follies, which religion can scarcely touch without endangering her dignity. To assail them is one of the most legitimate offices of satire; nor have we the slightest doubt that the 'Spectator' did more to abate many of the prevailing follies and pernicious customs of the age, than a thousand homilies. This, however, may be admitted, and yet it may be said that it does not reach the case of Marvell and Parker. Society, it may be argued, will bear the exposure of its own evils with great equanimity, and perhaps profit by it—no individual being pointed at, and each being left to digest his own lesson, under the pleasant conviction that it was designed principally for his neighbors. As corporations will perpetrate actions of which each individual member would be ashamed; so corporations will listen to charges which every individual member would regard as insults. But no man, it is said, is likely to be reclaimed from error or vice by being made the object of merciless ridicule. All this we believe most true. But then it is not to be forgotten, that it may not be the satirist's object to reclaim the individual—he may have little hope

of that; it may be for the sake of those whom he maligns and injures. When the exorcist takes Satan in hand, it is not because he is an Origenist, and 'believes in the conversion of the devil,' but in pity to the supposed victims of his malignity. It is much the same when a man like Marvell undertakes to satirize a man like Parker. Even such a man may be abashed and confounded, though he cannot be reclaimed; and if so, the satirist gains his object and society gets the benefit. Experience fully shows us that there are many men who will be restrained by ridicule long after they are lost to virtue, and that they are accessible to shame when they are utterly inaccessible to argument.

This was just the good that Marvell effected. He made Parker, it is true, more furious; but he diverted, if he could not turn the tide of popular feeling, and thus prevented mischief. Parker, and others like him, were doing all they could to inflame angry passions, to revive the most extravagant pretensions of tyranny, and to preach up another crusade against the Nonconformists. Marvell's books were a conductor to the dangerous fluid; if there was any explosion at all, it was an explosion of merriment. 'He had all the laughers on his side,' says Burnet. In Charles II.'s reign, there were few who belonged to any other class; and then, as now, men found it impossible to laugh and be angry at the same time. It is our firm belief, that Marvell did more to humble Parker, and neutralize the influence of his party, by the 'Rehearsal Transposed,' than he could have done by writing half a dozen folios of polemical divinity; just as Pascal did more to unmask the Jesuits and damage their cause by his 'Provincial Letters,' than had been effected by all the efforts of all their other opponents put together.

But admirable as were Marvell's intellectual endowments, it is his moral worth, after all, which constitutes his principal claim on the admiration of posterity, and which sheds a redeeming lustre on one of the darkest pages of the English annals. Inflexible integrity was the basis of it—integrity by which he has not unworthily earned the glorious name of the 'British Aristides.' With talents and acquirements which might have justified him in aspiring to almost any office, if he could have disburdened himself of his conscience; with wit which, in that frivolous age, was a surer passport to fame than any amount either of intellect or virtue, and which, as we have seen, mollified even the monarch himself in spite of his prejudices; Marvell preferred poverty and independence to

riches and servility. He had learned the lesson, practised by few in that age, of being content with little—so that he preserved his conscience. He could be poor, but he could not be mean; could starve, but could not cringe. By economizing in the articles of pride and ambition, he could afford to keep what their votaries were compelled to retrench, the necessities, or rather the luxuries, of integrity and a good conscience. Neither menaces, nor caresses, nor bribes, nor poverty, nor distress, could induce him to abandon his integrity; or even to take an office in which it might be tempted or endangered. He only who has arrived at this pitch of magnanimity, has an adequate security for his public virtue. He who cannot subsist upon a little; who has not learned to be content with such things as he has, and even to be content with almost nothing; who has not learned to familiarize his thoughts to poverty, much more readily than he can familiarize them to dishonor, is not yet free from peril. Andrew Marvell, as his whole course proves, had done this. But we shall not do full justice to his public integrity, if we do not bear in mind the corruption of the age in which he lived; the manifold apostasies amidst which he retained his conscience; and the effect which such wide-spread profligacy must have had in making thousands almost skeptical as to whether there were such a thing as public virtue at all. Such a relaxation in the code of speculative morals, is one of the worst results of general profligacy in practice. But Andrew Marvell was not to be deluded; and amidst corruption perfectly unparalleled, he still continued untainted. We are accustomed to hear of his virtue as a truly Roman virtue, and so it was; but it was something more. Only the best pages of Roman history can supply a parallel: there was no Cincinnatus in those ages of her shame which alone can be compared with those of Charles II. It were easier to find a Cincinnatus during the era of the English Commonwealth, than an Andrew Marvell in the age of Commodus.

The integrity and patriotism which distinguished him in his relations to the Court, also marked all his public conduct. He was evidently most scrupulously honest and faithful in the discharge of his duty to his constituents; and, as we have seen, almost punctilious in guarding against any thing which could tarnish his fair fame, or defile his conscience. On reviewing the whole of his public conduct, we may well say that he attained his wish, expressed in the lines which he has written in imitation of a chorus in the *Thyestes* of Seneca:—

'Climb at Court for me that will—
Tottering favor's pinnacle;
All I seek is to lie still.
Settled in some secret nest,
In calm leisure let me rest,
And far off the public stage,
Pass away my silent age,
Thus, when without noise, unknown,
I have lived out all my span,
I shall die without a groan,
An old honest countryman.'

He seems to have been as amiable in his private as he was estimable in his public character. So far as any documents throw light upon the subject, the same integrity appears to have belonged to both. He is described as of a very reserved and quiet temper; but, like Addison, (whom in this respect as in some few others he resembled,) exceedingly facetious and lively amongst his intimate friends. His disinterested championship of others, is no less a proof of his sympathy with the oppressed than of his abhorrence of oppression; and many pleasing traits of amiability occur in his private correspondence, as well as in his writings. On the whole, we think that Marvell's epitaph, strong as the terms of panegyric are, records little more than the truth; and that it was not in the vain spirit of boasting, but in the honest consciousness of virtue and integrity, that he himself concludes a letter to one of his correspondents in the words—

'Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem;
Fortunam ex aliis.'

THE FOUR AGES OF THOUGHT.

From the *Literary Gazette*.

WHAT is Thought?

In childhood—an imperfect gleam,
A summer bower, a moonlight dream,
Glimpses of some far-shining stream,
A rosy wreath, the blessed beam
That dwells in mothers' eyes.

In youth—an urn brimm'd with delight,
Sweet thronging fantasies of light,
Meek eyes with love's own radiance bright,
Soft music on a summer night,
Hope budding into joy.

In manhood—a benighted shore
With wrecks of bliss all scatter'd o'er,
Dark swelling doubts, fears scorn'd before,
A spirit wither'd at the core—
A sea of storm and strife.

In age—a calm undazzled eye,
Living in worlds of memory;
Low-breathed thanks for love on high,
A patient longing for the sigh
That wafts it into rest.

M. A. L.

SCENES IN MEXICO.

From the United Service Magazine.

THE WILD INDIAN.

"Have you ever been in the northern provinces? I asked an old gentleman at one of our Tertulias.

"Oh, sí! muchas veces; I have often traversed Oonora, Chihuahua, and the regions bordering on the wild Indians."

"Then you have been among the Apaches?" I exclaimed, eagerly.

"Yes, I have seen them very often; but I have never visited their country, because they are 'muy barbaros.' They used to come down amongst us, but this was only very rarely, and then generally for the purpose of plunder: they are a fine race of men, but 'muy barbaros.'

"I was at that time a soldier in the Spanish army, and have often followed in their track; but they are by no means a pleasant enemy to encounter, for they use their bow and arrow with surprising skill; their horses, too, are inconceivably swift, they appear and disappear like lightning.

"They are bold and desperate in their forages, as I have good cause to remember. On one occasion I had the command of fifty men in an incursion into their country. At nightfall we bivouacked in some deserted huts on the verge of a pine forest, with a vast savannah of high grass before us. We placed our mules and horses in the corral,* and retired to sleep with our serrasses on. I had just fallen asleep, when I was roused by a very peculiar faint moan, which came swelling through the air. I started up, and on going out of the hut, found our sentries at their post. Again we heard the cry, which was now louder, and appeared to issue from the corral. I approached closer; nothing but our animals met my view;—once more the harsh cry sounded through the air, but it was not the noise either of mules or the neighing of horses. I instantly ordered our sentries to beat the alarm, and my men were quickly assembled.

"Can any of you tell me the meaning of these strange sounds?" I inquired.

"No one replied; but all continued anxiously listening till the noise was again repeated. An old Indian, who acted as our guide, now stepped forward, and said, 'The Indians are hovering near us:—it is the cry of the mules when they smell the Indians.'

"Much struck with what he said, I questioned him more closely on the subject; he told me, in the same words, that the mules scented the Indians at many leagues distant, and always intimated their terror by these strange cries. He observed that the only way in which they could be accounted for, was from the fact, that the Indians eat mules' flesh, and that there was probably some connection between their scent and the odor of the Indians. I thought it much more likely that they discerned the far-off tramp of the mounted Indians. I accordingly gave the necessary directions, and placed scouts among the long grass in advance of the huts.

"About an hour passed away without any ap-

* A fenced village or settlement.

pearance of the enemy, when the sentries announced that they distinctly heard the tramp of cavalry. They were all called in, and we took our station in silence within the huts, while about twenty men were concealed among the pine-trees to act as sharp-shooters. In the meantime we had cut down branches from the trees, and fortified the entrances to the huts with palisades, as well as the shortness of the time would permit. I briefly addressed the men, telling them they must expect no quarter, but must resolve either to beat off the Indians or die, for their lives. We soon heard the enemy advancing in a circle, uttering wild shrieks and cries: they then rushed upon the huts, wheeling round and round.

"I had ordered my men to reserve their fire till they were close upon us, and had actually commenced hostilities; for the night being very clear, we could distinctly recognize the Indians at some distance. Several now alighted, and attempted to enter the corral by breaking down the palisades. At that instant I gave the order to fire, and many an Indian staggered and fell, while in the act of rushing upon us with yells and shouts. Another volley from our musketry for an instant checked their advance, while the sharp-shooters, concealed in the woods, fired in amongst them, and made great havoc by their unexpected assault. After a desperate conflict, they retired, carrying off with them the bodies of their dead and wounded comrades. As they retreated, they discharged clouds of arrows among us; we, however, lost but three men, though many were severely wounded. Had they had firearms, they would quickly have driven us from our post, for they fought with desperate courage."

As the old soldier spoke, his countenance was lighted for a moment with the fire of war, and then gradually sunk back into its wonted quiet expression.

HORSES AND MULES.

The Mexican mules are smaller than the horses, and particularly adapted for travelling; they rarely make a false step, on which account the traveller willingly resigns himself to their guidance in abrupt or dangerous mountain passes; if speed, however, be an object, the mules will not be urged beyond their usual trot, and you must therefore resort to horses. The Mexican horses are also smaller than the European, but in general stronger and more capable of enduring fatigue. It is well known that, previous to the conquest, Mexico possessed neither mules, horses, nor cattle; all these having been introduced by the Spaniards; they are now extremely numerous, and on the northern plains of Mexico, they are to be met with in large herds, living almost in a wild state. Many hundreds of these mules and horses are caught every year, and sent for sale to Mexico and to the mines. By purchasing a large number of these horses before they are broken in, you may get a horse in Zacatecas at the rate of ten or twelve piastres (fifty or sixty shillings,) each, while the mules fetch from twenty to twenty-four piastres, (five to six pounds.) In Mexico, the capital, the price is higher, on account of the expense of transport,

yet even there you may buy a very fair horse, which has been already ridden, for sixty to eighty piastres, (fifteen to twenty pounds.) For a very fine horse, however, you must pay from three to four hundred piastres, (seventy-five to a hundred pounds,) according to its qualities; but large and strong mules generally fetch a higher sum than horses.

The Mexican horses and mules are distinguished for their paces. Many have the "*sobre paso*," a species of pace wherein the animal lifts up and puts down his two right or left feet at the same time, but raising the fore-foot more than the hinder, which produces a quicker, and yet gentler motion than trotting. If the horse is to be used for the saddle, its price is determined by the rapidity and smoothness of this pace. The animal can acquire the "*sobre paso*" only on tolerably smooth roads; but with it, a horse can perform, without much exertion, a journey of twelve to fifteen leagues (thirty or forty miles,) *per diem*. The Mexican horses are fed much below ours, both at home and on journeys, and yet, with all our superior training, ours are decidedly inferior as it regards the endurance of fatigue. The Mexican horse has scarcely reached the end of its day's journey when the saddle and bridle are removed, without any regard to its being in a heat; it is then turned into an open court, without any covering being thrown over it, and frequently left exposed, without food, to the scorching sun or rain. It is then taken to drink, and has a large ration of maize-straw or maize-leaves, (*rastrojo*,) sufficient both for its evening and morning feed. It is very seldom that the Mexican takes the trouble of dividing the food, and giving half in the evening and the rest on the following morning. The beast is saddled in the morning, without any more drink till nine or ten o'clock, unless they happen to meet with water; nor does it have any more food till the close of the day's journey. It is necessary to be very careful not to give your horse drink early in the morning immediately after a feed of maize; this produces diarrhoea, which weakens it so much that it is unable to pursue its journey.

MEXICAN DWELLINGS.

The dwellings of the poorer classes are extremely simple; for in this warm climate it is more agreeable to them to enjoy a free circulation of air. A single room suffices for the wants of a family, both by day and night. The kitchen, which forms a detached hut, is occupied by the servants. Four upright posts support the light roof, which is composed of bamboo-laths, covered with palm-leaves, without any other fastening than cords made of the leaves of the American aloe, (*maguey*), or thongs of undressed hides. The walls are in like manner formed of bamboo, having a bamboo cornice running all round to support the roof. These sort of huts have no window; the door is made of bamboo canes, tied together, and hung upon leather straps. The floor is nothing more than the soil well trodden down.

The furniture is as simple as the construction of the hut. Four posts, held together by cross-beams, and covered over with bamboo, constitute the bed of the master of the family; the

children, and the rest of the inmates, sleep on the ground on hides. A chair or table is an appendage of rare occurrence. A small painted chest commonly holds the best apparel of the family and the valuables of the mistress. Over it you generally see a picture of the Virgin and other saints. A shelf displays the glasses, cups, and other utensils. This, with a large pan for holding water, and a saddle and bridle, completes the furniture of a Mexican of the poorer class.

The houses of the middling ranks, in the warm districts along the coast, are indeed better, but comparatively as limited in accommodation as those of the lower class. They are generally built of plaster, have wooden doors, but only sliding shutters, without glass windows, and contain seldom more than one large sitting-room and a bed-room. The furniture is very plain, though frequently set off with a display of silver utensils. This is the ordinary style of building; yet in some places we may observe fine stone houses, which bespeak the opulence of the owners.

THE NATIVE INDIANS.

Gautla is a large village, inhabited almost entirely by Indians. We found the market-place thronged with them; many had come from a great distance to attend the celebration of high mass, this being a festival. The church was small, and filled to overflowing. The whole congregation were on their knees during the greater part of the lengthy ceremonial, the solemnity of which was continually disturbed by the violent manner in which the people struck their breasts, making the sign of the cross, &c. There was no organ; but such music as could not fail to recall to earth the thoughts of the most devout worshipper.

On the elevation of the host I was startled by the sudden noise of a small drum and fife, interrupted by frequent pauses, during which the musicians gathered fresh strength for their performance. I was the more struck by this attempt at music, as I had generally believed the Indians to possess some taste for the art. In the course of my journeys I had often seen them with a small guitar in their hands; and on my way from Tampico several times fell asleep in my hammock, while our muleteers and guide amused themselves by singing and dancing with the people of the house. It seems that the skill of the Indians on the guitar is confined to a few chords; yet are they passionately fond of the song and dance.

The women wear a red or blue woollen skirt, bound at the edge with a broad piece of white calico; it reaches to the ankles, and is tied at the waist. The upper part of their persons is covered with a handkerchief, resembling the Spanish mantilla; it is made of blue and white, or black and white striped cotton, and the length is treble the width. They have a string of blue glass beads round the neck, and their hair is fastened behind in a tuft or numerous braids, or sometimes left to hang unconfined over the shoulders.

THE PUBLIC MALLS IN MEXICO.

Mexico abounds in public walks and prome-

nades; the most frequented are the "Alameda," the "Pasco Nuevo," and the "Pasco de las Vigas;" each has its stated hours and seasons of the year. The Alameda lies in the western part of the city; it has a large basin in the centre, from which radiate the various walks, which are thickly planted with trees and shrubs; the whole is inclosed with a low wall, along the inner part of which is a fine drive.

The Pasco Nuevo is not far from the Alameda, extending from the San Cosme canal almost as far as to that of Chapultepec; but being less shady, and at the same time very large, it always looks desolate.

The Pasco de las Vigas is not much more inviting; it is nearly half a league in length, planted with a double avenue of trees, and runs along the canal of Chalco. Its fashionable season lasts from Easter to Whitsuntide; that of the Pasco Nuevo till autumn; and that of the Alameda during the winter; at all other periods of the year they are quite deserted.

Towards five o'clock in the afternoon, every one hastens to the promenades, especially on Sundays and holidays. Whoever wishes to obtain a sight of the fashionable world of Mexico, must visit the Pasco de las Vigas on Easter Monday; there he will see, crowded in close ranks, the numerous, multiform carriages of the capital, heavy, but highly varnished, and profusely ornamented with silver, each drawn by two beautiful mules, whose harness and trappings are equally decorated with silver or brass, and stand out extremely well on their dark skins. The fair eennoras of Mexico, attired in their richest apparel, pass in slow procession before the gaze of the admiring crowd. Every description of carriage is put in requisition, from the splendid equipage to the humble hackney, in their colors and ornaments presenting as great a variety as the complexion and costume of the ladies, of every grade of society. The European stranger, however, is struck, not so much by the mules and their trappings, as by the grotesque leathern bag, generally ornamented with a brass plate, into which the tail of each animal is forced, as into a hair-bag. The coachman does not occupy the box, but is mounted on one of the mules, to give him more command over them.

The equestrians are no less numerous and remarkable in their appearance than the carriages. A horse intended for the promenades (pasco) must be well fed, but not too large, and have a long thick mane; but its chief recommendation is raising the forefeet very high, with an inclination outwards; on account of this motion it is called *brazeador*. Only a single rein is used, generally of white leather, thickly studded with silver, with a sharp Arabian bit. Along the upper part of the frontlet runs a slip of fur, three or four fingers wide, embroidered at both ends with gold or silver. It is made to draw down, so as to cover up the left eye of the horse in mounting. The saddle is a kind of Hungarian affair, circular behind, and terminating in a pommel in front; every part is thickly mounted with silver. The saddle is covered with a richly embroidered fur covering; the *armas de agua* are suspended from the pommel, and to complete this ridiculous accoutrement, the back part of the horse is in-

vested with a leathern coat of mail (*anquera*), which reaches down to the shanks. The *anquera* is also embroidered, and bordered with a fringe of iron, brass, or silver, which produces a loud jingling at every step. The original design of the *anquera* was, probably, to defend the horse from arrows; its present object is to prevent the animal from beating about its tail, and compel it to raise its forefeet by pressing upon the hinder parts.

The *armas de agua* are two dressed calf, bear, or tiger skins, the fur turned outwards, which are fastened on each side of the pommel, and, as their name implies, drawn over the legs during rain, so as completely to cover the lower part of the rider. The *armas de agua* are considered a very ornamental part of the Mexican saddle, the top being bordered with red or yellow morocco, and embroidered with gold or silver.

The costume of the rider is as grotesque as that of his horse; the indescribable, of the most undecidable cut and shape, and accompanied by sundry strange appendages. Below the knee he wears a stag skin to protect his leg against thorns; yet his nether equipment is, on the whole, highly ornamental, and sometimes costs from seventy to eighty piastres, (fourteen to twenty pounds.)

The hat is of a reddish brown, broad brimmed, but the crown very shallow; both brim and crown are trimmed with gold lace, the under side of the brim, which is green, is further decorated with gold lace, about two inches wide. The effect of this costume is heightened by the cloak, (*manga* or *frazada*.) The *manga* is a piece of woollen cloth, five or six yards in length, generally of a light blue color, rounded at the corners, and has a square hole cut in the centre to admit the head. It is often lined with red or yellow calico, and bordered with sundry trimmings of ribbons and fringe, interwoven with glass beads. This trimming is generally of black silk, and very frequently of gold tissue. The *manga* furnished in this style, the laced hat, the richly embroidered breeches, and the *botas*, sometimes cost as much as three hundred piastres, (seventy pounds or more;) yet we see them worn by persons who have expended their whole fortune in the purchase—a fortune, perhaps, just acquired at the gaming-table: while others, such as muleteers, &c., gladly deny themselves many positive necessities, and give up their hard-earned savings to become the happy owners of a *manga*. The *frazada* is a large woollen covering, displaying a gay pattern, and furnished, like the *manga*, with a hole for the head; it is principally worn on horseback, and is almost impervious to rain.

The rapidly increasing progress of European manners and fashions has had the effect of throwing this costume much into disuse; and we frequently see the Mexican caballero attired in the Spanish mantle or capa, an enormous pair of clattering spurs, weighing, with their various eceteras, from two to three pounds; a large cotton cloth, fastened on the right shoulder and carried under the left arm; in very hot weather he puts it over his head, below the hat, as a protection against the sun. This is the sun cloth, (*el pano de sol*), often embroidered at the four cor-

ners by some fair hand, and bestowed as a token of favor.

THE TERTULIAS—FEMALE SMOKING.

The Tertulias are frequented by ladies as well as gentlemen, who meet for the purpose of passing away their time in smoking, chatting, dancing, and singing. The custom of smoking has spread to a most remarkable extent in Mexico, among both sexes. If you stop a friend in the street, instantly he offers you a cigar; if you make a call, the first inquiries after your health are followed by a similar offer; and the ladies feel not the slightest hesitation in taking out their little cigar case and joining you. If you go to a Tertulia, you are sure to find cigars there, for every one smokes. If you go to the theatre or a ball, you must provide yourself with cigars, for it is etiquette to present them to the ladies and your friends. If you have any business to transact with an acquaintance, a cigar must be lighted before it can be settled, for the Mexican thinks and arranges best while enveloped in fumes; in short, it is impossible to do any thing, or go any where, without being called on to smoke, and it is considered unpolite to refuse a proffered cigar, even if you dislike smoking; you *must* accept it, although you are not obliged to make use of it.

Both men and women would dread losing such an amusement; they would forfeit a pleasant mode of passing their time, and break down a sort of *convenance* in society, if they were not to smoke. The true-hearted Mexican fair thinks that she is destitute of one of her attractions if she has not a cigar in her mouth; she wafts honeyed words to her lover from her rosy lips, in eddying fumes, and extends her dimpled arm from beneath the envious concealment of the mantilla, to light a paper cigar, or to adjust that of her lover. How could she fill up the time, which she now whiles away in smoking, or how retain the gracious offices of her duenna without such an occasional mark of her favor? If you endeavor to convince her of its unseemliness for so fair a sex, she has a thousand things to say in its defence; yet, to the honor of the ladies of Mexico be it said, they have been the first to yield to the remonstrances of strangers, so that it is daily becoming more rare to see young ladies smoking in public; it is beginning also to disappear at the theatre, and the balls in the capital, whence it is no longer necessary to have a separate smoking-room for the ladies. A pipe is never seen in Mexico, for every one uses cigars. These, however, are of two sorts, the *Puros*, made of pure tobacco, and the *Cigarros*, which contain only a small quantity of tobacco wrapped in paper. The women smoke the *Cigarros*, which are only half the size of the *Puros*.

VALENCIANA—LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A MINER'S LIFE.

Time rolled on—I became a resident in the celebrated mining city of Guanaxuato, and was, at length, enabled to look upon those vast repositories of glittering ore, from whence had issued treasures such as Ophir had never produced in its highest fame. Having equipped myself in a mining dress, I descended the stairs leading into the interior of the celebrated *Valenciana* mine.

MAY, 1844.

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At the depth of a few yards we came to the image of the Virgin, around which some candles were burning in her honor. Having paid the requisite obeisance and muttered a few prayers, the Indian guide conducted me deeper and deeper into the subterranean galleries and chambers of this rich and extensive mine. The descent, for many hundred yards, was formed of large broad slabs of stone, similar to those of a well-made staircase; the vaulted domes of the passage and galleries leaving sufficient space for the miner to pursue his laborious operations with convenience and comfort. Owing to the great depth of the mine, it was a considerable time ere we reached the more important works. Here we found several hundred Indian miners, in a state of almost perfect nudity, following their toilsome tasks.

At one end of the first gallery there were some planks slightly laid across poles, which supported three or four miners, who were driving iron punches into the hard matrix of the ore; in another direction twelve or fifteen blasts had been preparing and just completed. The cavern was very deep and extensive, and the glare of the few burning torches shed a faint and sickly light over the crowd of human beings, whose dusky forms could be distinguished from the ore against which they leant, only by the occasional movement of their almost naked persons.

Every one being ordered to retire, we ascended a higher portion of the cavern, where we could obtain a full view of the blasts without the slightest danger. The signal was at length given, and the solitary miner who fired the last match bounded up from the cavern. An ebbing flash of light instantaneously burst forth,—and then a deafening crash of falling fragments of rock resounded through the cavern. The fumes of the exploded powder hung for a moment heavily on the ground, till a current of air rushing in from the adjoining levels, carried them away in undulating wreaths.

We returned to the cavern, which was thickly strewn with the glittering ore and pieces of rock. Bodies of miners were immediately appointed,—some to reduce the more bulky masses, others to carry them to the *dispatcho*, an office where their weight and estimated value are registered; after which the whole was conveyed to the surface of the mine, either on the backs of the Indians or by means of machinery.

The grand *dispatcho* is placed near the *tiro* general, or general shaft; the arched passage leading to it from the interior of the mine gradually increases in magnitude towards the *tiro*, till at a short distance from the *dispatcho* it expands into an immense hall, beautifully arched with masonry. The enormous sums which have been expended in giving adequate security to every part of the mine, by means of vaulted passages, excited our astonishment; and, as I paused beneath the splendid dome leading to the *tiro*, and reflected upon the untiring labors of the poor Indians, I could not help remarking to myself, "The European may vent his contempt elsewhere than on the head of the Indian!"

Passing on to the verge of the shaft, I supported myself by a beam with one hand, and in the

other held a flaming torch over the yawning abyss; some were descending, others making the ascent,—this was all that met the eye, till, in its endeavors to penetrate still further down, every object was lost in impenetrable obscurity. The tiro is of an octagonal shape, and is about six or seven hundred yards in depth, and thirteen or fourteen yards across. Tracing its downward course by means of the faint flickering light, I paused for an instant, and felt an involuntary shudder, as the thought of falling into it flashed across my mind. I started back, and, seizing the arm of my Indian guide, returned to the cavern.

SONGS OF THE FLOWERS.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

SNOW-DROP.

NURSling of the new-born year,
Sporting with the summons of spring,
Like the snow-flake I appear,
Robed in winter's vestal white.

CROCUS.

Forth from my bulbous dwelling
I leapt at the summons of spring,
What herald of emperors' telling
So gorgeous a tabard could bring?

SWEET VIOLET.

Born on a sloping bank, 'neath an old hawthorn tree,
I shrank from the passing gaze, like a maiden timidly,
Till the wooing winds of March came whispering such a tale,
That I op'd my balmy stores to enrich their healthful gale.

PRIMROSE.

Near to a prattling stream,
Or under the hedgerow trees,
I bask in the sun's glad beam,
And list to the passing breeze.

When the village school is o'er,
And the happy children free,
Gladly they seek to explore
Haunts that are perfum'd by me.

HEATH.

Where the wild bee comes with a murmuring song,
Pilfering sweets as he roams along,
I uprear my purple bell:
List'ning the free-born eagle's cry,
Marking the heathcock's glancing eye,
On the mountain-side I dwell.

The echoes yet the notes prolong,
When one, who oft o'er hill and dell
Had sought the spots where flowrets dwell,
And knew their names and functions well,
And could of all their changes tell,
Thus answered to their song:

"Loveliest children of earth,
Of more than each rainbow hue,
Of beauty coeval with birth,
And fragrance found only in you!

"Oh! that like you I could live,
Free from all malice and strife,
That each thought and each pulse I could
give
To the bountiful Giver of Life.

"Until the earth shall wax old and decay,
You shall ever triumphantly shine,
And on leaf and on petal display
The work of an Artist Divine."

BELFAST.

R. P.

SONG.—SWEET SIXTEEN!

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

From the Metropolitan.

Oh! tell me not of sorrow,
My heart's too young for care,
A brighter wreath to-morrow
Than this shall bind my hair:
No, no, you shall not teach
My heart to spurn delight,
Though you a sermon preach
As long as winter night:
There's nothing sad in nature;
The singing birds, the flow'rs,
And every sportive creature,
Enjoys life's sunny hours.

My mother always tells me
She loves to see me gay,
And sure my heart impels me
Her wishes to obey:
At night, when round the hearth
— A merry band we meet,
With songs and frolic mirth,
How swiftly moments fleet!
I'll hug my darling treasures,
While yet untouch'd by care,
And live on by-gone pleasures,
When Time has snow'd my hair.

With golden suns above me,
And flow'rs beneath my feet,
And friends that dearly love me,
Oh! surely life is sweet:
How can I hate the world,
That never hated me?
The sails of Hope unfurl'd,
Dance o'er a summer sea:
Then tell me not of sorrow,
My heart's too young for care;
A brighter wreath to-morrow
Than this shall bind my hair.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER; A TALE OF
RAJPOOTANA.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

From the Asiatic Journal.

It was a shrine of Kaniya, that form of the Indian Apollo which, the sun-god having taken it while mirth and music formed his sole pursuits, finds especial favor with the Hindoo maidens, who, from their lyric-songs, have gleaned some of the romance and poetry which hang about the legends of their compassionate and pastoral deity.

The fane itself, too, was very graceful, and well calculated to excite admiration among the radiant Krishna's worshippers, being of pure white marble, and in its ornaments free from any of those grotesque deformities frequent on the temples of the East, while the scene in which it stood possessed that quiet sylvan beauty, ever supposed to be the aspect of nature beloved by the youthful deity. Rich groves of tamarind and peepul trees sheltered the temple from the noontide blaze, while a glittering stream now reflected their wavering shadows, and agins crept tremblingly away among the densest foliage, there only to be traced by its quiet murmurings against the shining pebbles or tangling flowers that seemed to oppose its course. Bounding the sweet vale that I have thus endeavored to describe was a chain of rocky hills, tinged with the rosy hues of evening light, which threw into strong relief the outlines of many a fortress, such as were necessary to protect the Rajpoot princes and their followers at a period in their history when dissension was common, ambition great, and even the darkest crimes were regarded as venial when the object to be gained was considered worth the desperate game the chieftains played for. The horrors induced, however, by this aggressive system, whatever shape they may have taken, were confined to the open country, or to the harems and dungeons of the forts, for to the grove of Kaniya they never could penetrate. Affording the right of sanctuary, no blood could there be shed, no sacrifice be offered, but that of flowers and incense; for the pastoral god of India, delighting in smiles and melody, suffers neither cruelty nor austerity to approach his shrine.

Perhaps it was this attractive character of the sun-god's fane which had now led hither one of the fairest of his votaries; or there may have been another yet more pressing reason, which the progress of my tale may show; but at the time I would describe, a lovely Hindu girl, weaving a wreath of mogree and chumpa blossoms, stood by the altar

of Kaniya. She was very young, and seemed as if animated by the peculiar happiness known only to the young and pure, for a soft smile was on her lip, and a bright light in her eye, and her cheek had the freshness of a new-blown flower ere the noontide heat or the evening shower has touched its beauty; while every line of her form, as she gently bent, sometimes to raise a blossom that had fallen on the marble pavement, sometimes to note the effect of her labor, proved that the beautiful Komari acknowledged no tutored grace but the nature that she worshipped, and while the feathered songsters of the grove instructed her to imitate their sweetest melodies, her elastic step and undulating movements owed nothing of their charm to art.

The lady thus stood alone in Kaniya's fane entwining her white and amber-colored wreath, while the perfume of the scattered flowers surrounded her like incense. Her attire was simple, and her ornaments tasteful, rather than gorgeous or encumbering. It might have been difficult, therefore, to have guessed her rank, but that through the distant trees might be seen camels richly caparisoned, with horsemen, palankeens, and a goodly train of picturesquely-attired followers, such as wait only on the princes of that land: but at Kaniya's shrine, the lady Komari needed no protection, nor did she even seek any companion, but him who now approached, and for whom apparently she lingered there.

The stranger was also young, and attired in priestly robes; but, as the quick ear of the maiden caught the sound of his step from behind the altar, she turned, and cast her arms tenderly around him.

"Ah! my brother," she exclaimed, "chide me not that I sought thee thus at Kaniya's shrine: soon shall we be parted, and well you know how in the retirement of the rawala (harem), I long for the sweet air and bright world around me, and how doubly sweet do both become, Jowanda, when enjoyed with those we love."

Kaniya's priest smiled fondly on the speaker, but, as he replied, there was an earnestness in his manner, scarcely warranted, perhaps, by what had passed. "Dear Komari! it is strange that I, thy brother only by one parent, and she not of the royal race, should yet so nearly resemble thee in taste as 'tis said we do in feature. For, though I were offered fortresses and lands, power and influence, as the legitimate son of my honored father, I would far rather hear the minars chattering among the boughs of yonder grove, than the wisest counsellors in his highness's darbar, and the sweet cooing of the wood-doves to the clash of arms that could gain for me a throne. But tell

me, dear Komari, is it true, that our father has entertained the suit of the young rajah of Jeitpoor, and that the prince even now is encamped near the city, about to claim you as his bride; and are you content, my sister, that this should be?"

For a moment, a bright blush spread over the fair brow of the beautiful Komari; but, as it again faded to the tender tint whose native hue ever lingered on her cheek, the maiden rested one hand upon her brother's arm, and, still holding the mogree-wreath loosely in the other, she fixed her bright eye on the distant grove, and softly answered, "Yes, Jowanda, I am content; for 'tis my noble father's wish, and this surely is enough. Think what love his was, my brother, who, in direct opposition to our Rajpoot laws, which command to the tomb the infant daughters of our noble houses, reared me with tender care to look abroad upon the sweet earth, to note its beauties, to feel its truth, and to be loved by all I love. Is not my life due to him who thus has saved me, and is not all obedience but poor payment for such a debt?" "You are good as you are fair, sweet sister," returned Jowanda, tenderly; "but tell me, feel you ought like love for your affianced husband?" "Love!" returned the fair girl, turning her full dark eyes upon her brother's face: "oh! no. How is it possible to love that which we know not? They say the prince is young and noble, a warrior, and generous; but I can love that only which from my childish years has been ever with me; I love my mother, father, yourself, the companions of my sports; yes, and the bright flowers, with their fragrant breath, that bring with it sweet thoughts; the birds, that seek to answer me so gratefully with their harmony of speech; and even the twinkling stars, so full of mystery and beauty, that I could gaze on them for ever, dreading the envious dawn that hides them from my view:—all these, my brother, love I as dearly as my life: but the rajah!—oh no, no! Jowanda, I do not love the rajah."

"But yet," inquired Jowanda, anxiously, "you hate him not, sweet sister; you do not fear your marriage?" "Why should I hate him, dear Jowanda?" was the reply. "They say the prince will love me, and the whole world seems so full of goodness, that the prince may be even more noble than all I can imagine him. But give me now, my brother, the blessing I have come to seek, for I have lingered here too long, and my people will grow impatient." "I will bestow on thee, sweet sister," replied the priest, "a talisman more powerful in guarding thee from harm than even a brother's blessing. I have a lotus-flower, gathered by the sun-god on the

banks of the blue Yamuna; stay but a while, and I will bring it thee with speed; the servants are well entertained, and will not note thy absence."

A moment had scarce elapsed, after the departure of the priest, when a rustling sound was heard among the trees around the fane, and a warrior, fully armed, and of most princely bearing, sprang from his charger, and, rapidly ascending the marble steps, stood before the maiden. Unused to the presence of men, unless that of her immediate relatives, Komari started at the coming of the stranger, and, looking anxiously around her, blushed deeply, seeming as if about to fly; but again she raised her eyes, and that which met her gaze gave promise rather of security than cause for fear. The stranger was young and eminently handsome; slight in figure, yet firmly knit, as if trained to athletic exercises from his youth; and although his eyes were now beaming with the gentlest feelings, one well versed in the expressions of the human countenance would have noted, that there was that in their depths which times might animate with a bold defiance, before which even the bravest in the land would quail.

Perhaps there is a sympathy between the gentleness of woman, seeking protection, and that manly courage which is willing and powerful to yield it; but certain it is, that the maiden now felt little disposed to fly; and when the youth, in apologetic tone, told her that, wearied by the heat and tedium of a journey, he had sought Kaniya's shrine for rest and shelter, and craved her pardon, believing, as he said, that the retainers grouped together in the grove were those of the prince her father, whom he had once served with in the wars with Scindiah, the maiden blushed and smiled, and readily forgave him, when, as her brother's step was heard returning, she suffered the stranger to press his lip upon her hand, and reproached him not; neither did she betray him, for when the priest returned, he found Komari still weaving alone her fragrant wreath, and although the distances of the flowers were no longer well preserved, and the circle had become an oblong, Jowanda did not note it, nor how coldly she received the talisman, nor how hurriedly she left him and sought her palankeen. As she did so, however, Komari glanced stealthily around, and her eye well noted a mounted warrior spurring towards the hills, nor were her attendants slow to do the same; but, as some pointed to the flying horseman, a cry arose of "Look, look! see you the prince? it is the Jeitpoor Rajah, on his famous Arab Suleiman."

Komari heard, and, casting herself back

in her palankeen, yielded to a dream of happiness which, if the anticipation of secure and gratified love *can* give joy to the human heart, made this fair girl's complete.

In a crimson tent, guarded on all sides by his feudal adherents, and patrolled by small bands of mercenary soldiery, sat Prince Zalim, and before him, with haughty mien and angry brow, stood the chelah, or confidential adviser of Sangram Singh, whose hosts, to the extent of some five thousand men, had encamped but a few miles distant. The chelah, or messenger of Sangram, was a pattern of his class; ambitious and intriguing; treacherous to those who trusted him, but cringing to the dust before his master. As a Pathan soldier of low origin, the favoritism of a tyrant had raised him to the position he held, and as he now stood in his quilted robe of gold brocade, with a rich Cashmere shawl about his waist, and a jewelled fillet securing his long glossy hair, there was a truculence in his bearing that would have better suited the lowest mercenary engaged upon a foray, than the favorite and adviser of a Rajpoot noble.

There had evidently been a pause in the conversation between the Prince Zalim and the accredited negotiator of Sangram Singh, and angry defiance marked the bearing of each; but at length the envoy, as if weary of waiting for the occasion of that offence which it had been his object to excite, inquired, resting as he did so on the jewelled pommel of his sword, as if addressing his inferior, "The king my master waits for a reply, and his messenger proposes to bear back that which may be given him."

The prince started, and gazed at the speaker, with flashing eyes, a flushed brow, and a gesture of angry scorn as his grasp stole involuntarily on the cross-handled creeze or dagger worn in his cummerbund; but he checked his rising violence, and after a moment's apparent struggle, calmly replied, "There is in thy words a tone of insolence in ill-keeping with thy office, and a manner well deserving chastisement; but it is thy master's arrogance, and not thine, that should excite my anger; state, therefore, again, as briefly as thou canst, what are his demands."

"The king my master," replied the chelah, twisting the long ends of his wiry moustache, as he threw a quick and triumphant glance around, at which the swords of more than one of the adherents of Prince Zalim were half-drawn from their scabbards, "the king my master demands that you withdraw

at once your accepted claim to the hand of the daughter of the Rana Umra, and retire with your followers from the province."

"And by what right does Sangram Singh demand this at my hands?" inquired the prince haughtily. "By that right," answered the chelah, with a sneer curling his lip, "that all Rajpoot warriors acknowledge; the power to enforce his will; but, as in this instance the king deigns to give you a reason for its exercise, he bids me say, that the hand of the Princess Komari was promised to his predecessor ere her father dared pledge his word to spare her infant life; and the king adds, that if his claim is disregarded, he will not only reduce yon fortress to the dust, but, abandoning the regal crimson of your tent, he will cause you to fly before his face, and every warrior of Jeitpoor shall fall upon our swords."

Prince Zalim, who had labored to restrain his passion up to the moment when the messenger would pause, now started again from his cushions, and fixing on the chelah a look of withering scorn, exclaimed, "Begone, thou slave of an unworthy master! did I drag thee over yonder plain at my horse's heels, as would a Moslem noble, or command that thou shouldst be blown from our nearest gun, thy punishment would be less than thy insolence deserves. But go, tell thy master that Zalim Singh defies him, and will keep the lustre of his honor bright; moreover, that he will not strike a tent to pleasure him, until he marches into the city to meet his bride, and in that day, let Sangram look to it, that he oppose him not." Then, turning to the warriors who stood around, "Escort," said he, "in safety this loud-tongued slave to the camp of Sangram Singh, and, as you go, command that the escort set forth at once with the marriage-gifts designed for the rawula of the Rana Umra."

The tent was soon cleared, but the last warrior had scarcely disappeared from the *kanūt*, when Ajit, the young and favorite brother of Zalim, laid his hand upon the prince's sleeve. "Beware," he said, "my brother. Sangram is powerful and impetuous, his hosts are numerous, and his wealth is unbounded. The Rana Umra is in fact his vassal, and will not dare to refuse him his alliance at any cost. Is it not better, then, to waive your claim, and return to Jeitpoor, than to bathe this fair land in blood, and bring destruction on the Rana and his family?"

"Ajit," replied the prince, "think you that, as a Rajpoot warrior, I could bear the insolent scoffs of yonder chief, and not teach him in return the temper of our steels? And

is Zalim Singh to suffer the pangs of mortified expectation and of disappointed hopes, while he is girt round with faithful nobles and brave friends, eager to do him right, simply because his enemies demand it? And again, Ajit: were I base enough for this and even more, I love the daughter of the Rana Umra, and have sworn by Kaniya's shrine, that the man lives not who shall tear her from my arms." Prince Ajit smiled. "Nay, Zalim," he exclaimed, "this is mere folly; we Rajpoot suitors, whose lady-loves are shaded from our eyes by the lattices of the rawla, if we love at all, must love the production of our own imaginations, a passion easily managed, I should think; there are few among the princes of this land who would not gladly seek the alliance of the Rajah of Jeitpoor; so 'tis but setting your fancy in another key, my brother, and the melody produced will please as well. Fortune may have interfered in this matter to save you from a shrew, and as you follow as blindly as she is said to lead, trust her, and take her warnings."

"You speak wisely, Ajit, though somewhat, perhaps, in jest; nor is Zalim Singh wont to dream of beauty when he should be girding on his sword for war. We Rajpoots have no fabled houris, as the Moslems have, to urge them on to deeds of blood; but for the daughter of the Rana, it is no dream; I have seen her, Ajit, and the memory of her grace and beauty animated me like the war-cry of our race. Urge me no more, then, for I have sworn that Komari shall be my bride."

The rawla of the Rana Umra was rife with mirth and joy. The rich carpet in the apartment of the fair Komari was strewn with the costly presents of her affianced husband, and the slave-girls, who were gathered round them, had expatiated for hours on their surpassing beauties, nor were they yet wearied of the theme. The pearls were, they decided, the largest ever seen, the *kinkaubs* the richest and most glittering, the shawls the softest of the Cashmere looms, the *attar* and *golaub panee* (rose-water) unequalled in all Persia. Yet, while this display of female gratification was at its height, with bright eyes beaming and sweet lips smiling delighted approval of those gauds which, it is supposed, most surely win the hearts of women, the Princess Komari knelt at her mother's feet, and with her fair face bent upon the knee of the Baji Bhye, remained forgetful of all but her filial gratitude and approaching joy.

"My child," replied the Rane, in answer

to some tender words addressed to her by Komari, "you are about to leave the home of thy youth for the harem of a stranger; yet not a shade of grief attends the change. Thou wert our first-born, and, at my frantic prayer, thy noble father, even against the usages of his house and the express laws of his tribe, spared thy infant life. Even now I seem to feel again the terror, the doubt, of that fearful hour when the opium, already blended with nature's earliest draught, awaited but the Rana's signal to close the sweet eyes so lately opened to heaven's light; but, at length, the stern purpose of the Rajpoot chief melted before the husband's tenderness, and thou wert spared. But, alas! ere three hot seasons had passed away, the dread of scorn, the fear of what might be thy fate, urged again the sacrifice; but as thy father sat with his bared sword across his knee, meditating the deed which he thought had become necessary to save his honor, upon the death of the prince to whom thou wert betrothed, thou, sweet child, stole to his side, and, with a soft caress, smiled at and played with the glittering weapon intended for thy destruction. I had followed stealthily, vowed not to outlive my babe; but I saw a tear fall upon the blade, and, sheathing his sword in haste, thy father blest and bade thee live." Komari listened, and as the Rane paused, she raised her streaming eyes towards her mother's, and cast herself upon her bosom.

From this seeming trance of tenderness, however, both were soon aroused by exclamations of surprise from the startled slave-girls, who suddenly rose from the ground, in some alarm, as the Rana Umra advanced into the apartment. The Rane and her daughter rose immediately to meet him; but the Baji Bhye, reading strange matters on her husband's countenance, paused suddenly, while the blood forsook her cheek and her lip trembled. The fair Komari, however, saw only on her father's face the necessity for counsel or consolation, and resting her hand upon his arm, she gazed tenderly on his agitated countenance. At her touch, however, the Rana started, with a recoiling gesture, putting aside her hand, and then he gazed on her with the fascinated gaze of one who endeavors to recall the memory of some olden tale, whose characters seem interwoven with the lineaments of one who may have been an actor in the drama, and then, with a heavy sigh, such as are known only to the remorseful and the guilty, the Rana passed on, and stood by the pile of precious stuffs.

"Take hence these gauds," commanded he, addressing the trembling slave-girls in a voice whose tone seemed strangely hoarse

and unnatural to the ear; "Take them hence, and bear them to those who wait without. The marriage of the Princess Komari with the Jeitpoor Rajah is at an end, and his servants and his camels must bear back the marriage-gifts."

Komari heard no more; a crowd of busy images rushed over the brain, leaving no distinct impression; a film fell on her sight, strange sounds seemed floating in the air, and the maiden sunk, heartstricken and insensible, at her father's feet. The slave-girls gathered round their mistress, and bore her from the apartment; and then it was that the Rana drew near his trembling wife, and told her of the claim advanced by Sangram Singh, and of the fearful feud between the princely suitors. "My power, my throne, my life," he added, "are all in the hands of Sangram Singh. *The Jeitpoor prince obstinately persists on his right by acceptance, and blood has been already spilled on every side. I am contemned by all my nobles; the curse of my disobedience to my country's laws is working my destruction, and I can even now see the sneer of the princes of Rajpootana on the downfall of the chief who saved his daughter's life, but to dye his land in blood, and lay it desolate."

As he spoke, the Rana's head drooped low upon his breast, and with arms folded across it, he seemed to abandon himself to despair.

His miserable wife gazed on him long and anxiously, trembling at the pause, yet finding in herself no reason to advance in solace of the agony both felt. After a while, however, with low-toned voice and deep emotion, she gently murmured, "Alas! alas! unstable are all our hopes, as dew upon the lotus-buds, and unhappily, my lord, Komari loves this Jeitpoor rajah. Yet still, doubt not, she well knows her duty as a Rajpoot maiden, and never will she oppose thy will that she should wed the powerful Sangram Singh. Wait but, my lord, until the first terrible surprise is past, and all will yet be well;—our country be restored to peace, your honor spared, our child made happy. Force will have compelled you to break your contract with Prince Zalim, and the same power will protect you against the violence of his disappointment."

As the Ranees commenced speaking, the king raised his eyes and gazed on her so intently, that it seemed as if every word that passed her lips had power to agitate the listener; and so indeed it was, for he watched to catch if it were but one word of hope, the shadow even of a thought that could bring a reprieve to his intense despair; but yet it came not, and when the Baji Bhye had ended, her husband again sighed heavily, his

eyes fell upon the ground, and a still more terrible pause ensued. The poor mother thought that any decision, even the most terrible, so that it ended this agonizing suspense, had been merciful; but she ceased so to think when the Rana fixed his fierce glance upon her face, and hoarsely uttered, "Woman! at thy prayer this girl was saved;—saved, to work ruin upon her land, despair and destruction upon her family. The council will decide her fate, but *remember*, whatever that may be, I am no longer an erring, misled father, but a Rajpoot noble, firm to defend his honor and his name!"

Alas! alas! it was a land where mercy for hapless women found no place in the councils of her masters. The rival princes refused to withdraw their claims, the Rana was threatened with a war of extermination, and one means alone remained by which to save himself from dishonor, and his country from destruction; and this dark path was chosen.

The chief apartment of the rawala, so late the scene of joyous preparation, was now silent, and deserted by all but the hapless maiden who was so late its brightest ornament. It is true, that, from without, the sunbeams still played among the fragrant blossoms that hung about the lattices: the bulbs still warbled their soft love-notes in the chumpra grove, and nature smiled as gaily as she was wont to do; but man's passions had marred all peace, all hope, all joy within, and desolation followed on his steps.

Upon a pile of cushions, her delicate robe of soft white muslin draped around her graceful form, and her face half-screened by the luxuriant and loosened tresses of the dark hair that fell in masses upon her shoulder, lay the fair Komari, while, from time to time, a deep but broken sigh burst from her lips, as if her effort to constrain it was still in vain. But she grieved alone; no attached slaves ministered to her wants, no devoted mother tended the object of her fondest care, but where mirth and tenderness so late had mingled their blithe music, the maiden lay in solitude, trembling, tearful, and broken-hearted. This strange silence had become so hushed and so unbroken, that the slightest sound startled the listener's ear, as it now seemed to act on that of the poor Komari, who suddenly starting from her crouched and motionless position encountered the sorrowful gaze of Krishna's priest bent full upon her. With a

slight exclamation of surprise, the maiden extended her arms towards him, while heavy tears rolled over her fair cheek, the first she had shed since the defeat of her best hopes.

Jowanda bent towards his sister, and clasped her in his arms; but as Komari felt the straining fervor of his embrace, and the hot tears that mingled with her own, she started back, and tremblingly inquired: "Ah! there must be some new terror to affect thee thus, my brother. Speak—tell me: why am I thus alone—why have I thus passed long hours communing with my own sad thoughts, while my dear mother and kind companions solace me no more?" "Alas! sweet sister," replied Jowanda, "have none told thee, then—none prepared thee for thy sentence? Knowest thou not that the assembled chiefs have doomed thee to destruction, and that mine, as no common hand, was armed for the deed of horror? Komari! thy loveliness and sorrow have unnerved me. I came hither, urged by the compelling sense of duty to my race and family, but thus do I now abandon my murderous design, cursing the serpent-tongues that won me to accept the charge;" and so saying, the priest disengaged a poignard from his girdle, and hurled it through the open window of the apartment.

The maiden started, then clung to her brother's arm, and gazed wildly in his face; but soon the truth flashed on her puzzled senses; then disengaging herself from the priest's support, and leaning against the lattice of the apartment, with a gasping voice she exclaimed:—"Ah! is it so? Death! It is very terrible; and I must prepare for a fate that, I thank the gods, comes not from a brother's hand. Leave me, dear Jowanda, and be sure that when you hear Komari weeps no more, she met her doom as a Rajpoot maiden, worthy of her race."

The brother listened. He saw the light of heroic purpose beam from her eye; the beautiful resignation of filial obedience stealing over her face; and overcome with tenderness and grief, he hid his face in the folds of his ample robe, and hurried from the apartment.

Again Jowanda stood in the council of the princes, and to their inquiring glances he thundered forth denunciations of ruin and destruction to all who plotted against his sister's life. "Woe, woe!" he cried, "to the land and to the prince whose safety is so purchased. The curse of Krishna is on them and on all who put forth their hand against the innocent and pure. The princess Komari is the favorite of the sun-god, who has bestowed upon her a talisman of rare virtue, and he who seeks her injury shall perish by no com-

mon means: the lips of his priest have spoken it."

Jowanda left the palace, and hurried forth to cast himself in prayer at Krishna's shrine; but the fiat of the council had gone forth, and his words availed nothing. Poison, in the many shapes known in an Eastern harem, was soon tried, but the pure system of their intended victim repelled the means, or acted as their antidote, and still the helpless maiden lived in doomed solitude; while her frantic mother, confined to a distant chamber, poured forth maniacal ravings against the destroyers of her child.

Hours had passed away—those long, long hours, in which the heart receives no comfort—and days—every one of which is as a century of endurance to the brain oppressed with thought—yet still Komari sat with closed eyes, calmly awaiting the doom which she now prayed might speedily arrive. Her cheek had lost its roundness, her eye its light. She had contemplated death so long, that she had ceased to desire to live, and no other emotion was apparent, but the flickering smile which hovered on her cheek, when a new footstep was heard approaching her apartment. This was apparent now, as a slave—an aged woman, one whom Komari had scarcely noted in the rawala—approached, bearing in her hand a jewelled cup, from which a strange and lulling odor pervaded the apartment. "My child," she whispered, bending towards the maiden, "your eye is feverish, your cheek flushed; you have need of rest; drink this potion prepared from the finest herbs; you will sleep soundly, and know no grief."

The maiden took the proffered cup, and rising as she did so, replied:—"True; I much need rest, both for my heart and brain, and the *kusumba* draught will surely fail me not. Bear, I charge thee, to my father my humble reverence, and tell him that I fear not death, but rather thank him for ending thus my sorrows. He gave me life, and has full right to reclaim it at my hands. From my birth was I marked for sacrifice, and I thank him that I have lived so long. I gratefully accept the bridegroom he ordains, and bow my head to his command."

So saying, the maiden raised the jewelled cup, and drained it to its dregs; but having done so, it fell suddenly from her grasp, as a clash of arms resounded through the harem, and Prince Zalim, rushing into the apartment, clasped Komari in his arms. "You are saved, sweet one," he cried, "you are saved! the palace is ours! but we must fly

at once, for the hosts of Sangram are upon us." He paused, but as he did so, a shrill laugh broke upon his ear, and, starting back, his glance fell upon the fiend-like countenance of the aged slave, who pointed exultingly to the fallen cup. Zalim, snatched it from the ground. "Aye," he cried, "is this, thrice-cursed hag, thy work—and dost thou triumph in thine infernal office?" He said no more; but, seizing the struggling woman in his arms, bore her without, and, casting her from the nearest rampart, watched her fall, down, far down, among the crashing boughs of the darkening foliage, to the lairs of the beasts that prowled below, and then, returning to the couch of his affianced bride, clasped his arms around her dying form, vainly beseeching her to bless him with her love. But, alas! in that fond embrace joined the enemy whom none could baffle; and so it was, that when the soldiers of Sangram Singh forced their way into the harem of the Rana Umra (as soon they did), defiance met them even there, even from that couch where lay the Jeitpoor Rajah, Zalim Singh, with his fair bride, the beautiful Komari, united by the bonds of death!

The Rajah Sangram Singh withdrew his hosts, and the land was left in peace; but its prince was a heart-stricken man, aged before his time, and desolate in the palace of his fathers. He gave alms freely, and mostly so to the priestly class who ministered at the richly-sculptured mausoleum, where, night and day, burned vases of perfumed oil before the last resting-place of his murdered child and of her broken-hearted mother.

ODE TO HOPE.

BY JOHN MASON GOOD.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

O GENTLE Hope! whose lovely form
The plunging sea-boy, 'midst the storm,
Sees beckoning from the strand,
If yet thy smile can chase the sighs
From love and adverse fate which rise,
O view this lifted hand!

Through dire despair's tremendous shade,
Supported by thy secret aid,
The troubled spirit flies.
Thy sight sustains his drooping powers,
Thy finger points to brighter hours,
And clears the distant skies.

Then haste thee, Hope, and o'er my head,
While yet impervious tempests spread,
Obtrude thy magic form:
O give me, ere gay youth decline,
To view the fair Zelinda mine,
And I'll despise the storm.

BALLAD ROMANCE.

From the Court Journal.

In the days long gone by to a castle's tall keep,
A maiden retired to watch and to weep,
For her Knight had gone forth, to a far distant land,
Wealth and honors to win, ere he sued for her hand.

Long years in the bloom of her beauty and youth,
She rejected all suitors, and guarded her truth;
Sustained by the hope, no persuasions could move,
That Sir Edmund was living, and true to her love.

At length o'er the sea a gray palmer there came,
Who told how a Knight, with a crest and a name
Like those of her lover, had fallen in fight,
As at Centa he warr'd with the Saracens' might.

The tale was believed; yet in Isabel's breast
Hope nestled the closer, and whisper'd her rest;
Nor fled, till her father has bade her decide
The day when another shall call her his bride.

Then her cheek lost its bloom, and her eye lost its light,
She watched thro' the day, and she wept thro' the night,
Entreating kind Heaven, in its infinite grace,
To release her by death ere that marriage had place.

On the eve of the bridal, the lady has gone
To the keep's highest turret, all wretched and lone,
Where, praying, she raised her wan face to the sky,
"Oh! grant me to see him once more ere I die."

And lo! a Knight's lance flashes bright in the sun,
The river he's forded, the castle he's won;
Yes! 'tis he! Ah! what raptures the Knight's
bosom swell,
As his glance meets the form of his own Isabel.

At the entrance she greets him with one holy kiss.
All his toils are repaid by that moment of bliss;
For that meeting how fondly his true heart has
beat,
To lay all his titles and gold at her feet.

But short were his transports,—he sees with alarm
That her light, shadowy form, faintly clings to his
arm;
And he marks that her face, tho' lit up with love's
glow,
Pale and pure, bears the impress of suffering and
woe.

"Long, long have I tarried, my true love," she
cried,
"To tell thee how sorely my faith has been tried;
But I've triumphed—thou'rt come—I shall now be
at rest;"
Then with one gentle sigh she fell dead on his
breast.

The Knight's rich in treasures he's gathered in
war,
The Baron can look o'er his lands spread afar;
But gladly, oh! gladly their wealth would they
give,
All their gold and broad lands, to bid Isabel live.

MISCELLANY.

EMUTE IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.—A more successful example of political audacity, one might say impudence, has never been given than in the conduct of the Legitimists in the French Chamber. These gentlemen have defied the Government and constitutional system at home by coming to London, openly paying court to the Duke of Bordeaux, and proclaiming him King of France. They then returned quietly to Paris, and, because the Ministry sought to insert in the address two words of censure on their *culpable manœuvres*, they set up the loudest cries of being the most injured and aggrieved of men. Nay, they succeeded in turning the tables on the Minister, and in bringing forward M. Guizot's preference of the constitutional government of Louis the Eighteenth to the military despotism of Napoleon, as a crime deserving lapidation in 1844. Having succeeded in hustling M. Guizot, the Legitimists then shake the dust of the Chamber from their feet and depart. They discharge it, as a footman might his master. In most periods of French history these gentlemen would have been hanged, drawn, and quartered; and most certainly the insertion of two words of censure in the address is a penalty under which the Legitimists need not have groaned or writhed.

The scene was most uproarious when M. Berryer complained that the Chamber could not have been more severe to him had he gone to Ghent. M. Guizot ascended the tribune and opened his mouth many times, but the yells of opposition drowned his excuses. For more than an hour this lasted, the President being unable to command silence, and none of the independent supporters of the Ministers coming forward with courage to face and to quell the storm. Singular to say, this extravagant outburst, excited by M. Berryer, was against the elder Bourbons, against M. Berryer's own principles and dynasty, whilst M. Guizot's curious preference of Louis the Eighteenth to Napoleon was certainly the act of a constitutional Royalist.

The French are, however, so stark staring mad in their absurd fear and jealousy of the *étranger*, that they cannot be considered rational beings on that subject. There can be no use in arguing with or of them. The present result of this commencement of the Parliament's campaign must, however, be noted. M. Guizot had succeeded in neutralizing the Legitimists in the Chamber, and making one-half of them vote with him. Now this is undone, and all the Legitimists are in opposition. The Molé party, opining that the King is vexed at the Regent's dotation not being brought forward, has deserted to opposition at the same time; whilst M. Thiers brings his band in support of Count Molé. This makes a formidable coalition, and the general opinion is that M. Guizot cannot long resist it.

One is curious to see what the French will think of our debate, of the lukewarm definition of his alliance with France given by Sir Robert Peel, of the use made of the admissions of MM. Thiers and Guizot by Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, and of the declaration of Lord Brougham that he knew France and the French much better than M. Thiers and Count Molé, the present leaders of the French opposition. But we shall have French comments on this subject next week.—*Examiner*.

GREECE.—The Levant packet brings a summary of the projected constitution of Greece. The dominant religion of Greece is that of the orthodox church of the East; freedom in Greece for all reli-

gious persuasions. All citizens are equal before the law. Individual liberty is inviolable. The slave trade is prohibited. A slave of any nation is free on setting foot on the soil of Greece. There is liberty of the press, and the censorship is not permitted under any pretext.—*Examiner*.

THE WILL AND CODICIL OF THE MARQUESS WELLESLEY have just been proved by Mr. John Thornton Down, the sole executor, who has a legacy of £1,000. He bequeaths to Mr. Alfred Montgomery, his private secretary, £1,000, "in regard of his affectionate, dutiful, and zealous services," and the residue of his property to his wife, Mary Ann, Marchioness of Wellesley. By the codicil he gives to his secretary (Mr. Montgomery), in addition to the legacy in his will, all his manuscripts:—"and gives the following directions, which are *verbatim* :—“And I desire him to publish such of my papers as shall tend to illustrate my two administrations in Ireland, and to protect my honor against the slander of Melbourne and his pillar of state, O'Connell.” To Lord Brougham he leaves “*Homer*,” in four vols., and earnestly desires him to assist him in publishing his MSS, saying, “I leave my memory in his charge, confiding in his justice and honor.” To Earl Grey “my George, carved on an amethyst, and worn by George II.” To his valet he leaves his wearing apparel, robes, stars, &c., “for his kindness during my illness.” The property is sworn under £6,000.—*Britannia*.

REFINEMENT.—In Dresden, a little ragged child was heard to call from the window of a mean house to her opposite neighbor—“Please, Mrs. Muller, mother sends her best compliments, and, if it's fine weather, would you go a-begging with her to-morrow!”—*Morning Post*.

THERE died lately at Colmar, in the Haut Rhin, an Israelite, at the age of ninety-eight, leaving an immense fortune. This he accumulated by buying and selling land, by purchasing reversions, and by granting loans of money with usurious interest. He was blind for the last twenty years of his life, and yet examined, personally, all the property purchased before he concluded the bargain, which he took care should be a good one for himself. When land was the object he went over every part of it, and when a house was offered to him, he visited every room from top to bottom, running his hands over all that he could touch, and making his guide give him the details of such parts as he could not reach. He had, it is affirmed, between 6,000 and 7,000 persons who owed him money, and whenever it was required to settle an account with any one of these, his numerous debtors, he immediately gave, from memory, an accurate statement of every item, principal and interest, dates and circumstances, being, in fact, a living journal and ledger.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

A LOST WATCH.—About the year 1793, when the antimony mines at Glendinning, in the parish of Westerkirk, Dumfriesshire, were in full operation, and on a day when the miners had met, as usual, at the Knock (a noted rendezvous for regalement), one of the company, named Andrew Johnston, observing the ploughman of Boness at work in an adjoining field, went and invited him to go for a glass, offering to plough till he returned. It may be easily supposed, Andrew not being oversteady, that it would take some pains to keep the plough right, and “draw a gude straight.” However that may be, Andrew dropped his watch while

ploughing, and buried it so deep, that although numerous grapes and spades were put into immediate service, till his furrows were literally harrowed, still no watch appeared. The field has ever since undergone the periodical ordeal of ploughing, with the rest of the farm, and the watch remained in the earth till the 19th ult., when it was turned up by David Thompson, the present ploughman. The steel parts have gone to powder, but the wheels are yet entire, with the maker's name and number. This noted watch has thus been in the ground for 50 years, and many still living remember the circumstance of the loss, the event having excited a great deal of interest in the parish. —*Galloway Advertiser*.

FULFILMENT OF A DREAM.—A young man named John Gray, residing at Cinderford, before he went to his usual work, at the Crump Meadow coal-pits, told his mother that he had dreamed he was at his work, and that a large stone fell upon him and killed him. He then went to his employment, but had not been in the pit many hours, before an immense block of stone, as much as four or five men could move, fell upon him. He lingered somewhat less than an hour in the most indescribable agony, when death released him from his sufferings. A coroner's inquest has been held, and a verdict of "Accidental death" returned. Thus has an aged mother been deprived of her only surviving son, having had another killed in a similar manner about four years since. —*Bath Journal*.

CHATEAUBRIAND.—The following anecdote respecting Chateaubriand's grammatical construction, is at least amusing. "In the year 1829," says the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, "Pinard, the eminent printer, of Paris, was engaged by the bookseller, Ladvocat, to print the collected works of Chateaubriand. Every one must be aware, that in dealing out types for the use of the compositors in a printing-office, it is not necessary to supply all the letters of the alphabet in equal numbers. For example, a very few of the letter z will be required in proportion to hundreds of the letters a or x. Being supplied with type, distributed in the usual relative proportions, the compositors in Pinard's office set to work on the new edition of Chateaubriand. After the lapse of a day or two, one of the compositors applied to the foreman of the office for a fresh supply of letter a. The foreman expressed some surprise, but finding that the man had not a single letter a remaining, he ordered a fresh supply. Presently another compositor, employed on another volume of the work, and in quite a different part of the office, entered the foreman's room, and declared that he too had used all his letters a. This information created some dismay, and a suspicion arose that a portion of the type must have been stolen; but the compositor declared his conviction that no theft had been committed, and that if the number of a's in the composed sheets were counted, they would be found to correspond with the number of types distributed to him. Whilst this point was under discussion, a third compositor made his appearance, and announced that he had used all his letters x. Struck with the singularity of these facts, Pinard mentioned the subject to Raymond, who has since then rendered himself eminent by his philological learning. 'What can be the reason,' inquired Pinard, 'that so many letters a and x are required in printing Chateaubriand's work?' 'The reason is obvious,' replied Raymond; 'and you will find that in proportion as the celebrated writer employs a and x, he spares k and t. For

example, Chateaubriand avoids as much as possible the use of the relative pronouns *qui* and *que*, and in their stead employs verbs in the participial form, ending in *ant*. This sufficiently accounts for the speedy consumption of the types a and x in your printing-office.'

DR. I. WATTS.—Thursday an influential meeting of the admirers of the Rev. Dr. Isaac Watts was held at the King's Arms, in the Poultry, to consider the propriety of erecting a monument to his memory. W. A. Hankey, Esq., was called to the chair, and a subscription was opened. —*Examiner*.

SALE OF AUTOGRAPHS.—An interesting collection of letters and autographs of eminent characters, both living and dead, has been sold by Mr. Fletcher in Piccadilly. It was stated in the catalogue to belong to a "lady of title, an eminent authoress," and it was understood that the lady was Lady Harriet d'Orsay. The following were some of the most important articles:—A letter from his late Majesty George IV. to Mrs. Robinson, sold for 24s. A letter from Mrs. Jordan, dated Bushey-park, 1798, 30s. Another letter from the same lady, 42s. Letters from G. Colman the elder, to Macklin, Fawcett, and Bannister, on the farce of the *Revier* and the song of "The Ghost," in Bannister's *Budget*, realized sums of 10s. 15s. and 20s. each. A letter from Garrick to Newcombe, 22s. A letter of the late Edmund Kean, sold for 31s. The numbers on the catalogue from No. 65 to 108 consisted of letters from Munden, Young, Quick, C. Mathews, Liston, J. Kemble, Terry, Tate Wilkinson, Madame Vestrig, Bunn, Power, Sheridan Knowles, &c., and realized sums from 5s. to 10s. The signature of Sir Isaac Newton, to a receipt, 20s. A receipt of Sir Christopher Wren, written on the day he died, and dated 1718, 10s. From No. 118 to 150, the collection consisted of letters from eminent painters, comprising the names of Lawrence, Beechy, Copley, Shee, Constable, Hayter, Stanfield, &c., and realized sums averaging from 25s. to 5s. A letter of Lord Edward Herbert, bearing date 1645, 25s. A letter from Matthew Prior to Braithwaite, 25s. A letter from the poet Shensstone to the Honorable Mr. Knight, relative to his poems, sold for 34s. Letter from Bloomfield respecting his poem of the "Farmer's Boy," 20s. A letter from Southey, the late poet laureate, to Sir Walter Scott, 12s. Letter from Chevalier Ramsey to the Pretender, 13s. Letter from G. Scott to the Earl of Buchan, 23s. A letter from the Duke of Wellington to Madame St. Etienne, 16s. The other lots consisted of letters from Moore, Canning, Byron, &c., and brought small sums. —*Gentleman's Magazine*.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER WIT.—"Halloo, boy, ain't you got a daddy living?" "No, but my brothers have!" "What's their names?" "Why, they're both named Bill, except Sam, and his name's Bob!" My name's Boozie, but they calls me Boozie for short. Any thing more to ax?" —*Li t. Gaz.*

BORING FOR WATER IN AFRICA.—From Alexandria, we hear that the Pasha is about to rout on more of the monsters of the desert—by boring for water between Cairo and Suez, which he expects to find, sweet, at the depth of 1000 feet. For this purpose he is awaiting an apparatus, order e from England, calculated for boring to the depth 1500 feet. —*Ath.*

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ON THE TEMPERATURE NATURAL TO MAN IN HIS PHYSIOLOGICAL AND PATHOLOGICAL CONDITION.—After giving the mean temperature of new-born children, and those of older growth, in a state of health, at 37° centigrade, M. Rozer proceeds to study the temperature in the diseases of childhood, the laws which govern it, and the application which may be made of those laws in the art of recognizing the affections of the first period of man's existence. He concludes from a series of experiments:—1. That the maximum of heat is 42° 50, and the minimum 23° 50; thus the temperature of sick children varies about 19°; whereas, according to M. Auehal, the variation in adults does not exceed seven degrees. 2. That whenever the temperature of a child is above thirty-eight degrees, it may be said fever exists. This increase of heat is the surest existence of the febrile state, for in the case of a new-born child the pulsation is frequently as high as from 120 to 140, without there being the slightest fever or any appearance of ill health. 3. The thermometer announces the existence of fever, but it does not indicate its nature. 4. The affections of childhood which produce the maximum of caloric are pneumonia and typhus fever. 5. Typhus fever is the only malady in which a considerable elevation of the temperature may exist, with a moderate acceleration of the pulse. Typhus fever has another character which distinguishes it from enteritis, viz., its high state of caloric even in slight cases, whereas, on the contrary, in enteritis the maximum of heat is 39° 6. If in the case of a child whose respiration and pulsation are notably accelerated, the thermometer should mark 41°, or even 40°, it may be asserted, without fear of error, that there is pneumonia. 7. The diseases attended with the lowering of the temperature are very rare; the heat is partially diminished in paralysis, gangrene, cholera, and intermittent fever in the cold stage. 8. It is not demonstrated that the general temperature of the body is ever lower in adults, but this is positively the case with new-born children, where there is induration of the cellular tissue. 9. If, in a new-born child, aged from one to eight days, the thermometer indicates a heat of less than 36°, the development of this disease may be dreaded, and if it falls to 32°, 30°, and even lower, no doubt can be entertained of the existence of the malady. If, in the subsequent application of the thermometer under the arm-pit, the mercury rises or falls, then just in proportion with its variations we may infer that the induration is increasing or diminishing. The lowering of the temperature in the disease is sometimes extraordinary; in many cases the cold is even greater than that of the bodies of children dead 10 or 12 hours.—*Athenæum*.

INTERESTING MEDAL.—A person turning up the ground in the environs of the village of Gœmminge, in the isle of Oeland, found a medal of fine gold, representing the god Odin standing on a kind of platform, and the two ravens, his messengers, on his shoulders. On the reverse is an inscription in an unknown character, surrounded with a string of beads. The medal has an eye attached to it, which seems to indicate that it was meant to be suspended to a collar. It is the only monument hitherto known with a representation relative to the mythology of the Edda. The fine execution, and still more the shape of the characters of the inscription, indicate a foreign, perhaps an Asiatic origin. It is to be sent to the Royal Museum of Northern Antiquities at Stockholm.—*Lit. Gaz.*

LIEUT. CHRISTOPHER'S EXPLORATIONS ON THE NORTH-EAST COAST OF AFRICA.—He explored this coast from Kilwá to Hafun, and discovered an important river, to which he has given the name of Haines, after the political agent at Aden. Haines river, it appears, takes its rise somewhere at the foot of the southern slope of the great Abyssinian plateau, and after a long and winding course through the plains, approaches to within ten miles of the sea, in about 1° 40' N. lat. and 41° 35' E. long., at a place called Galwen, whence it runs parallel with the coast to Barawa, a distance of about 45 miles; and then diverging a little inland eventually empties itself into a lake having no known outlet. Between the river and the sea runs a range of sand hills, about 200 feet high, through which, it appears, much of the water reaches the sea by infiltration: it is every where met with along the coast, in this part, near the surface, and at a very little distance above high-water mark.

The country on the banks of the river, where visited by Lieut. Christopher, was found to consist of a rich soil, well cultivated by a happy and hospitable race. Grain ripens all the year, and yields from 80 to 150 fold. 1300 lbs. of Jonari were obtained for one dollar! Lieut. Christopher is of opinion, that, with proper cultivation, every luxury of the East might be here produced with facility. The population is represented as considerable; and along the coast the inhabitants were in some places found living in fine stone dwellings—the probable remains of Portuguese establishments.—*Lit. Gaz.*

STEAM CARRIAGES.—We understand that a steam carriage has at last been invented, adapted in every respect for locomotion on common turnpike roads. The carriage for passengers is something like an ordinary stage coach, and is propelled by an engine on two extra wheels, fitted closely to the rear of the carriage, but which can be disconnected at pleasure. The machinery is much simplified, and is rendered so compact that it can be placed upon patent springs of such construction that its liability to derangement from the unevenness of surface on common roads is entirely avoided. This appears to be a most important improvement, as it gets rid of the only obstacle hitherto found insurmountable in the way of successful locomotion on common roads. It has already been run several thousand miles, over some of the worst roads in England, ascending and descending the steepest hills with facility and safety, and maintaining an average speed of fifteen miles an hour. A company has been formed to bring it into use.—*Morning Chronicle*.

CAST-IRON BRIDGE.—The principal novelty of this work, which was proposed, and its execution superintended by Mr. Ward of Falmouth, is the mode of constructing the two piers, which were externally of cast iron in the form of caissons, each weighing about 2½ tons; the plates composing each caisson were put together on a platform erected upon piles over the site of the pier; the bottom of the river being levelled by a scoop-dredger, the caisson was lowered, and some clay being thrown around the exterior, a joint was formed, so nearly water-tight that two small pumps drained it in six hours. The foundation being then excavated to the requisite depth, the caisson, which sank as the excavation proceeded, was filled with concrete and masonry; cap-plates were next fixed for supporting eight pillars with an entablature, to which was attached one end of the segmental arches, 57 feet span, with a versed sine of 5 feet 2 inches. There

were three of these arches, each formed of six ribs of cast iron, and two such piers as have been described; the land abutments being of stone-work joining the embankment of the railway. It was stated that this mode of construction was found to be more economical in that peculiar situation than the usual method of fixing timber coffer-dams and building the piers within them; the total cost of the bridge being only £10,192; and the navigation of the river was not interrupted during the progress of the work. The paper was illustrated by eighteen remarkably well executed drawings by Mr. Butters.—*Lit. Gaz.*

FOSSIL FOREST.—Mr. H. Beckett, in a letter to Mr. Hill, president of the Wolverhampton branch of the Dudley and Midland Geological Society, announces the discovery of a remarkable assemblage of stumps of fossil trees in the Parkfield colliery, all upright, and evidently *in situ*. There are two fossil forests, the one above the other. In the upper, Mr. Beckett counted 73 trees in about a quarter of an acre; and in the lower, they appear to be equally numerous. Dr. Ick describes three distinct beds of coal, each exhibiting on its surface the remains of a forest, all included in an assemblage of strata not more than twelve feet in thickness. He considers the trees to have been mostly coniferous, and concludes that they grew on the spot where they are now found.—*Lit. Gaz.*

LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.—Professor Stevelly, in a lecture delivered lately at the Belfast Institution, showed, by reference to a large diagram, "the slight difference between the spherical figure to which a speculum is easily ground, and the figure of a paraboloid, which was formerly to be attained only by great labor, and a considerable display of mechanical skill. The nicety required in the process by which the true figure is given, may be judged of by the fact, that, if the spherical surface, which is a bad figure, and the paraboloid, of equal curvature at the vertex, were laid together at the centre, when ground of the size of Lord Rosse's great six-foot speculum, their distance, the one from the other, at the circumference, would be little more than the *ten-thousandth* part of an inch."—*Northern Whig.*

ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS.—M. Minoi de Minas has returned from a scientific mission in Greece, Thessaly, and Constantinople, which lasted three years, and was undertaken at the desire of the Minister of Public Instruction. Amongst the valuable manuscripts discovered and brought to France by M. Minas may be noticed, Fables by Babryas, a fragment of the 20th book of Polybius, several extracts from Dexippus and Eusebius, two historians but little known to us, a fragment of the historian Prynseas, a treaty of the celebrated Gallien which was deficient in his collection, a new edition of Æsop's Fables, with a life of the fabulist, a Treatise on Greek Syntax by Gregory of Corinth, an unpublished grammar of Theodosius of Alexandria, a history of the conquest of China by the Tartars, and various other works, which have safely arrived at Paris.—*Gentleman's Mag.*

SILVER MINE.—We learn, from Stockholm, that a silver mine, which is expected to be very productive, has been discovered near the town of Lindenberg.—*Ath.*

INDIAN ANTIQUITIES.—At the first meeting for the present year of the Royal Asiatic Society, held

on the 6th of January, among several valuable donations was the first volume of a very erudite German dictionary on Indian Antiquities, which the director observed was worthy of publication and extensive circulation in this country.

A paper was read by Mr. Jas. Ferguson, on the decayed temples or caves used as places of worship by the Buddhists during the whole era of the prevalence of their superstition, in the west of India particularly. These embrace a very long period of time, extending through a series of from 1000 to 1200 years, the time of the existence of this delusion in India. The most celebrated of these are the Ajunda caves, which are described as singular specimens of early Indian architecture. They are all decorated in the interior with sculpture and paintings, and some of them have additional cells fitted up as if they belonged to monasteries. One of these may suffice as an instance of the whole—the Zodiac cave, which was constructed about two centuries before the Christian era. It is 64 feet in length by 63 in breadth, and is supported by 20 pillars, being fitted up with series of benches. At the entrance is the picture of a procession, at the head of which are represented three elephants, showing that at that early period these animals were held in as much respect as they are now by the Siamese and Burmese. Here, as in other temples, many of the portraits are of the Chinese character, which has led to the belief that they were delineated by Chinese artists who visited this country at a very early period. Amongst other peculiarities in these drawings was the representation of African negroes, who were very black, and had curled hair. Although there were some paintings of animals in the Zodiac cave, it had no other resemblance to the Zodiacal temples of the Egyptians. Professor Wilson, the director, suggested the desirableness of memorializing the East India Company to obtain drawings and delineations of these caves and their interiors. The majority of them, having been filled with mud, require to be excavated.—*Gentleman's Mag.*

OBSERVATORY ON VESUVIUS.—Letters from Naples mention, that a meteorological observatory has been erected on Vesuvius. It is in the form of a tower, and stands a little above the Hermitage, 2,082 feet above the level of the sea. On the upper floor it contains a small, but splendidly furnished, apartment for the accommodation of the royal family, when they visit the mountain. This observatory is placed under the same direction as the Royal Observatory at Naples. It will be opened in the course of the next month.—*Athenaeum.*

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—M. Coulvin Gravier read a paper on the phenomenon of shooting stars. The object of the paper is to show that atmospheric variations may be known beforehand by the course of these meteors, and that a storm may be predicted three days before its occurrence. —M. Laine read a report on some improvements in steam-engines by M. Clapeyron. It states that by these improvements the power of the engine is considerably increased, whilst the consumption of fuel is diminished. Previously to the application of M. Clapeyron's system, the largest locomotives on the Paris and Versailles Railroad (right bank), could only drag eight waggons over a portion of the line, but the same locomotives can now perform ten leagues an hour over the same ground, at the head of twelve waggons, and with less fuel. The improvement consists merely in a new arrangement of the apparatus for the emission of the steam. —A paper was received from M. Goudot, on a var-

nish obtained from the *Arbol de Cera*, a tree of South America. The resin from which this varnish is made is first boiled in water, in order to get rid of all impurities, and the color to be given to it is put into the water. It is then taken out and worked by the hand into sheets as thin as paper, in which state it is laid upon the object to be varnished. It resists, when thus applied, the action of either cold or hot water, and is not affected by any change of temperature.—*Ath.*

CARVING IN WOOD.—There has of late years sprung up a general and pure taste for one very beautiful department of art—we mean wood-carving. Those persons who are at all acquainted with the exquisite sculptures of Grinling Gibbons—and there are few ignorant of them—will know to what perfection this branch of art can be carried; how capable it is of exciting admiration in the beholder, and of gratifying those imaginative faculties which are affected by graceful and fanciful designs, executed with the most delicate skill. The altar of St. James's Church, Piccadilly, is adorned with some carvings from the hand of the great artist we have mentioned, almost unrivalled for their effect, depth, and workmanship. The foliage and fruit hang by the slenderest stems, and stand out from the background in the finest relief. So deep is the carving that birds might well build their nests in its recesses unperceived, and yet so exact and delicate that the very leaves are veined, as we find them in nature, while the disposition of the whole is as carelessly graceful as the wreaths hung by the bacchanals of old round the form of the god they worshipped.

The patronage recently afforded to this description of carving has called the pencils of many excellent artists, and the hands of many skilful workmen, into requisition. Among the best specimens we have seen are those executed by Mr. H. Wood, of Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden. An opportunity was afforded us this week of inspecting a beautiful screen, not yet quite finished, designed for St. Mary's Church, Taunton. The church, we believe, has lately been restored, and the minister, with very commendable liberality, proposes to defray the greater part of the expense of this screen, which, of course, will be considerable. It is impossible to give any correct idea of its form by the pen alone. Its design is chaste, but bold and striking, and its execution, even to the minutest details, positively superb. Every portion is carved with the most careful finish, and in its general effect it carries the mind two centuries back, when the art attained its highest perfection. It must be, when erected, an object of universal admiration, reflecting great credit upon the liberality of the congregation and minister, upon the taste and skill of the artist, Mr. Ferrey, and upon Mr. Wood, under whose superintendence it has been executed.

It may perhaps be new to our readers to learn that the latter gentleman has recently taken out a patent for a process of wood-carving, by which all the effect of mechanical execution, whether in boldness or delicacy, can be produced at one-third of the cost. Many of the objects in his rooms are excellent specimens of the practical working of his invention. Ornamented doors or chairs, or almost any articles of domestic furniture, can thus be manufactured at a price astonishingly low, when their elaborate workmanship is taken into consideration. Our notice was particularly taken by some handsome chairs, made after the pattern of that one belonging to the abbots of Glastonbury, recently sold at Strawberry Hill,

which form very handsome, convenient, and appropriate, furniture for any library, and yet are sold as cheap as clumsy articles of modern manufacture, entirely unornamented. We imagine the invention only requires to be known to be very generally patronized, as it ministers to the gratification of a refined taste, without making an unreasonable demand upon the pocket. For fittings to libraries the process is particularly applicable.—*Court Journal.*

Franck, professor of philosophy in the College Charlemagne, author of *La Kabale*, and a Hebrew, has been elected a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, in the room of M. de Gerando, deceased.—*Lit. Gaz.*

OBITUARY.

GENERAL BERTRAND.—The tomb of Marshal Drouot D'Erlon was scarcely closed, when the country had to deplore a still more mournful loss. The faithful friend of the Emperor, the companion of his labors and long exile, General Bertrand, died on the 31st of January, at Chateauroux, his native town. Bertrand, serving as a National Guard, in 1793 joined a battalion voluntarily marching to the Tuileries to protect the king. He shortly afterwards entered the corps of engineers, rapidly rose to eminence, accompanied the expedition to Egypt, where he fortified several places, deserved the confidence of Bonaparte, and received almost at the same time the brevets of lieutenant-colonel, colonel, and general of brigade. After the battle of Austerlitz, where General Bertrand covered himself with glory, Napoleon took him as one of his aides-de-camp. He equally distinguished himself at Spandau, at Friedland, but particularly at the construction of the bridges on the Danube, destined to facilitate the passage of the French army advancing on Wagram. That campaign, and the campaign of Russia, placed his talent and courage in so conspicuous a light, that the Emperor named him Grand Marshal of the Palace, after the death of Marshal Duroc. His achievements were as glorious at Lutzen, Bautzen, and Leipsic; and, if he sustained a check at the passage of the Elbe against Blücher, it must be ascribed to the fortune of war, which was just beginning to waver. It was Bertrand, however, who protected the retreat after the battle of Leipsic, by seizing on Weissenfeld and the bridge of the Saale. His services were not less important after the battle of Hanau. On those two occasions, and in circumstances which followed the departure of the Emperor for Paris, Count Bertrand displayed the greatest activity in saving the remnants of the army, and generally saw all his plans and efforts crowned with all the success which it was possible to expect amidst so many disastrous events. On his return to Paris in 1814, General Bertrand was appointed Deputy Major-General of the National Guard, fought throughout the campaign of France, so astonishing by its successes and reverses, and followed Napoleon to the island of Elba. Having returned with the Emperor, he served him with his wonted devotedness. Subsequently to the fatal day of Waterloo he never quitted him; he accompanied him in his last exile, shared and soothed his misfortunes, and only returned to France when he had received his last

breath. General Bertrand hailed with happiness the revolution of July, and the triumph of the national colors, illustrated by so many victories. It was with a deep emotion that ten years later he saluted the return of the ashes of the Emperor, brought back across the ocean by the Prince de Joinville, and that he beheld France paying to his great shade a glorious and unanimous homage.—The name of General Bertrand was associated in that homage to the name of the Emperor, as the noblest model of honor and fidelity. It will remain united to it in future ages. History had seldom to record so pious a devotion, so unmovable a fidelity, so pure and noble a memory. It was not enough to have rendered himself illustrious by his own labors, and the services he had rendered his country. Bertrand, by the worship he devoted to genius and misfortune, has elevated himself to the high regions in which the glory of Napoleon soars—that glory will save him from oblivion.—*Court Journal*.

BOGHOS BEY.—His Excellency Boghos Youssouff Bey, Minister of Foreign Affairs and of Commerce to Mehemet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt, died at Alexandria, on the afternoon of the 16th of January, at the age of about 71, after an illness of several days. His funeral took place on the following day, attended by the consuls, and the majority of the European residents at Alexandria. The ceremony was, however, very simple, and not a single Turk was present, although Boghos Bey was considered the highest person in Egypt after Mehemet Ali and his family.—*Court Journal*.

THE LATE GENERAL COMTE D'ORSAY.—The following is from *La Presse* of the 5th:—"Lieutenant-General Comte d'Orsay died in the arms of his children, at his Chateau du Rupt (Haute Saone), deeply regretted by all the inhabitants of the country. His funeral gave rise to the most touching demonstrations of public attachment, to the most honorable testimonies of regret and grief. Impatient again to see his country, from which the French Revolution had driven him, Comte d'Orsay returned to France before the emigrants were permitted to do so. He was arrested, and conducted to the Temple, out of which he only came at the intercession of Madame de Beaulieu, afterwards the Empress Josephine, who threw herself at the feet of Barras to obtain his pardon; he was then carried to the frontier. A few years after, profiting by the general amnesty granted by the Emperor Napoleon to the emigrants, he entered the service of France, and became chief of a battalion in the 112th regiment of the line. He distinguished himself in the campaigns of Italy, making part of the corps of Prince Eugene, who had just joined the grand army at the time of the battle of Wagram. He was wounded at Raab by a shot in the ankle, but still remained at the head of his soldiers during the rest of the campaign. He was the first to enter the town. Some days afterwards the Emperor, passing before him, took off his own Cross of the Legion of Honor, and presented it to him, saying, '*Vous êtes aussi brave que vous êtes beau.*' He at the same time received the title of Baron, which the Emperor conferred upon him, with a pension of 8,000 francs, and this consoled him for the loss of his annual income of 800,000 francs, which the revolution had taken from him. Appointed colonel of the 122d regiment of the line in Spain, he rejoined the division of Bossuet, at the battle of Salamanca. In view of the whole army, he distinguished himself by a noble feat of arms in taking at

full speed one of the *mamelons* of the Arapiles, which he maintained against all the attacks of the English and Portuguese. He then seized the village of the Arapiles, which he defended during four hours, against the English guards, and lost 550 men and twenty-two officers. General Marmont sent during the attack, to compliment Colonel d'Orsay upon his brilliant conduct. At the retreat of Vittoria he formed the rear-guard of the whole army, and saved the King Joseph, whom he placed in the middle of a company of his voltigiers. At Pampeluna he received a ball in the knee, from an English soldier; and was saved by the devotion of the sappers of his regiment. The Emperor named him General of Brigade and Officer of the Legion of Honor. After the abdication of the Emperor, he took the oath of allegiance to Louis the Eighteenth. In 1815, the Emperor sent one of his aides-de-camp to offer him the command of a division. General d'Orsay finding himself bound by an oath, from which he had not been freed, would not accept these offers. On the formation of the guard he took the command of the second brigade of the first division. He was afterwards named Lieutenant-General, Commander of the Legion of Honor, and some years later, Grand Cordon of St. Louis, and Gentleman of the King's Chamber. An important post in Spain was confided to him. He commanded the line of the Elbro, and established his general quarters at Vittoria. Touched by his paternal administration, the town of Vittoria made him a present of a sword of honor, as a proof of its gratitude. Offered by a hostile town, such a recompense was the noblest that an old soldier could desire. From that epoch Comte d'Orsay retired to his estate, where he did so much good that his name remains, with the memory of his good deeds, as indestructible as the old tower of Rupt, which is the most remarkable monument on the banks of the Saone. Here it was that he finished his career of military glory and chivalric loyalty."—*Examiner*.

COUNT MAZZINGHI.—This eminent composer died at Bath on Monday last, aged 79. He was at a very early age appointed director of the Italian Opera, and he composed several operas for Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres. He has been a member of the Royal Society of Musicians for fifty-seven years! Mazzinghi's compositions for the pianoforte were, in former days, extremely popular. He has retired from the profession for many years, and must have died a very wealthy man. He has left a son and daughter, (the latter married to Baron French, of Florence,) who are at Bath.—*Court Journal*.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Grat Britain.

The Life of Reuchlin. By Francis Barham, Esq.

This volume may be read with Jortin's *Life of Erasmus*, and other biographies of those illustrious scholars and churchmen who were instrumental in spreading the light of knowledge, both sacred and profane, over the darkened face of Europe. The *Life of Reuchlin* had been written by Mains, in Latin, a book of rare occurrence, and by others;

and a tolerably full account of him may be found in D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation; but, on the whole, Mr. Barham's biography is the most complete, rectifying some errors, and supplying some omissions found in the others. There is also in this volume the most correct and copious account we have met with of the history and authorship of the three famous Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum; a work whose fame once sounded through all Europe, but which—partly owing to the language in which it is written, partly to the extreme coarseness of its jokes and wit, and partly to the subject being no longer of interest—is scarcely ever opened by scholars; but to those whose *stomachs are not queasy*, it will still repay the perusal. When Maittaire edited this book he dedicated it to Sir R. Steele, and both the editor and patron took it for a serious and genuine work.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

Exposition of Hebrews xi. as setting forth the nature, discoveries, and effects of faith. By an Indian Layman. Fcp 8vo. pp. xiv. 316.

The author of the Natural History of Enthusiasm has remarked, that "a writer and a layman is no recognized functionary in the Church; he may therefore choose his style without violating any rules or proprieties of office." (p. 21.) The volume now before us makes no obtrusive professions; it appears to have resulted, as far as style is concerned, from the frequent perusal of expositions and sermons; and, if it had not openly professed to be written by a layman, we should have presumed it to be the production of a clergyman. The title, perhaps, is not so clear as it ought to be, for some would infer that "an Indian layman" meant a *native* Indian, though it probably meant a layman who has passed part of his life in India. We are not aware that the chapter here treated of has previously formed the subject of a volume; the idea of grouping the several characters mentioned in it was a fortunate one; and the author has satisfactorily executed his task, as we can justly say, after an attentive perusal. We wish, indeed, that he had learned to compress his sentences, for periods of twenty-five lines (such as occur at pp. 9 and 59), exceed the powers of most readers to follow the clue. To the errata, which are not numerous, we may add *idolatrours* for *indolatrours*, at p. 214. The author's residence in India supplies him with occasional matter of illustration; and we would respectfully invite the attention of persons in high places to the abuse alluded to at page 126.—*Ibid*.

France.

Histoire critique du Rationalisme en Allemagne depuis son origine jusqu'à nos jours; par M. Amand Saintes. Deuxième édition revue et augmentée, imprimée à Hambourg. Paris, 1843. (Critical History of Rationalism in Germany, from its origin down to our own day. By M. Amand Saintes, etc.)

This work of M. Saintes has received, in this second edition, some real emendations: The disposition of the matter has been modified, the voids have been filled, errors have been corrected. We can but be obliged to an author who applies himself so sincerely to perfect a book, whose imperfections are doubtless owing, in a great measure, to its compass, and to the difficulty of the subject. We rejoice to see this second edition almost entirely re-written, and hope M. Saintes will find opportunity to complete the amendments which may still seem necessary.—*Le Semeur*.

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Two Years in France and Switzerland. By Martha M. Lamont.

The Wrongs of Women. Part IV. "The Lace-Runners."

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Horæ Apocalypticæ, or a Commentary on the Apocalypse, Critical and Historical; including also an Examination of the Chief Prophecies of Daniel, illustrated by an Apocalyptic Chart, and sundry Engravings from Medals, and other extant Monuments of Antiquity. By the Rev. E. B. Elliott, A. M.

Illustrations of the Theory and Practice of Ventilation. By D. B. Reid, M. D.

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Geographie d. russ. Reichs. Von. A. v. Oldekop. St. Petersburg.

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THE WEEPING OVER THE ASHES OF JERUSALEM

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THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

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PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

Forth

Sprang Hector from the mansion, and trod back
His footsteps through the stately rows of streets.
Crossing the spacious city, he now reach'd
The Scæran gates; through them his passage lay
Forth to the field. But then his high-dower'd wife
Came running on his steps; Andromache,
Ætion's daughter; who in woody tracts
Of Hypoplaëan Thebes once stretch'd his way
O'er the Cilicians. So his daughter lived,
The bride of Hector with the brazen helm;
Who now came running on his steps; while close
The handmaid follow'd her, and at her breast
The babe, as yet a tender innocent,
Darting of Hector, fair as any star,
Whom Hector nam'd Scamandrius; they of Troy,
Astyanax; since Hector was alone
Their city's safeguard. He, on their approach,
Casting a look upon his infant boy,
Silently smiled. Andromache, all bathed
In tears, stood by; and, clinging to his hand,
Address'd him: "Noble husband! thy great heart
Will sure destroy thee. Thou no pity hast
For this thy infant son and wretched me,
Whom thou wilt leave a widow. For the Greeks
Will slay thee soon with overpowering charge
Of numbers. It were better far that I,
Once reft of thee, should sink within the grave.
I have no other comfort when thy life
Has yielded to its destiny; but grief
Must be my portion. Father have I none,
Nor mother."
Thou, Hector, art my father! thou to me
Art mother, brother, all my joy of life,
My husband! Come, be merciful, remain
Here in this turret; make not this child
An orphan, nor a widow of thy wife.
Command the Trojan army to a halt
At the wild fig-tree, where the city lies
Most easy of ascent, and most exposed
The rampart to assault. Already thrice
The bravest of their warriors have essay'd
To force the wall; the famed Idomeneus,
And either Ajax, and brave Diomed,
And Atreus' sons; whether some skilful seer
Have prophesied before them, or their minds
Have prompted them spontaneous to the act."

At these her words the lofty Hector shook
His party-color'd horse-hair plume, and spoke:
"Believe it, oh my wife! these same sad thoughts
Have touch'd me nearly; but I also fear
The Trojans and the women fair of Troy,
If like a dastard I should skulk apart
From battle. Nor to this my own free mind
Prompts me; for I was train'd from earliest years
To a brave spirit; and have learn'd to fight
Still in the Trojan van, and still maintain
My country's mighty honor and my own.
I know too well, and in my heart and soul
I feel the deep conviction, that a time
Will come when sacred Troy shall be no more,
But Priam and his people be destroy'd
From off the face of earth. The after-woe

Of these my countrymen afflicts me not;
No, nor the grief of Ilecum's despair,
Nor kingly Priam's, nor the woeful lot
Of brethren, brave and many, who shall fall
Beneath their foes, as (hine, Andromache!
When come stern Grecin with his mail of brass
Shall lend thee in thy tears away, and snatch
The light of freedom from thee; when, detain'd
At Argos, thou shalt weave the color'd web
Task'd by another, or shalt waters bear
From fountains of Hyperia, sore averse
And faint, yet yielding to the hard control
That lays the burthen on thee. Haply then
Some passer, looking on thy tears, may cry:
'This was the wife of Hector, who was once
Chief warrior of the Trojans when they fought
With their fam'd horses round the walls of Troy.'
So will he say; and thou wilt grieve afresh
At loss of him who might have warded off
Thy day of slavery. But may earth have heap'd
The bill upon my corse ere of thy cries
My ear be conscious, or my soul perceive
The tending of thy sad captivity."

So spake the noble Hector; and with hands
Outstretch'd bent forward to embrace his child.
The babe against the damsel's broad-shoulder
Lean'd backward, clinging with a cry, disturb'd
At his loved father's aspect, and in fear
Of the keen brass that glared upon his gaze,
And horse-hair sweeping ereat that nodded fierce
Upon the helmet's cone. The father dear
And honor'd mother to each other laugh'd;
Instant the noble Hector from his head
Lifted the casque, and plac'd it on the ground.
Far-beaming where it stood; then kiss'd his boy,
And dandled in his arms; imploring thus
Jove, and the other Deities of heav'n:
"Hear, Jupiter, and every God on high!
Grant this may come to pass: that he, my son,
May shine among the Trojans in renown
And strength as I myself, and reign o'er Troy
In valor: that of him it may be said
By one who sees him coming from the field,
'Truly the son transcends the father's deeds!'
Grant him to slay his enemy, and bear
The bloody trophy back and glad the heart
Of this his mother!" So he said, and plac'd
The babe within his own beloved's arms:
She softly laid him on her balmy breast,
Smiling through tears. The husband at that sight
Melted in pity; with his hand he smooth'd
Her cheek, and spoke again these gentle words:
"No love of women! do not grieve me thus;
Against concurring Fate no mortal man
Can send me to the grave; and this I say,
That none who once has breath'd the breath of life,
Coward or brave, can hope to shun his fate;
But his thee to thy mansion, that thy works,
The loom and distaff, may engage thy thoughts.
Go task thy maidens. War must be the care,
And mine the chief, of every man of Troy."

The noble Hector said, and raised from earth
His horse-hair-crested helm. With home-ward step
His dear wife parted from him, and turn'd back
Her eyes, the fast tears trickling down her cheek.

PENNY POSTAGE AND THE POST OFFICE.

From the British Foreign Review.

1. *Report from the Select Committee on Postage, together with the Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, Aug. 14th, 1843.
2. *The State and Prospects of Penny Postage, as developed in the Evidence taken before the Postage Committee of 1843, with incidental remarks on the Testimony of the Post-Office Authorities, and an Appendix of Correspondence.* By ROWLAND HILL. London: Charles Knight and Co., 1844.

WHEN the bill on Penny Postage was under discussion in the House of Lords, the Duke of Wellington bore testimony to the superior merits of Mr. Rowland Hill's plan over any other. Though opposed to the reduction of postage, as inopportune at that particular time, his Grace advised the passing of that bill on the express ground that it enabled the Government to carry out Mr. Hill's plan. The Treasury, he argued, have already sufficient powers to reduce postage to any extent they please, and they are evidently not very scrupulous about the matter;—they may give up the whole postage revenue without asking their lordships' leave,—they can do this mischief, but they *cannot* give effect to Mr. Hill's plan without new powers; he therefore recommended the passing of the bill, because it conferred those powers. "For," to use the Duke's own words, "I am disposed to admit that the plan called Mr. Rowland Hill's plan is, *if it were adopted exactly as was proposed*, of all the plans that which is most likely to be successful." But the Duke's sound opinion, which is recorded in Hansard of the 5th of August, 1839, does not seem to have had much weight with any member of the administration to which his Grace belongs. It is set at nought by the prime minister, passed over by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, ridiculed by the Postmaster-General, and scorned by every one of his officers, from the secretary to the letter-carrier. All are in league, not only to prevent the adoption of Mr. Hill's plan *exactly as was proposed*, but even half of Mr. Hill's plan. It is hardly necessary to say that they are working to retard its success, and to fulfil their official predictions of its failure.

Bad it is for Mr. Hill, worse for the revenue, still worse for the good and convenience of the public, that the Duke's opinion should have failed to weigh with his fellow-ministers. The dismissal of Mr. Hill is not merely unjust to an individual through whose exertions almost every man, woman, and

child in the kingdom enjoys a practical freedom of correspondence, next in value to the liberty of speech, but the act is attended with the necessary incompleteness of his plan, whereby it can be shown that the public treasury is mulcted of an immense revenue, and the public despoiled of innumerable conveniences.

Reduction of postage, uniformity of charge, prepayment and use of stamps, were doubtless essential features of Mr. Hill's plan, but they were far from being the whole: from first to last Mr. Hill has professed that they formed but a portion of it. Increased speed in the delivery of letters; greater facilities for their despatch, simplification in the operations of the Post-Office, were parts, though less novel and less obvious, no less necessary. "Reduction, increased convenience and economy," as Sir Thomas Wilde observed, "were all to be taken together," and he proceeded to say that the removal of Mr. Hill showed that the plan was intended to be given up. "The dismissal of Mr. Hill was the knell of the plan." Almost with the voice of a prophet, Mr. Matthew Hill foretold three years and a half ago,—before his brother entered the service of the Treasury,—that the very parts of the plan now left untouched were those surrounded with the greatest difficulties of execution. He said,—

"The reduction of postage and the modes of prepayment are no doubt the principal features of your plan; but you lay great stress, and very properly in my opinion, on increasing the facilities for transmitting letters; and this part of the reform will, I apprehend, cause you more labor of detail than that which more strikes the public eye. *In this department you will be left to contend with the Post-Office almost unaided.* It will be very easy to raise plausible objections to your measures, of which *ministers can hardly be supposed to be competent judges*, either in respect of technical information or of leisure for inquiry."

The prediction has been only too well fulfilled.

Four years ago we argued for the adoption of the Penny Postage, and a few months brought about the desired event. We have now to advocate its completion, and with an equal confidence as to the result of our labors, though the advent may not be quite so soon at hand as before.

Before we proceed to describe the portions of the plan remaining incomplete, something should be said of what has been carried into execution and of the results. A Select Committee of the House of Commons, on the motion of Sir Thomas Wilde, was appointed in the last session of parliament, to inquire

"into the measures which have been adopted for the general introduction of a penny rate of postage and for facilitating the conveyance of letters, and the result of such measures, so far as relates to the revenue and expenditure of the Post-Office and the general convenience of the country, and to report their observations thereupon to the House." Nearly seven weeks were occupied by their proceedings. Mr. Hill, the Postmaster-General, the Secretary, and chief functionaries of the Post-Office were examined. The Committee had not only a majority of ministerial supporters, but a secretary of the Treasury for its chairman, yet it did not "report its observations." Indeed a ministerial supporter, Mr. Bramston, specifically proposed that the evidence merely, without observations, should be reported, and the proposition was carried after a division, in which a member of the government, Mr. Emerson Tennant, is to be found in the majority. So bad must have been the Post-Office case, that even its own defenders (for the present administration has unfortunately allied itself with the Post-Office against Mr. Hill) were unable to stand up in its defence. The only report which was made on this important controversy it will be sufficient to print as a note.* The Committee, however, have issued a stout 'blue book,' filled with details, which will furnish us with valuable materials for the present discussion.

The parts of Mr. Hill's plan already carried out are uniformity of charge, reduction

of the rate, prepayment partially, the use of stamps, and charge by weight, instead of inclosures or sheets of paper. The public has quietly submitted to the alleged tyranny of paying a penny for all distances, both long and short; and Colonel Maberly's logic, that "because objections had been made to different rates for the same distances, they would therefore be made to a uniform rate for different distances has proved fallacious." (Committee of 1838, Evid. 3020, 3029.) His impression that "a uniform rate would not be practicable in this country, consistently with a due regard to public opinion, which a popular government must always entertain," (Evid. 3031,) has also turned out erroneous. Uniformity has even proved useful and convenient to the Post-Office, in spite of official affirmations that it would not. Prepayment too has been adopted almost universally, and the public has not "objected to paying in advance, whatever the rate," as was predicted (Evid. 10,932-3.); at the present time scarcely five per cent. of the letters are unpaid. But the Post-Office blows hot and cold with the same breath: the President of the Inland-office says:—"My impression is, that to resort to the old system of optional payment would make a great deal of labor, and produce very little revenue in proportion to the labor, for I am inclined to think that the Post-Office would be inundated with unpaid circulars, which you would have the trouble of presenting and get nothing for." (Evid. 2513.) But when he is afterwards asked, "Have you found prepayment a great convenience or not?" he says, "No, I cannot say that I have; it has facilitated the delivery of letters, but nothing beyond that." (Evid. 2592.)

With respect to the smuggling of letters, which has been entirely suppressed, Mr. Hill said, "Adopt the Penny Postage and the smuggler will be put down." Not so Colonel Maberly; he said in 1838, "There always must be evasion, inasmuch as the smuggler must always beat the Post-Office, whatever rate of postage is imposed," (Report of 1838, Evid. 2883.) But in 1843, in answer to the question, "Has the introduction of the Penny Post knocked up the illicit conveyance of letters?" he answers, "I do not know; but I have always considered that it would as a matter of course." (Report of 1843, Evid. 1104.)

The use of stamps is still optional, but there appears no necessity for its being so, as every post-office ought to be sufficiently supplied with them; and since every letter passing through the Post-Office must be posted, there could be no hardship in compelling

* The following is the Committee's Report:—

"The Select Committee appointed to inquire, etc., . . . have, with the view of ascertaining the results of the Penny Postage on the revenue and expenditure of the Post-Office, called for returns of the gross and net revenue of the Post-Office for the three years previous and subsequent to its adoption: these returns will be found in the appendix to this Report.

"Your Committee have examined at great length Mr. Rowland Hill, with regard to several proposals which were brought under their notice by him, for extending the facilities of the correspondence of the country, and for improving the management and reducing the expense of the Post-Office. They have also examined several of the officers of the Post-Office, with regard to the expediency and practicability of adopting these measures.

"Your Committee regret that, on account of the late period of the session to which their inquiries were extended, they find it impracticable to report their opinions on these various matters, involving, as they do, many minute details. They are unable to do more than report the evidence which they have taken; to which they beg leave to refer, as well as to the correspondence which will be found in the appendix, in connection therewith, between the Treasury and the Post-Office; from both of which departments, they entertain no doubt, these propositions will receive the fullest consideration."

the purchase of a stamp previously to the posting of the letter. The mixed mode of collecting the postage partly in money prepaid, partly in stamps, and partly on delivery, is needlessly cumbrous, however expedient it may have been at the beginning of the new system. On this point as on others, the Post-Office authorities either disagree with the facts or differ among themselves.

"Colonel Maberly (in 1838) being asked what effect compulsory prepayment, as a substitute for all other modes of payment, would have in reducing the expenses of the Post-Office, answered, 'Very little;' and on the other hand, being questioned as to what difference in expense would arise from the treble mode of collecting the tax, (the plan now in use,) answered, 'Scarcely any.'

"Mr. Bokenham in 1843: The abolition of money prepayment would be a great convenience to his department. (Report of 1843, Evid. 2511.)

"Recent notice at the Manchester Post-office: 'The public would facilitate the business of this office by using stamps instead of paying money.'"

Upon the social and commercial influences which have resulted from cheap postage it seems superfluous to speak at any length: there is hardly a person in the kingdom that does not benefit by them, whatever be his station in life. The smallest commercial transactions are managed through the post. The advantages to science, literature, and every branch of social development and intellectual culture, are inestimable; large associations have been actually created by the new system. Mr. Hill observes:—

"Mr. Stokes, the honorary secretary to the Parker Society, (a society that contains among its members nearly all the dignitaries of the Church, and many other influential men, among whom is the present Chancellor of the Exchequer,) states that the Society could not have come into existence but for the penny postage. It is for reprinting the works of the early English Reformers. There are 7000 subscribers. It pays yearly from 200*l.* to 300*l.* postage. It also pays duty on 3000 reams of paper."

Professor Henslow gives so interesting a picture of the operation of the Penny Postage that we must find room for it.

"*Hitcham, Hadleigh, Suffolk, 16th April, 1843.*

"Dear Sir,—The observation to which you refer in one of my letters to the farmers of Suffolk, respecting the advantages of the penny postage, relates to a scheme of experimental co-operation for securing the rapid progress of agricultural science, which I have been suggesting to the landed interest. The practicability of such a scheme depends entirely upon the advantages offered by the penny postage. I have

no other positive fact to produce, beyond my having attempted the partial working of such a scheme in the case of a single experiment, for which I invited (through the local journals) the co-operation of not less than fifty farmers. I have circulated 100 copies of a printed schedule, and could have circulated more, if I had had them, containing directions how the proposed experiment should be tried. The mere suggestion of this scheme has involved me in a correspondence which I never could have sustained if it had not been for the penny postage. To the importance of the penny postage to those who cultivate science, I can bear most unequivocal testimony, as I am continually receiving and transmitting a variety of specimens, living and dead, by post. Among them you will laugh to hear that I have received three living carnivorous slugs, which arrived safe in a pill-box. This very day I have received from a stranger (by post) a parcel of young wheat-plants attacked by the larvæ of some fly; and these having arrived in a living state, I can as readily hand them over to an entomologist for his inspection and remarks.* That the penny postage is an important addition to the comforts of the poor laborer, I can also testify. From my residence in a neighborhood where scarcely any laborer can read, much less write, I am often employed by them as an amanuensis, and have frequently heard them express their satisfaction at the facility they enjoy of now corresponding with distant relatives. As the rising generation are learning to write, a most material addition to the circulation of letters may be expected from among this class of the population; indeed, I know that the pens of some of my village-school children are already put into requisition by their parents. A somewhat improved arrangement in the transmission of letters to our villages, and which might easily be accomplished, would greatly accelerate the development of country letter-writers. Of the vast domestic comfort which the penny postage has added to homes like my own, situate in retired villages, I need say nothing.

"I remain, dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

"(Signed) J. S. HENSLOW.—(24)
"To Rowland Hill, Esq."

The present number of letters appears to be about three-fold the number in 1837. At that time the chargeable letters were estimated at 75,000,000 per annum. In January 1843 (the date of the latest return), the number of letters was at the rate of 221,000,000 per annum. We cannot resist showing what were the expectations of the Post-Office authorities in respect of the increase of the number of letters:—

* "It is curious," says Mr. Hill, "to notice the feelings with which the officials regard such uses of the Post-office. Had they considered that, except for scientific purposes, no one is likely to pay at the rate of 2*s.* 8*d.* a pound for the conveyance of fish, much needless anger would have been spared." (Evid. 2654-63.)

"Relative to increase in the number of letters, and the fiscal effects of the change, Colonel Maiberly was of opinion that the poor were not disposed to write letters; and Mr. Lawrence, the assistant-secretary, 'thought there were quite as many letters written then as there would be even if postage were reduced.' Again, Colonel Maiberly, after stating that he 'considered that every experiment that had been made (in the Post-Office) had shown the fallacy of Mr. Hill's plan, and that it appeared to him a most preposterous plan, utterly unsupported by facts, and resting entirely on assumption,' added, 'If postage were reduced to one penny, I think the revenue would not recover itself for forty or fifty years.' He also gave it as his opinion, that in the first year the number of letters would not double, even if every one were allowed to frank."

The effect of the Penny Postage on the revenue deserves more than a passing notice, for it has been made the subject of great misrepresentation. We shall first state the facts, which the reader will do well to bear in mind. The gross annual revenue in 1842 was 1,578,000*l.* or 67 per cent. (two-thirds) of the revenue for 1837, which was adopted as a standard by the Post Committee. The net revenue in 1842 was 600,000*l.*, whilst in 1837 it was 1,640,000*l.* The cost of management has risen from 757,000*l.* in 1839, to 978,000*l.* in 1842, or 221,000*l.* But the greater part of this increased expenditure has nothing to do with the Penny Postage. Upwards of half of it arises from the substitution of railway for common road conveyance, compensations for loss of fees occasioned chiefly by this change of locomotion, expenses of transit, foreign postage, etc. Making these deductions, the expenses have increased about 15 per cent., whilst the increase of Post-Office business, letters and newspapers combined, has been about 100 per cent., or, counting letters only, nearly 200 per cent. For several years before the Penny Postage was introduced, there was a gradual annual increase in the Post-Office expenditure. Comparing the expenditure of 1839 with that of 1836, three years *before* the reduction, the increase was 27 per cent. Comparing the expenditure of 1842 with that of 1839, three years *after* the reduction, the increase was only 24 per cent. Be the increased expenses as they may, there is still a net revenue from the Post-Office of 600,000*l.* a year. Let us see what were the official anticipations before the reduction of postage? We have already quoted the Secretary's rash prediction, "that if the postage were reduced to one penny, the revenue would not recover itself for forty or fifty years," and "that the letters without any post-

age at all would not be doubled in a year." Then there was a Superintendent of Mails at the time, who estimated that the adoption of a Penny Postage would cause a loss of from 7*d.* to 8*d.* a letter, which upon being calculated proved to be a loss of more than what the Post-Office actually received! Mr. Hill thus sums up the blunders of the late Post-master-General:—

"The hopelessness, too, of obtaining a revenue from a penny rate, is supported by a statement of Lord Lichfield, who had ascertained that each letter costs the Post-Office 'within the smallest fraction' of 2½*d.* by which calculation, if we could suppose the cost per letter to remain the same, the penny rate must entail an expense twice as great as the amount of its produce. Again, Lord Lichfield stated as follows:—'He (Mr. Hill) anticipates only an increase of five and a quarter fold: it will require twelve-fold on our calculation, and he does not say that he expects any thing to that extent. Therefore, if it comes to that point, which is right, and which is wrong, I maintain that our calculations are more likely to be right than his.' It is now demonstrable that the increase necessary to sustain the gross revenue, this point in debate, is little more than four-fold. On the twelve-fold theory, however, Lord Lichfield said, in his place in Parliament, 'The mails will have to carry twelve times as much in weight (on Mr. Hill's plan), and therefore the charge for transmission, instead of 100,000*l.*, as now, must be twelve times that amount.' So unfavorable, indeed, were the late Postmaster-General's views on the whole subject, that he said, 'Were the plan adopted, instead of a million and a half of money being added to the revenue, after the expenditure of the establishment was provided for, he was quite certain that such a loss would be sustained as would compel them to have recourse to Parliament for money to maintain the establishment.'—(72, p. 21.)

Let us now see who has turned out to be right and who wrong. Mr. Hill says:—

"I calculated on eventually obtaining the same gross revenue as in 1837, and that to affect this a five-fold increase of letters would suffice. Of course this calculation, which had no reference to immediate consequences, was founded upon the supposition, yet unrealized, that the plan was to be adopted in its integrity. It rested also upon the circumstances of the country remaining in their ordinary state, and neither did nor could anticipate the season of calamity which has ensued. In 1842, however, the gross revenue was fully two-thirds the former amount, and it is steadily increasing. Again, there is now no doubt that little more than a four-fold increase of letters will suffice. That such is the fact will be shown by the following statement:—

"The gross revenue of 1842 was 1,578,000*l.* which must be increased by 48 per cent., in order to raise it to an equality with the gross revenue of 1837, which in the Committee was taken

as a standard. The number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom, in 1842, was about 209,000,000, which increased by 48 per cent., becomes 309,000,000, or little more than four times the number of chargeable letters delivered in the United Kingdom before the reduction of the rate.

"In January 1843 (the date of the last return), the number of letters delivered was at the rate of about 221,000,000 per annum, or almost exactly three times the former number.

"Finally, I calculated that in consequence of the simple and economical arrangements proposed, the five-fold increase in the number of letters would involve an addition of not more than 300,000*l.* per annum to the expenses of the Post-Office, consequently that the net revenue would fall from about 1,600,000*l.* to about 1,300,000*l.*; and I gave a table ('Post Office Reform,' 3rd edit., p. 67) showing that the net revenue which might be anticipated from a three-fold increase of letters was 580,000*l.* It appears that from a somewhat less than three-fold increase in 1842, the net revenue was 600,000*l.*, even under the present costly management."—(72, pp. 21, 22.)

Having been disappointed by obtaining so great a net revenue as 600,000*l.* a year, the Post-Office honorably endeavored to annihilate it, in accordance with its wishes and prophecies; accordingly a return was framed for the misguidance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, by which it was made to appear that the Post-Office, instead of affording a net revenue of 600,000*l.*, is actually exceeding its receipts by 10,000*l.* a year. This return, which is distinguished throughout the parliamentary report as the "fallacious return," accomplishes this apparent result by the innovation of charging to the Post-Office a sum of 612,550*l.*, being the whole cost of the packets which twenty years ago in great part were transferred to the Admiralty, were wholly disunited from the Post-Office in 1837, and have ever since figured in the Admiralty accounts, until the appearance of this "fallacious return." It is true that these packets carry letters, but it is no less true that the vessels are of a size and character suitable for other far less peaceful objects than the transmission of correspondence; and, though they exist under the name of Post-Office packets, they constitute in fact an armed marine, to be used in times of war, and are liable, by the very terms of their contract, to be so employed. The Post-Office admits this: "When the late Chancellor of the Exchequer made the arrangement, he had in contemplation the creation of a fleet of steamers which might be available for the naval service of the country in case of war, and that that fleet would be kept up at a much less cost to the country than under the Admiralty." (Colonel Maberly, Evid. 1449.)

At least one-half of the cost of these packets has no reference at all to Post-Office objects, and the adoption of steamers to the East and West Indies and to America, in the full knowledge that no conceivable increase of correspondence would cover the expense, cannot be fairly attributed to the Post-Office. The West India packets were established at a cost of 240,000*l.* per annum, while the utmost revenue expected from letters was only 40,000*l.* "It is not fair to charge 240,000*l.* to the Post-Office *quoad* the Post-Office for the conveyance of letters." (Colonel Maberly, Evid. 1437.) The cost of the Irish packets too is needlessly high for any Post-Office purpose, but rendered so to suit the convenience of the government of both countries.

Upon the fairness of charging the whole expenses of the packets to the Post-Office revenue, for the purpose of comparing the net revenue under the Penny Postage with the net revenue before its introduction, official minds disagree. The Postmaster-General thinks the comparison "perfectly just:" (Evid. 2978-2991,) whilst his Secretary "would not have included the cost of the packets, and would not have thought it fair;" (Evid. 1441.) and he thus complacently throws off the responsibility of the deed,—“If I am asked whether the Post-Office would have put in the expense of the packets in the Post-Office returns, unless they had been directed to do so, I should say certainly not.” (Evid. 1424.)

The object of this "fallacious return" was to prove, if possible, that the Penny Postage had ruined the revenue. Lord Lowther, imagining that all revenue was derived from foreign and colonial postage, directed a return to be made which was to prove his foregone conclusion. It was framed by two clerks, who seem to have gone abroad very conveniently. (Evid. 1281, 1625-8.) "I have told the honorable member before, and I repeat it again," says Colonel Maberly, "that the return was prepared under Lord Lowther's orders by a clerk, whom he has since appointed surveyor in Canada, and it was checked by another clerk who was then in the Accountant-general's office, and who has been appointed surveyor at New Brunswick; those clerks therefore are not here." (Evid. 1281.) The return proves with its own figures that 103,000*l.* is the net revenue on inland or penny letters, whilst there is a deficiency of 113,000*l.* on foreign and colonial letters, (App. p. 232); both which statements have been proved to be curiously incorrect. Of course the Committee was inquisitive on the subject; for Mr. Hill, upon the publication of the return, had

avowed his willingness to stake the issue of the contest between the Post-Office and himself on its accuracy. But when the Committee began its scrutiny, no one could be found to guarantee even a single detail. The framers, as we have seen, had been removed to America. The "W. L. Maberly," who had subscribed the return, makes battle for it in a most amusing way. Being asked whether he thinks the estimate of the number of letters accurate, he says, "*I can pledge myself to nothing*," and "*I cannot pledge myself at all to its accuracy*." (Evid. 1261.) As respects the number of government letters in this return, which was to damage the Penny Postage irrevocably, the Secretary must speak to Mr. Bokenham; as regards the dead-letters, he must speak first to Mr. Court. He will abide by the 103,000*l.* as derived from the Penny Postage. (Evid. 1394.) The charge of the whole dead and returned letters on the Inland Postage is "incorrect certainly." (Evid. 1401.) Whether the larger proportion ought to fall on the Foreign Postage or the Inland "he cannot say, and cannot pledge himself to any opinion on the subject." (Evid. 1421-22.) Advancing on to question 1426 we there find Colonel Maberly saying that "the Penny Post produced from five to six hundred thousand net revenue," and admitting, in spite of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's parliamentary declaration, that "the deficiency before mentioned of 10,000*l.* per annum ought not certainly to be visited upon the Penny Postage system." (Evid. 1428.) Then he discovers that Mr. Hill is right, and that the return is incorrect either in the number of letters or the amount of foreign postage, but which he is not prepared to say. (Evid. 1475.) In course of time, however, he again mounts his hobby to tilt at Penny Postage. He is of opinion that the Penny Postage brings very little revenue to the country, and that by far the greater proportion of the revenue is derived, as Lord Lowther thought when he came to the Post-Office, from foreign postage. (Evid. 1659.) "I am firmly of opinion that the greater portion of that revenue is derived from foreign and colonial postage." (Evid. 1661.)

It is difficult to gather from this tissue of contradictions, and the mass of fallacious figures on which they are based, what ought to be the exact apportionment of the 600,000*l.* of net revenue,—for let us never forget that such a net revenue is now admitted on every hand,—how much is actually derivable from foreign and colonial letters, and how much from the inland Penny Post letters. By making some necessary adjust-

ments, Mr. Hill at once proves that 332,000*l.* of the 600,000*l.* are indisputably derived from the Penny Postage,—which is *three times* the amount allowed by the Post-Office; but he proceeds to show that by far the greater part of the 600,000*l.* really arises from the Penny Postage.

"As has been observed above, the practice followed up to the period of the late return has been to make no charge for packet service, nor any allowance for the conveyance of newspapers; and, supposing this to be the correct method, we should add to the amount last given the sum of 32,000*l.* which I have allowed as chargeable for packet service, thus making a total of 364,000*l.* But this mode of balancing the charge for packets with the claim for newspapers, though tolerably fair in viewing the Post-Office revenue as a whole, becomes absurdly unjust when an attempt is made to distinguish between the produce of inland postage on the one hand and of foreign and colonial postage on the other; since it is obvious that, while nearly the whole amount of the real packet service must be taken as a deduction from the profits of foreign and colonial letters, so nearly the whole produce of newspaper stamps must be taken as an addition to the profits of inland postage; and, if following out this, we claim for inland postage only nine-tenths of the newspaper stamps, (a very low estimate,) we have to make an addition of 225,000*l.* to the sum of 332,000*l.* given above, as the profits on inland letters, thus making a total of 557,000*l.*, which, taking the whole subject of inland postage as a general question of profit to the Government, is the least that ought to be set down.

"As regards the expenses of management in the Inland department, as compared with that of the Foreign and Colonial department, I have entered into no investigation, as I have no sufficient materials of calculation, but I believe that the result of a complete examination of the whole subject of Post-Office revenue would show that the Foreign and Colonial department, when placed on its fair footing, about maintains itself; and that the whole profit, probably upwards of 600,000*l.* per annum, is derived from inland postage. For the purpose of comparison, however, of the results of Penny Postage with those of the old rates, the distinction between foreign and inland postage is unnecessary, since in estimating the effect of the change I expressly included both."

Mr. Hill said from the beginning, "Carry out my plan and I assert that letters may be carried for a penny, and that the revenue will be maintained within 300,000*l.*" He gave a series of calculations of the effects on the revenue, even with no increase whatever of letters, and a two-fold, three-fold, and up to a seven-fold increase, developing the results at each stage.* Yet it is maintained that

* Mr. Hill submitted an estimate of the revenue which would be derived from the Post-Office un-

Mr. Hill always contemplated an instantaneous improvement of the revenue; and the Post-Office affects a well-acted surprise, that the letters should not have instantly increased five-fold. Instead of quoting Mr. Hill himself, the present prime minister (Sir R. Peel) may be called as a witness in his behalf; he at least understood Mr. Hill rightly. He says, (*Mirror of Parliament*, 1839, p. 3916.) "The author of the plan, Mr. Rowland Hill, whose remarks it is impossible to read without being prepossessed in his favor, admits that the *Post-Office revenue may suffer.*"

Whatever may have been Mr. Hill's expectations, they rested upon the complete adoption of his plan; and until the plan has been carried out in its full integrity, no one can justly assert that it has failed. And now we are led to consider what remains to be done, remarking, before we proceed to this part of the subject, that people speak dolefully of the loss of the Post-Office revenue, as a real and substantial one,—just as if some 700,000*l.* or 1,000,000*l.* were annually thrown into the sea as an atonement for sending letters at a penny postage,—a sacrifice by no means too great if indispensable. The fact however is that letters are carried for a penny, while the lost surplus of Post-Office revenue quietly remains in our own pockets.

Mr. Hill thus sums up the measures of improvement not yet effected:—

"The measures are divided under heads, the first of which is 'MEASURES INTENDED TO AFFORD INCREASED FACILITIES FOR POST-OFFICE DISTRIBUTION.'—1. An earlier delivery of London General-post letters. 2. An extension of

der a Penny Postage (subject to certain modification as respects the distribution of letters to rural parts which has never been carried out,) assuming, 1. That the number of chargeable letters remained stationary. 2. That it should increase two-fold. 3. That it increase three-fold and so on to seven-fold. It appeared from this calculation that "supposing the chargeable letters to increase six-fold, the benefit to the Exchequer would be practically the same as at present, and that supposing it to increase seven-fold, that benefit would be augmented by 25,000*l.* ; while on the most unfavorable supposition,—one indeed which can never be verified, viz , that the enormous reduction in postage should produce no increase whatever in the number of letters,—the Exchequer would sustain scarcely any injury beyond the loss of its present revenue. In other words, while every individual in the country would receive his letters at an almost nominal expense, the whole management of the Post-Office would bring upon the State a charge of only 24,000*l.* per annum, and as this would also cover the gratuitous distribution of franks and newspapers, it may be fairly considered as a mere deduction from the produce of the newspaper stamps."—See *Post-Office Reform*.

the hours and enlargement of the means for posting late letters, and a much more speedy circulation of letters by the London District-post, to be effected by establishing more frequent collections and deliveries, (making them hourly in London itself,) by avoiding the necessity of conveying all letters to and from St. Martin's-le-Grand, by uniting the District-post and General-post letter-carriers in one corps; by improved modes of sorting, and by other means. 3. Improvements, similar in their objects, in other large towns. 4. An increase in the allowance of weight, say to two ounces for a penny, in all district-posts. 5. The extension of rural distribution, first to some place in every registrar's district, and afterwards so as gradually to comprehend within the free official delivery (daily, or less frequently, according to the importance of the place,) every town, village, and hamlet, throughout the kingdom. 6. The completion of the system of London day-mails; more frequent despatches between large towns, by means of the ordinary mid-day railway trains. 7. The next was suggested by recent experience: 'Conveniences for the transmission, at extra charge, of prints, maps, and other similar articles.' 8. The next is of the same description, 'The relaxation of the present restrictions as to weight.' 9. The next also, 'The establishment of a parcel-post at reduced rates, similar in some respects to the Banghy post in the East Indies.' 10. The next also, 'The completion of the arrangements with foreign Powers for mutual reductions of postage.' 11. The next also, 'Increased facilities to foreign nations for the transmission of letters through this country.'

"The next head is, 'MEASURES INTENDED TO AFFORD INCREASED SECURITY TO THE CORRESPONDENCE.'—These are all parts of the original plan, or are proposed to meet changes which have been subsequently made in the Post-Office. 1. A cheap system of registration. 2. Receipts (for a small fee) to be given, if required, on posting a letter. 3. A more rigid and systematic investigation as to the character of applicants for admission into the Post-Office service, and arrangements for making the superior of each department responsible, as far as practicable, for the conduct of the inferiors.

"MEASURES OF ECONOMY. 1. Simplification of the money-order system. 2. Reduction in the cost of railway conveyance, by establishing a fairer principle of arbitration; by discontinuing useless lines; by substituting, when practicable, cheaper means of conveyance; by reducing within proper limits the space occupied by the mails; and by avoiding as much as possible the use of special trains. [The latter object would be greatly promoted by appointing a later hour, say five or six p. m., for the arrival in London of the day-mails.] 3. Reduction in the cost of ordinary conveyance by discontinuing all useless lines, by invariably resorting to public competition, (avoiding all unnecessary restrictions as to the description of carriage, speed, number of horses, passengers, etc.) and by invariably adopting the cheapest suitable means. [The reduced traffic on many roads appears to require the substitution of light one or two-horse carriages for the present four-horse mail-

coaches.] 4. Reduction in the present unnecessarily expensive establishment of mail-guards. 5. Economy in the packet service by the discontinuance of useless lines, and by the substitution, when practicable, of contract for Government-packets; (the communication with Ireland, for instance, may very probably be made more convenient and certainly much less expensive. There is little doubt that the principal mails from most parts of Ireland *via* Dublin, may be brought to London half a day earlier than at present.) 6. Revision of all salaries and allowances on the receipt of the intended annual return of fees, etc. The regulation of the receipt of fees, etc., so as to prevent large and unexpected claims for compensation. 7. The establishment of scales of salaries applicable to all offices, beginning low and advancing with length of service. 8. The extension of the hours of attendance in the metropolitan offices, to a full day's work for all employed, of course with the regulation of the salaries accordingly. The extension where practicable of the system, which is found so convenient and economical in many provincial offices, of employing females in assorting letters. 9. Simplification in the mode of assorting letters and newspapers. 10. The investigation of the more economical management in certain offices, with a view to its extension, where practicable, to others. 11. Improvement and economy in the manufacture and distribution of postage-stamps. 12. The abolition of money-prepayment, and the adoption of the economical arrangements consequent thereon. 13. The adoption of measures to induce the public to facilitate the operations of the Post-Office, by giving complete and legible addresses to letters, by making slits in doors, and by other means.

"MISCELLANEOUS MEASURES; viz.—1. The extension of the money-order system to every place in the United Kingdom where there is a post-office; also, if practicable, to the Colonies. 2. The re-adjustment of the free-delivery boundaries, which at present exclude large portions of many towns. 3. The placarding at each office of the regulations in which the public has an interest, as the hours of opening and closing the letter-boxes, of commencing and completing the deliveries, the authorized fees, etc., as a means of preventing unnecessary inquiries, and assisting in keeping the postmasters to their duties."—(82, pp. 33-35.)

We shall say but a few words upon some of the more important suggestions in the preceding extract.

Improvement in the organization of the metropolitan correspondence has been talked about for several years. Six years ago an hourly delivery of letters in London would have been accomplished but for the *vis inertia* of the Post-Office. "The interchange of letters by the district-post is so slow, that special messengers are employed by the public whenever despatch is important. The time ordinarily required to send a letter and

receive a reply between one part of London and another is about seven or eight hours, and between London and the suburbs ten or eleven hours, even when night does not intervene; but in the latter part of the day, letters for the suburbs are still more unreasonably delayed. A letter for Bayswater, if posted at an ordinary receiving-house after four o'clock, is not delivered till next morning; and as the reply, even if immediate, would not be delivered till about one p. m., the intervening time would, in extreme cases, amount to twenty-one hours." These defects arise from two causes; the infrequency of collection and delivery, and the now absurd practice of carrying almost all letters to St. Martin's-le-Grand before they are delivered. The metropolis already is more populous than sixty-nine of the principal cities and towns of England, including Liverpool and Manchester; even they would leave a balance of 487 on 1,873,676 persons; yet the Post-Office, in spite of all remonstrance, continues to treat the metropolis as but one place. The principle would not be more absurd, if, instead of having nearly 2000 post-towns and sorting-offices throughout England and Wales, the Post-Office should have but one office, say at Birmingham, and bring thither all the letters of the kingdom for distribution, taking thither the letters posted in Cornwall to be delivered in Cornwall, as well as the letters posted in Essex to be delivered in Kent. The metropolis is estimated to increase 3000 houses yearly, but the Post-Office remains obstinate.

Seven years ago this defect was exposed, and a suitable remedy suggested by Mr. Hill, in all fulness of detail: he recommended that London should be divided into several districts,* each one retaining and distributing its own letters, and that there should be a collection and delivery of letters every hour: upon which plan he calculated that the majority of district-post letters would be delivered within about an hour and a half of the time of their being posted. Colonel Maberly affects that he cannot understand the proposal:—"What we have always wished to ascertain from Mr. Hill, has been the exact plan upon which we should work it out in detail, if we were to attempt to carry it out, and to that we have never been able to fix him yet." (Ev. 1039.) Being pressed, Colonel Maberly retreats from his position and admits that "he is not thoroughly acquainted with the details." (Ev. 1045.) So little indeed did he know of the plan, that he

* In the suburbs the principle of district-offices is adopted.

misunderstood "hourly delivery" to mean a delivery within an hour, calling it "a bait held out to the public that they would get their letters within an hour," (848) and pronouncing the scheme "a physical impossibility."

There is another practical absurdity connected with the delivery of the London letters; almost every morning, within three miles of St. Martin's-le-Grand, letter-carriers dressed in blue and red carrying one sort of letters, and letter-carriers dressed in red and blue carrying another sort of letters, start at the same minute from the General Post-Office, go over the same route and down the same streets together, knocking even at the same doors together! This process seems somewhat unnecessary, and it might be thought that one man would do the business quite as well as two. The Post-Office threatens that, if it be driven to hourly deliveries and consolidation of letter-carriers, the public shall pay for its intrusiveness to the tune of 26,000*l.* per annum. (Evid. 1988.) But Mr. Hill conclusively proves (Evid. p. 37) that these improvements may be effected without any material addition to the expenditure; he says.—

"On the full efficiency of the means I propose I am willing to stake my reputation. The offer which I made before leaving the Treasury, to continue my general services without any remuneration, I am perfectly willing to renew for this specific object, pledging myself that if the arrangements be left to me I will effect—

"1st. An hourly delivery in London, so arranged as to reduce the time occupied in the interchange of district-post letters by about one half.

"2nd. A delivery of General-post letters throughout London to be completed by nine o'clock in the morning; and

"3rd. Such an extension of time for receiving late letters in the evening as will enable the public, by sending to offices to be established near the railway-stations, to post letters in case of emergency to a very late hour, say a quarter past eight."

When Mr. Hill has failed, it will be time enough to let the Post-Office try an experiment which will cost 26,000*l.* a-year; but it will be wanton profligacy to give that office the first trial in despite of Mr. Hill's offer.

The next material improvement of which the public are deprived by the dismissal of Mr. Hill, is a systematic provision for the distribution of letters, etc., throughout the rural parts of the kingdom. Had Mr. Baring remained in office, it is probable that every part of the kingdom would now enjoy the means of participating in the benefit of the Penny Post. It must be confessed that the reduction of postage is rendered comparatively valueless, if the opportunity of posting

letters be not furnished; and this was a part of Mr. Hill's plan, in which Mr. Baring took an especial interest.

"The establishment of rural post-offices does not appear to have been regulated by any well-defined principle. In some districts, owing apparently to the greater activity of the surveyors, they are exceedingly numerous; in others, of superior relative importance, they are comparatively infrequent. Some places, of 200 or 300 inhabitants, have them; others, with 2000 or 3000, are without.

"Of the 2100 registrars' districts, comprised in England and Wales, about 400, containing a million and a half of inhabitants, have no post-offices whatever. The average extent of these 400 districts is nearly 20 square miles each; the average population about 4000. The average population of the chief place of the district about 1400; and the average distance of such chief place from the nearest post-office between four and five miles. In one instance, the chief place of the district (Saxilby, in Lincolnshire), containing nearly 1000 inhabitants, is as much as 16 miles from the nearest post-office; and in some parts of Wales the distances are even greater than this.

"Again, while we have seen that those districts which are altogether without post-offices contain, in the aggregate, a million and a half of inhabitants, it can scarcely be doubted that even those districts which are removed from this class by having a post-office in some one or other of their towns or villages contain, in their remaining places, a much larger population destitute of such convenience."

"In some places *quasi* post-offices have been established by carriers and others, whose charges add to the cost of a letter in some instances as much as 6*d.* A penny for every mile from the post-office is a customary demand."

The Treasury, after very careful inquiry into the subject, framed a minute in August 1841, for the remedy of this state of things. Its object was to establish a post-office in every registrar's district which did not already possess one. This minute fully detailed the inconveniences sustained.

"In some places a messenger is employed to carry the letters to and from the nearest post-office (a distance occasionally of 10 or 15 miles), who is remunerated either by a subscription raised among the inhabitants, or more frequently by a fee charged on each letter; in other places a pauper performs the service, and thus the extra expense is reduced, if not altogether avoided. Frequently the messenger is employed by the postmaster of the neighboring post-town,—a circumstance which has in many instances led to the fee being erroneously considered by the inhabitants as established by authority, and consequently to its being submitted to even when obviously excessive; and in some cases it is stated that the mail-guard or other person employed in conveying the mail through or near the village, leaves the letters at an appointed place

and obtains a fee, generally a penny for each. But in numerous instances nothing like a systematic arrangement exists.

We doubt not that our country readers will fully sympathize with this statement. The estimated cost of establishing at once four hundred new post-offices was about 8000*l.* per annum, which the Treasury thought would be well expended in effecting "so important an extension of the benefits of cheap, rapid, and secure communication by post."

In addition, Mr. Hill proposed to extend the system to smaller districts, by the following or a similar arrangement:—

"1st. Establish weekly posts to every village and hamlet, increasing the frequency of such posts in proportion to the number of letters.

"2nd. Lay down a general rule, under which places not otherwise entitled to posts may obtain them (or those entitled may have them more frequently), on payment by the inhabitants, in either case, of the additional expense incurred, minus a certain fixed sum per 1000 letters.

"Extend the above arrangements, with such modifications as may be needful, to Ireland and Scotland.

"Large as is the number of post-offices that would be required for carrying out these plans, the expense would be comparatively inconsiderable. First, because many of the places in question are upon the present lines of communication; and, secondly, because every increase in the number of offices necessarily reduces the distance from one to another, thereby diminishing the expense of conveyance. Taking these matters into consideration, it may be safely estimated that an annual outlay of about 70,000*l.* would suffice for the addition of 600 daily posts, and many thousand weekly posts; in short, for the completion of the whole plan of rural distribution, as here indicated. And when it is considered that the arrangement would in all probability add one-third to the population now included within the range of the Post-Office, there can scarcely be a doubt that the increased receipts would far more than cover the additional expenditure."

For a period of nearly two years, the Post-Office set this good intention of the Treasury at defiance. On the 21st of March, 1843, the Secretary says, "No definitive arrangements have been made." Questions being asked in parliament, the Post-Office was "forced" into action in the necessary way, to use the Postmaster-General's own word, and something was done,—not any thing however proposed by Mr Hill! His plan was given up as too expensive, and with ludicrous inconsistency the Post-Office substituted a plan which will be vastly more expensive,—whose cost indeed it is nearly impossible to calculate. The principle suggested by the Post-Office and adopted by the Treasury, is, that all places whose letters shall exceed one

hundred a week, shall be deemed entitled to the privilege of a receiving-house and a free delivery of letters, and that whenever such places apply for post-offices the same shall be granted. The Postmaster-General then proceeded to prepare the Treasury for an unlimited demand for such offices, and he was "not prepared to say what might be the total cost of carrying out the measure throughout the kingdom." (App. page 147.) Subsequently he estimated the number of offices at about 400, and the expense at 7000*l.* or 8000*l.*, whilst his Secretary said that "it was impossible to give any idea of what the number would be, and that there would be some thousands of such posts." If the Post-Office persist in this ill-digested scheme, and expend thereon, as it very likely may, some hundred thousand pounds, it is but justice to Mr. Hill to show that he is in no way responsible. He says:—

"In the course of my examination before the parliamentary Committee of 1838, I was repeatedly questioned as to the feasibility of extending the penny rate indefinitely, and the following extracts are from my answers to such interrogations:—

"If this Committee has time to go into the investigation, I think there will be no difficulty at all in showing that, if the rate is to be uniform, as respects all houses in the kingdom (for I see no point at which you can stop short of that), if every letter is to be conveyed to every house in the kingdom at an uniform rate, either that rate must be considerably higher than *1d.*, or the Government must make up its mind not to look to the Post-Office any longer as a source of revenue. If the Government is willing to convey letters without profit, I for one shall be very glad to see such an arrangement made, but I see no reason at present to think this will be done" (733).

"* * * I considered that I had to devise the best plan consistent with the condition of affording the Government a great part of the revenue; if the revenue is abandoned, uniformity of postage, no doubt, may be carried out to an unlimited extent; that would be a better mode of distributing the letters undoubtedly, leaving out of the case the question of revenue" (735).

Suggestions upon the completion of the system of day mails, respecting the rates charged by foreign Powers on British letters, colonial letters, a better general distribution between large towns, the removal of restrictions upon weight, rail-way stations being made official post-offices (private post-offices they already are to a considerable extent, where the clerks are obliging), are all given in detail by Mr. Hill, but we have not space to examine them. The suggestions for a parcel-post, and for the security of correspondence, are however too important to be passed over.

We are glad to record Colonel Maberly's observation that, within considerable limits, the charge ought not to advance at all with the weight of letters (Rep. of 1838, Ev. 3114); the cost of receiving, sorting, and distributing, being scarcely greater on a packet weighing two, three, or four pounds, than on one weighing a quarter of an ounce. Of the truth of this there can be little doubt, and we are satisfied that, if the Government were to carry parcels at a reduced rate, great accommodation would be given to the public and a large revenue gained. Mr. Hill suggests that parcels of a certain weight should be carried at a penny per ounce, the Post-Office having a right, as in the case of parliamentary proceedings, to detain them over a post, if necessary, so as to avoid heavy mails. This measure, by justifying more frequent deliveries in the several districts, would tend greatly to perfect the Post-Office mechanism. The convenience in rural districts would be very great. Such a plan for the carriage of parcels is in operation in the East Indies, under the name of the *Banghy Post*; when the maximum of weight is said to be 15 lb. and of size 15 in. \times 12 in. \times 21. What can be done, under all disadvantages in the East, by foot-messengers, would be easily managed here by railways and horses.

The importance of security of correspondence cannot be overrated. Yet, vital as it is, it would appear from Colonel Maberly that the Post-Office morals are in a most rotten state. He says "the department has become thoroughly demoralized" (Ev. 1174). "I can state that the plunder is terrific" (Ev. 1176), a letter posted with money in it might as well be thrown down in the street as put into the Post-Office" (Ev. 1178). Of course these statements are much exaggerated. The number of money-letters lost under the new system is doubtless absolutely greater than under the old; but in comparison with the increased number of letters now sent by the post, and considering the withdrawal of the previous gratuitous registration, the losses have not increased; so that, speaking relatively, the number of losses has not increased at all, and the risk to which money-letters are now exposed is no greater than heretofore. Indeed, as Mr. Hill well observes, "this conclusion seems almost necessary to account for what excites Colonel Maberly's special wonder, viz., the obstinate adherence of the public to a practice which, on his showing, must be pronounced to be absolutely insane."

How to remedy the evil, whatever may be its amount, has been the subject of long contest between the Postmaster-General and Mr.

Hill. Lord Lowther's remedy is to prohibit, if possible, by a compulsory fee of 1s., the transmission of money and other valuable letters, not registered. "At present any letter is registered on payment of 1s. by the sender, but not otherwise. The number of registered letters is very small, being only about sixty per day of the General-Post letters posted in London, or less than one in 1500." If the compulsory fee is not found sufficient to reduce the number, then it is proposed to increase its amount. Now the great evil of this proposal is, that it makes the Post-Office the judge whether a packet contains money or jewelry, etc. This folly was practically demonstrated before the Committee, when a quantity of various kinds of letters were laid before Mr. Bokenham, the head of the inland department, some containing coin, others specimens of natural history, etc., and he was asked to distinguish the one from the other; but the wary officer would not venture to touch them, or to say in the presence of the Committee what held coin and what did not. It is easy to see that, if this proposal had been sanctioned, the Post-Office would virtually have had the power of putting a shilling tax on every packet.

Instead of any compulsory payment, to be assessed at the discretion of the office, Mr. Hill suggested that the public should be induced to register their letters by a low fee, beginning with 6d. per letter, and reducing it still lower if possible. The Post-Office objected to this, that registered letters would become so numerous as to render it impossible to carry on the business of the office. "If you cannot do it, allow me," answered Mr. Hill. The feasibility of the plan was fully demonstrated, but still it has been treated only with contempt, upon the allegation that the duties at the great "Forward" offices, such as Birmingham, would be rendered insuperable. Allowing for an increase of eight-fold on the present number of registered letters, they would amount to the alarming number of seventy-two per day, "to be despatched at fifteen periods of the day,"—not five at each despatch!—"No possible increase of force would meet the difficulty!" We will take Mr. Hill's examination of the case of the travelling post-offices.

"If bad begins at the 'forward' offices, worse remains behind in the travelling-office. 'How the duty is to be performed there,' the Postmaster-General declares himself 'altogether at a loss to imagine.' Adding that, 'if the number of registered letters should increase largely, this office must be abolished.'"

"The danger of this injury to the public service, it may be here observed, was strikingly set

forth in a Return subsequently ordered by the Committee, whereby it appears that the number of registered letters to be dealt with in the travelling-office, during its whole journey from London to Preston, averages as high as *six* each trip! It is curious that a Return, fraught with evidence so convincing on a point so important, should have been so little cared for that, though certainly laid on the table of the Committee, it was omitted in the printed Report.

"And such being the facts of the case, Colonel Maberly gravely anticipates an increase of registered letters so enormous and so vast that he 'does not believe that three travelling post-offices could do the duty.' Thus assuming an increase of, at the very least, a thousand-fold; which would give a net revenue from this source alone of two millions per annum."

We have an amusing instance of Post-Office fears on this subject:—

"Groundless, however, as the alarm of an overwhelming number of registered letters may seem to the uninitiated, it is by no means without a parallel in Post-Office proceedings. Thus, for instance, while I was at the Treasury, additional allowances to two postmasters (at Swinford and Ballaghaderin in Ireland) were proposed, on the ground that the money-order business had become so heavy that each postmaster was obliged to engage a clerk to attend to that duty alone. The accounts in the Post-Office would of course have supplied a check to this statement; but it came to the treasury vouched, first by the surveyor of the district, second by the Dublin office, and third by the London office. The Treasury, at my suggestion, however, called for information as to the actual number of money-orders paid and issued by each office in a given time; and, after the lapse of a year, the information was supplied, when it appeared that the average number of money-orders paid and issued, when taken together, was in one office only two, and in the other only three, per day. I advised the rejection of the proposed allowances; but this question, with many others of a similar character, remained undecided when my duties were interrupted"—*Erid.*, p. 92.

From what has already been exhibited in this paper, no one can be surprised to find numerous examples exposed to the Committee, manifesting great extravagance in the management of the Post-Office. Thus Mr. Hill recommended certain changes in the conveyance of the Dublin mail, tending to a saving of about 50,000*l.* per annum, whilst they would have accelerated the conveyance between London and Dublin, but he was not listened to. Again, with the packets to the Channel Islands:—in 1841, the cost of two packets carrying the mails was about 7000*l.* per annum, and a third was to be appointed, which would increase the expense to 9000*l.* per annum. Certain persons in Jersey offered to contract for the conveyance of the mail thrice a week, for 3000*l.* per annum, stipulat-

ing that the port of departure should be changed from Weymouth to Southampton: but the Post-Office hesitated to accept the offer, on the ground that the change of port would inflict a serious inconvenience on the foreign correspondence of the kingdom. Mr. Hill was directed to investigate the case, and he distinctly proved, that the change of port would, on the whole, benefit the foreign correspondence rather than otherwise. The mails on land are no less the subject of costly blundering. On the Birmingham and Gloucester line, two special trains are hired at an annual cost of 10,500*l.* per annum, whereas one would suffice, and 5000*l.* a year be saved.

"Another measure, to which I will call the attention of the Committee, was one for regulating the space occupied in railway trains by the Post-Office, for conveyance of the mails and the guards. When I went to the Treasury, the reports from the Post-Office gave no information which could enable the Treasury to form a judgment as to whether this very large item of expense was adjusted with due regard to economy; I therefore prepared a form to be followed on every such occasion, which provided for giving the necessary particulars. Having investigated the returns so framed as they came in, I soon found in a majority of instances that the space in the carriages set apart for the mails was unnecessarily great; in one instance, a day-mail between York and Normanton, though the maximum weight of the mail-bags was only 50 lbs. (about equal to that of a passenger's luggage), the Post-Office occupied the space inside the carriage of sixteen passengers, at a cost of 1*s.* 4*d.* per mile, whereas under proper arrangements the expense would probably have been about 2*d.* a mile, the charge by the ordinary trains being usually in direct proportion to the space occupied. In consequence of this very startling discovery, the Post-Office was directed to report upon the state of all the railway lines in this respect, with a view to preparing some very stringent regulations for putting a stop to the waste of public money which was then going on, and which may be proceeding at this moment for aught I know to the contrary; the report however was not received when my services came to an end. In the absence of the required information, it is impossible to offer more than a rude estimate of the loss resulting from this mismanagement; but, forming the best judgment I can on the facts which came before me, I cannot put it at a less sum than 10,000*l.* a year."*

We shall conclude this branch of the subject with one instance, which it is peculiarly the business of this Review to notice.

"The next and last case under this head [Economy] is the new postal treaty with France,

* Large as this amount is, it will scarcely appear excessive, when it is considered that the waste of money thus going on in this single case was at the rate of about 500*l.* per annum.

which, however excellent in its general objects and effects, is, in consequence of important errors in the details, operating very unfavorably on our portion of the revenue derived from the united postage, French and English, on letters between the two countries. Our scale of postage, as the Committee will bear in mind, ascends by half-ounces up to one ounce, and then by ounces. The French scale, on the other hand, ascends by quarter-ounces. Several important results flow from this distinction, as every letter, in regard to a portion of its postage, is under the quarter-ounce scale; the great majority of letters will be just within the quarter-ounce: such letters, therefore, though liable to a French rate of 20d. per ounce, and a British rate of only 10d. per ounce, would be charged 10d. each, viz. 5d. British and 5d. French, the whole being collected sometimes by the one Post-Office, sometimes by the other. Under the old system each Government would retain its own 5d., and hand over the second 5d. to the other Government. The English Post-Office, however, in order to relieve itself of the trouble of accounting for the letters *numeratim*, proposed a clause by which each Government would have accounted to the other for the whole mail at once, according to its weight in bulk. I pointed out to the Treasury how unfairly towards our own Government the proposed stipulation would operate, and the proposal of the Post-Office was consequently rejected. It appears, however, by the treaty, that it was subsequently revived, with a slight modification, which no doubt was thought would obviate the evil, but which only slightly mitigates it. Under the treaty, we are to pay in respect of a mail, the postage of which is collected in England, 20d. an ounce to the French for their share of the postage; whereas on a mail, the postage of which is to be collected in France, we are only to receive 12d. per ounce. Applying this rule to the great majority, which, as before said, are just under the quarter-ounce, the ultimate effect is, that of our 5d., when the postage is collected in France, the French hand over to us only 3d., retaining 2d. of our 5d., in addition to their own 5d.; whereas, when we collect the postage, we hand over to the French the whole of their 5d., retaining our own 5d. without any addition."

Under the item of salaries, Mr. Hill estimates that there might be an annual saving of 78,000*l.*; and reckoning the total of all these measures of economy, it would add about 200,000*l.* per annum to the net revenue, without requiring any increase of letters whatever.

On the disgraceful dismissal of Mr. Hill from office we feel bound to say a few words. Mr. Hill was at first engaged for two years at the Treasury. At the expiration of the second year, the Whigs were about to leave office, and the engagement was renewed for a year by Mr. Baring, and for this short period only, because he did not desire to deprive his successor of the power of renewing; which that

gentleman declined to exercise. Mr. Hill appealed to Mr. Goulburn, who thus answered:—

"I have given my best attention to all that you have stated, but I still retain the opinion which I have before expressed, that it would not be expedient to retain your services for a longer period than that to which they are at present limited. I can assure you that, in coming to this conclusion, it is very far from my intention to imply that there has been on your part any neglect of the duties confided to you, or any deficiency of zeal or ability in the discharge of them. I readily acknowledge also the honorable motives which originally prompted and which have now induced you to repeat your offer of gratuitous service. But I am influenced solely by the consideration that it is not advisable to give a character of permanence to an appointment which, originally created for a temporary purpose, has now, as it appears to me, fulfilled its object. The penny postage has been above two years established, and the principle of it is now thoroughly understood."

Mr. Hill then tried Sir Robert Peel, who gave a similar answer. The following most unusual statement was made in the Treasury minute containing his dismissal:—The Lords of the Treasury "consider it due to him, on the termination of his engagement with this Government, to express to him the approbation with which they have regarded his *zealous exertions in the execution of the duties which have been intrusted to him, and how materially the efficiency of the Post Office arrangements has been promoted by the care and intelligence evinced by him in the consideration of the various important questions which have been referred to him.*"

Sir Thomas Wilde said:—

"If Mr. Hill had been continued in his appointment, he would have been in precisely the same situation which he had occupied for three years, and no consequences could be anticipated from the retention of his services other than those which had resulted from his previous employment. Ample opportunity had been afforded, during his three years' services, of judging what inconvenience might be expected to result from the continuance of his appointment. It was only proposed that Mr. Hill's services should be retained, until he had an opportunity of bringing into operation those portions of his plan which had not been carried into effect, or, at least, till they should be in such a state of forwardness, that the public might have some security that a trial of their efficiency would ultimately be made. So far from Mr. Hill's appointment having produced any inconvenience to the public service, the Lords of the Treasury were pleased to report, in the minute which he (Sir T. Wilde) had read, that the efficiency of the Post Office arrangements had been materially promoted by the care and intelligence evinced by him in the consideration of

the various important questions which had been referred to him."

Mr. Baring, who made the original agreement with Mr. Hill, said:—

"The right honorable gentleman (Mr. Goulburn) referred to the Treasury minute under which Mr. Hill was appointed, and seemed to rely upon the words 'penny postage,' which he found in that minute. Now it was well known at the time of the adoption of the plan, that it involved not merely the reduction of the rate of postage, but other *most extensive alterations*. That was only a part of the general plan, and, after its adoption, it was well known that there still remained considerable additional labor to be got through. He thought the right honorable gentleman placed too much stress on the circumstance that he (Mr. Baring) only engaged Mr. Rowland Hill for a year. In doing this, however, he had never anticipated that that gentleman's services would not be required for more than a year; but as he knew that he was going out of office within a short time, he did not think that it would be courteous to his successor to appoint for a longer period than that. He had, however, been all along of opinion that the services of Mr. Hill at the Treasury would be required for a much longer period than one year. He also thought it was only common justice to say, that at the period when it was determined to carry out this plan he had not the slightest personal knowledge of Mr. Rowland Hill. As for the intelligence and industry of that gentleman, of course he had sufficient evidence of this in the evidence which he had repeatedly given before Committees of the House of Commons and by his pamphlet. He must say that, on becoming acquainted with Mr. Hill, he found him to possess other qualities which he did not expect to find in him. He had expected that a person who had been long engaged in the preparation of an extensive system of this kind would not carry out the change with that coolness and judgment that was requisite, and he had expected that he should have great difficulties to contend with in inducing Mr. Hill to adopt any alteration in his plan that might appear requisite. He found quite the contrary of this, and that Mr. Hill, with the greatest readiness, adopted any suggestions that were made to him; so that, instead of difficulties, he found every facility in carrying the plan into effect."

Such were the opinions expressed in Parliament by men of character and experience. It now only remains to see what are the future prospects of the Penny Postage. That it will ever be completed by the Post-Office, *mero motu*, it were idle to believe.

Lord Lowther spoke truly, before he was Postmaster-General, when he said that there had been no alterations in the Post-Office except what had actually been forced upon it by the public. The treatment of Mr. Hill and his plan is the mere repetition of the

conduct of the Post-Office towards Mr. Dockwra and Mr. Palmer. Palmer's plan, which raised the revenue in thirty years from 150,000*l.* per annum to 1,500,000*l.*, was called "visionary and absurd," and was pronounced a total failure within a year or two after its introduction, even as Mr. Hill's has been decried. Mr. Hill gives us a summary of Post-Office conduct since the restoration, which our readers will do well to bear in mind:—

"It is a curious fact that, from the institution of the Post-Office to the present time, no important improvement has had its origin in that establishment. The establishment of a General-post never seems to have suggested to the office itself the propriety of a Town-post, even in London; that was left to a private individual of the name of Dockwra, who, shortly before the restoration, established a penny-post in London as a speculation of his own. The next improvement was the establishment of the cross-posts by Mr. Allen (the Allworthy of Fielding's "Tom Jones") about the middle of the last century. All persons conversant with the various published collections of letters before that date will know the inconvenience which was sustained for want of cross-posts; yet the suggestion of this important accommodation was left, as before, for a private individual. Then come the improvements of Mr. Palmer; I say improvements in the plural, for it is most unjust to the memory of that distinguished person to limit his merit to the suggestion of substituting mail-coaches for horse and foot-posts. This, no doubt, was the most striking feature of his plan, and it has therefore been mistaken for the plan itself; but he suggested, and was fortunate enough to accomplish, an almost total revolution in Post-Office arrangements. The utter hopelessness of improvements originating in the Post-Office has been practically acknowledged by the different Governments which have been in office for the last fifteen years. For nearly the whole of that time Commissions have been in action, who, after rigid and extensive inquiries, in the course of which a vast mass of facts has been elicited, have from time to time proposed many improvements of great value, some of which their influence, backed by the government, has been able to carry into effect; others, without any satisfactory reason, have met with rejection and neglect. But as Lord Lowther justly stated in 1835, 'He knew from experience that a Commission was inefficient to grapple with so strong a body as the Post-Office department. When he had the honor to belong to a Commission of that nature, the Post-Office almost set them at defiance; and it was found by the Commission to be a matter of the greatest difficulty to extract from the Post-Office any information necessary for the elucidation of the inquiry.'

What then is to be done? The Post-Office is as obstinately set against all improvement now as it was before Mr. Hill's plan was begun. But the friends of cheap and efficient postage need not despair,—one more vigor-

ous effort will succeed; but it must be to reform the root of the evil,—to remodel the constitution of the Post-Office, and give effect to the good counsel of Lord Lowther, uttered in the days of his wisdom. Being asked his opinion on this point in 1836, Lord Lowther said,—

“I think the present system has proved that it is not at all adapted to the active circumstances of the times, and I should feel disposed to new-model and re-construct the Post-Office department altogether. I think one sees, in the present state of the Post-Office, that it remains just what it was ever since the improvement it underwent in 1797, and 1798; there has hardly been any alteration since in its details except what has actually been forced upon it by the public.”

This remark remains perfectly applicable to the year 1843:—

“The duties of the Post-Office (the noble Lord continued) are becoming now so great notwithstanding its inconvenient and almost prohibitory arrangements, and so general, and from the present state of the world, and our constant communication with the East and with America, I should look to England as being in a great degree the Post-Office of the world if facilities were offered; and however capable or industrious one man might be, I should conceive he could hardly be qualified to look into the number of details that that office would embrace in all its ramifications. I should think the better way would be to have a Board, as in France (there it is called a Council), with a head and two assistants, one to superintend the home department of the Post-office; and the other the foreign department and colonies; and the head would have a general view over the arrangements of the whole office.”

Until, therefore, the present constitution of the Post-Office is changed,—until the real management is enlarged and made directly responsible, and not screened behind a ministerial Postmaster-General,—there will be no chance for the completion of the Penny Postage plan. To accomplish this we would suggest that the London Mercantile Committee on Postage seek interviews from time to time with the Premier, urging the substitution of a Board for the present system of management,—that Mr. Warburton, or Mr. Wallace bring forward a resolution to the same effect, year after year, until the object is effected,—that Mr. Hill himself enter parliament, if possible, and plead his own cause,—and that the favorers of cheap postage aid all these efforts by constant petitions, the prayer of which should be, that the Government should follow the advice of the Duke of Wellington, “to adopt Mr. Hill’s plan, exactly as it was proposed.”

Postscript to the Article on the “Penny Postage.”

Since our article on this subject was printed, two circumstances have occurred which will tend to realize a reform in the constitution of the Post-Office.

An association of the chief merchants of the city of London, including the Barings, Mastermans, Pattisons, Prescots, Lyalls, Larpents, Ricardos, etc., has been formed to make a public acknowledgment of Mr. Rowland Hill’s merits. At the first mention of the proposal, conservative and whig banded together, and before any public announcement was made more than a thousand pounds were subscribed. Branch associations are in formation throughout the country, and probably such a sum will be raised as will enable Mr. Hill to enter the House of Commons as the people’s advocate for accomplishing the entire scheme of Penny Postage. A triumphant atonement would this be to Mr. Hill for his dismissal from office, and a worthy reward to a great public benefactor. Such a demonstration of public gratitude, too, would remind the Government in a salutary way of its neglect of duty in this matter.

Concurrent with this event is the death of the Earl of Lonsdale, which is likely to lead to Lord Lowther’s resignation of the office of Postmaster-General. This then is the time for a deputation of merchants to wait on Sir Robert Peel and urge upon him the adoption of a Commission. The difficulties attending such a step will be diminished by Lord Lowther’s retirement. Even if it be necessary to appoint a new Postmaster-General, the appointment may be conferred temporarily, subject to its conversion into a board of Commissioners. If this appeal be made to the Premier, he is too wise not to interpret correctly the signs of public feeling, and to take a course which will not only save him from the difficulties his submission to Lord Lowther drew him into, but confer honor and popularity on his administration, whilst it would benefit the revenue and gratify the public.

BRITISH GUIANA.—From a prospectus published at the *Royal Gazette* office, Demarara, and forwarded to us, we learn that a society for the promotion of agriculture and commerce in that ignorant colony is now being formed. Public rooms are to be established in Georgetown, with library, museum, and models; and premiums and grants of money are to be awarded for the advancement of every branch of agriculture, manufactures, and trade. So excellent an institution cannot fail to produce great benefits, and the wealth of the colony will enable its members to carry it on with liberality and spirit.—*Lit. Gaz.*

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF MRS.
GRANT OF LAGGAN.*

From Tait's Magazine.

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Grant of Laggan lived to extreme old age, and has been dead for a few years, her name, we are persuaded, must still be familiar and welcome to Scottish ears. Nor can she be altogether forgotten in England, where her early letters made a lively impression; and certainly not in the United States of America. At all events, her fresh, healthful, and delightful works must be remembered, as they represent something which many of us would not willingly let go; and that because they paint a condition of society, a primitive state of manners, which become the more fascinating in the retrospect, the farther that luxury and pseudo-refinement bears us away from the homely, but pure and heartfelt social enjoyments which they promoted. Distance may, no doubt, interpose its magic veil, softening asperities and external rudenesses; but the substantial plenty, the leisure, and freedom of mind of these bygone times, with their simplicity and ease of manners,—all, in brief, that is comprehended in Wordsworth's emphatic

"Plain living and high thinking,"—

were solid and enduring social blessings. Nor is it wonderful, that, from the barren heights which every class of society, above the lowest, has attained, if not in physical comfort, yet in external accommodation, many a longing, lingering look should be cast back upon the rude and simple times which are vividly and picturesquely reflected in Mrs. Grant's pages. Her "Letters from the Mountains" are the genuine picture of a life spent in seclusion in the very heart of the Highlands; and a life, how full of energy, affection, and healthful enjoyment! Imagination and taste may, in her instance, have imparted a glow to the local coloring; but some measure of these faculties were no mean constituents in the happiness of the common life lived and described—part of her chartered possessions, but also, to some extent, possessed by every Highlander. Mrs. Grant's representation of domestic and social manners in the State of New York, in her own childhood and girlhood, or before the revolutionary war, are equally faithful and delightful as her delineations of the peaceful life of the Highland glens.—The book be-

* Author of "Letters from the Mountains," "Memoirs of an American Lady," &c. &c. Edited by her son, J. P. Grant, Esq. 3 vols. with Portrait. Longmans.

JUNE, 1844.

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fore us is of a different character; and chiefly, or alone, interesting from what it tells of the farther personal history of the writer of the works of which we have spoken, and of a few distinguished literary persons, and other *notabilities* with whom she came into contact, during her long residence in Edinburgh. There are in it no loyal and pious clansmen, rich in manners, and in ancestral, homely wisdom, though poor in science and learning; no primitive Dutch and English settlers living, on the banks of the Hudson and the Mohawk, the rural life in all its joys and ease, if not what is now called elegance, or cottage-orné refinement. Nearly the whole interest of the new series of letters devolves, therefore, upon the author; the anecdotes she relates of distinguished literary characters; and her opinions on the various topics which she incidentally touches in the course of a private correspondence of above thirty years, and consisting of four hundred selected letters. The great blemish of this correspondence, is that attributable, more or less, to the greater part of all female correspondence that is not between the most intimate and confidential friends—namely, a candied complexion—a honeyed exuberance—a reflected egotism; and that, having often very little to say, far too much is sometimes made of that little merely to fill the sheet. Very many letters of the entire series are either congratulatory, complimentary, or of condolence. There is a consequent want of the ease and spontaneous impulse of the early letters; for it is somehow felt that much is said, not to give utterance to the affectionate feelings and recollections of an overflowing and warm heart, but to perform a duty, and perhaps to make a figure as a letter-writer. And though letters of duty and ceremony must, we suppose, be written, they excite little sympathy in those who do not share in the feeling or obligation which draws them forth. On the other hand, the entire series does infinite credit to the writer's talents, good sound common sense, and admirable tact. Without losing her own identity, and without forfeiting our respect, or condescending to flatter in any glaring way, she adapts herself with exquisite felicity to the varying tastes and circumstances of her correspondents. —The best of the series, or those letters that we like the best, are the few addressed to her eldest son in India, and to her daughters; and those in which she fully commands our sympathies, while we see her struggling to form the virtues and raise the fortunes of her numerous family; or heart-stricken with the successive bereavements with which it pleas-

ed Heaven to afflict her in an unusual degree. The Letters now published extend over a period of about thirty-five years; and in that time, Mrs. Grant had lost six daughters, in the early bloom, or full maturity of graceful or beautiful womanhood; all of them distinguished by talents and virtues. She had also lost her eldest son. These were heavy trials, and fruitful, if painful, themes for a mother's letters to those who had known and loved the endeared and amiable beings she lamented.

The literary gossip of the Modern Athens in its palmy days, or during the thirty years which Mrs. Grant resided in its circles, might promise to be an attractive feature in her correspondence; but we question if it will be so felt. The more remarkable of the persons of whom she speaks, have either forestalled her themselves, or she has been anticipated by their communicative friends. Mrs. Grant is, besides, a cautious writer, never personal, never satirical; and, moreover, her literary history is often inaccurate. It is superfluous to point out what was erroneous at the time, and is now of no consequence whatever. In short, Mrs. Grant must, for a good while, if not always, in her literary intimacies, have belonged to the dowager division of Edinburgh society, and could not have been in secrets—not, perhaps, much worth knowing.

The Memoir and Letters, which are modestly and unobtrusively edited by Mrs. Grant's son, the only survivor of a large family, who all, save himself, predeceased their mother, open with a brief sketch of her early life, from her own pen. It brings her personal history down to the opening of her "Letters from the Mountains;" and this new series terminates it, with a short account of her latter years, by the editor. Her father and mother were both Highlanders. No drop of *Sassenach* blood flowed in the veins of Anne Macvicar, though she chanced to be born in Glasgow. Her father, after her birth, entered the army; and her childhood, up to the age of fourteen, was passed in America, at a Dutch settlement below Albany, in the manner she has so fascinatingly described in the "Memoirs of an American Lady." She may be said to have been, so far as schools and direct instruction are concerned, literally self-educated. Her mother taught her to read; and her intimacy and domestication with the "American Lady," her residence in the rustic court of Madame Schuyler, must have been of incalculable advantage to her. At the age of fifteen she returned to Scotland with her father and mother; and, as she was an only child, should have been an heiress,

had not the extensive grant of land which her father obtained been, after the revolution, included in the new State of Vermont, and confiscated as the property of a British officer. A residence of some years in Glasgow, at this time, must have added much to her stores of knowledge, and was a period of great mental activity and general improvement; though her vivacious and energetic mind had received its tone and impulse in America. Of her Glasgow residence she relates—

With one family of the name of Pagan, to whose son we were known in America, I formed an affectionate intimacy. At their country-house, on the banks of the river Cart, near Glasgow, I spent part of three summers, which I look back upon as a valuable part of mental, perhaps I should rather say moral, education. Minds so pure, piety so mild, so cheerful and influential; manners so simple and artless, without the slightest tincture of hardness or vulgarity; such primitive ways of thinking, so much of the best genuine Scottish character, I have never met with, nor could ever have supposed to exist, had I not witnessed. Here were the reliques of the old Covenanters all around us; and here I enriched my memory with many curious traits of Scottish history and manners, by frequenting the cottages of the peasantry, and perusing what I could find on their smoky book-shelves. Here was education for the heart and mind, well adapted for the future lot which Providence assigned to me. With these friends, then a numerous family, I kept up an intimate connexion, which neither time nor absence interrupted.

It is to the daughters of this family, Mrs. Brown of Glasgow, and Mrs. Smith of Jordan Hill, that many of the "Letters from the Mountains" are addressed. Many of those in the new series are to the same stanch friends. Mrs. Grant's father obtained the appointment of barrack-master at Fort Augustus; and, still an untaught, unaccomplished, but a very clever, largely-informed, and enthusiastic girl, she was transferred to the heart of the mountains. Upon her solid, self-earned Lowland and American acquirements and stores of various knowledge, Highland romance and poesy were now lavishly superinduced by her residence at Fort Augustus—then, though a kind of garrison, a much more solitary spot than it is now—and her subsequent residence in Laggan. In 1779, she married the minister of that parish, and became, in every sense, a true Highland matron; proving not only how much virtue and happiness, but how many beautiful talents, how much of refining imagination and brightening fancy, are compatible with the lowliest duties of a wife and mother, and parish-helper; and with circumstances which

many of her future correspondents must have regarded as very narrow, indeed, if not miserable poverty. In 1801, she lost her excellent husband; and was left with a family of eight children, and not altogether free from debt. But she had firm faith and high courage, and the talent of attracting and attaching admirable friends, who again interested other friends in her behalf and in that of her family. Nor were her literary talents without their influence. From almost childhood she had scribbled verses; and now her patrons and friends issued proposals for publishing a volume of her poetry. It proved the most successful attempt of the kind ever made, we believe, in Scotland; and was but an earnest of the very remarkable kindness which Mrs. Grant afterwards met with in quarters where she could have no claim, save that conferred by her virtues and talents, and the condition of her family. Through Mr. George Chalmers, the author of "*Caledonia*," she received, in one sum, three hundred pounds, the contribution of three princely London merchants, Messrs. Angerstein, Thomson, & Bonar. A number of ladies in Boston published her Letters by subscription; and transmitted her, at different times, considerable sums. Other generous individuals appear to have materially assisted her in her struggles; and her publishers, the house of Longman & Co., acted towards her with a liberality of which she was warmly sensible. They not only gave her the fair share of profits on her "*Letters from the Mountains*," to which she was entitled, but, as a free gift, a considerable part of their own profits. In her latter years she obtained considerable legacies from old pupils and a pension of a hundred a-year; and one of her patrons, Sir William Grant, Master of the Rolls, left her an annuity to the same amount. This, with her other funds, and annuity as the widow of a Scottish clergyman, with her moderate tastes, rendered her old age easy and independent.—To return: soon after the death of her husband, Mrs. Grant removed, with her large family, to Stirling, in which she resided for some years. Her elder daughters, who had received many more advantages of education than their mother, were now of an age to assist her in any plan of active usefulness; and she received into her family some little boys, of a class that could afford to pay her handsomely, in order to prepare them for school. This scheme was afterwards relinquished for one more suitable to her family circumstances; and, settling in Edinburgh, she received a select number of young ladies of good fortune, who had finished their school, if not

their mental education, but who needed the care and protection of a mother, on their introduction into life, and the affection and society of sisters. For many years, her house was the home of a succession of young ladies of this description; and she appears to have had much satisfaction in the character and affection of these pupils, or inmates, whose presence threw a brilliancy around her family circle. But it is more than time that we allowed Mrs. Grant to speak for herself. As an example of her tact and self-respect, we select the following letter, addressed to Mr. Hatsell, Clerk to the House of Commons. It was written while Mrs. Grant was in London, sending her eldest son to India, having obtained a cadetship for him through the interest of the late Mr. Charles Grant, the East India Director:—

To JOHN HATSELL, Esq., *House of Commons*
London.

London, 2d May, 1805.

SIR,—The purpose of this address is to endeavor to recall to your memory a person of whom you had a very slight knowledge indeed, at Fort Augustus, thirty years ago, then a girl of seventeen; and in whose father's house you resided while there. Since that time I was happily and respectably married to a gentleman of that country, who was minister of an adjoining parish, and chaplain to the 90th regiment. He was a man of much humanity and generosity. We lived in an open and hospitable manner, and had twelve children, of whom eight remain. I hasten to the sad sequel. Three years ago, a sudden death deprived us of the best of husbands and fathers. To his young and helpless family his character and example are a rich inheritance. I do not fear that they will feel absolute want, nor were they left absolutely destitute. My friends, however, urged me to publish a volume of occasional verses, which I had wrote to please them or myself. This volume I have taken the liberty of sending you, not to solicit your name, or derive any advantage in that way; far otherwise. I do not mention my address, to prevent the possibility of having my motive mistaken. But, having come to town to send my eldest son to the East Indies, and conclude some other matters relative to my family, I happened to hear you spoken of as a worthy and benevolent character; thinking you, too, at the time I met with you, the finest gentleman I ever saw, I was very attentive to your conversation, and remarked that you had a taste for literature. These are the circumstances that have induced me thus to commit myself, by placing a confidence in you that may lead you to think oddly of me. I cannot help it. You will never see nor hear of me more: and if you do not attend to my simple request, forget, I beg of you, that ever I made it.

You see, by the subscribers' list, that my own country-people are interested in me, and have treated me with unexampled kindness; yet my circumstances rendering it difficult for me to ed-

ucate so large a family without encroaching on their little capital, I am now about to publish two small volumes, without my name, of juvenile correspondence, genuine and unaltered, under the title of "Letters from the Mountains." Now, I send you my poetical volume, first, in return for two books you gave me at Fort Augustus; and, next, that you may read it; and if you think as kindly of it as many others have done, it will perhaps interest you in the writer, or, what is much better, in a large family of orphans belonging to a worthy man. You will, in that case, use your influence, which I know is extensive, to make the intended publication known. I do not expect you to recommend it, because that is useless, if it wants merit, and needless if it has. Longman and Rees are my publishers; they have some volumes of the work herewith sent on hand: these, too, I wish you to make known. It would gratify me, if you would send a note to Longman and Rees, desiring to have the "Letters from the Mountains" sent you when they are published. If you are a man of delicacy and benevolence, you will do this, to show you take my confidence in good part; if not, be at least a man of honor:—burn this letter, never mention it, and forget the ill-judged presumption of your obedient humble servant,

ANNE GRANT.

Many months elapsed; but Mrs. Grant at last heard from this cautious gentleman, and afterwards found in him an active and useful friend. He brought her book, and her personal history, under the notice of the Bishop of London, the venerable Dr. Porteus, who criticised and corrected her Letters for a second edition, keeping out some of the more trivial letters. It might be wished that some one had performed a similar friendly office for the present collection, which a near relative can never be the best qualified to perform. During her residence in London at this time, Mrs. Grant acquired several useful and pleasant friends; and among others Mrs. Hook, one of the daughters of the fortunate Scottish physician, Sir Walter Farquhar. To this lady, the wife of Dr. James Hook, afterwards an archdeacon of the English church, and the mother of Dr. Walter Hook of Leeds, many of her most elaborate letters were subsequently addressed. Her English friends were all High Church, and high Tory: and so was she, as she takes very great pains to assure them, often going out of her way to express contempt and dislike for the politics of the Liberal party and of *The Edinburgh Review*; and for a something—an abstraction, about which nobody seems to have any definite idea—which Cobbett was wont to call Scotch *feclosophy*, and English High Churchmen, with their ladies, and Mrs. Grant, "Scotch metaphysics." In her youth, Mrs. Grant must have been a true-blue Presbyterian Whig, and admirer of the

"glorious and immortal;" but, in the trying era of Pitt, she seems to have become a high-flying Tory, and in old age she was a Legitimist or Carlist who had never been a Jacobite; and sent presents of ptarmigan to Holyrood to the Duchess of Angoulême, and wrote pretty verses to the little Duke of Bourdeaux. Nay, more, she obtained a new light upon the subject of Antichrist, and discovered him to be, not the Pope, as all Reformed Scotland had ever believed, but the French Encyclopedists. The Reform Bill appeared, to her, to threaten the end of the world, or the complete overthrow of religion and social order. But these notions were so far harmless, that they excited no rancorous feeling towards those of her friends who entertained opposite opinions. They are, indeed, by a younger generation, rather to be laughed at than seriously animadverted on. We must now introduce a few of the illustrious personages whom she describes to her friends, and who, indeed, form, with the exception of the few family letters, the best staple of her correspondence. In March 1810, nearly a lifetime since, she writes:—

Walter Scott and the formidable Jeffrey have both called on me, not by any means as scribbling female, but on account of links formed by mutual friends. You would think, by their appearance, that the body of each was formed to lodge the soul of the other. Having met them both formerly, their appearance was not any thing new to me: but Jeffrey looks the poet all over:—the ardent eye, the nervous agitation, the visibly quick perceptions, keep one's attention constantly awake, in expectation of flashes of the peculiar intelligence of genius: nor is that expectation entirely disappointed: for his conversation is in a high degree fluent and animated. Walter Scott, again, has not a gleam of poetic fire visible in his countenance, which merely suggests the idea of plain good sense; his conceptions do not strike you as by any means so rapid or so brilliant as those of his critic; yet there is much amusement and variety in his good-humored, easy, and unaffected conversation.

Some months later, she remarks of Jeffrey:—

Do you know, notwithstanding my wrath for his manifold literary offences, I think I shall be forced to like the Arch-Critic himself. He is, what, indeed, I knew before, the most affectionate relation possible, and truly good-natured in society, though so petulant on paper. . . . I must tell you how the Arch-Critic, Mr. Jeffrey, and I have behaved to each other. For some time past I met him at parties, and I thought he looked odd and avoided me. Something I knew there was, but was not in the least aware that it was a criticism, having been told formerly that he resolved to let me alone. I was, however, obliged to have, what I much dislike, a small party in summer, on account of some

strangers whose friends had strong claims on my attention. I boldly sent a note to the critic, saying, that if he had renounced me, he should at once tell me so, like a brave man as he was; if not, to come on Wednesday evening, and meet some people whom *I knew he did like*. He answered, that, so far from renouncing, he had thought of me more than any body else for some days past; and if a little packet he was about to send me to-morrow, did not make me retract my invitation, he should gladly wait on me. I got, next day, the threatened packet, now before the public. Here follows the accompanying note, as far as I recollect it,—“When I review the works of my friends, if I can depend on their magnanimity as much as I think I can on yours, I let them know what I say of them before they are led out to execution. When I take up my reviewing pen, I consider myself as entering the temple of truth, and bound to say what I think.”

Mrs. Grant professed herself satisfied. Seven years after this, we find her writing about a brilliant critique on Byron from Jeffrey's pen, with which the Edinburgh coxeteries were ringing, and giving him, though on a quite different score, praise, which we conceive very high praise indeed, when the reckless extravagance, folly, and paltry ambition, which shortly afterwards plunged so many of his contemporaries into embarrassment, bankruptcy, and every sort of meanness and misery, are considered. Mrs. Grant tells that she dined at Mr. Jeffrey's—

A comparatively small and select party, where every one could see and hear each other, proved very pleasant. At this house I greatly admire the respectable, yet simple and moderate style of the furniture, entertainment, &c. This, in such persons, is the perfection of good sense: it would be as absurd for people, who, in the most literal sense of the phrase, live by their wits, to enter into rivalry of this kind with the great and wealthy, as it would be for these to try to excel Jeffrey in critical acumen, or Scott in poetry.

In reference to the puerile and ribald attacks made on the “Arch-Critic” by the early contributors to *Blackwood*—by young men trying to write themselves into notice, and not very scrupulous about the means—Mrs. Grant remarks:—

The town is in an uproar about the Chaldee manuscript in *Blackwood's Magazine*. . . . Literary gossip here holds the place of the petty personalities in little country towns, and of the more important concerns of foreign commerce in greater ones. Formerly these were very harmless contests; but people have got such a taste for war and strong sensations, that what they cannot find they will make. Jeffrey is the Buonaparte of literature here; and I think this confederacy of petulant young men seem encouraged to attack him by the fate of his prototype.

Mrs. Grant frequently expatiates upon the good nature, the simplicity of manners, and unpretending ways of Scott. One good anecdote of him is related.

A young lady from England, very ambitious of distinction, and thinking the outrageous admiration of genius was nearly as good as the possession of it, was presented to Walter Scott, and had very nearly gone through the regular forms of swooning sensibility on the occasion. Being afterwards introduced to Mr. Henry Mackenzie, she bore it better, but kissed his hand with admiring veneration. It is worth telling for the sake of Mr. Scott's comment. He said, “Did you ever hear the like of that English lass, to faint at the sight of a cripple clerk of Session, and kiss the dry withered hand of an old tax-gatherer!”

Scott, as every body knows, was a Clerk of Session; and the Man of Feeling held the office of Comptroller of Taxes.

The parish of Laggan lies in the Duke of Gordon's principality; and the Duchess had taken a warm interest in Mrs. Grant and her family, though she had never seen her previous to her widowhood, and, indeed, only once or twice during her whole life. Of that great lady, who then made so brilliant a figure in the highest circles of London, as not only the leader of fashion, but the friend of the minister of the day, Mrs. Grant appears to have formed a true idea. While living in Stirling she writes to Mr. Hatsell:—

I was sitting quietly at the fireside one night lately, when I was summoned, with my eldest daughter, to attend the Duchess of Gordon. We spent the evening with her at her inn; and very amusing and original she certainly is: extraordinary she is determined to be, wherever she is, and whatever she does. She speaks of you in very high terms, which, you know, always happens in the case of those whom the Duchess “delighteth to honor:” as the highest testimonial of your merit that she can give, she says you were one of the greatest favorites Mr. Pitt had; and then she pronounced an eloquent eulogium on that truly great man. Her Grace's present ruling passion is literature,—to be the arbitress of literary taste, and the patroness of genius,—a distinction for which her want of early culture, and the flutter of a life devoted to very different pursuits, has rather disqualified her; yet she has strong flashes of intellect, which are, however, immediately lost in the formless confusion of a mind ever hurried on by contending passions and contradictory objects, of which one can never be attained without the relinquishment of others. She reminds me, at present, of what has been said of the ladies of the old *régime* in France, who, when they could no longer lead up the dance of gaiety and fashion, set up for *beaux esprits*, and decided on the merits of authors.

Having said all this of her Grace, it is but fair to add, that in one point she never varies, which

is active, nay, most industrious benevolence. Silver and gold she has not, but what she has—her interest, her trouble, her exertions—she gives with unequalled perseverance. She was at as much pains to seek out an orphan, the son of a gentleman who died lately in the Highlands, leaving a numerous unprovided family; she was at as much pains to seek out this orphan, who lodged in some obscure corner of Stirling, as if he had been a fit match for her granddaughter who accompanied her.

Mrs. Grant happened to be in Edinburgh on a visit, during the winter of 1809, when the Duchess of Gordon, then somewhat in the wane in London, irradiated the northern metropolis by her presence. She at this time again saw her Grace, and thus describes the interview:—

I called on the Duchess of Gordon yesterday: she and I having a joint interest in an orphan family in the Highlands, which creates a kind of business between us. She had a prodigious levée, and insisted on my sitting to see them out, that we might afterwards have our private discussion. Among other characters at her levée, I saw Lord Lauderdale, who made me start to see him almost a lean slippered pantaloon, who, the last time I saw him, was a fair-haired youth at Glasgow College. He was really like a "memento mori" to me; had I much to leave, I would have gone home and made my will directly. More gratified I was to see Sir Brook Boothby; though he, too, looked so feeble and so dismal, that one would have thought him just come from writing those sorrows sacred to Penelope, which you have certainly seen. Being engaged to dinner, I could stay no longer. The Duchess said that on Sunday she never saw company, nor played cards, nor went out; in England, indeed, she did so, because every one else did the same; but she would not introduce those manners into this country. I stared at these gradations of piety growing warmer as it came northward, but was wise enough to stare silently. She said she had a great many things to tell me; and as I was to set out this morning, I must come that evening, when she would be alone. At nine I went, and found Walter Scott, whom I had never before met in society, though we had exchanged distant civilities; Lady Keith, Johnson's Queeney, and an English lady, witty and fashionable-looking, who came and went with Mr. Scott. No people could be more easy and pleasant, without the visible ambition of shining; yet animated, and seeming to feel at home with each other. I think Mr. Scott's appearance very unpromising, and common-place indeed; yet though no gleam of genius animates his countenance, much of it appears in his conversation, which is rich, various, easy, and animated, without the least of the pedulence with which the Faculty, as they call themselves, are not unjustly reproached.

There is, we think, penetration, besides nice female discrimination in Mrs. Grant's estimate of the two Mrs. Baillies.

Mrs. Baillie (for so her elder sister chooses to be distinguished) people like in their hearts better than Mrs. Joanna, though they would not for the world say so, thinking that it would argue great want of taste not to prefer Melpomene. I, for my part, would greatly prefer the Muse to walk in a wood or sit in a bower with; but in that wearisome farce, a large party, Agnes acts her part much better. The seriousness, simplicity, and thoughtfulness of Joanna's manners overawe you from talking common-place to her; and as for pretension or talking fine, you would as soon think of giving yourself airs before an Apostle. She is mild and placid, but makes no effort either to please or to shine; she will neither dazzle nor be dazzled, yet, like others of the higher class of mind, is very indulgent in her opinions; what passes before her seems rather food for thought than mere amusement. In short, she is not merely a woman of talent, but of genius, which is a very different thing, and very unlike any other thing; which is the reason that I have taken so much pains to describe her. Joanna's conversation is rather below her abilities, justifying Lord Gardenstone's maxim, that true genius is ever modest and careless. Agnes unconsciously talks above herself, merely from a wish to please, and a habit of living among her intellectual superiors. I should certainly have liked and respected Joanna, as a person singularly natural and genuine, though she had never written a tragedy. I am not at all sure that this is the case with most others.

These ladies were at this period, June 1820, on a visit in Edinburgh. Proofs of Mrs. Grant's sound common-sense are scattered throughout the whole correspondence; and many of her letters, as those to Mr. Henning the artist, and to Miss Anne Dunbar, along with this display very friendly feelings, and a generous interest in the well-being of her correspondents; though with Mr. Henning she seems a little too "apt to teach." We shall, nearly at random, select a few isolated passages, which tend to establish the soundness of her judgment. It is thus she speaks to a friend of female separatists:—

Your scruples in detaching yourself, in the duties of public worship, from your family, must have been, to your feeling mind, of much weight, and, I am sure, unmixed with any lower motive. But I think you are well aware that I do not extend this indulgence of opinion to all females who choose a separate path; my observation of life having warranted me in the opinion, that a love of distinction and consequence, among a certain set, has more to do with it than the subjects of this censure of mine are at all aware of. Nothing can be further from applying to you, who are diffident to a fault: but you may observe, that most people who separate from their family in this manner, are of the tribe distinguished for self-opinion; and that when once they do set up a standard of purer doctrine and stricter practice, their charity and good-will be-

come very much limited to those who hear the same preacher, and very much alienated from the friends of early life.

You know my dislike to very conspicuous goodness among females, which makes me shrink a little from Female Societies formed with the very best intention; not by any means as doubting the purity of the intention, or, in many instances, the beneficial results; but such societies so often include in their number officious gossiping characters, who derive a certain imagined consequence by overruling and interfering, and are so officious in raising contributions on all their acquaintance, and have so little of the charity of opinion, that I could never feel congenial with many of them, though there are some I hold in reverence. I think if I were wealthy, however, I should gladly "shake the superfluous to them," as not doubting of their faithful administration, and intimate knowledge of those on whom they bestow; but having little to give, I bestow that little on the poverty with which I am well acquainted.

Young ladies of ostentatious piety, and consequently of weak understanding, began, at this period, to carry out Bibles in their reticules, on which practice Mrs. Grant remarks:—

To have the Scriptures laid up in the heart, and influencing the heart and conduct, would be just as well as carrying them about: neither Lady Rachel Russell nor Hannah More, nor any other of those illustrious women that did honor to Christianity and their country, ever carried about a Bible as a spell to protect them, or as a Catholic relic. . . . I am grieved to find in some high professors, and in those who are rather boldly termed advanced Christians, such inconsistencies, such a want of candor and charity, as makes me at a loss how to estimate these professions. This produces a painful distrust both of myself and others; I accuse myself of having less reverence for high professors than formerly, and considering some of them as self-righteous and uncharitable; while I find others, who have walked softly under the same fears and doubts as myself, more constant and upright.

Edinburgh, as may be expected, figures at large in Mrs. Grant's correspondence. Nor does she at all underrate the many advantages of "Scotia's darling seat," when she states, what however may be perfectly just, of one of its circle:—

One high preëminence, however, that Edinburgh holds above other towns, and more particularly above London, is the liberal style of conversation. All the persons most distinguished and admired here speak with a degree of respect and kindness of each other—no petty animosities nor invidious diminutions, even though differing much on political or other subjects. Then, there is no scandal, no discussion of people's private affairs or circumstances to be met with in what is accredited as good society.

. . . Now, in England, people in middle life are constantly talking of their superiors, and talking so very much of them, that, as Johnson says of Shakspeare, who "exhausted worlds and then imagined new," they exhaust their follies and vices, and then imagine new ones. This style of conversation is, of all the styles I have met with, the most contemptible.

Speaking of a young Englishman who had been introduced to her family, she remarks:—

He appears to them a young man very correct in his conduct, and of good disposition; but evidently born in the age of calculation; a propensity of which we Scots, in revenge for the obloquy formerly thrown on us by John Bull, are very apt to accuse his calves. There is no doubt but there are among the inhabitants of the Northern Athens many who calculate very nicely; but they leave that to be discovered in their conduct, and take care that it does not appear in their conversation. Perhaps there is no place where gossiping discussions respecting the amount of individual incomes, and the prices of articles of luxury, are so seldom heard; yet people here think of these things, and struggle to attain them as much as others. Good taste keeps many things out of sight, which good feeling in a high-toned mind would not suffer to exist.

Apopos of all the evil propensities which high rents and exorbitant wealth have cherished, till, like the cuckoo's progeny, they turn the owners out of their proper abodes; I hear the complaints that resound from every side, with the most philosophic indifference, and reserve my sympathy for great and real evils. As I never thought people essentially the better for the superfluities which the late unnatural state of things enabled them to possess, so I do not think them the worse for wanting them.

Such is this Tory lady's opinion of the consequences of high rents, and "the protection of agriculture."

The structure of Edinburgh society, in relation to Mrs. Grant and others of the frugal-genteel, is amusingly illustrated in the following description of the composition of her respective parties:—

I have this morning the muddiest head you can suppose, having had a party of friends with me on the last two evenings. To understand the cause of all this hospitality, you must know that, being a very methodical and economical family, every cow of ours, as we express it in our rustic Highland dialect, has a calf; that is to say, when we have a party, which in Edinburgh includes a cold collation, we are obliged to provide *quantum sufficit* for our guests, who, being of a description more given to good talking than good eating, are content to admire and be admired, and have little time to attend to vulgar gratifications: of consequence, the more material food, after contributing, like the guests, to embellish the entertainment, remains little diminished. As our wide acquaintance includes

the greatest variety of people imaginable, there are among them a number of good, kind people, that dress finely, laugh heartily, and sing merrily, and have, in some instances, genealogy besides; yet on these good people the lions and lionesses of literature would think their roaring very ill bestowed. These, however, make a greater noise in their own way, and before their superior prowess the substantial soon vanish: they are in every sense less fastidious; happier because less wise, and more benevolent because less witty. An assemblage of these contented beings, who can amply appreciate the value of a custard, a jelly, or a jest on its second appearance, are convenient successors to the refined pretenders to originality, who prefer what is new to what is true, and would not for the world be caught eating blanc-mange while Mr. Jeffrey and Dr. Thomas Brown are brandishing wit and philosophy in each other's faces with electric speed and brilliance. These good fat people, who sing and eat like canary-birds, come with alacrity the day after, and esteem themselves too happy to be admitted so soon to consume mere mortal aliment in the very apartment where the delicacies of intellect were so lately shared among superior intelligences.

The grand first-day entertainment, and those who afterwards thriftily eat up "the funeral baked meats," might be a subject for Dickens.

Theodore Hook, *apropos* to such writers, frequently formed the subject of Mrs. Grant's correspondence with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Hook; and we are struck with the justice of her observations on his position and character, and his pitiable—most pitiable!—career. In one place, she says:—

Talking of genius leads me naturally to congratulate you on the awakened brotherly feelings of that Theodore for whom I know your sisterly concern is restless and extreme. You may believe I rejoice over the capture of this shy bird, for his own sake, as well as yours: I do in my heart love genius in all its forms, and even in its exuberance and eccentricity. You will teach him, for his own good, to make a due distinction between living to please the world at large, and exerting his powers in a given direction for his own benefit, and the satisfaction of his real friends. The uncultured flowers, and even the early fruit of premature intellect, form an admirable decoration for a dessert; but woe to him who would expect to feast on them daily and only. Of a person depending merely on talents and powers of pleasing, what more brilliant example can be given than Sheridan? and who would choose to live his life, and die his death? I talk of his death as if it had already taken place, for what is there worth living for that he has not already outlived? and who, that ever knew the value of a tranquil mind and spotless name, would be that justly admired, and as justly despised individual? And if the chieftain of the clan be such, what must the tribe be "of those that live by crambo-clink," as poor Burns called those hapless sons of the Muses, who,

without an object or an aim, run at random through the world, and are led on by the unfeeling great and gay to acquire a taste for expensive pleasures and elegant society, and then left to languish in forlorn and embittered obscurity, when their health and their spirits and their means ebb together. Raise, then, your voice of truth and affection, and outsing all the syrens that, on the coast of idleness, strive to attract Theodore by the songs of vanity, pleasure, and dissipation; teach him to love those that love him, independent of all that flatters or pleases, for himself; and make auxiliaries of all those kindred among whom you are now placed, to make him know something of more value than empty admiration.

Though you had not the generous and tender motives which actually instigate your endeavors to gain an ascendancy over the volatile though accomplished mind of Theodore Hook, worldly prudence should induce you to woo into the paths of honorable exertion and permanent respectability the brother of your husband and uncle of your children; and mere worldly wisdom would point out to you the other means by which this could be brought about. "Sour advice with scrupulous head" would only produce the effect of driving him for shelter into the enemy's camp; no cords will draw him but that "silken band of love" that poor Burns talks of.

In a subsequent letter, she remarks:—

Among other glad tidings you send me, I am highly pleased with Theodore Hook's intention of entering the Temple. He is not too old for it, and has certainly sense enough to know, and spirit enough to feel, how precarious and disreputable it would be to spend one's whole life in a manner which, however it might amuse the butterfly spirit of youth, made so little provision of any kind for riper years. It would be mortifying to see one that has so many better things than wit and gaiety about him shuffled into the mob of people, whose amusive talents make them first applauded and next endured, when people see that it is all they have. I think that the fate of Monk Lewis may serve as a warning to wits by profession. Spirits will not always flow; and Pope has finely described the "many miserable nights of those who must needs affect them when they have them not." Half the ingenuity that Theodore wastes to amuse people who are not worth his pains would make him eminent in a profession. I always think of him with much kindness, and rejoice not a little to hear of his being likely to cast anchor.

Mrs. Grant often played the critic in her letters, and could not well avoid it, while her friends were continually inquiring her opinion of the new books that appeared, as that of one who sometimes looked in the living face of Mr. Jeffrey,—and who had authority in literature herself. One of her most pointed critiques is this, on Peter's Letters, though it is not perhaps one of the most just:—

You would know what I think of Peter's Letters! I answer in a very low whisper—not

much. The broad personality is coarse, even where it is laudatory; no one very deserving of praise cares to be held up to the public eye like a picture on sale by an auctioneer: it is not the style of our country, and is a bad style in itself. So much for its tendency. Then, if you speak of it as a composition, it has no keeping, no chastity of taste, and is in a high degree florid and verbose. . . . Some depth of thought and acuteness appears now and then like the weights at the tail of a paper kite, but not enough to balance the levity of the whole. With all this, the genius which the writers possess, in no common degree, is obvious through the whole book: but it is genius misapplied, and running riot beyond all the bounds of good taste and sober thinking. We are all amused, and so we should be, if we lived in a street where those slaves of the lamp had the power of rendering the walls so transparent that we could see every thing going on at our neighbor's fire-sides. But ought we to be so pleased?

In general, however, she is an indulgent critic, protesting against the frequent severity and petulance of the *Edinburgh Review*, and Mr. Jeffrey's denial of the existence of female genius, save in Miss Edgeworth. Though Wordsworth's Religion and Metaphysics do not appear to have pleased her, she liked his poetry. We consider the following unstudied praise an offset for whole reams of technical critical condemnation:—

There is something so pure and lofty in his conceptions; he views external nature so entirely with a poet's eye, and has so little of the taint of worldly minds, that I grieve when I find him wandering through the trackless wilds of metaphysics, where I cannot follow him, or in the lower and too obvious paths of childish inanity, where I wish not to accompany him. Yet he is always morally right; and his pictures in the *Excursion* delight me. It is next to profanation to read that book in town, unless at midnight: its purity and simplicity, and occasional elevation of thought, make us all, with our note-writing and everlasting door-bells calling us to talk nothings to mere nobodies, seem like puppets on wires, without a thought beyond our daily trifles, which are worse than his worst; the radiance of the White Doe excepted. What a treasure the *Excursion* would have been at Laggan! How often, even amidst the senseless hurry, have I read the account of this eccentric clergyman, who removed his family in panniers to the mountain parsonage. People come in here constantly with new books, that take up one's time: dear Laggan, where we conned over those we had till they grew like old friends!

This series of Letters has a use, and perhaps its highest and most permanent use, in the manner in which it shows how the deepest affliction may be borne by a pious and reasonable mind. On the death of a third or fourth daughter, and soon after hearing of

the death of her eldest son, Mr. Duncan Grant, whose prospects in India were of the most cheering kind, and his conduct and character all that the fondest mother could have wished, we find Mrs. Grant writing to her eldest daughter, then in England, in the true spirit of Christian philosophy. This fondly-loved brother, suddenly snatched away, had been the pride and stay of his sisters.

My Dear Mary,—I have just read your letter, and with every allowance for human frailty, sisterly affection, and the winking effect of many sorrows, I must affectionately reprove you for indulging, under any circumstances, the feeling or expressing the language of despair. Had we been reduced, by the death of your dear brother, to extreme poverty, and deprived of the daily society of a beloved relative, as has been the case with many other more deserving persons, we would not be entitled to speak of "the extinction of every hope;" because, even then, the gates of a blessed immortality would have been still more visibly open to us for our transient, though severe sufferings. But here we had no right to rest any hopes on him so early taken from us, but those of knowing at a distance that he loved and remembered us. I never meant that we should subsist upon the price of blood, as I think all do who live at ease on what prolongs the exile of their relatives in that fatal Indian climate. We have the same worldly views of subsisting by our own exertions as we had before; and our views of futurity, if we improve and patiently submit to the Divine will, are improved by this severity, from that fatherly hand which chastens in love. You know my reliance on Bishop Taylor, who asserts, from close observation of God's providence, and deep study of his word, that where the vial of wrath is poured out in this world, without any visible cause why the punished should be distinguished by superior inflictions, there is reason to hope that a treasure of divine mercy may be reserved in the next. This is a rich source of comfort. Then, what may not this dispensation have prevented! Riches are a great snare; and he who once sets his mind on making money is apt to forget the just uses of wealth. Great prospects of worldly advantage were opened to the beloved object of our sorrow; but it is impossible to know whether he, or we, should have borne this well: if otherwise, we are best thus.

It is the language of humility and submission, not that of rash despair, that we ought to speak. Much, much remains that we may still be deprived of; you have relatives to lose, whose value would be trebled in your estimation, were you deprived of them; you have my firmness of mind and exertion to lose, which has hitherto been almost miraculously preserved to me, for your general good; and you have the means of subsistence to lose, which fruitless and sinful excess of sorrow may deprive you of. Do not think me harsh: the excuse you will all make to yourselves for a sinful indulgence of sorrow is, that we have suffered so very much. The very contrary inference should be drawn by a

chastened and well-regulated mind. Why did we suffer so much? God has no ill-will towards his creatures; no delight in giving them pain. If He has so often broken, with a strong hand, those ties that bound us to the world, should we not, by this time, be loosed from it, and prepared for all that the vicissitudes of life can bring to those whom sorrow should have sanctified? We are permitted to weep, but we must not lie down in the dust and forsake each other; but rather consider ourselves as a remnant of a once large and promising family, left to soothe and support each other, and do honor, by our patience and submission, to the religion we profess. Comfort, comfort me, my child! and may the God of consolation visit you with light and many blessings. All here are rather mending, and support is given to your affectionate mother,

ANNE GRANT.

Those who have read the "Superstitions of the Highlands," must be aware, that there was a little tinge of something deserving a softer name than superstition, apparent in Mrs. Grant's mind, as there is, perhaps, in every imaginative mind. One proof of it, and nearly the only thing of the sort in the entire correspondence, occurs at the end of one of the above letters, in which she says, that she will not recur again to her daughter's death, feeling the wound too deep to expose it to indifferent eyes.

I only add what I must tell you, that Anne for a few days before her death, when waking confused from unquiet sleep, exclaimed three or four times, "Duncan is in Heaven!" Strange, this gave us no fear or alarm at the time; now it is balm to my sad recollections; he died about ten days before her. Accept poor Isabella's love, and believe me, with affection, your attached friend.

We shall cite but one more proof of the sacrificing strength of this mother's mind, her power to control her own emotions, when receiving the severest chastisement, and to sustain the less disciplined minds of her young daughters. She was on a visit with her eldest daughter, at Rokeby Hall, whence she got a little boy, the heir of that place, as a pupil. She had left one of her daughters at home, in a very delicate and precarious state of health, though immediate danger was not apprehended; and the daughter who accompanied, was also in indifferent health. When she had returned to Glasgow, on her way home, she thus wrote Mrs. Hook:—

Now, my dear friend, after wearing out my very soul and spirits with communicating sad tidings to others, I come to claim your sympathy and gratulation at once; for you will both feel my distress, and duly estimate my consolations. Catherine, my admired and truly admirable Catherine, is at rest! My old attached friend, the Rev. Mr. Hall, who,

with his whole family, were particularly fond of Catherine, had lodgings near her, and some of them saw her daily. I found a letter addressed, by my desire, to Felfoot, in which they told me that she had not at any rate been worse than when I saw her, and that they hoped she would be better by the time I returned. Some days after, I got a letter at Rokeby from Mr. Hall. I opened it, and found the first lines a preparation for some wounding intelligence. I feared it might affect me so powerfully as to force me to distress a house full of strangers, and particularly alarm Mary, whose mind had suffered so much from former distress, that she was ill prepared for a new shock. I put the letter, unread, in my pocket, and feigned indisposition to Mary, to account for the tremors I felt, which shook me every now and then almost to fainting. I sent Mary to bed before me, and when she was asleep, opened the fatal letter. I will not describe my anguish on finding the dear creature had got beyond my cares and tenderness, at the very time I was languishing to clasp her to my breast. Nothing could be more sudden or more quiet than her departure.

My dear friend, I can write no more. When I arrive at Stirling, and settle quietly, I will tell you at large of my Catherine, that you may know how valuable she was. And yet how much sifter her fervid spirit was for the bliss of angels than for the struggles of suffering humanity. Adieu! my grief will in time be tranquil as she who caused it. . . . Shall I complain, whose mind had suffered so much from former distress, while conscious that angels hover round me, and while those that still on earth love me so tenderly are themselves so worthy of love? The fire of heaven has indeed scathed my branches; but while the stem is bound by such tendrils as these, life will still remain in it. How tender, how interesting were those eight days we passed together! The dear souls live in a voluntary seclusion, that they may cherish the precious memory of my beloved children, and indulge those aspirations after a happier state, so natural to the wounded heart. . . I am apt to say, in some moments of "anguish unmingled and agony pure," "O Catherine, Catherine, thou hast split my heart;" and I think I hear her melodious voice reply, "Then live the purer with the other half." Sure I must have told you of Catherine's voice; the day that we parted she sang the Judgment Hymn to me like a seraph. "Angels hear that angel sing." There is no speaking of that admirable creature without soaring into rapture, or sinking in anguish. "Turn, hopeless thoughts, turn from her!"

We have been beguiled by Mrs. Grant's Letters into exceeding our allotted space, and must abruptly leave off with a passage in a letter to her son in India, which we earnestly commend to the attention of the many British mothers who have sons in that country.

I must now tell you of an additional and very strong motive that I have for keeping your sisters independent of you. I regard with very

great compassion most men who are destined to spend their lives in India. Far from home and all its sweet and social comforts, and burdened perhaps with relations who keep them back in the paths of independence, they seek a resource in forming temporary connexions with the natives. These, I am told, are often innocent and even amiable creatures, who are not aware of doing any thing reprehensible in thus attaching themselves. In the meantime, the poor woman who has devoted herself to him secures his affection by being the mother of his children: time runs on; the unfortunate mother, whom he must tear from his heart and throw back to misery and oblivion, is daily forming new ties to him. The children, born heirs to shame and sorrow, are for a time fondly cherished, till the wish of their father's heart is fulfilled, and he is enabled to return to his native country, and make the appearance in it to which his ambition has been long directed. Then begin his secret but deep vexations; and the more honorable his mind, and the more affectionate his heart, the deeper are those sorrows which he dare not own, and cannot conquer. This poor rejected one, perhaps faithfully and fondly attached, must be thrown off; the whole habits of his life must be broken; he must pay the debt he owes to his progenitors, and seek to renew the social comforts of the domestic circle by soliciting with little previous acquaintance and no great attachment, some lady glad to give youth and beauty for wealth and consequence. The forsaken children, once the objects of his paternal fondness, must be banished, and have the sins of their fathers sorely visited upon them.

I will spare myself and you the pain of finishing this picture, which you must know to be a likeness, not of an individual only, but of a whole tribe of expatriated Scotchmen, who return home exactly in this manner. This, my dear son, is what I dread in your case, and would fain avoid, that is, prevent it if I could. All that remains for me is, in the first place, not to burden you with encumbrances that may check the freedom of your will; and in the next, to assure you, that if any person, whom it would be decent or proper for you to connect yourself with by honorable ties, should gain your affections, your mother and your sisters will be ready to adopt her to theirs. Difference of nation, or even of religion, would not alienate us from any wife that you would choose. Doubtless, we should much prefer that you were married to one that we knew and esteemed; but we should far rather make room in our hearts for a stranger, who was modest and well principled, than see you in the predicament I have described.

We fear that Mrs. Grant's liberality as to religion might only extend to the Episcopalian form, and of nation, to the English, and, perhaps, the Irish. She showed that strong prejudice against the French which was the feeling of her Anti-Gallican age.

But Mrs. Grant was, on principle, a friend to early marriages; and, in contradistinction to Mrs. Trollope and others, thought the

young married people of America justified in living in boarding-houses for a time, if they could not afford, all at once, "the pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious house-keeping." "How much is affection," she says, "curbed in this country, and how much happiness delayed, by the ambition for style!"

TO A MOTHER, ON THE RECOVERY OF HER CHILD
AFTER A DANGEROUS ILLNESS.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM,

BY THE LATE PORT-LAUREATE, ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

From the Court Journal.

LADY, tho' silent long the bard has lain—
Tho' long unstruck has hung the voiceless string—
No disrespect withheld the tribute strain,
No guilty negligence forbade to sing.

Mute is the night-bird, whilst the driving blast,
With raging away tempestuous sweeps along;
Yet, when the fearful storm is overpast,
She hails the calm with joy's reviving song.

And oft in fancy's mirror I have seen
The suffering cherub, worn, and wan, and weak;
Mark'd the mild patience of her placid mien,
And seen the parent's silent anguish speak.

For I had known her gentle, good, and mild;
Known each young virtue of her blameless breast;
And seen each opening feeling in the child,
Hereafter doom'd to make the woman blest;

And rightly I read; for, firmly meek,
She bore the burning pangs of keen disease;
Whilst glowing anguish flush'd the crimson cheek,
The languid smile bespoke the mind at ease.

So may she every coming sorrow bear,—
If heaven shall chasten whom it loves the best,—
So smile at sorrow and the weight of care,
In sorrow patient, and in patience blest.
But, happier hours be hers; be hers to know
The tranquil joys of each domestic tie;
Unvex'd by sickness, undisturb'd by woe,
Whilst life's calm stream unruffled slumbers by.

Be hers her husband, children, friends to bless;
To soothe with smiles affliction's clouded brow;
The heart that feels, the hand that aids distress,
Be Kate hereafter all her mother now.

Balliol College, March 23, 1794.

THE MEETING OF THE ITALIAN SAVANS is fixed to take place on the 12th of September; and General Cæsar Cantu, the historian, has been commissioned by the municipality of Milan, to edit a *Guide-book* to that city and its environs; on which the most distinguished writers, in their different specialties are engaged; amongst them Litta, the author of the 'Illustrious Families of Italy', Catena, the Orientalist, Labus, the antiquary, Crivelli, the geologist, and Carlini, the astronomer; and which work is to be presented by the town to the members of Congress.—*Ath.*

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT.

From the *Athenæum*.

A LETTER has been received by Baron Alexander v. Humboldt from Dr. Lepsius, detailing, at considerable length, his more recent discoveries in Egypt. These partly relate to subjects of interest only to the Greek antiquarian scholar. We shall therefore translate only such portions of his letter as we conceive will interest our readers, merely stating, that Dr. Lepsius has collected from three to four hundred Greek inscriptions of more or less importance, in Egypt and Nubia.

Korusho, Nov. 20th, 1843.

On the 21st of August I left Fayoum with the whole expedition, and started on the 23d from Beni Suef in a fine spacious vessel. I was obliged to give up our plan of a land journey, as too troublesome, and attended with comparatively little advantage; and yet on the very first day of our Nile voyage, we discovered a small rock temple of the nineteenth dynasty on the right bank near Surania, which seems not known to Champollion and Wilkinson; it is the most northern temple of the old Pharaohs which Egypt has to show. It was dedicated by Menephtah II. (to use the old terminology) to Hathor; Menephtah III. has added his devices in the interior, and those of Ramses IV., the head of the twentieth dynasty, are to be found outside the rock.

I am surprised that Champollion does not seem to have recognized the monuments of the old kingdom. He only remarked, in his whole journey through central Egypt to Dendera, the rock sepulchres of Benihasan, which he confounds with the "Speos Artemidos," and these seemed to him to be works of the sixteenth or seventeenth dynasty, and therefore of the new kingdom. He also names Saniet el Meiten and Siut, but makes scarcely any remark on them. Others also have either said nothing, or fallen into error respecting these monuments of central Egypt, so that every thing which I found here appeared new to me. Judge then of my surprise, when we discovered, at Saniet, a row of sixteen rock tombs, which gave us the names of their occupants, and belonged to the times of the sixth dynasty, and, therefore, reached almost to the time of the great pyramids. Five of them contained the devices of the long-lived (Makrobiot) Apappus Pepi, who was 106 years old, and reigned 100 years. One dated from old Cheops, and another from the times of Ramses. In Benihasan I had the whole of a rock tomb drawn: it will present a specimen of the magnificent architecture and art of the best times of the old monarchy under the mighty twelfth dynasty. I think it will make some stir among the learned in Egyptian lore, when they see, in connection from the work of Geh. Rath Bunsen, why I have ventured to transfer several well known monuments from the new to the old monarchy. That this was a glorious period for Egypt, is proved by these magnificent sepulchral halls alone. It is interesting, too, in these rich representations on the walls, showing as they do the degrees of the peaceful arts, and the

exquisite luxury of the great of those times, to read the presages of the mishaps connected with the sudden fall of that last dynasty of the old monarchy which brought them for several centuries under the power of their northern foes. In the gladiatorial games, which frequently occupy whole walls, and form a characteristic feature of those ages, pointing us to a far extended custom, which, in later times almost disappeared, we often find among the red and dark-brown faces of Egyptian or other races of the south, men of light complexion, generally with red hair and beards and blue eyes, sometimes singly, and sometimes in small groups. These people appear often in the dress of servants, and are plainly of northern, at any rate of Semitic origin. We find, on the monuments of those times, victories of the kings over Ethiopians and negroes; there would, therefore, be nothing surprising in black slaves or servants. We find nothing, however, of wars against their northern neighbors, but it appears, that the immigrations from the north-east had already commenced, and that many wanderers sought, in luxurious Egypt, a maintenance either as servants or in some other way. In these remarks, I am thinking especially of that very remarkable scene on the grave of Nehera-se-Numhetep, which brings before our eyes, in such lively colors, the entrance of Jacob with his family, and would tempt us to identify it with that event, if chronology would allow us (for Jacob came under the Hyksos), and if we were not compelled to believe that such family immigrations were, by no means, of rare occurrence. These were, however, the forerunners of the Hyksos, and doubtless, in many ways, paved the way for them. * * Champollion considered these people to be Greeks, when he was at Benihasan; he did not, however, then know how ancient were the monuments before him. Wilkinson thought them prisoners, but this view is contradicted by their appearing with their wives and families, baggage and asses; I consider them to be an immigrating Hyksos family, begging for admittance into the favored land, and whose arrival probably opened the gates of Egypt to their kindred, the Semitic conquerors. The town to which this stately necropolis of Benihasan belonged, must have been very important, and, doubtless, was situated opposite on the left bank of the Nile, as were nearly all the more important cities of Egypt. It will not seem strange, that Greek and Roman geography knew no more of this city, than of many other towns of the old monarchy, when we remember that the power of the Hyksos, of 500 years' duration, intervened. One seems to read, in the unfinished state of many of the tombs, the lack of inscriptions in still more, and the non-completion of the way up the steep bank of the river to them, the sudden nature of the fall of the monarchy and of this once flourishing city. Nor is Benihasan the only town where we meet with works of the twelfth dynasty. A little south of the vast plain on which the emperor Hadrian erected, in memory of his drowned favorite, the city of Antinoë, with its gorgeous and still partly remaining streets with their hundreds of columns, there descends, towards the east, a narrow dell, in which we found a

whole row of nobly executed tombs of the twelfth dynasty, of which, however, the great part are unhappily defaced. On the tomb of Ki-se-Tuthep, is represented the transport of the great colossus, already published by Rosellini, though without the accompanying inscriptions, from which we learn, that the colossus was made of limestone (the hieroglyphical expression for which I first became acquainted with here), and that it was about two feet high. In the same valley, on the southern wall of rock, is another row of tombs, with but few inscriptions, but which, to judge by the style of the hieroglyphics, and the titles of the dead, belongs to the sixth dynasty. * * In Siut we recognized, from some distance, the magnificent style of the rock sepulchres of the twelfth dynasty. But here, also, ruin has been at work in modern times, it having been found more convenient to break off the walls and columns of these grottoes than to cut building stones out of the massive rock. I learned from Selim Pasha, the governor of Upper Egypt, who received us in a most friendly way at Siut, that, a few months before, quarries of alabaster had been discovered a short distance off in the direction of the eastern mountains, the excavation of which had been committed to him by Mohammed Ali; and I heard from his dragoman, that there was an inscription to be found on them. I accordingly set off, on a hot ride to the place appointed, the next morning, and found there a little colony, in all thirty-one people, in the solitary, desert, burning cave. Behind the tent of the overseer, I discovered the remains of an inscription, recently much longer, but still containing the name and title of the wife, so much honored by the Egyptians, of the first Amasis, the founder of the eighteenth dynasty which drove out the Hyksos, engraved in clear, sharply cut, hieroglyphics. These are the first alabaster quarries whose age can be proved by an inscription: upwards of 300 blocks, the largest eight feet long, two thick, have been cut out during the last four months. The Pasha informed me, by his dragoman, that I might have, on my return, a slab of the best quality, of whatever size I chose to fix on, as a testimony of his joy at our visit. The quarries as yet found lie all between Berech and Gauáta; one would, therefore, feel inclined to think El Bosra the old Alabastron, if one could reconcile with it the passage in Ptolemy; at any rate Alabastron can have nothing to do with the ruins in the valley of El Amazna, with which the description in Ptolemy as little agrees. * * We remained in Thebes twelve days—twelve astounding days—which scarcely sufficed for a glimpse of all the palaces, temples, and tombs, whose gigantic and royal magnificence fills the vast plain. In the gem of all the Egyptian public buildings—the palace of Ramses Sesostriis, which this mightiest of the Pharaohs raised, worthily of the god and himself, to the honor of their highest divinity, Ammon Ra, the king of gods, the protector and patron of the royal city of Ammon, on a gently sloping terrace, calculated to command the wide plain, and looking over the majestic river, to the distant Arabian mountain chain, we celebrated the birthday of our beloved king, with firing of guns and wav-

ing of flags, with choral songs and hearty toasts, drunk in a glass of genuine Rhine wine. I need hardly add, that on such an occasion we did not omit to think of you. As night closed in, we lit two cauldrons of pitch, at the entrance of the temple, on both sides of which our banners were planted; we also kindled a large bonfire at the Pronaos, which shed a glorious light on the magnificent proportions of the column-supported hall, which for the first time for centuries we were restoring to its primitive purpose of a festive hall, a "hall of *panegyrics*," and cast a magic gleam on the two mighty, calm, colossal Memnons. * * The temple of Edfu is one of the best preserved, was dedicated to Horus at and Hathor, the Egyptian Venus, who was one time entitled here the queen of men and women. Horus as a child is here represented like all Egyptian children—at any rate all infants—naked and with his finger on his mouth. I had some time since made out of the inscription the name of Harpokrates, but here I have found it represented and written *en toutes lettres* as Har-pe-chreti, i. e. Horus the child. The Romans misunderstood the Egyptian gesture of the finger, and made out of the infant that cannot speak, the god of silence that will not speak. The most interesting inscription, which has not as yet been noticed or mentioned by any one, is that on the eastern outside wall, built by Ptolemy Alexander I., in which a large historical inscription mentions several dates of kings Darius, Amyrteus, and Nectanebus, and appears to relate to the building of the city and temple. The day was so overpoweringly hot, that I was obliged to defer a closer investigation and the copying of the inscription till our return, till which time we have delayed all the more laborious work; but even then the selection from the inexhaustible materials, all more or less adapted to our purpose, and this too with reference to what is already published, will be far from easy.

In Assuan we were obliged to change our vessel, on account of the cataracts, and had for the first time for six months one of the pleasures of home, in the shape of abundant rain, and a tremendous storm, which gathered on the other side of the cataract, rolled violently over the granite belt, and then hurried on amid terrific explosions down the valley, to Cairo (as we afterwards heard,) which it flooded in a manner almost unheard of, within the memory of the inhabitants. So we can say with Strabo and Champollion: "In our time it rained in Upper Egypt." Rain is indeed so rare here that our watchmen had never seen such a sight, and our Turkish *Curass*, who knows the country well in all respects, when we had long since carried our baggage into the tents and caused them to be more firmly fastened, did not offer to move his own property, but continued repeating *abaden moie*, "never rain," words which he was obliged to hear often afterwards, as a severe illness compelled him to remain some time patiently at Philæ.

Philæ is as charmingly situated as it is interesting through its monuments. Our residence of eight days on this holy island is one of the most cherished recollections of our journey. We used to assemble after our desultory day's

labor, before we sat down to dinner, on the lofty terrace of the temple which hangs steep over the river, on the eastern coast of the island, and watch the shadows of the sharply cut, well preserved dark blocks of sandstone, of which the temple is built, growing over the river, and blending with the black volcanic masses of rock, piled wildly one upon the other, between which the yellow sand seemed pouring like streams of fire into the valley. This island appears to have acquired its sacred character late, under the Ptolemies. Herodotus, who himself ascended the cataracts under the Persians, does not mention Philæ; indeed it was then held by the Ethiopians, who even possessed half of Elephantine. The oldest buildings on the island are of a date 100 years after Herodotus' visit, erected by the last king of Egyptian descent, Nectanebus, on the southern point of the island. There is no trace of older remains in any state of ruin. Much older inscriptions are to be found on the large neighboring island of Bigeh, whose hieroglyphical name was Senem, and which was adorned during the old monarchy with Egyptian monuments; for we found there a granite statue of King Sesosis III., of the twelfth dynasty. The little rocky island of Kono-so, called in hieroglyphics the isle of Kenes, contains some very old inscriptions, and has introduced to me a previously unknown monarch of the age of the Hyksos; but this island is clearly not Abaton, as Letronne has imagined. The hieroglyphical name of Philæ has hitherto been erroneously read Manlak. I have found the word written llak; from this, combined with the article arose Philak, and hence the Greek Philæ; but why in the plural? There appears originally to have been a group of islands; Pliny mentions four, if the text be accurate. The mark which Champollion read "man," I have found interchanged with the *i*, so that the inscription is now clearly llak and Jueh, which last I take to be Abaton. In the court-yard of the great temple of Isis we made a valuable discovery, namely, two decrees (?) of the Egyptian priests, containing a tolerable number of words in two languages, i. e. hieroglyphic and common, one of which contains the same text as the decree of the Rosetta stone. At least, I have compared the seven last lines, which not only correspond with the inscription of Rosetta in their contents, but also in the respective length of the lines. The inscription must first be drawn out before I can pronounce farther on it; at any rate it will be no unimportant acquisition to Egyptian philology, if only a part of the broken decree of Rosetta can be completed by it. The whole of the first portion of the inscription of Rosetta, which precedes the decree, is wanting here. Instead of this there is at the side a second decree, relating to the same Ptolemy Epiphanes: in the introduction is mentioned the fortress of Alexander, i. e. the city of Alexander, being the first mention of it on any monuments with which we are as yet acquainted. Both decrees close, as does the inscription of Rosetta, with the direction to set up the inscription in the hieroglyphic and common languages, and in Greek. Here the Greek is wanting, unless it was written in red and washed away when

Ptolemy Lathyrus cut his hieroglyphical inscriptions over the earlier ones. The hieroglyphical genealogy of the Ptolemies here begins again with Philadelphus, while in the Greek text of the Rosetta inscription it begins with Soter. Another remarkable fact is, that here Epiphanes is called the son of Ptolemy Philopator and Cleopatra, while according to historical accounts Arsinoë was the only wife of Philopator, and is so called in the inscription of Rosetta and on other monuments. She is certainly called Cleopatra in a passage of Pliny; but this would have passed for an error of the historian or copyist, were not the same change of name confirmed by a hieroglyphical and official document. There is, therefore, no more ground to place the sending of Marcus Attilius and Marcus Acilius by the Roman senate to Egypt, to form a new treaty on account of the Queen Cleopatra, mentioned by Livy, under Ptolemy Epiphanes, as Champollion-Figeac does, instead of Ptolemy Philopator, as other historians inform us. We must rather suppose, either that the wife and sister of Philopator bore both names, which undoubtedly does not remove all the difficulty, or that the project mentioned by Appian, of a marriage between Philopator and the Syrian Cleopatra, afterwards wife of Epiphanes, was carried into effect after the murder of Arsinoë, although not mentioned by any historians. We are naturally in want of means to settle clearly this interesting point. There are innumerable Greek inscriptions at Philæ, and it will interest Letronne to hear, that I have found on the still remaining base of the second obelisk, of which only a part was carried with its fellow to England, the remains—hard indeed to decipher—of a Greek inscription written in red, which probably was at one time gilt, like the two last discovered on the base in England. I have already written to him that the hieroglyphical inscriptions of the obelisks, which, together with the Greek of the base, I myself copied in Dorsetshire, and afterwards published in my Egyptian Atlas, have nothing to do with the Greek, and were not inscribed at the same time; but there still remains a question whether the inscription of the second base is not in connection with that of the first: the interesting correspondence of the three known inscriptions appears at any rate complete in itself. The chief temple in the island was dedicated to Isis, who is called, *par excellence*, Lady of Philek; Osiris was only *συναος* which has its peculiar hieroglyphical inscription, and was only *par courtoisie* called sometimes Lord of Philek; on the other hand, he was Lord of Ph-i-ueh, hitherto generally read as Manueh, and Isis was there *συναος*, and, by courtesy, Lady of Phieuh. From this it appears that the famous tomb of Osiris is on his own island of Phieuh, and not on Philæ. Both places are marked as islands, and clearly as distinct. We must not, therefore, imagine Abaton to be a particular part of the isle of Philæ; it was an island of itself, and doubtless answered to the hieroglyphical Phieuh. This is expressed clearly by Diodorus and Plutarch, when they place it *προς φιλαίε*. Diodorus marks the island with the grave of Osiris quite distinctly as a separate

island, which, on account of this circumstance, was called *tegor pedior*, "the sacred plain." This is a translation of Ph-ueh, or Ph-ih-ueh, (for this *h* is also to be found in the hieroglyphics,) in the Coptic Ph-iah-ueh, the sacred field. Diodorus and Plutarch call this sacred field the *Agator*, the unapproachable, save and except by the priests. The fact that Diodorus in the same place describes Ostris as *ἐν ψιλῶν χειμερῶν* proves still more clearly what the plural form points at, that the Greeks understood by Philek, not only the island Philek, but the whole group of islands by the cataracts, according to Pliny and others, even Elephantine, which lies at the northern extremity of the cataracts. The name Philek is never found in the plural, but in the inscriptions I have discovered the names of eleven different islands, all probably belonging to this group of the cataracts.

HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

From the Literary Gazette.

Hood's Magazine came out a few days too late this month, but the following apology for it is so truly in the writer's best vein, that we cannot regret the accident, and only hope it will cause no loss to him. Poor editors had little need to have had health added to their other ills.—*Ed. L. G.*

"*The Echo*.—The writer of the following letter guesses so truly at the main cause of the delay in the publication of the present number, that our best explanation to our subscribers will be, to give the epistle entire, *verbatim et literatim*,—as addressed to the Editor:—

"Sir,—By your not cumming out on the Furst, I conclude you are lade up—being notorus for enjoyin bad helth. Pullmery, of course. Like my poor Robert—for I've had a littery branch in my own fammily—a periodical one like yourself, only every Sunday, insted of once a munth; and as such, well knew what it was to write long-winded articles with Weekly lungs. Poor fellow! As I often said, so much head work, and nothin but Head work, will make a Cherubim of you; and so it did.—Nothing but write—write—write, and read—read—read: and, as our Doctor says, it's as bad to studdy till all is brown, as to drink till all is blew. Mix your cullers. And wery good advice it is—when it can be follerd, witch is not always the case; for if necessity has no Law it has a good deal of Litterature, and Authers must rite what they must. As poor Robert used to say about sedentary habits, it's verry well, says he, to tell me about—like Mr. Wordsworth's single man as grew dubble—sticking to my chair; but if there's no sitting, says he, ther'll be no hatching; and if I do brood too much at my desk it's because there's a brood expected from me once a week. Oh, it's verry well, says he, to cry Up, up with you; and go and fetch a walk, and take a look at the daisies, when you've sold your mind to Miffy Stofliis; and there's a Divil

waiting for your last proofs, as he did for Doctor Forster's. I know it's killin me, says he; but if I die of overwork it's in the way of my vacation. Poor boy! I did all I could to nurridge him: Mock Turkey soop and strong slops, and Wormy Jelly and Island Moss; but he couldn't eat. And no wunder; for mental labor, as the Doctor said, wares out the stummack as well as the Brances, and so he'd been spinnin out his inside like a spider. And a spider he did look at last, sure enuff—one of that sort with long spindle legs, and only a dot of a Boddy in the middle. Another bad thing is sittin up all nite as my Sun did, but it's all agin Natur. Not but what some must, and partikly the writers of Politicks for the Papers; but they ruin the Constitushun. And, besides, even Poetry is apt to get prosy after twelve or one; and some late authers read verry sleepy. But as poor Robert said, what is one to do when no day is long enuff for one's work, nor no munth either. And to be sure, April, June, November, and September, are all short munths, but Febber-very! However one great thing is, relaxing—if you can. As the Doctor used to say, what made Jack a dull boy—why being always in the workhouse and never at the playhouse. So get out of your gownd and slippers, says he, and put on your Best Things and unbend yourself like a Beau. If you've been at your poetical flights, go and look at the Tems Tunnel; and if you're tired of being Witty, go and spend a hour with the Wax Work. The mind requies a Change as well as the merchants. So take my advice, Sir—a mother's advice—and relax a littel—I know what it is: You want brassing, a change of Hair, and more stummuck. And you ought to ware flannin, and take tonicks. Do you ever drink Besses Pail? It's as good as cammome Tea. But above all, there's one thing I'd recommend to you: Steal Wine. It's been a savin to sum invalids. Hoping you will excuse this libberty from a stranger, but a well-meaning one,—I am, Sir,

‘A SUBSCRIBER.’”

CURIOUS ETYMOLOGY.—When one visits Paris, he will observe over the doors of certain shops the word *relîdre*, which he will soon discover means *bookbinding*. The appearance of this word caused us at first a few minutes' reflection. What was its etymology? What had *relîdre* to do with the binding of books? A little examination disclosed that *relîdre* comes from the same root as the word *religion*, and that, in fact, both terms almost mean the same thing etymologically. Religion is compounded from two Latin roots, *re*, again, and *ligo*, to bind, and may be considered as meaning to be bound again, or rebound; thereby importing that the religiously disposed have thrown off certain rude and natural habits, and bound themselves to lead a new and better life. Who could have imagined that the signboard term *relîdre* had any connection with *religion*? The study of etymology, however, makes us acquainted with many such relationships.—*Chambers's Ed. Jour.*

CHEMISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY AN OLD MAN.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

It is curious, and not uninteresting to observe, in the scientific history of a recent period, what very different matter for speculation the addition of a new fact to the stores of existing knowledge has afforded, when viewed by the philosopher on the one hand, and the practical man on the other. The former has been too much in the habit of estimating the discovery solely in proportion as it may have extended the limits of his transcendental science; the latter has thought highly of it only in the ratio of its immediate applicability to his own wants and wishes. The one regarded it in all its simplicity as a new truth; the other would not condescend to consider it at all if it did not happen to be perplexed with certain desired consequences. The philosopher was then too often nothing but the theorist; the practical man was rarely indeed the philosopher. Striving nominally for the same end, they journeyed by paths so distinct, that they could never meet; contemplating, as they declared, the same ultimate object, they viewed it through different media. In our time, when the two classes of thinkers and doers are blended together in perfect intimacy, it is really difficult to believe how great a barrier existed between them only half a century ago. The want of sympathy which kept them asunder appears to have been due in a great measure to the generally defective education, as far as an acquaintance with science went, of the manufacturer, or the mechanic, or what is commonly called "the good man of business." As a class, these persons were worse than ignorant in matters of physical philosophy; to be simply ignorant would have been comparatively a small misfortune; they were intolerant. It was not merely that they did not readily appreciate, but that they would not believe in the beauty of a discovery, unless they could directly perceive the part it might play in their own immediate scene of action. On the other hand, the philosopher, loftily despising the spirit which would not worship truth for truth's sake, made no effort to quicken its perceptions, but wrapped himself up in a comfortable sense of superiority, and his own somewhat selfish enjoyments. Thus it often happened, that the period, with reason termed by the man of science the most brilliant era of discovery, was derided by a professed utilitarian as utterly profitless.

Nobody now doubts that every new truth

in chemistry is a gain to the arts and sciences of an intelligent nation, since in that department of philosophy the most theoretical speculations have been still found to be connected with the progress of all practical works. But it was in chemistry especially that, half a century ago, all interesting researches were passed over unnoticed by those who were destined in the end to be the greatest gainers from them; they were suffered to remain in the hands of the philosopher alone; it was left for time to do them justice, and to furnish additional illustrations of Bacon's axiom, "knowledge is power."

What interest did the separation of the air we breathe into its constituent gases excite among even well-educated classes? Yet where shall we find a discovery more fraught with curious consequences upon the face of it?

What attention was given to Dr. Black's admirable views concerning latent heat beyond the merely scientific world? Had they even a corner allotted to them in some *Gentleman's Magazine* or miscellaneous register of the day? Yet these researches guided Watt to the improvements of the steam-engine, which have done more to liberalize the world than all the laborers of mob-orators and sans-culotte politicians put together. In no case was the general indifference to the philosopher's results more forcibly illustrated than in that of the discovery of the composition of water. The pleasure which this afforded to men of science did not extend itself beyond them; it was reserved for them alone to enjoy the anticipation of its consequences,—those consequences themselves were hailed with no interest. A revolution in chemical philosophy,—the elucidation of the mysteries of combustion,—the successive explanation of most important natural and artificial processes,—all were received with silent indifference; whilst a toy, in the possession of which an acquaintance with hydrogen had put it, engaged the entire attention of society. The utilitarian raved about balloons, and neglected the true theory of the atmosphere. Perhaps no single chemical discovery has ever more excited the esteem of the generation succeeding that which so completely overlooked it, than this one of the true composition of water. Each of its consequences has been admired as they successively came into play; each step of preceding investigation has been fondly dwelt upon. It cannot then be surprising that the question, To whom do we owe this capital discovery? should have been repeatedly proposed; but it does appear strange that such a question, relating to a fact not more than sixty years

old, cannot be answered without involving a fierce dispute; that it remains without the prospect of a satisfactory answer, notwithstanding the very great exertions made to determine it.

Committees of the learned in foreign countries have sat upon it; sections of British Associations have discussed it; it has elicited eloquent nonsense in Parisian Institutes; it has employed the pens of our most energetic writers; but still without any certain result as to the question itself. The scientific world has not agreed in its report upon the subject.

Where doctors differ so resolutely, it cannot be proper for the unlearned to decide; but it may be not unamusing to some to be put in possession of the grounds of dispute, to trace their source, and to follow in the steps of the most curious among the many curious results of chemical research. There is here every thing that can make the investigation interesting. In this history of the decomposition of water we find four great scientific names of European celebrity perpetually recurring together; we see the struggle of powerful minds both for and against truth; we read in that conflict many signs of the strangely restless period to which it belonged, —the great epoch of subversion, when a new world was suddenly made and an old one as suddenly broken to pieces and forgotten. There is in this history a revolution with its antagonist principles of conservatism and destruction; its over-zealous innovators, who demolished one fabric and built up another so hastily that a succeeding generation found no safety in it without another change; its bigots, who, to preserve all, lost all; and its wise contemners of extreme opinions, who, as usual, were silenced by the clamors of extremes.

If, as Mr. Babbage has said, chemistry was only exalted into a science by Dalton's theory of definite proportionals, how little claim had the vast assemblage of ungrouped facts engendered in alchemic fires to such a title, which involves, we are told, so "orderly and methodical an arrangement as to render the knowledge of the few attainable by the many?"

Alchemy during the middle ages had, it is well known, considerable votaries in every part of Europe, but nowhere did these abound in such numbers of successful discoverers as in Germany. There was something in the nature of this pursuit especially suitable to the wonder-seeking, wonder-creating character of the nation. Germany has always been the haunted country of Europe, the capital residence of all ugly hobgoblins and mysteri-

ous terrors,—a sort of perpetual Walpurgis meeting for witches and fiends. It was for a long time the head-quarters of the evil one himself, who, only from time to time, quitted it for short foraging incursions into neighboring regions. In its superstitions there were none of the levities and prettinesses belonging to those of other lands; a fine earnest gloom dwelt upon them; they took a sombre color from black forests and fir-covered mountains. Teutonic fairies were elves who left no graceful traces of a mirthful presence; dark trees waved, and sullen winds groaned above the shades where they congregated. Here rushed the wild huntsman like a blast of sudden air; there thundered the sports of the red-bearded emperor with his entranced court of antiquated knights; aloft in mountain recesses grinned the hoarding and mischievous goblin; far underground sounded the axe of the mining gnome. But it was not only a rustic population of hill and dale that was surrounded by unholy influences; the cities of Germany swarmed with devilish agents, who made of philosophy and the thirst for knowledge a pit for the unwary. The tempter often appeared bodily to such as he thought ripe for his tuition. Sometimes he came before strong minds like himself in all the dreadful majesty of horns and hoofs, but such an experiment was not often tried. More usually he looked like a staid citizen of other lands, —travelled, grave, and old-fashioned in aspect, with a sober-cut beard and a large round hat, for very good reasons fixed immovably upon his head. He began by testing the philosophy of his entertainers with artful questions, and, if satisfied, ended by promising, but not unconditionally, the red powder and the universal medicine. In spite, however, of the popular faith which joined in this way alchemy with such other black arts as printing and medicine, in spite of the mystical vagaries by which some of its followers countenanced this faith, the adorers of transmutation were a devout body. Their most renowned writings are full of pious exclamations and thanksgivings. The venerated Musitanus exhorted young alchemists to the great performance "in the name of God." The life of such a man was one of incessant labor. A really miserably deficient knowledge of chemistry kept his faculties upon the utmost stretch in following the numerous results of his pell-mell mixings and separations; unacquainted with the properties of the substances employed, he was entirely at their mercy; like the mariner, isolated from his kind, and launched upon the wide waste of waters, he was awed into a sense of superior power.

Secluded in his stifling laboratory, the alchemist revolved his one idea, for the development of which alone he lived. His silent world became strangely peopled: the imaginations of his nomenclature appeared realized; he watched the smoke and flame of his furnace,—the smoke which told of impurities exhaled, the fire which cleansed, until their very tremor became a sign of hope or terror; he hung fondly upon the loaded crucible until he began to recognize in the movements of fused metals a struggle with intentions and passions akin to his own; the agony of his desire gave him faith; he trembled into belief like a dying man; his stake was too great to admit of questionings in religion: the alchemist went to prayers before projection. But it is easy to imagine how this half-crazed, half-wise being, a prey to every impulse of fancy, might sometimes torture himself into a confession of sinful faith; stretched from day to day upon the rack of hope deferred, he grew pale, his strength failed in vigils and fastings; his mind waxed feeble by perpetual struggles; his resources were all exhausted, and his fire extinct, without the wished result. Then came despair, and a new frenzy; he began to feel, with Mother Sawyer in the play, that,

" 'Tis all one
To be a witch as to be counted one,"

and received renewed powers from his belief in infernal protection. Often the unhappy man deceived himself by most cunning processes. He would introduce into the alembic with his right hand, so secretly that his left should not discover it, small portions of precious metals, and then feign to find them as the produce of his own manufacture. Sometimes he would join cinnabar with silver in one fiery ordeal, and thus apparently multiply the latter during the process.

These experiments were imitated with less singleness of purpose by another class of men. A species of mock alchemist appeared, caricatures of the regular practitioners, who performed in their characters of juggler far more wonderful feats than the philosopher could pretend to do. Herr Dobbler, dealing around his inexhaustible supply of flowers, and the Neapolitan priest showing the miracle of St. Januarius, are for the moment greater men than the most expert chemist or mechanic.

The conjuring alchemists had numerous proselytes and dupes. Every subtle found an Epicure Mammon or a Dapier. They may, indeed, be said to have discovered the art of transmutation; the gold in their false-bot-

tomed crucibles yielded them a high interest.

In spite of these tricks, which tended gradually to bring alchemy into disrepute, and to degrade its professors to the rank of common fortune-tellers and charmers, a rage for the pursuit of the philosopher's stone continued on the increase from the twelfth to the seventeenth century. There was hardly a sect of mystical illuminati which did not worship Albertus of Cologne as Albertus Magnus. The possession of the universal solvent was the grand secret of Rosicrucian freemasonry.

Neither Paracelsus, nor Van Helmont, nor Sylvius, the great medicine and mystery-men of the middle ages, taught any thing in opposition to the sublime art. A dark cloud hung over the processes of the laboratory, unexplained facts accumulated in a frightful manner, and were announced in formulæ of which the mysterious perplexity was still increasing. But, after this long night, morning was at hand; the time approached when alchemy was to be merged, in a simpler chemistry. A soaring and active mind was needed to dispel its gloomy vagueness; such a mind was bestowed upon George Ernst Stahl. Born at Anspach in 1660, he was brought up in the medical profession, and early turned his attention to chemical pursuits. Ardent even to violence, enterprising and ambitious, he found the old ideas of the scientific world nearly worn out; every thing there was preparing for a grand movement. Stahl put himself at its head.

The chief object of an experimentalist in those days was to determine the number and character of nature's elementary bodies. This he in general accomplished by setting out with the original pattern, furnished by the old theorists, of earth, air, fire, and water, and modifying this as he went along according to the character of the country he explored. Whichever class of bodies he chanced most frequently to encounter, or with which he was especially fortunate in experiment, was defied as elementary, and either earth, or air, or fire, or water, degraded in its favor. Thus, the alchemists gave their vote for mercury, that doubtful metal, so useful in fixing and subliming processes; thus, the wise old Glauber made a favorite of salt indefinitely, because all his most successful experiments were made among that class of bodies. Thus the physician Beecher, who had descended into something like geology in his *Physica Subterranea*, elected three imaginary earths, from whence he concocted all sorts of minerals and metals. Beecher came before Stahl as his pioneer, pointed out the way he should travel, and suggested many parts of his most

celebrated doctrines. In making out his list of elementary bodies, Stahl adopted two of Beecher's catalogue, the third he rejected to make room for *acid*. He had early turned his attention to the phenomena of combustion, setting out with an idea that, in every combustible body, fire, or an inflammable principle, is actually a constituent part of it; that this put in motion and vibrated into a sensible shape, when a body is, in common language, burnt. So far Stahl was on tolerably safe ground, and only proposed an hypothesis like one to which some modern philosophers have been inclined: but he did not stop here; he was determined to give an explanation of all the phenomena connected with the heating and consuming processes. The combustion of phosphorus yielded an acid body. According to Stahl, phosphorus, then, was a compound of the elements acid and fire. The metals heated or burnt were converted into certain earthy-looking substances; they were then composed of the elements earth and fire. These calces, as they were called, were restored to the metallic state by heating with charcoal. Charcoal, reasoned Stahl, is a body which burns easily; it, therefore, contains much inflammable principle, and restores calcined metals by giving it up to them. In this way did Stahl go on to explain by arguments which we need not follow in every part, as we do not adopt them in any, all the known effects of combustion; and thus was developed that most famous theory called phlogistic, because the name of *phlogiston* was given to the universal inflammable principle. Those readers to whom the modern explanation of the phenomena of burning bodies is familiar, who can point out the action of the air in converting phosphorus into an acid and the metals to earths, who can show that charcoal restores metals by depriving them of their oxygen, will not have failed to remark here how resolutely Stahl ran away from the truth, how constantly he wrote *minus* for *plus*, and transposed all the signs of nature in his methods of interpretation. But the genius of this man should not be estimated by a comparison of the philosophical chemistry of the present century with the wild theories of the last, but by a simultaneous view of the state of science before and after the establishment of his doctrines. Considerable ingenuity must be allowed to that hypothesis which was able to maintain its ground, not only in spite, but apparently by means, of the immense number of new facts brought to bear upon it for nearly half a century after its proposal, and which at the end of that period continued to be maintained by some

leading chemists of the day. By giving existence to phlogiston alone, Stahl was enabled to explain all the then known processes of chemistry, and it is impossible to deny him the merit of having arranged with extraordinary ease, as well as simplicity, the shapeless, distorted formulæ of his predecessors. He at least held the light which showed to philosophers the chaos around them; he did service, if only by making darkness visible. The time had arrived when theory, having some reasonable appearance of truth, was absolutely necessary. Things were reduced to such a pass, that, without a theory to connect chemical facts and to spring seemingly from them, no more could have been assembled. This want Stahl supplied. Without the admirable results obtained by his followers in the support of his philosophy, it could never have been overturned for the true one. The Lavoisierian system owed to them all its facts.

One of the useful consequences of an extensive theory, common to all chemists, was the establishment of a serviceable nomenclature. The alchemists named bodies at hazard, according to certain imaginary virtues and functions with which they were endowed, and expressed them by complicated symbols. In this nomenclature were included all principalities and powers, kings and queens with fountains to bathe in, marriages and divorces, to be celebrated by red bridegrooms and silver brides. It adopted metallic divinities, representatives of pagan gods, and even condescended to impress birds and beasts, eagles and lions, the monarchs of the air and of the forest, into its service.

This curious jumble formed altogether not a bad index to the state of mind induced in fervent solitary men by a sincere alchemy. The contentions with imaginary enemies, the visions of beauty and glory, the glimpses of a deep hell—all were there typified. In proportion as the objects of pursuit became more evidently attainable and rational, the nomenclature of chemistry assumed a more tranquil character. Alchemical terms for the most part disappeared with the study of alchemy. The Stahliaus, however, were not scientific enough to make classes, and at once to define the place of a body in these by certain regulated terminations, as was done in later days. They wisely then gave names in general simply descriptive of certain tangible qualities, of the manner or of the source of the production of a substance, and for this purpose found it convenient to retain much of an older nomenclature.

A few specimens will suffice to illustrate their sage no-system:—

Old Names.

Powder of Algarotti.
 Koirou's Solvent.
 Stahl's Sulphurous Salt.
 Spirit of Menderus.
 Terra Foliata Tartari.
 Terra Foliata, with Lemon juice.
 Mineral Terra Foliata.
 Sedative Salt.
 Earth of Bones.
 White Nitrous Acid.
 Fuming Nitrous Acid.
 Alkaline Livers of Sulphur.
 Factitious Iron Pyrites.

Modern Names.

Oxide of Antimony.
 Alkaline Oxide of Antimony.
 Sulphite of Potash.
 Acetite of Ammonia.
 Acetite of Potash.
 Citrate of Potash.
 Acetite of Soda.
 Boracic Acid.
 Phosphate of Lime.
 Nitric Acid.
 Nitrous Acid.
 Sulphuret of Potash, or Soda.
 Sulphuret of Iron.

In this way, although great inconveniences must have been felt from, so disjointed a nomenclature, the danger of grafting hypotheses upon it was at first avoided. It would have been happy for Stahlism if it had continued to shun so great an evil, which ultimately, indeed, provoked its downfall.

When the theory of combustion was first proposed, although many facts were undoubtedly wanting, according to modern principles of philosophizing for the establishment of its truth, yet there were none known which actually militated against it. By degrees, however, as the field of research expanded, results came forth which were found more difficult of explanation. Perplexities multiplied as fast as experiments. Phlogiston was no longer the complaisant and serviceable agent by means of which a reason could be assigned to every chemical phenomenon, but a very rebel—an intractable mutineer against all established authorities, requiring to be alternately coaxed and constrained into dutiful action. The writings of the experimentalist became more hypothetical in proportion as his favorite belief was, not shaken, but considerably puzzled; he was now continually called upon to extend his credulity beyond the elementary doctrine of phlogiston, which it was found necessary, as the science enlarged itself, to sustain by the introduction of absurdities sufficiently bitter, no doubt, to the taste of the philosopher, but absolutely necessary to the tranquillity of the Stahlman. It is really painful to look back upon this epoch of chemical history, and to read all the consequences of obstinate adherence to a merely convenient hypothesis; in the wanderings of a mind acute as that of Scheele, who stooped to the framing of romances which would have found a fit place with the fairy tales of a child's library; in the maintenance until death of errors which the ignorant had abjured, by the impetuous Priestley; in the blundering experiments of an intelligent Kirwan, which seemed made only for the purpose of retaining an unwilling world in a radically false system.

Stahl and his immediate followers had simply defined phlogiston to be the principle of combustion and of levity, the latter property being introduced into the definition to explain the non-diminution in weight of bodies after combustion in close vessels,—their notions upon the subject were confessedly vague—their phlogiston could not be retained alone—it could not be weighed—no sense took cognizance of it—all its qualities were negative—it was little more than a name. But a far more mischievous doctrine than this primary hypothesis of Stahl was now to arise from it. It became necessary to concede a certain materiality to phlogiston. There were bold chemists who undertook to give it weight, and still bolder experimentalists who determined the precise amount of that weight. Bergman made a place for it in his famous tables of elective attraction. The quantity of phlogiston belonging to every metal was actually registered in many chemical works. Mathematical formula were introduced to express the affinities and densities made known through the most ingeniously erroneous processes. It began to appear every where in the nomenclature of chemistry. In 1722 Dr. Rutherford had discovered the existence of a peculiar air, incapable of sustaining combustion, and destructive of animal life. As this was found in vessels where bodies had been burnt, it received the significant title of *phlogisticated* air, on the supposition that phlogiston had been imparted to it from the burning body. On the other hand, Priestley, by heating red lead, obtained an air with exactly opposite properties—an air which supported combustion and animal life. It received the name of *dephlogisticated* air, and was considered as air purified from phlogiston by the absorbent action of foreign bodies. The red lead was gradually reduced to the metallic state during the heating process; it had, consequently, combined with the phlogiston in the atmosphere. The last step in this descending scale of error was made when philosophical chemists seized upon a well-known gas, with very peculiar properties, to worship as

the representative of their darling principle itself. A glance at part of the nomenclature of the year 1780 will shew how far phlogiston had been insinuated into it:—

Old Names.

Dephlogisticated air.
Phlogisticated air.
Phlogiston, or inflammable air.
Dephlogisticated marine acid.
Phlogisticated vitriolic acid.
Phlogisticated nitrous acid.
Phlogisticated alkali.

Modern Names.

Oxygen.
Nitrogen.
Hydrogen.
Chlorine.
Sulphurous acid.
Nitrous acid.
Prussiate of potash.

It was only in 1766 that the scientific world became intimately acquainted with the important gas which we now call hydrogen. The paper entitled "Experiments on Factitious Air," in which its nature was distinctly made known, is also valuable as the first important communication of Mr. Cavendish to the Royal Society.

Lord Charles Cavendish was an intelligent nobleman, who, for many years, addicted himself with success to scientific pursuits; but his researches bestowed upon the world no benefit so great as the gift he presented to it in his son. Henry Cavendish, the honorable grandson of two dukes, and during a long period one of the richest commoners in England, devoted himself to philosophy, urged by a steady passion for the acquisition of truth. For this he neglected the natural delights of youth, voluntarily relinquished the pleasures belonging to wealth and station, and disappeared from society to exist only in the library or the laboratory. Educated at Cambridge, the severe studies which are necessary for distinction, and which render the years passed there the most learned portion of an ordinary young man's life, were to Cavendish but the first steps in his laborious course; they afforded him only the elements of knowledge, which he was subsequently to enlarge by original thought and original research. His talents, admirably qualified for severe investigation, were assisted by the singularities of his moral character in forming what Cuvier enthusiastically called "the perfect model of a man of science;" they were delivered from all temptation to less exertions by his reserved disposition, and were never hurried into absurdities by too eager an appetite for worldly distinction. He was painfully diffident of his own powers, and this, not from a too careful study of them, as is often the case, but from a morbid delicacy of taste. From his earliest years he had avoided much intercourse with the world, not because he thought, with worthy Parson Brand, in Richardson's story, that a knowledge of human nature was best learned in books, "the calm result of wise men's wisdom, uninterrupted by the noise and vanities that will mingle with personal

conversation," but from an actual aversion to the acquisition of that sort of knowledge. Constitutionally shy, an unexpected intrusion upon his retirement gave him the appearance of sullen haughtiness really foreign to his nature. He suffered so much annoyance from the usual ceremonies of society, as even, occasionally, violently to resent a visit of mere necessity and civility. Many whimsical stories are related in illustration of this. On one occasion an eminent banker, with whom Mr. Cavendish dealt, remarked that the sum accumulated in the philosopher's name had increased to a very enormous sum. This gentleman set out for Mr. Cavendish's villa to inform him of the circumstance; admitted to his presence after some delay, he was received with a cold uninterested salutation. As soon as his tale was told, Cavendish, without making any other remark, inquired if he had no more to say; then rung the bell, and summarily dismissed him. But the vengeance was to come. The next day every shilling belonging to Mr. Cavendish was withdrawn from the banking-house of his unfortunate visitor. At another time when an admiring foreigner had just obtained an introduction to the great English chemist at Sir Joseph Banks's *soirée*, Cavendish fairly ran away, and left him gesticulating in the middle of a complimentary address.

This unhappy disposition for seclusion amounted, at times, almost to insanity; indeed, the general eccentricities of Mr. Cavendish were so great, as to warrant a supposition that the severe studies, in which his extraordinary faculties were constantly occupied, had alone preserved him from the wanderings of a madman. His reserve increased with his years; he had long shunned the society of his noble connexions, and, in his latter days, he withdrew even from that of his scientific contemporaries; occasionally only hesitated a thoughtful judge, rather than a listener at Royal Society festivities. His villa, at Streatham, became the scene of his scientific pleasures. There he lived in a perfect solitude. Any of the neighboring inhabitants who chanced occasionally to cross his path

made way, with a wonder which was almost awe, for the tall, aristocratic figure—habited in the precise, wide-skirted, snuff-colored garments, and close-fitting knee-breeches of another century—which stooped, as if bent to the earth by weighty thoughts.

His characteristic reserve displayed itself even upon his death-bed. When he felt his end approaching, he insisted upon being left quite alone, and dismissed his only attendant and nurse from his presence. In the middle ages, his strange manner, lonely habits; and philosophical pursuits combined, would have doomed him to the tortures of a sorcerer.

In all his methods of research he was eminently great. An accomplished mathematician, he brought into experimental philosophy the perfection of demonstration and the accuracy of detail which belong to exact science. His writings form a remarkable contrast with those of most chemical philosophers of his period. Simple and comprehensive, theory never found a place in them as fact, nor hypothesis as theory. Nowhere are the vague expressions, the loose notions, the "cooking and trimming processes," which deformed the discoveries of that day, to be met with in the publications of Cavendish. He had been brought up in the phlogistic faith; but so little are his writings tainted with the extensive errors of Stahlism, that they may be read at this time with very few corrections, and the mere alteration of nomenclature, as illustrations of the doctrines of Lavoisier or Davy. His articles of belief were drawn up from a true view of facts, and, as such, still remain a part of the gospel of the chemical philosopher.

A VISIT TO GENERAL TOM THUMB.—We paid a visit to this wonderful epitome of human nature during the past week, at his residence, in Grafton-street, Bond-street, and our pleasure was greatly increased by being tête-à-tête with such a duodecimo of mankind. He received his visitors with the grace of a finished courtier, sang, danced, and gave an imitation of the French Emperor with exquisite fidelity. Numbers of the haut ton were present, who expressed the greatest admiration at his intelligence, vivacity, and beauty of person. The General has been honored with an invite to the noble mansion of the Baroness de Rothschild, in Gainsbury Park; a distinguished circle were present on the occasion, and the highest satisfaction was expressed by the company assembled. On taking leave, a splendid purse, lined with gold, was presented to the *tiny wonder*, by the noble hostess; since which he has visited the American minister, Mr. Everett, accompanied by his patron, Mr. Barnum, and a party of distinguished foreign noblemen.—*Court Journal*.

LINES,

Suggested by reading Stanzae by Miss Camilla Toulmin, in Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, entitled "What dost thou whisper, murmuring shell?" October 21, 1843.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

AND dost thou ask me, maiden fair,
The secrets of the deep to tell?
And can thy gentle spirit hear
The whispers of the murmuring shell?
Well, if thou wilt, I could reveal
Things wonderful and sad to hear;
Causing each trembling heart to feel
The throbs of sympathetic fear.

'Tis mine to tell of treasures bright
Hid in the ocean's coral caves—
Of radiant gems concealed from sight
Beneath the everlasting waves.
'Tis mine to whisper of the things
Which swarm the waters where I sleep,
Of wild and fearful birds, whose wings
Flit o'er the bosom of the deep.

'Tis mine to tell of countless troops
Of living creatures, great and small,
Skinning the mighty waves in groups,
Formed by the hand that maketh all.
Here is that great Leviathan,
Who takes his pastime in the waves;
And here, beyond the ken of man,
The tiniest tenant of these caves.

'Tis mine to pour in Fancy's ear
The fabled secrets of my home;
To tell of Mermaid's voice so clear,
And water-nymphs who love to rosin;
Of spirits of the air and main,
Who ocean's gorgeous revels lead,
And breathe each sweet enchanted strain,
Through curtains of the rich sea-weed.

'Tis mine to tell of fearful nights,
When tempests toss the billows high,
Of minute guns, and beacon lights,
For sailors' anxious ear and eye;
Of lightnings that with vivid flash
Illumine the sea with horrid glare,
And waves that with tumultuous dash
Fill the poor crew with dire despair.

And oh! 'tis mine to tell of rocks
Hid from the mariner's keen eye;
Of dread and unexpected shocks,
The shriek—the prayer—the dying cry.
'Tis mine to tell of gallant bark,
Riding the waters in her pride,
Sinking like lead 'mid caverns dark,
Wrecked by the treacherous ocean tide.

And still 'tis mine to tell of those
Whose sepulchres the deep waves are;
Of hearts that broke with crushing woes,
When tidings reached their homes afar.
Then dost thou ask me, maiden fair,
The secrets of the deep to tell?
And can thy gentle spirit hear
The whispers of the murmuring shell?

JOSEPH FEARN.

THE HIGHLANDS OF ÆTHIOPIA.

From the Court Journal.

The Highlands of Æthiopia. By Major Harris. 3 vols. Longman.

THERE are people in the world so wrapped up in the dull routine of daily life, that they believe romance has been banished by gas-lights and policemen. They cannot be brought to understand that there are yet adventures to be found at this day as wonderful as those recorded in fairy tales, and perils as striking and as various as ever hero of romance encountered in the veritable days of chivalry. If such people dread to have their settled notions disturbed, let them not take up this book by Major Harris. It is, beyond comparison, the most interesting in its narrative, and the most startling in the facts it reveals, of any work of travel issued for some years past.

The author was sent on a mission, with a suitable retinue, to the court of a Christian monarch, whose dominions, situated in the heart of Æthiopia, have long remained unvisited. The interest commences from the instant that Major Harris lands on the African shore, at Tajura. The march of the expedition across the desert is well told, and opens a succession of scenes to our view as novel as they are vivid. Scarcely had they well commenced their journey, before they came to Lake Aszal, or the Great Salt Lake.

This mighty basin is one of the wonders of the world. Descending six hundred feet below the level of the sea, it extends for several miles, girded round by a chain of giant hills. The centre of the bottom was filled with water of the purest cerulean blue, unruined as the surface of a mirror, which seemed set in a frame of frosted silver—for all around its circumference was a mighty edge of snow-white salt, the result of intense evaporation. Through this basin, and over the shore of salt, the route of our travellers lay. As they continued their descent, they lost sight of every living thing, and every sign of vegetation. Not a ripple played on the waters, not a wandering bird flew overhead. Making their way, as best they could, down steep declivities, stumbling over huge rocks of basalt and volcanic lava, seeing all around them evidences of some mighty convulsion of the earth, and of an extinguished volcano, the travellers neared the margin of the lake.

At this time, it was noon; the sun was without a cloud, and shone with terrible effulgence upon the lake, which returned his rays as vividly as if it were one vast sheet of burnished steel. Scorching by the suffocating heat, the travellers prayed they might be visited with a breath of air. The hoped-for wind arose; but it was found to aggravate their sufferings; it caught the pulverized sand and salt, and whirled them up into pillars, which were so illumined by the intense brilliancy of the sun as to appear on fire. Sometimes these pillars burst over the cattle, increasing their distress. A horrid stench arose from the poisonous exhalations of the lake; camels dropped down dead, and some of the escort fainted. But the worst remains to be told.

The supply of water brought proved insufficient, and the whole company became tormented with burning thirst; some ran to the edge of the lake, and tasted the water, but it took the skin from their lips. There was no remedy for their distress; and during the afternoon, they rested in this miserable plight, shielding themselves as they best could from the scorching rays of the sun. With the evening, they resumed their march; they knew there was water in abundance at a distance of sixteen miles, but many labored under the conviction that that distance they should never pass. Their path wound over sheets of rugged and broken lava, and was so narrow that rarely more than one person could pass at a time. We must find room for a short passage descriptive of

THE HORRORS OF A NIGHT MARCH.

“The agonies of that dismal night set all efforts of description at defiance. Fanned by the fiery blast of the midnight sirocco, the cry for water, uttered feebly from numbers of parched throats, now became incessant; and the supply of that precious element brought for the whole party falling short of one gallon and a half, it was not long to be answered. A tiny sip of diluted vinegar, for a moment assuaging the burning thirst which raged in the vitals, again raised their drooping souls; but its effects were transient, and after struggling a few steps, overwhelmed, they sunk again, with husky voice declaring their resolution to rise no more. Horses and mules that once lay down, being unable from exhaustion to rally, were reluctantly abandoned to their fate, whilst the lion-hearted soldier who had braved death at the cannon's mouth, subdued and unmanned by thirst, lay gasping by the way-side, and heedless of the exhortation of his officer, hailed approaching dissolution with delight, as bringing the termination of tortures which were not to be endured.”

The whole company must have perished, but that a wild Bedouin brought the fainting travellers a large skin of water. A little was applied to the faces and lips of the sufferers, and they revived; and at last, with the feelings of men who approached the gates of paradise, or of those of the advanced guards of the Ten Thousand who first exclaimed “The Sea,” they reached a running stream, and freely slaked their thirst.

From Tajura to the frontier of the Christian king's dominions is a distance of four hundred miles. The whole way was, with slight exceptions, a continued desert; and the only interruptions to the monotony of the march were such incidents as we have described, or a quarrel with some of the wild tribes of the Bedouins, or an encounter with a slave caravan, which occasionally in great numbers traversed the sandy waste. The majority of the slaves were very young, hardly escaped from childhood. They travelled barefooted, and each male and female carried many days' provision and water. One handful of roasted corn was their daily food. But as the company began the ascent of the Abyssinian Alps, which forms the frontier of the kingdom they came to visit, the scene under-

went a delightful change. They found all the vegetation of the temperate climes of Europe blooming in the utmost luxuriance, and entered a fertile and cultivated country.

They were favorably received by the monarch, who lived in rude magnificence. His kingdom was extensive, and his revenue ample. The strangers soon conciliated his favor by the presents they brought, and the ingenious arts of life they made known to him. He gave them free permission to visit every part of his kingdom; and thus the author was enabled to complete his account of this singular and interesting district of Africa. They shot the wild elephants, which had long been the terror of the rural population, designed and superintended the erection of a new palace for the king, which was inaugurated with great pomp, and made themselves in a hundred other ways useful both to the king and his people. In return, he concluded with them a solemn commercial treaty, which, by opening channels of enterprise and industry hitherto unknown to the population of this fertile country, will, it is hoped, tend to the gradual extinction of that inhuman traffic, which now forms the only commerce of the people.

The last circumstance related is the most interesting. Never was a more affecting incident related in fiction. It had, from time immemorial—the usage, indeed, was believed to be prior to the introduction of Christianity—been the custom to imprison all those relations of the reigning monarch who were in such a degree of proximity to the throne, as to be likely to disturb his reign. The reader, thinking of Rasselas and the Happy Valley, may conceive that their lot was not very unendurable. But the valley existed only in the fancy of Johnson; the victims of a tyrant's suspicion have seldom the horrors of imprisonment mitigated by considerate treatment. The Abyssinian Princes were confined in dungeons, shut out from the light of day, and treated as though the blood that ran in their veins was a criminal offence. The king was naturally good-natured, and his disposition had been further softened by a terrific earthquake which destroyed great numbers of the people. The embassy took advantage of the moment when his heart was softened by affliction to press their suit. They were successful; and the monarch gave orders that the prisoners should be liberated, and signified his intention to assist himself at the ceremony.

If there were books on earth, as we know there are records in heaven, expressly reserved for the commemoration of deeds of mercy, charity, and good-will, what a shining page in them would be filled by the abolition of a barbarous and brutal custom, which had endured beyond the memory of man, and by the opening of the prison doors to the unfortunate royal race of Abyssinia. The king was seated in his balcony of justice, decked out for a gala day; the British embassy stood around him, mingling with his officers of state; the people assembled, scarcely comprehending the news they heard, for justice and mercy were novel terms in their ears. At a word from the monarch, the state gaoles ushered in seven of the royal race, men worn with long im-

prisonment and unused to the light of day. Linked together by chains worn bright by the friction of years, they feebly tottered to the foot of the throne, and fell prostrate before it. Then their chains were knocked off; they were pronounced free; and a place assigned them near the monarch's person. "My children," said the king, turning to the embassy, "you will write all that you have now seen to your country, and will say to the British Queen that, though far behind the nations of the white men, from whom the nation of Æthiopia first received her religion, there yet remains a spark of Christian love in the breast of the King of Shoa."

With that sentence the book concludes; and we are to understand that Major Harris yet remains in Shoa, to carry out the wise and Christian policy he has so happily commenced.

Of such a work it is poor to say that we thank the author for the entertainment it has afforded us. It offers higher ground for praise. We congratulate him, not only on the well-written, curious, and interesting book he has given to the world, but on his honorable and successful conduct of a mission which, whatever may be its effect on commerce, and in this way much may be anticipated from it, must have the effect of serving the interests of humanity, and of elevating the British name. With nations, as with individuals, CHARACTER OF itself is station and power. It was the reputation of this country for justice and disinterestedness that induced the banded nations of Europe, when France alone stood sullen and isolated, to place in the hand of England the sword required for the adjustment of the Syrian question; and mightily as her force was wielded, it excited no mistrust, because no rational being doubted her intention to lay aside her arms when the purpose for which they were taken up was fulfilled. This mission is comparatively a slight circumstance, yet it will have its effect; for in its whole management the British character, under Major Harris's gallant and able auspices, is shown dauntless under dangers and difficulties, intrepid in pursuit of a worthy object, Christian in its counsels, beneficent in its actions, and wise, merciful, and civilizing in its policy.

THE AMOUNT OF CARBONIC ACID EXPIRED BY A MAN IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, has often been the subject of investigation among philosophers. From a paragraph in the Medical Times, we learn that M. E. A. Scharling, after careful experiment, arrives at the following conclusions. 1st, Man expires variable quantities of carbonic acid at different periods of the day; 2d, Every thing being otherwise equal, man burns more carbon when his appetite is satisfied than when fasting, and more when awake than when asleep; 3d, Men expire more carbonic acid than women—children burn proportionally more carbon than men; and 4th, In cases of illness or fainting, the quantity of carbonic acid expired is less than in the healthy state. M. Dumas states that he burns rather more than one hundred and sixty-six grains of carbon in the four-and-twenty hours.—*Chambers's Ed. Jour.*

CHRONICLES OF THE KINGS OF NORWAY.

From the Athenæum.

The Heimskringla; or, Chronicle of the Kings of Norway. Translated from the Icelandic of Snorro Sturleson, with a Preliminary Dissertation, by Samuel Laing, Esq. 3 vols. Longman & Co.

THE name of Snorro Sturleson is so well known to all who have made northern antiquities their study, and his Chronicle has proved so rich a mine of information to writers who have directed their attention to Scandinavian mythology and literature, as well as history, that it is rather surprising that no translation of the work should have heretofore appeared. We welcome, all the more heartily, the volumes before us, well pleased that the translation of so valuable a work should have been undertaken by so competent a person as Mr. Laing.

Snorro Sturleson, was born in 1178, in Iceland, a country early and singularly distinguished for its literary tastes—a country in which the Scalds found their latest asylum, and which boasted a printing press, and a band of scholars, at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Snorro was a member of the privileged class, claiming descent from Odin, and consequently entitled to hold the hereditary office of Godar, which, although no longer including the functions of priest, still allowed its possessor to act as judge in the district where he resided. The early associations of Snorro were favorable to the future historian. He was fostered,—a phrase which signified education, rather than nursing,—by John Loptson, the grandson of Sæmund Frode, the compiler of the older Edda, and in Loptson's family he continued to live until he married. He appears to have been rapacious, ambitious, and overbearing, and has been accused of betraying the independence of his country, by aiding in reducing it to a mere province of Norway. It is probable, as Mr. Laing remarks, that much more is laid to Snorro Sturleson's charge than is really his due. In 1221 he took his first journey to Norway, with a poem in honor of Earl Hakon Galin, who sent him a sword and armor. He paid subsequent visits to Norway; but in 1241, his three sons-in-law came by night, and murdered him, on the plea that he had been convicted of treason. Indeed, from the memoir prefixed to this work, the historian appears a veritable type of his times—"a man rough, wild, vigorous in thought and deed, like the men he describes in his Chronicle."

At whose suggestion, or under what circumstances, this 'Chronicle of the Kings of Norway' was written, we cannot ascertain;—probably his love of tales of wild adventure prompted Snorro to set about the task of collecting the materials. What these were, and from whence derived, the following extract from his preface will show:—

"In this book I have had old stories written down as I have heard them told by intelligent people, concerning chiefs who have held dominion in the northern countries, and who spoke the Danish tongue; and also concerning some of

their family branches, according to what has been told me. Some of this is found in ancient family registers, in which the pedigrees of kings and other personages of high birth are reckoned up, and part is written down after old songs and ballads which our forefathers had for their amusement. Now, although we cannot just say what truth there may be in these, yet we have the certainty that old and wise men held them to be true."

The work begins with the Saga of the Yngling family, from the days of the great founder of the Scandinavian dynasty, Odin, to Halfdan the Black; and it gives a rude description of northern Asia, where there is a river, "properly called by the name of Tanais, and which falls into the ocean at the Black Sea;" and on the east of it was Asnheim; and here was the city so celebrated in northern mythology, Asgaard:—

"In that city was a chief called Odin, and it was a great place for sacrifice. It was the custom there that twelve temple Godars should both direct the sacrifices, and also judge the people. They were called Diars, or Drotners, and all the people served and obeyed them. Odin was a great and very far travelled warrior, who conquered many kingdoms, and so successful was he that in every battle the victory was on his side. It was the belief of his people that victory belonged to him in every battle. It was his custom when he sent his men into battle, or on any expedition, that he first laid his hand upon their heads, and called down a blessing upon them; and then they believed their undertaking would be successful. His people also were accustomed, whenever they felt into danger by land or sea, to call upon his name; and they thought that always they got comfort and aid by it, for where he was they thought help was near. Often he went away so long that he passed many seasons on his journeys."

The "laying his hand on their heads" seems to us to point out the Asiatic derivation of Odin and his followers, as much as their burning the dead; and the subjoined story, we think, is decisive. Hæner and Mimir had been sent as hostages from Asnheim:—

"Now, when Hæner came to Vanaheim he was immediately made a chief, and Mimir came to him with good counsel on all occasions. But when Hæner stood in the Things or other meetings, if Mimir was not near him, and any difficult matter was laid before him, he always answered in one way—'Now let others give their advice;' so that the Vanaland people got a suspicion that the Asaland people had deceived them in the exchange of men. They took Mimir, therefore, and beheaded him, and sent his head to the Asaland people. Odin took the head, smeared it with herbs so that it should not rot, and sang incantations over it. Thereby he gave it the power that it spoke to him, and discovered to him many secrets."

This notion of a human head preserved by magical art, and giving oracular replies, is one of the most ancient Eastern superstitions. It takes its place both in Arabian and Jewish legend; it was subsequently imported from the East by the earliest crusaders; and the reader

may probably remember, that the possession of such a head was made one of the charges in France against the unfortunate Templars. This is the account of the migration of Odin and his followers:—

"There goes a great mountain barrier from north-east to south-west, which divides the Greater Sweden from other kingdoms. South of this mountain ridge it is not far to Turkland, where Odin had great possessions. But Odin having foreknowledge, and magic-sight, knew that his posterity would come to settle and dwell in the northern half of the world. In those times the Roman chiefs went wide around in the world, subduing to themselves all people; and on this account many chiefs fled from their domains. Odin set his brothers Ve and Vitir over Aegard; and he himself, with all the gods and a great many other people, wandered out, first westward to Gardarige, [Russia,] and then south to Saxland, [Germany.] He had many sons; and after having subdued an extensive kingdom in Saxland, he set his sons to defend the country. He himself went northwards to the sea, and took up his abode in an island which is called Odinsö in Fyen."

From this narrative we think it evident that Odin did not, as Mr. Laing seems to maintain, actually colonize large tracts of uninhabited country, but that he advanced upon northern Europe as a conqueror, whose superior knowledge, rather than superior bravery, subjugated the rude tribes that opposed him. The reader will observe, that Odin is here expressly stated to have "subdued an extensive kingdom in Germany," [Saxland,] and that his rule was similar to that of the Romans in Gaul and Britain, is proved by the assertion, that subsequently "he set his sons to defend the country." The fable which represents his sending Gefion across the sea, after he had arrived in Scandinavia, proves that even so far north, the land was already inhabited, for King Gylfe gives her a ploughgate of land; she from thence goes to Jotunheim, a strong city; and the subsequent contests of Odin with King Gylfe, also prove that there was already a powerful people in these northern fastnesses.

The minute description of Odin's deeds and supernatural powers, is precisely what a subjugated and awe-stricken people would relate of a conqueror, who possessed a degree of civilization far beyond what they had ever imagined:—

"When Odin of Asaland came to the north, and the gods with him, he began to exercise and teach others the arts which the people long afterwards have practised. Odin was the cleverest of all, and from him all the others learned their magic arts; and he knew them first, and knew many more than other people. But now, to tell why he is held in such high respect, we must mention various causes that contributed to it. When sitting among his friends his countenance was so beautiful and friendly, that the spirits of all were exhilarated by it; but when he was in war he appeared fierce and dreadful. This arose from his being able to change his color and form in any way he liked. Another cause was, that he conversed so cleverly and

smoothly, that all who heard were persuaded. He spoke every thing in rhyme, such as now composed, and which we call scald-craft. He and his temple-gods were called song-smiths, for from them came that art of song into the northern countries. Odin could make his enemies in battle blind, or deaf, or terror-struck, and their weapons so blunt that they could no more cut than a willow twig; on the other hand, his men rushed forwards without armor; were as mad as dogs or wolves, bit their shields, and were strong as bears or wild bulls, and killed people at a blow, and neither fire nor iron told upon them. These were called Berserkers. Odin could transform his shape: his body would lie as if dead, or asleep; but then he would be in shape of a fish, or worm, or bird, or beast, and be off in a twinkling to distant lands upon his own or other people's business. With words alone he could quench fire, still the ocean in tempest, and turn the wind to any quarter he pleased. Odin had a ship which was called Skidbladnir, in which he sailed over wide seas, and which he could roll up like a cloth. Odin carried with him Mimir's head, which told him all the news of other countries. Sometimes even he called the dead out of the earth, or set himself beside the burial-mounds; whence he was called the ghost-sovereign, and lord of the mounds. He had two ravens, to whom he had taught the speech of man; and they flew far and wide through the land, and brought him the news. In all such things he was pre-eminently wise. He taught all these arts in Runes, and songs which are called incantations, and therefore the Asaland people are called incantation-smiths."

The whole of this extract is curious. Such, or very similar, would be the description the rude natives of the Polynesian Islands would give of their English visitants, passing over their prowess, their strength, and dwelling upon the wonders which their superior civilization enabled them to perform. That Odin pretended actually to supernatural powers, is, however, evident; and it is curious to observe, that each magic art, his power of changing his form, of composing magic songs, of paralyzing his enemies, of calling up the dead, of understanding the language of birds, are all of Asiatic origin. Notwithstanding that peculiarity, the eating of horse-flesh as a religious rite—and which has seemed, to many antiquaries, to point out Odin as a leader of one of the wandering Tartar tribes—we incline to the opinion which considers him as a prince of some more civilized people, perhaps one of the petty kings who fought for and were vanquished with Mithridates. Certain it is, that in many mechanical arts, especially the working in metals, the Scandinavians, at a very early period, were far superior to any of the wandering tribes who occupy the steppes of northern Asia.

Odin, we are told, died in his bed, assuring his followers he was going to Valhalla. Odin was succeeded by his son Niord. To him succeeded numerous kings, most of whom came to untimely deaths. King On, however, was determined to postpone his visit to Valhalla, as long as possible. His unnatural plan affords

another proof of the prevalence of eastern fable among the descendants of Odin—for a story precisely similar will be found among the earliest Hindoo legends:—

“King On returned to Upsal when he was sixty years of age. He made a great sacrifice, and in it offered up his son to Odin. On got an answer from Odin, that he should live sixty years longer; and he was afterwards king in Upsal for twenty-five years. Now came Ole the Bold, a son of King Fridleif, with his army to Sweden, against King On, and they had several battles with each other; but Ole was always the victor. Then On fled a second time to Gothland; and for twenty-five years Ole reigned in Upsal, until he was killed by Starkad the Old. After Ole's fall, On returned to Upsal, and ruled the kingdom for twenty-five years. Then he made a great sacrifice again for long life, in which he sacrificed his second son, and received the answer from Odin, that he should live as long as he gave him one of his sons every tenth year, and also that he should name one of the districts of his country after the number of sons he should offer to Odin. When he had sacrificed the seventh of his sons he continued to live; but so that he could not walk, but was carried on a chair. Then he sacrificed his eighth son, and lived thereafter ten years, lying in his bed. Now he sacrificed his ninth son, and lived ten years more; but so that he drank out of a horn like a weaned infant. He had now only one son remaining, whom he also wanted to sacrifice, and to give Odin Upsal and the domains thereunto belonging, under the name of the Ten Lands, but the Swedes would not allow it: so there was no sacrifice, and King On died, and was buried in a mound at Upsal.”

The following episode resembles the apocryphal story of Vortigern and the fair Rowena. King Hiorvard, sailing with his fleet near Sweden, was invited by King Granmar to a feast, and royally entertained:—

“King Hiorvard's high seat was placed right opposite to King Granmar's high seat, and on the same bench sat all his men. King Granmar told his daughter Hildigunne, who was a remarkably beautiful girl, to make ready to carry ale to the vikings. Thereupon she took a silver goblet, filled it, bowed before King Hiorvard, and said, ‘Success to all Ylfingers: this cup to the memory of Rolf Krake,’—drank out the half, and handed the cup to King Hiorvard. He took the cup, and took her hand, and said she must sit beside him. She says, that is not viking fashion, to drink two and two with women. Hiorvard replies, that it were better for him to make a change and leave the viking law, and drink in company with her. Then Hildigunne sat down beside him, and both drank together, and spoke a great deal with each other during the evening. The next day, when King Granmar and Hiorvard met, Hiorvard spoke of his courtship, and asked to have Hildigunne in marriage. King Granmar laid this proposal before his wife Hilda, and before people of consequence, saying they would have great help and trust in Hiorvard; and all approved of it highly, and thought it very advisable. And the

end was, that Hildigunne was promised to Hiorvard, and the wedding followed soon after.”

The first Saga is considered apocryphal, as indeed the early history of nations always is. With “Halldan the Black's Saga,” we enter on the historical period, his reign commencing in 841. The third Saga, relating the deeds and prowess of his son, Harald Haarfager, who reigned from about 861 to 931, (succeeding his father when but ten years old)—is characteristic and amusing. This Harald has been made known to the English reader, as the composer of a ballad with the refrain of—

Yet the Russian maiden scorns me.

And in this he certainly appears as closely approximating to the knight of Romance. In his saga, however, no such character is displayed by him, except, perhaps, in valor, and respect for his word—but this is the “true and particular account” of the bold Viking's courtship:

“King Harald sent his men to a girl called Gyda, a daughter of King Eric of Hordaland, who was brought up as foster-child in the house of a great bonder in Valders. The king wanted her for his concubine; for she was a remarkably handsome girl, but of high spirit withal. Now when the messengers came there, and delivered their errand to the girl, she answered, that she would not throw herself away even to take a king for her husband, who had no greater kingdom to rule over than a few districts. ‘And methinks,’ said she, ‘it is wonderful that no king here in Norway will make the whole country subject to him, in the same way as Gorm the Old did in Denmark, or Eric at Upsal.’ The messengers thought her answer was dreadfully haughty, and asked what she thought would come of such an answer; for Harald was so mighty a man, that his invitation was good enough for her. But although she had replied to their errand differently from what they wished, they saw no chance, on this occasion, of taking her with them against her will; so they prepared to return. When they were ready, and the people followed them out, Gyda said to the messengers, ‘Now tell to King Harald these my words,—I will only agree to be his lawful wife upon the condition that he shall first, for my sake, subject to himself the whole of Norway, so that he may rule over that kingdom as freely and fully as King Eric over the Swedish dominions, or King Gorm over Denmark; for only then, methinks, can he be called the king of a people.’ Now came the messengers back to King Harald, bringing him the words of the girl, and saying she was so bold and foolish that she well deserved that the king should send a greater troop of people for her, and inflict on her some disgrace. Then answered the king, ‘This girl hath not spoken or done so much amiss that she should be punished, but rather she should be thanked for her words. She has reminded me,’ said he, ‘of something which it appears to me wonderful I did not think of before. And now,’ added he, ‘I make the solemn vow, and take God to witness, who made me,’ and

* This appears a Christian interpolation; at least we find no such vows among the other saga heroes of the Odin religion.

rules over all things, that never shall I clip or comb my hair until I have subdued the whole of Norway, with scatt, and duties, and domains: or if not, have died in the attempt.' Guttorm thanked the king warmly for his vow; adding, that it was royal work to fulfil royal words."

The long-haired monarch forthwith swept the seas with his fleet, dealing death around, and gaining many battles—all of which are told by Snorro with a glee and spirit, that shows he quite entered into the feelings of the hardy Viking. There are many snatches of poetry scattered here and there—relics of ballads made at the very time, and by men who had both fought in the fight, as well as celebrated it in the mead hall—here is part of one:—

"Has the news reached you?—have you heard
Of the great fight at Hafsdrisford,
Between our noble king brave Harald
And King Kiotvé rich in gold?
The foemen came from out the East,
Keen for the fray as for a feast,
A gallant sight it was to see
Their fleet sweep o'er the dark-blue sea;
Each war-ship, with its threatening throat
Of dragon fierce or ravenous brute,
Grim gaping from the prow; its wailes
Glittering with burnished shields, like scales;
Its crew of udal men of war,
Whose snow-white targets shone from far;
And many a mailed spearman stout
From the West countries round about,
English and Scotch, a foreign host,
And swordsmen from the far French coast.
And as the foemen's ships drew near,
'The dreadful din you well might hear;
Savage berserkers roaring mad,
And champions fierce in wolf-skins clad,
Howling like wolves; and clanking jar
Of many a mail-clad man of war,
Thus the foe came; but our brave king
Taught them to fly as fast again.'"

At length Norway was subdued, and their King Harald "remembered what that proud girl had said, and sent and took her." King Harald, however, only made her one of many wives, for polygamy—another Asiatic characteristic—prevailed among the kings, at least, to a very late period of Scandinavian history. All Norway being now subdued, "at a feast given by Earl Rognvald, King Harald bathed and had his hair cut, which had been uncut and uncombed for ten years, and therefore the king was called 'ugly head.' But then Earl Rognvald gave him the distinguished name, Harald Haarfager, and all who saw him agreed to its truth, for he had the most beautiful and abundant head of hair."

One Christmastide, King Harald was sitting down to table, when a Laplander came, and prayed the king to go with him. The king followed him to his hut, and there stood his daughter, a most beautiful girl, who presented a cup of mead to him. No sooner did he touch the cup and her hand, than he fell most violently in love with her; and then her father demanded that she, although so mean in station, should become the king's wife:—

"Now King Harald made Snefrid his lawful wife, and loved her so passionately that he for-

got his kingdom, and all that belonged to his high dignity. They had four sons; the one was Sigurd Rise; the others Halfdan Haaleg, Gudrod Liome, and Rognvald Retilbeem. Thereafter Snaefrid died; but her corpse never changed, but was as fresh and red as when she lived. The king sat always beside her, and thought she would come to life again. And so it went on for three years that he was sorrowing over her death, and the people over his delusion. At last Thorlief the Wise succeeded, by his prudence, in curing him of his delusion, by accosting him thus:—"It is nowise wonderful, king, that thou grievest over so beautiful and noble a wife, and bestowest costly coverlets and beds of down on her corpse, as she desired; but these honors fall short of what is due, as she still lies in the same clothes. It would be more suitable to raise her, and change her dress.' As soon as the body was raised in the bed, all sorts of corruption and foul smells came from it, and it was necessary in all haste to gather a pile of wood and burn it; but before this could be done the body turned blue, and worms, toads, newts, paddocks, and all sorts of ugly reptiles came out of it, and it sunk into ashes. Now the king came to his understanding again, threw the madness out of his mind, and after that day ruled his kingdom as before."

This story is similar to one told by an old monkish writer of Charlemagne, and which, as the reader may probably remember, is made use of by Southey in one of his ballads. King Harald after this had a son in his old age, who was very beautiful, and he was named Hakon.

"At this time a king called Athelstan had taken the kingdom of England. He sent men to Norway to King Harald, with the errand that the messengers should present him with a sword, with the hilt and handle gilt, and also the whole sheath adorned with gold and silver, and set with precious jewels. The ambassadors presented the sword-hilt to the king, saying, 'Here is a sword which King Athelstan sends thee, with the request that thou wilt accept it.' The king took the sword by the handle; whereupon the ambassadors said, 'Now thou hast taken the sword according to our king's desire, and therefore art thou his subject, as thou hast taken his sword.' King Harald saw now that this was a jest, for he would be subject to no man. But he remembered it was his rule, whenever any thing raised his anger, to collect himself, and let his passion run off, and then take the matter into consideration coolly. Now he did so, and consulted his friends, who all gave him the advice to let the ambassadors, in the first place, go home in safety. The following summer King Harald sent a ship westward to England, and gave the command of it to Hauk Haabrok. He was a great warrior, and very dear to the king. Into his hands he gave his son Hakon. Hauk proceeded westward to England, and found the king in London, where there was just at the time a great feast and entertainment. When they came to the hall, Hauk told his men how they should conduct themselves; namely, that he who went first in should go last out, and all should stand in a row at the table, at equal distance from each other; and each should have

his sword at his left side, but should fasten his cloak so that his sword should not be seen. Then they went into the hall, thirty in number. Hauk went up to the king and saluted him, and the king bade him welcome. Then Hauk took the child Hakon, and set it on the king's knee. The king looks at the boy, and asks Hauk what the meaning of this is. Hauk replies, 'Harald the king bids thee foster his servant girl's child.' The king was in great anger, and seized a sword which lay beside him, and drew it, as if he was going to kill the child. Hauk says, 'Thou hast borne him on thy knee, and thou canst murder him if thou wilt; but thou wilt not make an end of all King Harald's sons by so doing. On that Hauk went out with all his men, and took the way direct to his ship, and put to sea,—for they were ready,—and came back to King Harald. The king was highly pleased with this; for it is the common observation of all people, that the man who fosters another's children is of less consideration than the other. From these transactions between the two kings, it appears that each wanted to be held greater than the other; but in truth there was no injury to the dignity of either, for each was the upper king in his own kingdom till his dying day.'

King Athelstan acted a father's part toward his unwished-for foster child. He caused him to be baptized, and well educated, and he also gave him a splendid sword, with the characteristic name of "Quern Biter," because with it "Hakon cut down a mill-stone to the centre." No wonder was it that the possessor of such a sword should be chosen king, when at length his father, after so many battles, peaceably died in his bed.

A period of great confusion seems to have followed the death of Hakon, and in the opening of King Olaf Tryggvesson's Saga, a vivid picture of the reverses to which the greatest were exposed, is given. Queen Astrid and her infant child take refuge on a small island in a lake, until winter compels them to seek shelter; she is pursued from place to place, and after two years' wanderings, at length determines to seek out her brother in Russia.

"Astrid had now a great inclination to travel to her brother there. Hakon the Old gave her good attendants, and what was needful for the journey, and she set out with some merchants. She had then been two years with Hakon the Old, and Olaf was three years of age. As they sailed out into the Baltic, they were captured by vikings of Esthonia, who made booty both of the people and goods, killing some, and dividing others as slaves. Olaf was separated from his mother and an Esthonian man called Klerkon got him as his share along with Thoralf and Thorikis. Klerkon thought that Thoralf was too old for a slave, and that there was not much work to be got out of him, so he killed him; but took the boys with him, and sold them to a man called Klærk for a stout and good ram. A third man, called Reas, bought Olaf for a good cloak. Reas had a wife called Rekon, and a son by her whose name was Rekon. Olaf was long with them, was treated well, and was much beloved by the people. Olaf was six years in Esthonia

in this banishment. Sigurd, the son of Eric, (Astrid's brother,) came into Esthonia from Novogorod, on King Valdemar's business, to collect the king's taxes and rents. Sigurd came as man of consequence, with many followers and great magnificence. In the market-place he happened to observe a remarkably handsome boy; and as he could distinguish that he was a foreigner, he asked him his name and family. He answered him, that his name was Olaf; that he was the son of Tryggve Olafson; and Astrid, a daughter of Eric Biodaskalde, was his mother. Then Sigurd knew that the boy was his sister's son, and asked him how he came there. Olaf told him minutely all his adventures, and Sigurd told him to follow him to the peasant Reas'. When he came there he bought both the boys, Olaf and Thorgils, and took them with him to Novogorod. But for the first, he made nothing known of Olaf's relationship to him, but treated him well. Olaf Tryggvesson was one day in the market-place, where there was a great number of people. He recognized Klærkon again, who had killed his foster-father Thoralf Lusiskfeg. Olaf had a little axe in his hand, and with it he clove Klærkon's skull down to the brain, and ran home to his lodging, and told his friend Sigurd what he had done. Sigurd immediately took Olaf to Queen Allogia's house, told her what had happened, and begged her to protect the boy. * * It was reported that he was in the queen's house, and that there was a number of armed men there. When this was told to the king, he went there with his people, but would allow no blood-shed. It was settled at last in peace, that the king should name the fine for the murder; and the queen paid it. Olaf remained afterwards with the queen, and was much beloved."

Meanwhile his mother underwent equal vicissitudes; having been twice sold as a slave, but at length redeemed by a rich merchant. In this Saga of King Olaf, we are introduced to an important personage in Anglo-Saxon history—Sweyn, the father of Canute. But we must conclude for the present: hereafter we shall trace the progress of Olaf, the wars and reign of Canute the Great, and the deeds of the Vikings in England.

THE SCOTT MONUMENT AT EDINBURGH.—A meeting of the contributors towards the erection of the monument of Sir Walter Scott in Prince's-st., and of the public generally, is to be held on Monday next, at the request of the committee, for the purpose of laying before the meeting a report on the progress of the structure, state of the funds, &c. We believe it will be shown that there is still a deficiency of funds to finish the monument on the magnificent plan of the architect; but we have no doubt the call of the committee on this occasion will be promptly answered. It is impossible to look on that portion of the noble structure already built, its magnificence of design, and richness of ornament, and to entertain for a moment the idea that it can be left in an unfinished state for want of means to complete it.—*Caledonian Mercury*.

ACQUEDUCTS AND CANALS—DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Nismes et ses Environs à vingt Lieues à la ronde.* Par E. B. D. Frossard, Pasteur. Nismes, 1834. 2 vols. 8vo.
2. *Illustrations of the Croton Aqueduct.* By F. B. Tower, of the Engineer Department. New York, 1843.
3. *Histoire du Canal du Midi.* Par le Général Androssi. Paris, 1804.
4. *Memoir of James Brindley.* By Samuel Hughes, C. E. Published in 'Weale's Quarterly Papers on Engineering.' Part I. London, 1843.
5. *A Description of the Canals and Railroads of the United States.* By H. S. Tanner. New York, 1840.

We have included in our list the work of Mr. Frossard, rather for the sake of recommending it to notice as one of the most interesting topographical publications we have met with, than with any purpose of detailed review. As a hand-book for the antiquarian who visits a district scarcely rivalled in Italy itself for its wealth of Roman remains, or for the naturalist who explores the scorched rocks where the mason-spider builds his guarded domicile, and those marshes of the Rhône still colonized by the beaver and haunted by the ibis and flamingo, this work will be found invaluable. Nor will the moralist find matter less interesting in the reflections derived by the Protestant pastor from a state of society which, scarcely less than Ireland itself, displays the open wounds of yet unexhausted religious strife. Let no traveller decline to purchase the volumes, if still procurable at Nismes. The purchaser will thank us for our advice, and, reading, will learn, among other things, the curious fact that there exist in that city many respectable persons who have never once paid a visit to the neighboring and wondrous relic of Roman magnificence, the Pont du Gard. Let him equally avoid the example of the French resident who, as he lounges about some Protestant or Romish café—for in Nismes these resorts are as rigidly distinguished as the churches)—cares to see nothing beyond the smoke of his cigar, and of the British traveller, who sees every thing and nothing well. Even should his after residence at Rome be curtailed by a day, that period of time will have been well employed in exploring this most graceful monument. Scarcely from the Coliseum or from the surviving aqueducts of the Campagna will he derive a deeper impression of the bygone greatness of Rome.

When indeed, referring perhaps to the

guide we have recommended, he finds that this massive pile, with its triple tier of arches, from whose summit he has looked down on the Gard beneath at the risk of vertigo, was reared to convey a rill to the town of Nismes, and this probably for the holiday purposes of the Naumachia rather than for domestic uses, he may be at first disposed to cavil at the insignificance of the result as compared with the means. If practised, as English gentlemen are wont to be, in directing provincial public works in his own country, he will perhaps wonder at the oversight of those who neglected to combine in a structure of such labor and expense the usual purposes of a bridge with the original intention of an aqueduct; an omission which modern utilitarian skill has supplied with a vengeance, and to the great detriment of the picturesque. If he possesses a smattering of hydraulics, he will perhaps talk to his wife or daughter of pipes and syphons, and pity the ignorance of Agrippa and his forgotten architect. Now with respect to iron pipes, our countryman will have it all his own way—but if he comes to lead, let him beware. We, or any other Martinus Scriblerus who stands up for antiquity, will brain him with the inverted syphon used in the Claudian aqueduct of Lyons, a fragment of which is preserved in the Museum of that city. Nearer too at hand, in the Museum of Arles, he will find a most respectable length of leaden pipe fished up from the Rhône by the anchor of a trading vessel, and with the name of the Roman plumber who made it at every juncture. It is supposed to have been used to convey water across the bed of the Rhône, there some 600 feet wide and 40 feet deep, from a source at Trinquetaillade to Arles. It was not then entirely from ignorance of hydraulics, but partly at least from choice, that the Romans employed the mason at such expense, and that choice was perhaps wisely governed by their knowledge of the dangerous properties of lead when used for the transport of water for long distances. We have indeed other works of public utility to boast of, which may vie with any of ancient times. We may without unbecoming pride rejoice that we belong to an age and country in which the wasteful magnificence of imperial and other despots is rivalled by the better-directed energies of free subjects. When the first barge passed over the Barton aqueduct, Bridgewater and Brindley might have still better reason for pride than Agrippa and his architect, when from the last stone of the Pont du Gard they looked down on the savage raving on which a freak of Roman vanity had chosen to exert its art pontifical. Al-

lowing all this, we shall still have to confess that in this particular matter, not of the use of water for the conveyance of goods, but of its own conveyance, we have little cause for triumph. It is not in England that we can find a fit subject of direct comparison with the Pont du Gard or the aqueducts of Italy. We fear our science has only taught us to be niggardly in its application, to substitute for value in use, value in exchange, and to sell by the quart what Romans supplied gratis by the tun. Till London with all its water Companies is as well supplied with accessible water as modern Rome is by only two of the aqueducts, whether fourteen, as some count them, or twenty, which ancient Rome possessed, we must content ourselves, Anglo-Saxon as we are, with resorting to New York for our wise saw and modern instance, and must lead our readers to drink at the Croton aqueduct.

The advantages of such an undertaking as this great public work are not confined to the community which executes it. Its history furnishes a most profitable study to the philanthropist and the engineer, the deviser and the instrument of similar schemes of public benefit of other countries. For a very able compendium of that history, and well illustrated description of the work, we stand indebted to Mr. Tower. May we add that our obligation to him would be increased, if to any future edition of his work a map were appended, showing not only the localities at present concerned, but as much of the neighborhood as would enable us the better to understand the summary he gives us of the various schemes to which the present was ultimately preferred. We are almost led by rumors to fear that the obligation science will be under to the American engineers may be greater than for their sakes we could wish. In some particulars, which we sincerely hope may prove unimportant, their skill is disputed and their full success questioned. Hot discussion has commenced, we believe, in America, but we have no defence before us by the parties whose skill is impugned, nor will it probably be possible to arrive at positive conclusions till further progress shall have been made in the distribution of the supply hitherto obtained. Under these circumstances we are content to take Mr. Tower's description as it stands for the purpose of calling the attention of our readers to a work which, whether completely successful or not, is worthy of great admiration.

The subject of an additional supply of water to the city of New York had forced itself on the attention of its inhabitants so early as 1744, when their numbers only reached

22,000. Various plans were proposed from time to time, but successively abandoned. Meanwhile population increased, yellow fever paid occasional visits, but it was not till that very potent scavenger, the cholera, appeared in 1832, that the energies of the Town Council were effectually roused. At the instance of this body a Commission was appointed by the Legislature early in 1833, which in 1835 finally reported in favor of the plan since executed, and received authority to undertake the work. As might be expected in a country rich in what Americans call water privileges, various plans had been considered by the commission during its two years of deliberation. Some were dismissed on the ground of engineering difficulties; one, which promised a supply from sources some twenty miles nearer than the Croton, failed because, among other reasons, it involved an arrangement with the state of New Jersey; another, as interfering with the navigation of the Hudson to an extent which might call for the interference of Congress. A captious critic might adduce these instances as examples of the vexatious working of a Federal Union. We notice them rather as illustrative of the manner in which the members of a free community, however limited in territory, can meet and overcome difficulties. The difference between their proceedings and those of an arbitrary government is that which Schiller describes when he compares the course of the cannon-ball with that of the winding highway:—

'My son, the road the human being travels,
That on which blessing comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,
Honoring the holy bounds of property,
And thus, secure though late, leads to its end.'

The Croton river finally triumphed over all competing sources. This stream derives its waters from some twenty natural reservoirs, presenting an aggregate surface of nearly 4000 acres. At a spot forty miles from New York, where the minimum flow equals 27,000,000 gallons in twenty-four hours, and the medium 50,000,000, it was found possible, by a dam raised thirty-eight feet above the natural level, to throw back the waters six miles, and form a fountain reservoir of 400 acres.

The next point for consideration was the mode of conveyance:— 'The following modes,' says Mr. Tower (p. 73), 'were presented. A plain channel formed of earth, like the ordinary construction of a canal-

* Schiller's 'Piccolomini,' Act I., Scene 4: Coleridge's translation.

feeder—an open channel protected against the action of the current by masonry—an arched culvert or conduit composed essentially of masonry and iron pipes.' The open channel was condemned as liable to filtration, waste of banks, evaporation, admission of impurities from varieties of soil, and as incapable of thorough repair without permanent stoppage of supply. Protection by masonry would obviate some of these objections, but others remained. If iron pipes could be laid at a regular inclination from the fountain reservoir to the city, the expense would still be greater than masonry. Should they follow the undulations of the ground, resistance would diminish the discharge. It was found possible, in Mr. Tower's phrase, to *grade* a line affording the regular inclination desired, and the close channel of masonry was adopted, with only two interruptions, the passage of the Haerlem river to reach the island, and that of the Manhattan valley in the island itself. The whole description of the conduct of this great work, thirty-eight miles in length, with its ventilators, culverts for streams, and roadways, as given in Mr. Tower's work, is full of practical information for the engineer; but the passage of most interest is that of the main difficulty of the scheme, the transit of the Haerlem river, a quarter of a mile in width. The plans suggested were various. An aqueduct bridge—an inverted syphon of iron pipes descending to a level near the river's surface, and passing along a stone embankment perforated by an arch sufficient for the passage of the stream—a suspension-bridge on stone piers, maintaining the regular inclination of the aqueduct, and supporting iron pipes—a low bridge supporting an inverted syphon of iron pipes. The latter was in the first instance adopted, and some progress made towards its execution, when the promoters were thrown back on their resources by an act of the Legislature, which required, either that the parties should tunnel under the river at a specified depth, or raise their structure on arches of eighty feet span and 100 feet elevation above the level of high water. They took counsel on this. The example of the Thames tunnel, though favoring practicability, was not encouraging on other grounds, and a fusion of the two plans, the syphon and the bridge *more Romanorum*, was preferred, and has been executed. Both here and in the Manhattan valley motives of economy have induced the architect to depart from the regular inclination of the stone channel. At Haerlem, Mr. Tower informs us:—

'The distance between the extremes of the pipes when laid across the bridge will be 1377

feet. For a distance of 18 feet at each end of the pipes there is an inclination, and the remainder of the distance across, 1341 feet, they are level.'—p. 110.

At the Manhattan valley, he continues:—

'Here was an opportunity for constructing a work of architectural beauty and boldness, by building up with arcades of arches, one line above another, and thus maintain the regular inclination of the aqueduct; but considerations of economy forbade it. During the progress of the bridge, the water is for the present conducted over a low embankment, and advantage has here been taken of a difference of level of 120 feet, to form a magnificent jet d'eau, which rises through an aperture of seven inches to a height of 115 feet.'—p. 112.

Nature has scarcely in any instance submitted her agencies to the guidance of art with a more pleasing result than in the ascent of one of these stately columns, which we think in its simple beauty is usually a better disposal of a powerful current than where it is divided in ascent or broken in its fall by ornamental devices. We say this with due reverence for the two splendid fountains on the esplanade of St. Peter's, but also with a lively recollection of the jet d'eau of some eighty feet which adorns the royal gardens of Herrenhausen. We envy the New Yorkers so pleasing an object of pilgrimage as Mr. Tower describes in the following passage:—

'To those who had watched over the work during its construction, and looked for its successful operation, this was peculiarly gratifying. To see the water leap from its opening, and rise upwards with such force and beauty, occasioned pleasing emotions, and gave proof that the design and execution were alike faultless, and that all the fondest hopes of its projectors would be realized. The scenery around this fountain added much to its beauty; there it stood, a whitened column rising from the river, erect, or shilling its form like a forest-tree as the winds swayed it, with the rainbow tints resting on its spray, while on either side the woody hills arose to rival its height. All around was nature: no marble basin, no allegorical figures wrought with exquisite touches of art to lure the eye, but a fountain where nature had adorned the place with the grandeur and beauty of her rude hills and mountain scenery.'—p. 112

We cannot say that we consider 'rude hills and mountain scenery,' if such 'adorn the place,' as especially suited to set off the merits of an object so purely artificial; but we rejoice with Mr. Tower that Neptune and river-gods were spared. We leave the waters we have now traced in the two vast reservoirs constructed in the city for their reception. Into the latter of these they were admitted on July 4, 1842, with a pomp and

ceremony fully justified by the occasion, always presuming that none of Mr. Sydney Smith's money has flowed with them down the arched culvert never to return.* The whole cost of the work, exclusive of the future expense of detailed distribution, amounts to nine million of dollars.

The case of the Manhattan valley not inaptly illustrates an observation in perhaps the ablest work which has yet issued from an American pen, Mr. Prescott's 'Conquest of Mexico.' Speaking of the great works of the Tezcuacan monarchs, he says:—'The most gigantic monuments of architecture the world has witnessed could never have been reared by the hands of freemen.' The assertion contained in this pithy sentence may perhaps admit of qualification. If permitted to amplify such a text of such an author, we should say that there are but two influences which can generally avail to produce that superfluous magnificence in construction of which Mr. Prescott is speaking:—the vanity of men who command the resources of subject myriads, and that degree of religious enthusiasm which is not perhaps likely to be found among 'freemen' in Mr. Prescott's acceptance of the term, but which has co-existed with conditions of society far removed from servitude. The palace of the Tezcuacan Alfred or David, shall we call him, for he resembled both, and the Versailles of Louis XIV., are samples of the one—the mediæval cathedrals of the other. The valley of the Manhattan may serve to show that the deliberate and voluntary contributions of freemen cannot be relied upon for undertakings which the Agrippas of former times were able to execute. In our own time it will be much if the united efforts of Germany, stimulated by a powerful and zealous sovereign, should carry out the unfinished scheme of the Cologne cathedral, bequeathed to them by a petty electorate. Altogether, if we are allowed calmly and not invidiously to draw comparison between the Croton aqueduct and the similar works of old Rome, we shall perhaps conclude that with respect to the conveyance of water for consumption modern skill has hardly attained any signal improvement upon ancient practice. The aqueducts of Rome remain not only unequalled in costly magnificence, but scarcely surpassed in practical attainment of their beneficent purpose.

We cannot, however, omit to mention a work now in progress in the old world, which, though its estimated expense be but a fourth of that of the Croton aqueduct, promises in magnificence to rival the Pont du Gard nearly on its own ground, while it

will exceed the Roman work in utility. The following passage in Mr. Murray's 'Hand-book for Travellers in France' (one of the best of his series), coming from an English engineer acquainted with the spot, will best describe it:—

'A highly-important hydraulic work has been projected, and is now in rapid progress of execution under the able direction of M. de Montricher. This canal will derive its water from the Durance, near to the suspension bridge at Pertuis, and this will be conducted by open cutting and tunneling for a distance of 51 miles, through a most mountainous and difficult country, until it reaches the arid territory of Marseilles, where it will be employed for the supply of the city, as well as for irrigation, and giving activity to various branches of industry, which require water power. The section and fall of this canal is calculated to pass 11 tons of water per second, and its levels are so disposed, that this quantity of water will arrive near to the city, at an elevation of 400 feet, above the level of the sea.

'Perhaps no work of this description has been attempted either in ancient or modern times more hardy in its conception, or more really useful in its effects. Three chains of limestone mountains are already nearly pierced by the 10 miles of tunnels which are required to conduct this stream; and an aqueduct, which is to convey it across the ravine of the river Arc (about 5 miles from Aix) is now in construction; its elevation above the river will be 262 feet and its length across the ravine 1230 feet. The design for this gigantic structure is in excellent taste, and as a work of art, it will not suffer from comparison with the famous Pont du Gard, which it will much surpass both in altitude and size. The estimated cost of this canal is about 450,000*l.*, and this sum is raised by the city of Marseilles without aid from the government. The revenue arising from this work will be principally from supplying water for irrigation, as the value of land in such a climate is quadrupled if water can be so applied to it.'—*P. T.**

Our English peculiarities of soil and climate are not such as to familiarize us with the merits of works of this class, which in the early periods of civilization probably took precedence of the navigable canal, whether instituted for purposes of war or commerce. The canal of irrigation hardly ranks among our greater public works, and in England has only been applied on a small scale by individual proprietors. Even here, however, a visit to the Duke of Portland's water meadows at Clipstone in Nottinghamshire will furnish some conception of the efficacy which such works may possess in the arid climates and soils of Southern Europe and the East.

* It is not expected that the canal of Marseilles will effect the purification of the port. The water will be otherwise employed, and another plan for effecting this has been proposed by Mr. P. Taylor.

The power of Eastern despots has probably seldom been applied to such purposes with the systematic skill displayed by the English nobleman in question. It is, however, evident that on works of this description were based the resources and grandeur of dynasties whose triumphs have long since shrunk into a coin, of those forgotten Bactrian kings whose effigies have been dug up by the thousand by Mr. Masson and other recent travellers, as well as of the more modern Babers and Shah Jehauns. The remains of many of these great works, choked and neglected as they are, have sufficed to disclose to the observant officers of our Indian army, the secret of the former wealth and population of districts now abandoned to sterility. Could the influence of British power have been consolidated either directly, or through the medium of some docile sovereign, in the plains of Afghanistan, a trifling outlay on the restoration of some of these works would have sufficed to spread over those plains the fertility they once enjoyed; and the mountain chiefs are so dependent on the plain for their support, that their submission would have followed without the necessity of storming their strongholds. A short time before the insurrection against the British and Shah Souja broke out, one of our officers, Captain Drummond of the Bengal cavalry, employed on a mineralogical survey of Afghanistan, made a report to the Envoy, strongly urging the measure of restoring a canal of irrigation in the Kohistan district, north of Cabul, which in the palmy days of the Bactrian empire had watered the plain of Begram, one of the districts most remarkable for the evidences of former wealth and population, but now an arid desert. The rumor of the project reached Meer Musjidi, one of the mountain chiefs, whose fastness commanded the neighboring valley of Nijerow, and who had been conspicuous among the most implacable opponents of our arms. He was, however, dependent upon Cabul for every supply, except that of corn and sheep alone, which the valley under his control produced, and which he exchanged with the city for all other articles of necessity. He was so alarmed at the prospect of a new and intervening source of supply about to compete with that of his own valley in the market, but also so attracted by a hope of a share in the profits, that he immediately sent in proposals of friendship and zealous co-operation in the project to the officer in question, who had planned a journey to confer with him on the subject, when the insurrection broke out which doomed Captain Drummond to a long and memorable captivity in the hands of barbarians.

Barbarians as they were, it is but justice to them as well as to their captive to add, that he owed his life on more than one occasion to well earned feelings of good will and the appreciation of his good offices towards them, which in his previous intercourse he had contrived to instil into their rugged bosoms.

With reference to the application by man of inland water to purposes of commercial transport, modern superiority is more incontestable. The invention of locks alone has left Sesostris and Drusus at an immeasurable distance. To men living in an age of steam-engines and Daguerreotypes it may appear strange that an invention so simple in itself as the canal-lock, and founded on properties of fluids little recondite, should have escaped the acuteness of Egypt, Greece, and Rome. When we reflect, however, for how many centuries the principle of the printing press lay dormant, yet alive, in the stamped brick of Babylon, and the signet-rings of kings and senators, we shall cease to wonder. Some have supposed that locks were used, before they were known to Europe, in China—that vast repository of ideas partially carried out, and inventions unimproved; but it is not certain, even if certain locks described by Nieuhoff, a follower of a Dutch embassy in the seventeenth century, were such as are in use in Europe, that they were coeval with the construction of the canal, which dates from 1289. We doubt whether at this time the double-gated lock exists in China; but, if it does, we think it was probably introduced there by missionaries from Europe. In the article of embankment we might indeed possibly take a lesson of the Chinese. Some of their canals carried through extensive lakes by this contrivance have no parallel in Europe.

In Europe the two great modern subsidiaries to inland navigation, the navigable aqueduct and the lock, have been very generally ascribed to Italy and the fifteenth century. By more recent authorities the lock has been claimed for Holland. The first instance we can trace of the aqueduct is that of the canal of Martesana in the Milanese, which in 1460 was conducted over the torrent of Molgora by means of a bridge of three arches of some thirty feet span.

It has been usually supposed that the double-gated lock was invented by the brothers Domenico and Viterbo, and first applied by them in 1481. This supposition originates with Zandrini—one among the most distinguished on the long list of Italian mathematicians.

Zandrini, born in 1679 near Brescia, was placed in 1720, by the united suffrages of

Ferrara, Modena, and Venice, at the head of a commission of engineers appointed to settle several important hydraulic questions between these conterminous states. Of all legislation that for running waters is perhaps the most difficult, whether it affect the rights of different states or of subjects under one sovereignty. Let him who doubts this try his hand on a general drainage and bog improvement bill for Ireland. Such an appointment speaks the acknowledged eminence of the man. Venice at the same time gave him the permanent office of mathematician to the republic and superintendent of the waters belonging to that commonwealth of beavers, as Buonaparte was wont to call that state.

In Zendrini's 'Treatise on the Laws, Phenomena, Regulation, and Uses of Running Waters,' the following passage occurs:—

'One of the most efficacious methods of compelling rivers to submit to navigation, when naturally unfitted for it by reason of their rapid descent, is that of *sostegni*.'

We cannot satisfy ourselves with a translation of this word. In this particular passage the word *lock* would answer the sense; but in others it admits a more extended interpretation, and may indicate almost any of the older contrivances by which water is alternately sustained and liberated, weir, lasher, &c. Such were the contrivances mentioned by Mr. Telford as in use till lately on the Thames:—

'The first expedient which occurred was to thrust the boat as nearly as possible to the rapid, and having well fastened her there to await an increase of water by rain; and this was sometimes assisted by a collection of boats, which, by forming a kind of floating dam, deepened the water immediately above, and threw part of the rapid behind themselves. This simple expedient was still in practice at Sunbury, on the Thames, since the beginning of the present century; and elsewhere the custom of building bridges almost always at fords, to accommodate ancient roads of access, as well as to avoid the difficulty of founding piers in deep water, afforded opportunity for improvement in navigating the rapid formed by the shallow water or ford; for a stone bridge may be formed into a lock or stoppage of the river by means of transverse timbers from pier to pier, sustaining a series of boards called paddles, opposed to the strength of the current, as was heretofore seen on the same River Thames where it passes the city of Oxford at Friar Bacon's Bridge, on the road to Abingdon. Such paddles are there in use to deepen the irregular river channels above that bridge; and the boat or boats, of very considerable tonnage, thus find passage upwards or downwards, a single arch being occasionally cleared of its paddles, to afford free passage through the bridge. In this sense of the word, the arches of old London Bridge were designated as *locks*,

some of the widest of them being purposely closed up to low-water mark by sheet-piling, which (with the sterling of framework, filled with rubble-stones for protection of the piers) retained the river navigable for some hours to Richmond at high water, sometimes quite to Kingston. The next degree of improvement was the introduction of modern locks, at first for distinction called *pound-locks*, wherein water was impounded for the reception of the boat; and these pound-locks, improved by modern accuracy with side walls and convenient sluices, have not only rendered the Thames and most of our other English rivers navigable, but, by economizing the water requisite for the transit of boats shaped to the lock, have given rise and scope to canal navigation; that is, to water carriage where no river or stream existed or does exist.'—*Telford's Narrative*, p. 57.

The word *sostegno* seems peculiarly applicable to the original contrivance, intended rather to bear up and sustain the weight of water than to enclose and impound it. The word *conca*, also in use in Italy, might appear to answer more closely to our pound-lock; it is, however, constantly used in the same sense as the simple *sostegno*. A scientific correspondent, whose opinion is entitled to much deference, and who is disposed to attribute to this country an early, perhaps an independent, application of the pound-lock, partly founds that conclusion on the fact that the English term *lock* is purely national. It is, as he has suggested to us, not the Italian *sostegno* or *conca*, the Dutch *sluys*, the French *écluse*, but the Anglo-Saxon *loc*, enclosure; and he infers, if, as usually supposed, we had borrowed the invention, we should have borrowed the name. We are inclined to doubt the force of this philological argument. Our term is at least an exact translation of the Dutch *sluys* and the German *schleusse*, which, whether to be traced through the French *écluse* and Italian *chiusa* to the Latin *claudo* and *cludo*, or to the nearer source of the Teutonic *schliessen*, has the same signification, to enclose, shut up. Till we have positive evidence to the contrary, we shall be inclined to believe that the pound-lock came to us through Holland in the seventeenth century, and that the word *lock*, *loc*, or *lokke*, when used before this period, signified nothing more than the *sostegno* did in Italy previously to the fifteenth century. Zendrini continues:

'By means of these (*sostegni*) even rivulets can be made available for boats; and this not only on level plains, but even in hilly countries. For this reason their inventor has certainly great claims of merit on society at large. I have made much research to discover his name, and to certify the date of so valuable a discovery, but without success, unless certain information, derived

from private papers, afford some light towards recognizing the meritorious contriver. I have found then that Denis and Peter Domenico, brothers, of Viterbo, acquired in 1481, September 3d, from Signor Contarini a certain site in the bastion of Stra, near Padua, in order to form in it a channel from the Piovego, the canal which comes from Padua to the aforesaid place, Stra; and in a certain memorial from these brothers, dated the same year, calling themselves Maestri di Orologgio, they set forth that they will enable boats and barges to pass through the sluice of Stra without danger, without being unloaded, and without being dragged; contriving at the same time that the waters shall issue with facility. . . . To these then, at least within the Venetian states, we may ascribe the honor of this invention, not finding any one else who had previously conceived or put in practice the idea.

So far, then, we have Zendrini's opinion that the achievement of lifting or lowering a loaded vessel, without traction, from one water level to another, was first accomplished by the brothers of Viterbo, though he gives it with some hesitation. This opinion, embraced by many, derived for a time confirmation from its adoption by Frisi.

Frasi was born at Milan in 1729, and having obtained an European reputation for his illustrations of the sublimest branches of the Newtonian philosophy, gave much of his attention to hydraulics. He travelled more than is usual with men of his pursuits and ecclesiastical profession; and in the latter period of his life made himself in England personally acquainted with the works of Brindley.

We have not seen the two earlier editions of Frisi's book on navigable canals published in 1762 and 1770;—but it is plain from the translation by Major General Garstin, that at that period Frisi fully concurred in the views of Zendrini. Frisi, however, revised and republished his work in 1782; and from some passages of this last edition it is clear to us that he had then found reason to change his opinion, and to ascribe the invention to a greater man than either of the brothers of Viterbo.

'The ancients,' he says, 'understood the method of moderating the excessive descent of rivers, of maintaining the necessary supply of water, of absorbing it into reservoirs, and using it both for the defence of places and the irrigation of country, by means of certain sluices, which could be lifted up for the passage of boats. Belidor has described them in the 4th book of his "Architectura Idraulica." These had no spaces divided off in their interior, and were of the kind called *Conche piñane*. Such precisely were the two *sostegni* commenced in 1188 and finished in 1198, under the direction of Alberto Pitentino, architect; the one before the gate of Mantua, called the Cepeto gate, and the other at Gover-

nolo, twelve miles distant—the first to dam up the waters of the Mincio, and to form the upper lake of Mantua; and the second to form the under lake so called, and to continue the navigation of the Mincio to the Po. Such also must have been the old *Sostegno* of Stra, the work of two engineers of Viterbo in 1481, to facilitate the passage of barges from the canal of Padova, commonly called the Piovego canal, into the Brenta; a *sostegno* now in disuse, and which does not seem to have been constructed with any difference of level between the upper and inferior beds (fondo), as far as we can judge from the hinges of the gates, which are still extant. The most ancient staircase locks (*sostegni a gradino*), of which I have found notice, are those of the canal of the navigation of Venice, those of the canal of Bologna, and those which form the communication of the two canals of Milan. All these are very nearly of the same date; and I should be inclined to believe that the invention of them may be attributed to Lionardo da Vinci.'

After describing the merits and properties of the invention, and some peculiarities of various specimens of it, Frisi proceeds, speaking of two locks on the navigation of the Brenta:—

'The construction of these *sostegni*, and the present system of the navigation of the Brenta into the laguna of Venice, is posterior to the diversion of the Brentone, which was commenced in 1484. In the canal of Bologna the *sostegno* of Battiferro has the area of the interior 6½ Bolognese feet lower than the threshold of the upper gates. And this work was constructed in 1484, according to Masini in his "Bologna Perlustrata." The six *sostegni* which form the communication between our two canals were projected and executed by Lionardo da Vinci, and were completely finished in 1497, as we learn from a public inscription. From all which, not having been able to verify with precision either how much the *sostegni* of the Venetian navigation are posterior to 1484, or how much the idea of ours at Milan was anterior to 1497, I should be inclined to believe that the first invention of *sostegni a gradino* may be attributed to Lionardo da Vinci.—P. Frisi's *Opera*, vol. ii. Mediol. 1783.

Venturi, a more recent writer, and one of scarcely less repute than the two above quoted, throws back the invention to an earlier period. He writes:—

'It has been said that Vinci was the inventor of the double-gated lock, that ingenious machine which has opened so many issues to internal commerce among the moderns. But it is not he who first imagined them. The Venetians had constructed some on the Piovego in 1481; and Philip Maria Visconti had caused some to be executed about 1440. I believe that some were constructed even in the fourteenth century.'

The quotation from the 'Rerum Italicarum Scriptores' of Muratori, on which Venturi seems to rely for the achievements of Vis-

conti, is rather vague,—‘*Meditatus est et aquæ rivum, per quem ab Abiate Vighianum usque sursum veheretur, aquis altiora scandentibus machinarum arte quas conchas appellant.*’ Visconti did, however, more than meditate some contrivance by which a communication was effected between two canals of a different level. Much information on these works of Visconti is to be found in the preface to Lionardo’s ‘*Trattato della Pittura*,’ by Carlo Amoretti, librarian to the Ambrosian Library, Milan, 1804. A canal of irrigation, derived from the Ticino, had, it appears, been commenced by the Milanese so far back as 1179. This canal was then only carried from Abiate on the Ticino, as far as Gagliano, about half the distance to Milan. In 1227, it was prolonged to Milan; and was probably then first converted to purposes of navigation, for the various streams which traversed or flowed near the city were then directed into it; and in 1296 a project was conceived of uniting it with the Lambro, and through that river with the Po, which, however, was not then executed. In 1438, one of those incidental stimuli was applied to the ingenuity of the Milanese engineers which so often lead to unforeseen consequences. The construction of St. Peter’s indirectly assisted the Reformation;—that of the Duomo of Milan led to some step in advance in hydraulics, which, if not amounting to the double-gated lock, was shortly followed by that invention. It was to overcome the difficulty of conveying the materials for the Duomo, furnished from the Alpine quarries of Candoglia, that some contrivance became necessary for lifting vessels from one level to another. The Ticino and the canal had brought the marble to the suburbs of the city, but there it remained, till the ditch of the city, having been rendered navigable, but at a higher level, certain *conche* were devised for passing the vessels by an alternate increase and decrease of the water. ‘*Pro faciendo crescere et decrescere aquam.*’ These are the words used in an account of the expenses of the work existing in the archives of Milan. One of these, the Conca di Viarena, constructed in 1439, raised vessels to a height of four Italian *braccia*. We think these facts and dates make Visconti and his engineers formidable rivals to Zandri’s brothers of Viterbo; but, in the absence of any design or other certain description of the *conca* of this period, we still doubt whether it can be classed with the pound-lock, or was, in fact, much more than the application of the *sostegno*—long used in rivers—to effect a junction between two artificial lines of navigation under circumstances which gave a considerable command of water. It

appears that the raising of the lower level was obtained by stopping, at a fixed hour, and for a considerable time together, the apertures established along the length of the canal for purposes of irrigation. Amoretti, speaking of the machinery for regulating the issue at these apertures, uses the surgical word *otturamento*, a styptic application. It is probable that these issues, and that by which the canals were connected, were of the simple and clumsy construction still used in China—bars of wood resting on one another in two vertical grooves of masonry, and elevated in succession as occasion requires. For these the improvement of a sliding flood-gate was in time substituted, which is said to have been borrowed from our masters in the art of military engineering, the Turks.

But none perhaps of the Italian writers who have discussed these matters had better opportunities of investigating the Milanese archives, or took more pains to do so with reference to the works of Visconti, than Fu magalli. The following passage from his book on the antiquities of Milan (1792) will show that his inquiries left him a warm, though not an unreasonable or uncompromising advocate of the claims of Lionardo—if not to the absolute invention, at least to the practical application of the *lock* to purposes of inland navigation:—

‘For the rest, in asserting for Lionardo the boast of the invention of the *conca*, we do not pretend that it was entirely his own, or that it issued an entire novelty from his brain. We know for certain that before his time other *conche* and *sostegni*, and the like contrivances, had been constructed on rivers and canals, and specially on our own. We have seen above, that at Viarena a *conca* had served since the year 1439 to facilitate the passage of barges from the great canal to the ditch of the city, in which latter there was also a second *conca* near the suburb of the Porta Vercellina. The existence of other *conche* in the little canal near the Benaglio, in the year 1471, is apparent from a despatch of that year of the magistracy, one of which *conche* was probably the one at the spot called Gorla, which, in a decree of 1533, Francis Sforza the Second ordered to be removed, probably as having been rendered useless by the construction in 1496, of the one situated at the Cassina de’ Pomi. If, in the designs of *conche* in the Ambrosian MSS., Lionardo’s object was to delineate that alone which was of his own invention, in such case we should have to attribute to him three particularities at once among the most beautiful and the most singular, inasmuch as all three are discernible, slightly sketched by his hand. The first is that of the gates turning on hinges, for the purpose of the more easily opening and shutting. The second is the closing of the same at an obtuse angle, the construction best adapted to sustain the pressure of the water, and for management against a current. The third has reference

to the little doors or sluices in the gates for the rapid filling or emptying of the *conca*. And the fashion so sketched by Lionardo is the one since practised in the rest of Italy, in Holland, and in France, in the formation of *conche* on rivers and canals, all posterior in date to ours.*

Our readers will hardly fail to observe that in a passage which we have quoted from Frisi, there is distinct mention of hinges in the case of the *sostegno* constructed at Stra by the brothers of Viterbo. We have also to remark that the term *sostegni a gradino*, as used by the advocates of Lionardo, must be taken to imply merely a system of locks applied at various distances to the same canal, but not in immediate connexion, like those of the Bridgewater canal at Runcorn, or those of Mr. Telford at the western termination of the Caledonian. Frisi is distinct on this point.

'Above all,' he says, 'that invention deserves to be known in Italy which unites together different *sostegni*, so as to effect an immediate passage from one to the other. With us the *sostegni* are all isolated, and separated one from the other by a portion of the canal. In France, in Sweden, in Flanders, and in other countries, wherever it is necessary to partition off a considerable fall in a tract of no great extent, the *sostegni a gradino* are constructed in such a manner that the descent takes place immediately out of one into the other, and thus the intervening gates belong equally to the two contiguous chambers.'

Frise, who had seen the works of Brindley at Runcorn, might have added, that it would be the object and boast of an engineer so to construct his canal as to force together as much as possible in this manner the lockage which it required. The uninterrupted level of the Bridgewater canal from Leigh and Manchester to Runcorn, and the concentration of its descent to the Mersey at the latter place, have always been considered as among the most striking evidences of the genius and skill of Brindley.

From all these disquisitions we are led to infer that some doubt exists whether the brothers of Viterbo really effected any material improvement in certain clumsy contrivances which existed in Italy in the fourteenth century, perhaps even so far back as the twelfth. One fact only seems certain, that the first application of a series of locks by which water and what it floats is made to walk up and down stairs, was the work of that master-mind, which for variety of accomplishment has no equal perhaps in the records of human genius and acquirement—of one who had the hand of Apellas and the head of Archimedes—who with the first could with equal felicity

give their respective expression to the countenances of our Lord and his betrayer, and trace the intricacies of wheel-work and the perspective of machinery—with the second could all but anticipate in an age of comparative darkness, the discoveries of Copernicus, Newton, and Cuvier. Those who think these terms exaggerated may refer to the pages of Mr. Hallam's 'History of Literature' for the confirmation of such part of our eulogy as is not to be found in the MS. folio of the Ambrosian library, or on the wall of the Dominican refectory. It is strange that in such a city as Paris the works of such a man should be allowed to remain unprinted and unedited. A Vinci Society at Paris would be a worthy rival to our Bannatyne, Shakspeare, Camden, Spalding, *et hoc genus omne* in Britain.

Lionardo's work, which still exists, was inspected as a model in 1660 by F. Andreossi, for whom the honor has been claimed by his descendants of the scheme for the great canal of Languedoc. It is rather remarkable that so early a work should so long have maintained so high a reputation in such a school of hydraulic art as Northern Italy. It is perhaps to be accounted for by the circumstance that the territorial divisions of the district so copiously watered from the Alps and Apennines, presented political obstacles to continuous lines of artificial navigation: hence the skill of the engineer was rather directed to purposes of drainage, irrigation, and security, to 'tame the torrent's thunder-shock,' or fertilize the marsh, than to make the best of friends and the worst of enemies (as the Duke of Bridgewater was wont to call water) subservient to purely commercial purposes.

For the claim of Holland to priority in the application of the lock, we refer our readers to the article on Inland Navigation in Brewster's 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia,' attributed to the authorship of Messrs. Telford and Nimmo. Their researches led them to the conclusion that the invention was known in Holland at least a century before its application in Italy. With the utmost deference for these two eminent names, we are yet inclined to doubt whether the instances they quote in support of this position are sufficient to establish it. The *placeat* granted so far back as A. D. 1253, by William Count of Holland, to the city of Haerlem, for the construction of certain sluices at Spaarendam, ordaining 'transmeatum quemdam aquarum qui Spoya vulgariter appellatur, vel foramen. . . per quod majores naves cum suis oneribus possint de facili pertransire in Dampno apud Sparnam,' is, we think, inconclusive, and we doubt whether either this or the other exam-

* Delle Antichità Longobardiche—Milanesi, tom. ii. p. 126.

ples quoted of Dutch works anterior to the fifteenth century establish any thing further than the application of some form of the early *sostegno* or single-sluice, more or less improved. We consider, however, that the conclusions of such writers make this branch of the subject well worthy of further investigation. It is not in our judgment at all improbable that in an age when ideas travelled more slowly and precariously than at present, the engineers of the two countries may have worked in complete independence each of the other. The artificial navigation of Italy was doubtless more exclusively of an inland character, and the invention of the Dutch had the additional stimulus of the natural circumstances which lead to the necessity of the tidal-sluice and lock-gate in its various forms.

In Mr. Prescott's notice of the canal constructed by Cortez in 1521, for the military purpose of conveying his brigantines from Tezcuco to the neighboring lake, we find mention of dams and locks. As indeed the distance was half a league, and as the operation appears to have been that of rendering a mere brook or ravine (*fossata*) navigable for vessels of some burthen, it would be difficult to conceive how some such contrivances could have been dispensed with; but we have to regret that among the extracts cited in Mr. Prescott's notes from Spanish authorities, there is no passage which describes them. (See 'History of the Conquest of Mexico,' vol. iii. p. 78.) The description of the work by Cortez himself in his third relation, addressed to Charles V., does not condescend to many particulars, but he gives the depth by the rough measurement of the human stature, 'quanto saria la statura di due homini.' (Ramusio, vol. iii. p. 266.) The countrymen of Cortez in Old Spain have achieved but little in this line. The canals of Aragon and Segovia are their only works of any consequence, and both are unfinished. The former, commenced by Charles V. in 1529, but remodelled and extended in the latter part of the last century, is described by a recent traveller, Captain S. Cook, R. N., as presenting an unnecessary width of surface to the sun, a great mistake in a warm climate, and as more used for irrigation than traffic. The aqueduct by which it crosses the valley of the Rio Zabon is said to be a magnificent work of the kind, and to have cost about 130,000*l*. Should Spain ever enjoy the advantage of a government, its attention might be usefully directed to effecting the junction of the two seas by the extension of this canal from Tudela to some point on the coast of Biscay.

Of two locks in Sweden, Mr. Telford says, 'near Wenernsborg two connected locks

have long existed, each 182 feet in length and 39 feet wide. They were constructed about the year 1600, in the reign of Charles IX., by Dutch engineers, probably under the direction of John of Ostrogotha, who had travelled much and seen such inventions. He died in 1618.'

The first locks constructed in France, it is supposed, were the seven adjacent locks at Rogny, on the Canal de Briare, commenced by Henry IV. in 1605, and conducted during the five following years of his reign under the superintendence of Sully. The work was interrupted by the assassination of Henry, and not resumed till 1635. As, however, the main difficulties of the line were dealt with under his reign, and as its completion in 1642 only carried out the original plan, the credit due to the sovereign and the minister of having set an early example in the improvement of inland intercourse remains unaffected. That example produced brilliant consequences in the reign of Louis XIV. The Canal of Orleans, begun in 1652 and finished in 1692, saved eighteen leagues of difficult and precarious river navigation between Orleans and Briare. The Canal de Loing, finished in 1724, completed the junction of these two canals with the Seine.

Further south meanwhile the power and enterprise of Louis had been displaying itself on a far greater scale. The Canal of Languedoc, begun in 1667 and finished in 1681, had realized a project which for centuries had inspired the fancy of the greatest rulers of France—Charlemagne, Francis I., and Richelieu—the junction of the ocean with the Mediterranean. For any detailed description of this undertaking we must content ourselves with referring our readers to the numerous works extant and accessible on the subject, such as those of De la Lande, the Chevalier Allent, and General Andreossi. The latter author sets forth the evidence on which he founds the claim of his ancestor, F. Andreossi, as the original inventor of the plan which he certainly assisted to execute, to the exclusion of the pretensions of Riquet, as asserted in an inscription on the lock of Toulouse, and admitted for many years without question.

We are ill qualified to decide on the merits of a controversy which still has its warm and enlightened partisans on either side in France. It is more to our purpose—that of noting a few leading facts and features of the rise and progress of inland navigation—to call attention to its relative state at this period in England. We are indebted to Mr. Hughes for a quotation inserted in his interesting 'Memoir of James Brindley,' which bears

upon this subject. It is from a work of one Francis Mathew, who, in the year 1656, addressed the Protector Cromwell on the advantage of a water communication between London and Bristol :—

'Mathew in his day,' says Mr. Hughes, 'was probably considered a bold and daring speculator; and what was the extent of the plan by which he proposed to effect his object? It was this: to make the rivers Isis and Avon navigable to their sources by means of *sasses*, and to connect their heads by a short canal of three miles, across the intervening ridge of country. It is amusing enough to follow the argument of this primitive amateur, for he ventures not to call himself an engineer, in his endeavor to convince the world that his project, novel and gigantic as he admits it to be, is not beyond the capacity of the state to execute. As for private enterprise, whether by individuals or by a corporation, he considers it quite out of the question for such a work; but he ventures to think that the state might execute it with a reasonable prospect of success.

'The condition,' says Mr. Hughes, 'of engineering science in the time of Mathew may be inferred from the following extract from his book, relating to the general subject of inland navigation. He recommends—

"To rise as high, in opening the said rivers, as they shall be found feasible, there to make a wharf, magazine, or warehouse, for all such commodities as are useful to those parts of the country, both for trade and merchandizing, and service in time of war with far greater expedition. If any other river, practicable for boats, lye near the head or side of the said river, and that the ground favor the opening of a still river to be drawn between them, then to joyn them with *sasses* or otherwise. But should the ground be repugnant, then a fair stone causey, not exceeding one little day's journey for horses or carts, to be raised between the said rivers. By the like industry many mediterranean passages by water, with the help of such causeys, would be formed from one sea to the other, and not to have the old channel of any river to be forsaken for a shorter passage; for, as hath been said, rivers are never out of their way."

It is hardly fair to look down from the height of modern achievement with contempt on a man who, at all events, did his best to call public attention to a neglected subject. Had Mathew succeeded in fixing upon it the vigorous mind of the Protector, his feeble suggestion might have fructified, and Bridgewater and Brindley might have been anticipated by a century. It is true that while such a representative of the engineering science of England was addressing the English Government, Colbert, Riquet, and Andreossi were digesting the scheme for the junction of the Atlantic with the Mediterranean, and

dealing with elevations and volumes of water from which Mathew would have shrunk in dismay. It is perhaps strange that Louis XIV.'s grandiloquent and characteristic proclamation, which made so many French bosoms beat high, should have had no echo in England. It is, however, far stranger that the example of the great work, accomplished in 1681, with its 100 locks, its 36 aqueducts, and its elevation of some 600 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, should for eighty years have been lost upon England; and that when the hour and the man at last arrived, a scheme more substantial, but far less gigantic, should have been treated as the dream of a madman. We cannot even find that the Canal of Languedoc was ever cited by Brindley or his employer in reply to the wise men who questioned their sanity. It is true that the Canal of Languedoc affords no example of a navigable aqueduct, the piers of which stand in the bed of a navigable river, and constructed on a scale which leaves the navigation of that river unimpeded; but even the Pont du Gard might have sufficed to strip Brindley's project of the Barton Aqueduct of its supposed impracticability. If Brindley, however, was acquainted with the existence of such works at this period, he was assuredly so ignorant of their details as to be utterly innocent of plagiarism. With regard to the Duke of Bridgewater himself there is more room for doubt. He certainly visited France and Italy in his youth; and hence Mr. Hughes, while defending zealously, and we think most justly, his claim as the originator of navigable canals in England, infers that 'undoubtedly he had seen and studied the great canal works of Italy, Holland, and other countries.' The question is one of more curiosity than importance, but there is at least no proof of the truth of the assumption.

The history of Francis Duke of Bridgewater is engraved in intaglio on the face of the country he helped to civilize and enrich.—His memory is held in veneration in his own country, and beyond it; and, we may add, in affection as well as respect by the population of his own Lancashire neighborhood, a race zealous in its attachments, and not indisposed to what Mr. Carlyle calls 'hero worship.' The best records of an eminent man are certainly his works. The 'Principia' and the 'Transfiguration' are more substantial memorials of Newton and Raphael than the pages of any biographer; but yet few are altogether indifferent to even the pettiest minutæ of the lives and the habits of such men. We love to hear of Newton's untasted and forgotten dinner, and to trace in Vasari Raphael's morning progress to the Vatican surrounded

by enthusiastic pupils. In this instance our curiosity for such details has been but slenderly gratified. Correspondence to ransack, there is none. It is not strictly true to say, as has been said, that Brindley could not write; but it is true to say of his employer that he would not; he had at least an aversion to the use of the pen. We know not that, with the exception of meagre articles in foreign works, any one has attempted to discharge for the Duke the task of biography; which in the case of Brindley has been more than once performed.* These remarks are no preface to any such deliberate attempt of ours; yet a few scattered notices of so remarkable a benefactor to his country may be worth collection and admission into these pages:—*‘His saltum accumulæ donis.’*

Francis, sixth Earl and third and last Duke of Bridgewater, was born in 1736, the youngest of five children. His father died when he was eleven years old; and one only of the four elder brothers had lived to enjoy for a short time the title. On the death of this brother, Francis succeeded to the dukedom.—Though the loss of a mother, usually a far greater misfortune than that of a father, was spared him, it is said that he met with little attention from one whose affections in the first year of her widowhood were transferred to a second husband. It is certain that his education was much neglected; and we have heard that some attempt was contemplated to set him altogether aside on the score of mental deficiency. Horace Walpole writes to his Florentine Pylades, Sir Horace Mann, in 1761, —‘You will be happy in Sir Richard Lytton and his duchess—they are the best humoured people in the world.’ We have reason to believe that little of this valuable quality was dispensed to the benefit of the sickly boy, who probably gave little promise of long surviving his consumptive brothers, and less of future eminence in any department. The field of exertion which he lived to select could hardly be foreseen by wiser people than his worldly relatives. His guardians, the Duke of Bedford, and his brother-in-law, Lord Trentham, sent him at the age of seventeen to make the tour of Europe. They selected for his companion a man of the highest distinction for talent and acquirement, the scholar, the traveller, and the antiquarian, Robert Wood, author of the well-known works on Troy, Baalbeck, and Palmyra. The usual consequences of this Mezertian connection be-

tween an accomplished and matured man and a backward and unruly boy did not fail to show themselves, and evidence exists that Wood often wished himself back in the desert he had so lately left. His work on Palmyra, which was published immediately after his return from the East, bears date 1752, and in March of the following year he started with his pupil. To a man so gifted his new companion must have been a bad exchange for Bouverie and Dawkins: and who ever yet felt the luxuries of European travelling a compensation for the delights of the desert?—Wood, indeed, was no college pedagogue, but a man of the world—of that world which acknowledges a Chesterfield as its guide in morals as well as behavior. He was induced with some difficulty to persevere in his undertaking. It is probable that during their residence in Italy he may have communicated to his pupil some taste for the arts, which afterwards displayed itself in the formation of the Bridgewater Gallery. He sat for his portrait to Mengs, probably by the duke’s desire, for the picture is now in the Bridgewater collection. The duke made also some purchases of marbles, tables of Egyptian granite, such as still tempt English purses in the shops of the Roman scarpellini. These, however, remained in their original packing-cases till after his death. We much regret that we have been unable to find any trace of the duke’s route beyond Lyons, except his visit to Rome. It is possible that the works of Lionardo on the Milan canal may have engaged his attention; and equally so that, on his return homeward, he may have taken a route through the south of France, which, at Narbonne, Toulouse, or elsewhere, may have brought the greater works of Louis XIV under his observation; but we have nothing but conjecture to guide us, and we have no reason to believe that he passed through any part of Holland.

We have little record of the duke’s habits between the period of his journey and the attainment of his majority. The Racing Calendar bears witness that from 1756 to 1770 he kept race-horses. He had also for some time a house at Newmarket. The bulky man of after years was once so light and slender of frame that he occasionally rode races in person; and on one such occasion we have heard a bet was jokingly proposed that he would be blown off his horse. He rode a race in Trentham park against a jockey of royal blood, the Duke of Cumberland. Whatever were his pursuits, or the degree to which he indulged in them, they soon merged into the one occupation of his remaining life.

It will sometimes happen, as Dryden tells us,—

*The notices of the duke in those two valuable works, the French ‘Biographie Universelle’ and the German ‘Conversations Lexicon,’ have antedated his birth by ten years.

'That when some proud usurper Heaven provides,
To scourge a country with his lawless sway,
His birth perhaps some petty village hides,
And set, his cradle out of fortune's way!'

If men occasionally rise from obscurity to such perilous elevation, it fortunately also sometimes occurs that others born to coronets on their cradles, and scutcheons on their coffins, will descend from the dignity of doing nothing to the office of thinking and acting for the benefit of their fellow-creatures. As England is not a country of Spanish grantees, and the blood of her aristocracy is, in sporting phrase, continually crossed, there are no physical reasons why the higher faculties of the mind should not be pretty equally distributed among all her classes.—With reference, however, to that portion of her aristocracy which had been compared to the Trinity House, in that it is composed of elder brethren, it may be said that political ambition is the incentive which most usually calls its powers into conspicuous action. The fact is, that politics are the most social of serious pursuits; and though real distinction in this sphere, as in others, is only to be gained by great sacrifices of ease and pleasure, it is still compatible with a large indulgence in the social excitements which wealth and inherited station hold out for acceptance, and which even, to some extent, form part of the business of a political leader, and become agents of his influence. If Sir Isaac Newton had been born to an earldom and a rent-roll, his parents or guardians might have warned him that Euclid was very well, but that fluxions did not become a gentleman; and the sacred fire within him might have burnt out in the calculations of political finance, or, more unprofitably, on the course of Newmarket or at the gaming-table. The self-exile from the circle we are ticketed from birth to enter, the brooding over one design, the indomitable perseverance which can alone master success in such objects as those of the Duke of Bridgewater's manhood, can, in the nature of things, seldom be exhibited by the nobles by inheritance of any country. It is well known that they were conspicuously exhibited by the Duke of Bridgewater. Perseverance was in his nature, but we believe that accident had a share in its development—that a disappointment in love first alienated him from what is called the world—and that this affair of the heart was the cardinal passage of his existence. We mention it not merely as having influenced his destiny, but also as having afforded a signal illustration of that determination of character and resolute will which afterwards carried him through all his difficulties.

Deeply smitten with the charms of one of two sisters famous for their beauty, he had sued and been accepted; and the preliminaries of the marriage were in progress when an obstacle occurred. The reputation of the other sister, more renowned for beauty of the two—though hardly with justice, if the engravings of the day be faithful—but undoubtedly more fair than wise, had suffered from evil reports. The duke, who had heard and (as men of the word usually do where female reputation is concerned) believed, announced to his intended bride his resolution against a continuance of intimacy: we know not whether the prohibition extended to intercourse. Sisterly affection revolted at this condition, but he persevered to the extent of breaking off the marriage. Such scruples in an age not remarkable for rigid aristocratic morality, and on the part of a pupil of Wood, might be suspected to indicate want of ardor in the attachment. The circumstances, however, refute this suspicion. The charms of the lady alone had attracted the suitor—charms which had, previously to the duke's suit, placed one ducal coronet on her brow, and speedily replaced the one she now sacrificed to sisterly affection, by another.

Their impression was in this instance so deep, and the sacrifice so painful, that he who made it to a great extent abandoned society, and is said never to have spoken to another woman in the language of gallantry. A Roman Catholic might have built a monastery, tenanted a cell, and died a saint. The duke, at the age of twenty-two, betook himself to his Lancashire estates, made Brindley his confessor, and died a benefactor to commerce, manufactures, and mankind.

While upon this subject it may be worth while to remark that our account of this episode in the duke's life may serve to supply the readers of Horace Walpole with the explanation of a passage in one of his letters to Marshal Conway. He writes, Jan. 23, 1759,—

'You and Mr. de Bareil may give yourselves what airs you please of settling cartels with expedition. You do not exchange prisoners with half so much alacrity as Jack Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton have exchanged hearts. . . . It is the prettiest match in the world since yours, and everybody likes it but the Duke of Bridgewater and Lord Coventry. What an extraordinary fate is attached to these two women! Who could have believed that a Gunning would unite the two great houses of Campbell and Hamilton? For my part I expect to see my Lady Coventry Queen of Prussia. I would not venture to marry either of them these thirty years, for fear of being shuffled out of the world prematurely to make room for the rest of their adventures.'

We do not profess to know why Lord Coventry should have objected to his sister-in-law's second marriage. We have explained why the Duke of Bridgewater may have done so. Was it to conceal his chagrin, and carry off his disappointment with a good grace, that he performed a feat very inconsistent with his after habits, alluded to in the subsequent letter of March 9th to Sir Horace Mann :—

‘Colonel Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton are married. My sister, who was at the Opera last Tuesday, and went from thence to a great ball at the Duke of Bridgewater’s, where she staid till three in the morning, was brought to bed in less than four hours afterwards.’

Beyond the allusion quoted above from Horace Walpole we have met with no written notice of this incident in the duke’s life; but our oral authority is such as to leave us no doubt on the subject, and we cannot think that we have overestimated its importance. We are aware that the validity of his claim to the title which by general consent has been bestowed upon him, of Father of British Inland Navigation, has been cavilled at on two grounds—first, on that of an act obtained by his father, Scroop, first Duke of Bridgewater, and others in 1737, for rendering Worsley brook navigable; and secondly, on the stronger instance of the Sankey navigation, the act for which was obtained in 1755, and which was opened in 1760, whereas the duke’s first act received the royal assent in March, 1759, and the Barton aqueduct was opened in July, 1761. The first ground of impeachment we consider hardly worth notice, unless to illustrate the difference between a vague and timid conception, the execution of which was never attempted, and the brilliant realizations of Brindley. On the second Mr. Hughes makes the following remarks, p. 8 :—

‘The credit of the Duke of Bridgewater having been denied by some, who contend that the Sankey Brook Canal in Lancashire was constructed and designed before him, it may be proper to examine the truth of this assertion. In the year 1755, an act was obtained for making the Sankey Brook navigable from St. Helens to the river Mersey, but the proprietors of the navigation afterwards determined to abandon the stream and to make an entirely new canal, using the water of the stream merely to feed the canal. Accordingly the canal was dug as close along the side of the stream as practicable, and opened for navigation in the year 1760. In the mean time the Duke of Bridgewater applied to Parliament in 1759 for power to construct a canal, not in the bed of any stream, not near or parallel with the course of any stream, but entirely across the dry land, and quite irrespective of the position of streams, except in so far as they might be made to afford supplies of water to his canal. Upon a consideration of these facts, I confess myself un-

able to see any ground whatever for putting the merit of any other person in this respect in competition with that of his grace, who undoubtedly deserves the whole credit of planning, at the time of attaining his majority, a work which reflects immortal honor on his memory, and confers a rank upon him greater, immeasurably greater, than all that which is due to his title and his station. Undoubtedly he had seen and studied the great canal works of Italy, Holland, and other countries, and he deserves undivided credit for having so perseveringly determined to see them imitated in his own country and through his own means.’

We have given elsewhere our reasons for doubting the assumption of Mr. Hughes as to the effect of the duke’s continental tour.—With his other observations we concur, and, doing so we are inclined to lay the greater stress on the probability that if the duke had become the husband of the most beautiful woman of her day, he might indeed have become the father of a race of Egertons, but not of inland navigation. This title could hardly have been won, unless circumstances had allowed of the complete and continued concentration of the whole energies of the man on the one object. Under the influence of eyes not inferior to those of the duke’s ancestress, Churchill’s loveliest daughter, immortalized by Pope, when he writes in his epistle to Jervas, how—

‘Beauty waking all her forms supplies
An angel’s sweetness, or Bridgewater’s eyes’—

he would have been more likely to have protracted his honey-moon in the myrtle shades of Ashridge than to have adopted the course by which alone his canal schemes could have reached success—namely, fixed his residence in the coal-field of Worsley and on the confines of Chat Moss. In the lady’s opinion, at least, Brindley and Gilbert might have been unwelcome additions to a connubial *tête-à-tête*, and uncouth appendages to circles recruited from White’s and Almack’s. Even-
tual Egertons might also have been strong prudential checks on speculations which as things turned out could involve no ruin but his own, but which at one time brought him so near its verge that almost any one but a childless enthusiast would have retreated in dismay. We must take into account that if the duke started on his foreign travel under disadvantage from neglected education, he returned from Paris, in the modern phraseology of Christ Church and Trinity, a *fast* young man, on which point we have evidence as satisfactory as that on which we have relied for the fact of his intended marriage. The following communication, furnished by the kindness of a surviving contemporary of his latter years, will show the pitch of slowness to which

he afterwards retrograded. So little is recorded of his personal habits that we make no apology for minutiae not strictly relative to our main subject :—

'It was in the summer of 1797 that I passed a few weeks at Trentham with his grace. He was every day (as who in that eventful period was not?) very anxious for the arrival of the newspapers and intelligence from London, and when there was no London bag, which was then the case on Tuesdays, he called it emphatically a *dies non*. At table he rejected with a kind of antipathy all poultry, veal, &c., calling them "white meats," and wondering that every one, like himself, did not prefer the brown. He rebuked any one who happened to say port-wine, saying, "Do you ever talk of claret-wine, Burgundy-wine? &c." In person he was large and unwieldy, and seemed careless about his dress, which was uniformly a suit of brown, something of the cut of Dr. Johnson's. Mr. — of — passed some days with us, and during his stay the duke was every evening planted with him on a distant sofa in earnest conversation about canals, to the amusement of some of the party. I can confirm the race with the Duke of Cumberland;—it was in allusion to the altered appearance and dress of the Duke of Bridgewater that the Marquis of Stafford mentioned to the late Chief-Baron Macdonald and myself what a change there was in his person and apparel since his grace rode that race in blue silk and silver with a jockey-cap;—and I believe the ground on which it took place was the terrace at the back of the wood. Apropos of the Duke of Cumberland's visit to Trentham, the old greenhouse (*fruit room*, and Mr. Barry has levelled these things) was hastily built just before that visit as a skittle-ground for his royal highness to play in. There was also prison-bars and other games of the villagers for his amusement.'

If any of the fast young men of the present day are readers of this Review, these passages may serve as a warning to them to resist the first inroads of business, the seduction of the *improba syren* occupation, lest peradventure they live to build steeples instead of chasing them, or to dig ditches instead of leaping them, and sink in dress, habits, and occupations, to the level of Dr. Johnson or the Duke of Bridgewater. For ourselves we have dwelt thus long on this passage of the duke's life for the same reason and with the same interest with which travellers trace great rivers to their sources, and historians great events to their obscure causes. We are far from supposing that if he had never lived England could long have remained contented with primitive modes of intercourse inadequate to her growing energies. Brindley himself might have found other patrons, or if he had pined for want of such, Smeatons, Fultons, and Telfords might have arisen to supply his place. But for the happy conjunction, how-

ever, of such an instrument with such a hand to wield it, inland navigation might long have had to struggle with the timidity of capitalists, and for a time at least would perhaps have crept along, obsequious to inequalities of surface and the sinuosities of natural water-courses. When we trace on the map the present artificial arterial system of Britain—some 110 lines of canal, amounting in length to 2400 miles—when we reflect on the rapidity of the creation, how soon the junction of the Worsley coal-field with its Manchester market was followed by that of Liverpool with Hull, and Lancashire with London—we cannot but think that the duke's matrimonial disappointment ranks with other cardinal passages in the lives of eminent men, with the majority of nine which prevented the projected emigration of Cromwell, and the hurricane which scattered Admiral Christian's fleet and drove back to the Downs the vessel freighted with Sir Arthur Wellesley and his fortunes.

If we had any reason to suppose that, previously to this affair, the duke differed from other young men in respect of susceptibility to female attraction, the following paragraph from a newspaper of the day would furnish an indication at least to the contrary. Its date is October 11, 1755: 'A marriage will soon be consummated between his Grace the Duke of Bridgewater and Miss Revel, his Grace being just arrived from his travels in foreign parts.' Such a paragraph leaves a wide field for conjecture.

If, as we have reason to believe, the lady in question was the daughter of Thomas Revel, of Fetcham, in Surrey, who married in 1758 George Warren, of Pointon in Cheshire, afterwards Sir G. Warren, K. B., she was a considerable heiress. The newspapers are certainly prone to bestowing young dukes and great heiresses on one another upon slight provocation, and without any consent or collusion of the parties. Still we may reasonably hope that the report was at least founded on the solid basis of a flirtation. We wish we could ascertain whether it went the length of dancing. In France we know that his grace resisted an infusion of that accomplishment with the usual tenacity of a young Englishman. Like other boys, he was more amenable to the fencing-master. His habits of riding continued to a late period of his life, and a groom and two horses formed part of his reduced establishment at Worsley, when he is said to have brought his personal expenses within 400*l.* per annum.

By the members of the circles he thus abandoned, by those who missed him at the betting-stand, the club, or the assembly, he was

probably considered a lost man. They were mistaken, but not unreasonable. When certain stars shoot thus madly from their spheres, they seldom shine in any other. When a man of birth and wealth, sensible of the effects of a deficient education, shrinks from the toil of self-improvement, which can alone raise him to his proper level, and flies from contact with his equals in rank because they are superior in cultivation, it is terribly probable that low company and sensual indulgence will be the substitute for that he quits. To the co-operation of such causes with his love disappointment the duke's abrupt secession was probably attributed; and if so, his friends and relatives must have considered their worst anticipations confirmed when rumors reached them from Lancashire that his two chief associates were a land agent and a millwright.

There was, however, a work to be done. The hour was at hand when the latent manufacturing and commercial energies of England were to be set loose by the inventions of Watt, and Arkwright, and Crompton. To their development the improvement of internal intercourse was an essential preliminary. The instruments for this great work were selected by Providence from the highest, the middle, and the humblest classes of society, and Bridgewater, Gilbert, and Brindley, formed the remarkable trio to whom the task was delegated. Of these, Gilbert, whose functions as a coadjutor were the least distinct, has attracted least notice, but if his share in the transaction could be certified, we doubt whether it would be found that he contributed much less to its success than the other two.

We are unable to trace with positive certainty the circumstances which introduced John Gilbert to the notice of the duke; but as the elder brother Thomas was agent to the duke's brother-in-law, Lord Gower, by whose influence he sat for the borough of Lichfield, there can be little doubt that this was the channel of the introduction. John Gilbert was much engaged in mining speculations. In some of these it is probable that he became cognizant of the merits of Brindley, who so far back as 1753 had engaged in the draining of some mines at Clifton, near Manchester. We have no doubt that it was Gilbert who introduced Brindley to the duke, but we have no positive evidence of intimacy between Gilbert and Brindley earlier than 1760, when the brothers Brindley, and Henshall, the brother-in-law of James, purchased the Golden Hill estate, full of minerals, in partnership with Gilbert. Gilbert was also an active promoter of the Trent and Mersey ca-

nal, of which Brindley became the engineer, and is said to a trifling degree to have turned his influence with the latter to his own advantage, by procuring a slight deviation from the original scheme of the Harecastle Tunnel, and bringing it through his own estate. J. Gilbert is described to us by a surviving friend as a

'practical, persevering, out-door man. He loved mines and underground works; had like to have been killed at Donnington Wood, when he was down in the work, by holding his candle too near the roof. The foul air went off with a loud explosion, and blew the gearing at the pit eye into atoms. He was saved by a collier throwing him flat down and lying on him in the drift, but had his stock burnt partly off his neck, and the crown of his head scorched. The collier was badly burned, but Mr. Gilbert provided for him and his family.'

We may mention that the elder brother Thomas was the author of those parochial unions which bear his name, and which, having been unquestionable improvements on the old system of poor-law, have been much used as engines of resistance to the introduction of the new.

It is certain that in J. Gilbert's energy, perseverance, and firmness, the duke found a spirit kindred to his own. It has been said that, when the moment arrived for admitting the water into the Barton aqueduct, Brindley's nerve was unequal to the interest of the crisis, that he ran away and hid himself in Stretford, while Gilbert remained cool and collected to superintend the operation which was to confirm or to confute the clamor with which the project had been assailed. On some important points of engineering connected with this aqueduct he successfully maintained his opinions against those of Brindley. One anecdote connected with Gilbert illustrates the extent of the pecuniary difficulties which the duke experienced in the progress of his undertaking, by the nature of the expedients to which he was compelled to resort. It is well known that at one period the duke's credit was so low that his bill for 500*l.* could scarcely be cashed in Liverpool. Under such difficulties Gilbert was employed to ride round the neighboring districts of Cheshire, and borrow from farmers such small sums as could be collected from such a source. On one of these occasions he was joined by a horseman, and after some conversation the meeting ended with an exchange of their respective horses. On alighting afterwards at a lonely inn, which he had not before frequented, Gilbert was surprised to be greeted with evident and mysterious marks of recognition by the landlord, and still more so when

the latter expressed a hope that his journey had been successful, and that his saddle bags were well filled. He was unable to account for the apparent acquaintance of a total stranger with the business and object of his expedition. The mystery was solved by the discovery that he had exchanged horses with a highwayman who had infested the paved lanes of Cheshire till his horse had become so well known that its owner had found it convenient to take the first opportunity of procuring one less notorious.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than the origin and progress of the Bridgewater Canal presented to that of the Canal du Midi. No turgid proclamation heralded the former, 'written'—as Andreossi avers of that of Louis XIV.—in that elevated style, and bearing the impress of that firm and noble character which marks alike the projects and the productions of the age of Louis XIV. There was no Colber to find the funds, no Riquet to receive the magnificent entailed reward of the profits, no Cornille to furnish the flattery. To these and such as these, armed with all the paraphernalia of maps and sections and calculations, Louis gave audience in his sumptuous chamber at Versailles. Round the humble hearth of the black and white timbered manor-house of Worsley, or of the still humbler village inn, three hard-headed men, of simple manners and attire, discussed a project unnoticed by governments, and deemed hopeless by the few besides themselves who gave any attention to the matter. To fill the place of a sovereign, the uncontrolled master of vast revenues, there was an English nobleman, proprietor of extensive but somewhat encumbered estates; and if to conceive and direct the work there was a greater original genius than Riquet or Andreossi, that genius could barely read and write, and was hired in the first place at two and sixpence a day. Such at least is the statement of one who had enjoyed opportunities of information,—Francis Egerton, the last Earl of Bridgewater, who died at Paris in the odor of eccentricity. He adds that Brindley offered to engage himself exclusively to the duke for a guinea a week,—but a slight increase on the former sum. If this be true, it confirms the French proverb that the *vrai* is not always the *vraisemblable*. It is clear that at the time when Brindley entered the duke's service his fame as a mechanic was considerable. He had already introduced inventions of his own for the drainage of mines, the improvement of silk-machinery, and the grinding of flints for the potteries of Staffordshire, and in 1756 he had begun to apply his vigorous intellect to the

steam engine. It is said, however, that in all or most of these matters he had been thwarted and restricted by the jealousy of rivals and the stupidity of employers. It is probable enough that disgust with his late patrons, sympathy with the new, the nature of the task before him, and consciousness of power to accomplish it, may have combined to make him court the duke's service on the lowest terms. For his own interest the speculation, perhaps, was not a bad one; for it appears that very speedily after the commencement of the Bridgewater Canal, Brindley was employed by Earl Gower and Lord Anson to survey a line for a projected canal between the Trent and the Mersey. There can be little doubt, as Earl Gower was the duke's brother-in-law, that the selection of Brindley was at the duke's recommendation.

As the materials for Brindley's life in the 'Biographia Britannica' were furnished by his brother-in-law, Mr. Henshall, it could hardly be expected that at this distance of time his present biographer, Mr. Hughes, could add much to the little there recorded of his personal peculiarities. The following remarks on his professional character appear to us in the main well founded. After giving a summary of the great works on which Brindley was engaged, which comprises some dozen of the principal lines of navigation in the kingdom, Mr. Hughes proceeds:—

'In taking a hasty retrospect of Brindley's engineering career, it is important to observe that all the works he projected, planned, and executed, are comprised within a period of twelve years, and by far the greater part of them within the last seven years of his life. It is amazing to reflect that the man who had to struggle, without precedent or experience to guide him, with all the difficulties which attended the early history of canals, should himself have effected and originated so much. There can be no doubt that he possessed an intellect of the highest order, that his views were most comprehensive, and his inventive faculties extremely fertile. Brindley was wholly without education, and it has even been asserted that he was unable to read and write, the utmost extent of his capacity in the latter accomplishment extending no further than that of signing his name. This, however, has been disputed, on the authority of his brother-in-law, who stated that he could both read and write, though he was a poor scribe. However this may be, it is certain that he was quite ignorant in the vulgar sense of the word Education, and perfectly unacquainted with the literature of his own or any other country. It may be a bold assertion, and yet I believe it to be one with strong presumptions in its favor, that Brindley's want of education was alike fortunate for himself, for the world, and for posterity. There was no lack of scholars in his day more than in our

own; nay, the literary coxcomb had then a more flourishing soil in which to vegetate. But where were the Brindleys among those scholars? Where were the men capable of the same original and comprehensive views, the same bold unprecedented experiments upon matter and the forces of nature, which the illiterate Derbyshire ploughboy dared to entertain and undertake? If we range the annals of the whole world, and include within our survey even those examples of sacred history where divinely appointed ministers were raised to work out great designs, we shall find no instance more remarkable, nor one which more completely violates the ordinary expectations and probabilities of mankind than this, in which the uneducated millwright of a country village became the instrument of improving beyond the bounds of sober belief the condition of a great nation, and of increasing to an incredible amount her wealth and resources. But it may be asked, why would Brindley have been less fit or less likely to accomplish all he did, if at the same time he had been educated? The answer is, that a mind like Brindley's would have lost much of its force, originality, and boldness, if it had been tied down by the rules of science, his attention diverted by the elegancies of literature, or his energy diluted by imbibing too much from the opinions of others. Alone he stood, alone he struggled, and alone he was proof against all the assaults of men who branded him as a madman, an enthusiast, and a person not to be trusted.'—p. 42.

This passage, and more in the same style, shows the estimation in which Brindley's talents are still held by men conversant with all recent improvements, and competent by their own professional studies to judge of his achievements. Mr. Hughes's comparison of him with Moses and Joshua, we consider ill-judged and not in point; inasmuch as civil engineering had nothing to do with the passage either of the Red Sea or the Jordan. That Brindley at a certain period of his life could write, rests upon better testimony even than the report of his relation, as specimens of his writing were furnished not long since from the office at Worsley, for the use of Mr. Baines, author of that excellent work, 'The History of Lancashire.' Of a singular scheme attributed to Brindley, that of a bridge over the Irish Channel between Portpatrick and Donaghadee, Mr. Hughes remarks:—'We know nothing, except that it was said to have been a very favorite scheme of Brindley's, and was to have been effected by a floating road and canal, which he was confident he could execute in such a manner as to stand the most violent attacks of the waves.' We know of no better authority than a newspaper paragraph for attributing any thing so foolish as this idea to Brindley. If he ever entertained it, two things are cer-

tain—that his head was turned by success and adulation, and that he had never been in the Irish Channel in a gale of wind. The latter is likely enough; we are slow to believe the former of a man so eminently practical and so simple-minded.

Of Brindley apart from his works little then can be said, because little is now known. With regard to the personal habits and character of his great employer, it may be neither superfluous nor inappropriate to mention that if he declined to fill, in the House of Lords or elsewhere, the place assigned to him by birth and wealth, as a resident landlord and employer he left behind him a deep impression not only of power and authority, but of the kindly virtues, which in his case, as in many others, lurked under a somewhat rough exterior. If he preferred the conversation of a few friends and confidants of his schemes to the gossip of London circles, his intercourse with the poor man and the laborer was frequent and familiar, and his knowledge of their persons and characters extensive. His surviving contemporaries among this class mention his name with invariable affection and reverence. Something like his phantom presence still seems to pervade his Lancashire neighborhood, before which those on whom his heritage has fallen shrink into comparative insignificance. The Duke's horses still draw the Duke's boats. The Duke's coals still issue from the Duke's levels; and when a question of price is under discussion—What will the Duke say or do? is as constant an element of the proposition, as if he were forthcoming in the body to answer the question. He had certainly no taste for the decorations which lighten and adorn existences less engrossed by serious pursuits. The house he built commanded a wide view of the works he constructed and the country he helped to fertilize, but it was as destitute during his life of garden and shrubbery, as of pineries, conservatories, and ornamental pigsties. Rising one morning after his arrival from London at this place, he found that some flowers had been planted in his absence, which he demolished with his cane, and ordered to be rooted up. The laborer who received the order, and who in the Lancashire phrase was *flytten* for this transgression of the Duke's tastes, adds that he was fond enough however of some Turkey oaks which had been brought down from a London nursery-garden, and took much interest in their proper disposal. His nature had certainly more of the oak than the flower in his composition, though not, in Johnson's phrase, the nodosity without the strength. While resident in London his so-

cial intercourse was limited within the circle of a few intimate friends, and for many years he avoided the trouble of a main part of an establishment suited to his station, by an arrangement with one of these, who for a stipulated sum undertook to provide a daily dinner for his Grace and a certain number of guests. This engagement lasted till a late period of the Duke's life, when the death of the friend ended the contract. These were days when men sat late even if they did not drink hard. We believe the Duke's habits were no exception to the former practice, but if we may judge from a Worsley cellar-book, which includes some years of his residences there, his home consumption of wine was very moderate. He is said to have smoked more than he talked, and was addicted to rushing out of the room every five minutes to look at the barometer.

We have conjectured that the Duke's early association with Wood might possibly have generated the taste for old pictures which ultimately displayed itself in the formation of the Bridgewater collection: an accident, however, laid the foundation of that collection. Dining one day with his nephew Lord Gower, afterwards Duke of Sutherland, the Duke saw and admired a picture which the latter had picked up a bargain for some 10*l.* at a broker's in the morning. 'You must take me,' he said, 'to that d—d fellow to-morrow.' Whether this impetuosity produced any immediate result we are not informed, but plenty of d—d fellows were doubtless not wanting to cater for the taste thus suddenly developed: such advisers as Lord Farnborough and his nephew lent him the aid of their judgment. His purchases from Italy and Holland were judicious and important, and finally the distractions of France pouring the treasures of the Orleans Gallery into this country, he became a principal in the fortunate speculation of its purchase. A conversation recorded with Lord Kenyon, father to the present lord, illustrates his sagacity in matters connected with his main pursuit. At a period when he was beginning to reap the profits of his perseverance and sacrifices, Lord Kenyon congratulated him on the result. 'Yes,' he replied, 'we shall do well enough if we can keep clear of those d—d tramroads.'

Nothing was more remarkable in the operations of the duke and his great engineer than the rigid economy with which they were conducted. It is well known that the ingenuity of Brindley, as his novel task rose before him, was constantly displaying itself in devices for the avoidance or the better distribution of labor. It was perhaps for-

tunate that the duke possessed no taste for those luxuries of architectural embellishment with which the wealth of modern railroad companies enables them, without imprudence, to gratify the public eye. The indulgence of such a taste might have risked the success of his undertaking, and the fame of a ruined speculator might have been his lot. He shrunk, however, from no expense and no experiment which, to use a phrase of his own, had utility 'at the heels of it'; nor was his one of those ordinary minds which are contented with a single success, and incapable of pushing a victory. About the end of the last century, at a moment when other men would have been contented with results obtained before Bell or Fulton had shown the availability of the steam paddle-wheel for navigation, he made an attempt to substitute the steam-tug for horse towage on his canal. The following notice from one of his surviving servants substantiates this interesting fact:—

'I well remember the steam-tug experiment on the canal. It was between 1796 and 1799. Captain Shanks, R. N., from Deptford, was at Worsley many weeks preparing it, by the duke's own orders and under his own eye. It was set going, and tried with coal-boats; but it went slowly, and the paddles made sad work with the bottom of the canal, and also threw the water on the bank. The Worsley folks called it Buonaparte.'

It may be presumed that the failure was complete, for no second trial appears to have been made. Eight coal-boats were, however, dragged to Manchester, of twenty-five tons each, at a little more than a mile an hour. We find in Mr. Priestley's volume that a similar experiment was made on the Sankey Canal in 1797, when a loaded barge was worked up and down by a steam-engine for twenty miles; but, singular as it may appear, says Mr. Priestley, to this time vessels have continued on this canal to be towed by manual labor. The application of steam power to haulage on canals has, by the invention of the submerged screw propeller, been rendered a mere question of comparative expense, as all detriment, either to banks or bottom, from the propelling machinery, is obviated. In the case, however, of heavy goods, we apprehend that no material increase in the rate of speed can be obtained, as the mere displacement, independent of the cause of motion, generates, at a slight increase of velocity, a wave sufficient to destroy any banks not fenced with masonry. Mr. Houston's beautiful discovery has indeed shown, that if the speed can be increased to a considerable extent the evil ceases—at

least with boats of a particular construction; and the fast passage-boats, long used on the Glasgow and Lancaster canals, and lately adopted on the Bridgewater, have proved the merit of his invention. The labor to the horses is somewhat painful to witness, though the stages are short. In other respects we scarcely know any aquatic phenomenon more agreeable to the eye than the appearance of one of these vessels at her full speed. In grace of form and smoothness of motion they rival the swan-like gondola itself of Venice.

Descriptions, more or less detailed, of the duke's works are to be found in many publications. It may be sufficient here to state that the line of open navigation constructed under his acts, beginning in Manchester, and branching in one direction to Runcorn, in another to Leigh, amounts in distance to some thirty-eight miles, all on one level, and admitting the large boats which navigate the estuary of the Mersey. Of this the six miles from Worsley to Leigh were constructed after Brindley's decease. We use the expression *open*, because to this we have to add the extent of subterranean navigable canals, by which the main produce of the Worsley coal-field is brought out in boats, to be conveyed on the open canal to its various destinations. This singular work was commenced in 1759, and has been gradually pushed on, as new coal-workings were opened and old ones became exhausted. Frisi speaks of them with much admiration at a period when they extended for about a mile and a half:—at the time we write, the total length of tunnels amounts to forty-two miles and one furlong, of which somewhat less than two-thirds are in disuse, and rendered inaccessible. There are in all four different levels. The main line, which commences at Worsley, is nine feet wide and nine high, including four feet depth of water. The others are the same height, but only eight feet wide. Two are respectively at fifty-six and eighty-three yards below the main line: the fourth is thirty-seven yards above it. The communication with the latter was formerly conducted by means of an inclined plane, which has however been disused since 1822, the coal being now brought by shafts to the surface. Distinguished visitors have visited this curious nether world. The collective science of England was shut up in it for some hours, rather to the discomfiture of some of its members, when the British Association held its meeting at Manchester in 1843. Heads, if not crowned, destined to become so, have bowed themselves beneath its arched tunnels: among others, that of the

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present Emperor of Russia. The Duc de Bordeaux is the last on the list.

In his testamentary dispositions for the entail of his Lancashire estates, it is well known, at least to conveyancing lawyers, that he evinced extreme anxiety to carry power beyond the grave. As this desire in its excess becomes often a subject of animadversion, it is just to observe that the main object he had in view in this portion of his will was to secure to the public the continuance, the perpetuity, as far as human things can be perpetual, of the advantage of his undertakings. Whether, in devising a scheme for this purpose, by which power was to be dissociated from property, he adopted the best means for his end, may be doubted. The purpose is the more unquestionable, as he left the other portion of his magnificent possessions without a single condition of entail.

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we may."

The gentlemen of Liverpool and Manchester, who originated the railroad between those towns, will well understand us when we say that one effect of his peculiar dispositions for the management of his canal property after his death, was to accelerate the introduction of 'those d—d tramroads' in which his sagacity taught him to foresee dangerous rivals to the liquid highway.

In 1829 the time was doubtless ripe for the introduction of that wonderful contrivance, the locomotive engine, and from obvious local circumstances it was almost inevitable that Liverpool and Manchester should take the lead in its adoption. The fact is nevertheless notorious that the manner in which irresponsible power had for some time been exercised, with reference to the public, in the management of the Bridgewater line of navigation, accelerated a crisis which under other circumstances might for a time have been delayed. Great fear and confusion of mind fell upon canal proprietors. The invention which, in the opinion of many practical men, was to supersede their craft, started like Minerva full armed from the brains of its various contrivers. Few machines in the records of human ingenuity have attained such early perfection as the locomotive engine. It placed the powers of fire at once at issue with those of water:—

"Old Father Thames reared up his reverend head,
And fear'd the fate of Simois would return;
Deep in his sedge he sought his oozy bed,
And half his waters shrunk into his urn."

It was vain to raise the cry, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians.' The progress of anterior

improvements was appealed to, and with justice. The Yorkshire fox-hunter going to or returning from his sport will occasionally find himself on a flagged pathway, flanked on either side with an abyss of mud, and only wide enough to admit of progress in single file. This is the packhorse road of our ancestors, and, except the occasional semblance of the animal itself with its load displayed on village-signs, things as retentive of odd bygone facts as the picture-writing of the Mexicans is now the only memorial of a mode of communication which in the memory of man was hardly superseded by the wagon and the coach. The latter machines, doubtless, still survive; but many a tinkling peal of bells was silenced, many a set of dock-tailed horses with their accoutrements of tinted worsted put in abeyance by Brindley, as many a four-horse coach has since been slapped into flies and station omnibuses by the Harlequin wands of the Brunels and Stevensons. Even their inventions begin to tremble. We can hardly expect that in our time the disembodied spirit of Bishop Wilkins, if it revisit the glimpses of the luminary it proposed while in the body to invade, will be gratified by the triumph of some aerial machine over the railroad. He must be a bold man, however, who would now predict how long the capital vested in the present system of railroads may continue undisturbed and unaffected by some new application of power. While we write, it is possible that nothing but the mass of the investment and the pre-occupation of lines of country (and even these are but feeble impediments to British enterprise and ingenuity) prevent it from being so interfered with by the atmospheric railroad. Perhaps some still simpler scheme of galvanism, or gaseous explosion, is fermenting in the cranium of some unknown mechanician, which may supplant the invention of Watt. Of the relative prospects, then, of railroad and water-carriage, it would be presumptuous to speak; but some dozen years of experience enable us to say that there is an inherent force of vitality in the latter, which will at least secure it an honorable death and respect from its conquerors.

As such an euthanasia is, we trust, for the present postponed, we would fain leave not altogether unnoticed one or two topics which we consider worthy the deep attention of all in any way connected with the administration either of canals or railroads. The former have raised, the latter are raising, within the sphere of their influence, a population which by its numbers and its exigencies ought to remind us of a great truth—a

truth quite as often lost sight of amid the pursuits of peaceful gain as in the hot chase of military fame and conquest—more often, we fear, forgotten in Protestant than in Roman Catholic countries—'Man does not live by bread alone.' We are not now on the subject of railroads, and we forbear addressing to that quarter considerations to which we believe and trust that corporate bodies comprising the *élite* of the land for wealth and intelligence are already alive. The case of canals, also, we consider in some respects more peculiar and more pressing. The floating population of the latter is by its avocations and its migratory habits rendered in some respects almost as distinct a race as that of the sea, without being accessible to the religious impressions which affect those who see the wonders of the great deep. It is comparatively an easy task for the wise and good to take advantage of those natural circumstances which render the mariner peculiarly susceptible to religious influences, and this duty has in many instances not been neglected. On board the vessel of Columbus all hands were invariably mustered for the evening hymn, and with that ritual sound was hailed the appearance of the shifting light which first betrayed the existence of the New World to its discoverer.* It was for the special use of the mariner of his country that Grotius composed his treatise on the truth of the Christian religion.† In our own service many have labored in this sacred cause, and when the morning rose on the bay of Aboukir, what spectacle was it which most astonished the French survivors of that awful night on board the vessels of their captors? Not merely that of energy unimpaired by slaughter, and discipline unrelaxed by triumph; it was that of the general celebration of divine service throughout Nelson's fleet. We fear that the inland navigator has many of the rough vices of the regular mariner, and if his opportunities of religious instruction, warning, and consolation

* 'Puesto que el Amirante á los diez de la noche vido lumbré . . . y era como una candelilla de cera que se alzaba y levantaba, lo qual a pocos parecia ser indicio de tierra. Pero el Amirante tuvo por cierto estar junto á la tierra. Por lo qual quando dijeron la "Salve," que la acostumbrañ decir é cantar á su manera todos los marineros, y se hallan todos, rogó y amonestólos el Amirante que hiciesen buena guarda al castillo do pron, y mirasen bien por la tierra.'—*Diary of Columbus, First Voyage*, 11th of October.

† 'Propositum enim mihi erat, omnibus quidem civibus meis, sed præsertim navigantibus, operam navare utilem, ut in longo marino otio impenderent potius tempus, quam, quod nimium multi faciunt, fallerent.'—*Preface to the treatise De Veritate Fidei Christianæ*.

have hitherto been far scantier, it behooves those who derive profit from his toil to be the more considerate and active in devising the mitigation of such an evil. Nor do we mean to aver that the employer has been universally neglectful. In many quarters exertion has been made, and we will venture to say, wherever made—rewarded. All honor to those who carried in the British parliament, against a vexatious, we trust a penitent opposition, the Weaver Churches Bill.

There are, however, stations of resort on lines of navigation at which, for various reasons, it might be neither easy nor expedient to plant and endow regular places of worship, to which another and very effective expedient may be adapted. On the broader canals at least a condemned barge, *vulgo* a flat, may be converted at a trifling expense into a floating chapel, suitable for a congregation of some 150 adults. We can bear witness that such have been filled by zealous and grateful worshippers, many of whom had never before with 'holy bell been tolled to church;' many of whom would never have been tempted within the precincts of one on dry land, some from indolence, others perhaps from the scarcely censurable shyness and pride which so often prevent the poor man from contrasting his worn habiliments with those of richer neighbors. We think the sternest opponent of cheap churches, the greatest stickler for spires, chancels, and roodlofts, would forego his objections in favor of these arks of refuge, if he could witness their effects.

There is another subject of far greater complexity, which has engaged the attention of Parliamentary committees, as yet without any decided result,—that of Sunday canal traffic. We are not of the sterner school of Scotch Calvinism in this particular, but we certainly think that the mere consideration of gain to proprietors ought every where to give way to the great object of procuring rest for man and beast on that day, and opportunity for worship and for relaxation of every innocent kind to the former. We doubt, however, whether the religious or moral interests of Manchester would be advanced by a sudden stoppage of all the passage-boats which often convey at present the clergyman, established or dissenting, to the scene of his labors, or the artisan and his family to Lord Stamford's noble park. Sure we feel that the immediate effect of such stoppage would be to multiply the few horses and drivers who do thus labor on the Sabbath, by an enormous figure, in the shape of all descriptions of hired land conveyance. 'Stop them too,' would reply the zealous and sincere champion of strict observance. We cannot make of Eng-

land the Hebrew camp in the wilderness, and we doubt the obligation to attempt it. It is, in our humble judgment, far better in this and other analogous cases to keep in view such an arrangement of hours as may not only not obstruct, but multiply the opportunities of attending divine service, and thus attract people to rural churches and chapels, rather than drive them into suburban public-houses.

We have now touched, albeit discursively, on three principal species of the genus Canal: the canal of supply for domestic consumption, the canal of irrigation, and the canal for inland conveyance of merchandise. It might be expected that we should say something on a class of works exceeding these in magnitude, and of great antiquity—the Ship Canal. Though a legitimate branch of our subject, however, it would be impossible for us to go into either its history or its prospects, without swelling this article beyond all due bounds. With reference to remote antiquity—whether originating in military schemes, like the Velificatus Athos of Xerxes, and the artificial river of Drusus uniting the Rhine and the Issel, or in more purely commercial purposes, like that projected by Sesostris and finished by the Ptolemies, from the Nile to the Red Sea—it deserves an ample discussion. In more modern instances the results have not always been such as to invest the subject with an interest proportionate to its grandeur. In this point of view, the most splendid of our own undertakings in conception and execution (the Caledonian) has hitherto turned out a failure. Its eminent author, Mr. Telford, was engaged in a sounder and more successful operation of the same class, though of less dimensions, in the Swedish canal of Gotha, of which he revised the survey, and superintended the execution.—With some exceptions, we may almost assert that neither the sea-risk of the ship-owner, nor the toil of the mariner, has been as yet materially diminished by this class of works. There is something specious and attractive in the notion of cutting isthmuses and connecting oceans by a direct communication for sea-going vessels, which has in all ages excited the imagination of sovereigns; but while subjects have counted the cost, governments have more frequently talked and deliberated than acted. Even Louis XIV. resisted the temptation of the *éclat*, and the suggestions of Vauban, in the instance of the Canal of Languedoc. In speaking thus, however, of the past and present, we insinuate no prognostications as to the future. The straw, we are aware, is stirring. It is possible that while we write, under the patronage of such men as the Bridgewater of Modern Egypt, Mehemet

Ali, schemes may be approaching maturity which, if executed, will leave their traces not only on Ordnance maps of six inches to the mile, but on Mercator's projection, and the school atlases of rudimentary geography. Cadets now studying at Addiscombe may live to lock down into the Red Sea on their way to Calcutta, and the steamer from Hong Kong may bring our despatches through Panama; but with our present degree of information the discussion of such projects would be premature.

The mention of the name of Mehemet Ali makes it impossible to pass without notice the achievements in hydraulics of that remarkable man, who has summoned European science to co-operate with the physical force of numbers, marshalled under a more than Oriental despotism. The Canal of Mahmoudieh, connecting Alexandria with the Nile, is but one of forty-five works in *pari materia* constructed under his auspices. According to Clot Bey's description, it is twenty-five leagues in length, and was completed in ten months by the labor of 313,000 men. If the reputation of sovereigns could be measured by the number of cubic feet of earth removed in their respective reigns, Mehemet Ali's name will be tolerably conspicuous on the record. In the article of canals alone, exclusive of bridges, dams, and other enormous works of construction and excavation, the account in 1840 stood at nearly 105,000,000 of cubic metres. Taking one of these as the average day's work of an Egyptian laborer, and considering that, except in special cases, these works only proceed during four months of the year, Clot Bey calculates that, for some years past, the number of individuals annually employed on hydraulic works in Egypt has been 355,000.

In an article of our April Number for 1837, on Mr. Michel Chevalier's 'Letters on North America,' will be found some notice of the then comparative state of internal intercourse in France, England, and the United States. The condition of these three countries, both relative and positive, with respect to railroads, has doubtless been much altered in the years which have since elapsed, while inland navigation has probably more nearly preserved its proportions. Additions to the latter have been perhaps little called for in England. In France, as Mr. Chevalier then observed, the want of works to make her existing canals available by improving the access to them from her rivers, as in the signal case of the Canal de Languedoc and the Garonne, was more pressing than that of new lines of navigation, though there is doubtless room for remunerative

undertakings of both descriptions. In all three countries capital and enterprise have been attracted by preference to the railroad. In Mr. Tanner's summary of the canals and railroads of the United States, published in 1840, we find a list of proposed railroads for the State of New York alone to the number of eighty-four, with an authorized capital of 26,000,000 dollars. We find no mention of any new canal company, as broad to this intolerable quantity of sack. In 1837, Mr. Chevalier estimated the number of miles of railroad and canal in the United States at 7350. In 1840, by Mr. Tanner's summary, they would approach 9000, of which water claims for its share about 4300. If, however, North America claim the superiority natural to youth in respect of activity of enterprise, the luxuriance of her virgin soil has in many instances been rank and deceptive, and many of her schemes have doubtless lacked the solidity which in the main has characterized the proceedings of England and the Continent. Mr. Tanner writes:—

'With regard to the abstract question of revenue, it is obvious that a large portion of the immense sums invested in canals and railroads in the United States will fail in producing the anticipated results. Visionary enterprises of all sorts are the distinguishing characteristics of the times, and the almost infinite variety of schemes which of late have been pressed upon public attention, and adopted without due caution, have in some instances resulted in the diversion of funds from objects of undoubted utility and advantage to schemes of an opposite character. The mode of improvement, and its fitness for the purposes to which it is designed, are considerations to which little regard has been paid in deciding upon the location of some of the public works in the United States. Hence the numerous failures, and the consequent withdrawal of public confidence in such investments generally.'—p. 23.

It is sufficiently notorious that certain other considerations, besides the choice of 'location,' have been overlooked in the public works of North America, the neglect of which would considerably impede the further march of improvement in any other community. We leave, however, this topic in the abler hands to which of right it belongs. We of the Quarterly have no money to invest in foreign stocks. Our indignation would be tame, and our satire pointless, in comparison with that of others. We content ourselves with saying to our insolvent relations on the other side of the Atlantic what, in virtue of the length and discursiveness of this article, our readers will ere now have been tempted to say to us—

'Claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat prata biberunt.'

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

From the Charivari.

A GUARDIAN is a sort of temporary parent to a minor,—a kind of tarpaulin thrown over the orphan to shield him from the storms of life during his infancy—or, if we may use an humbler illustration, a guardian is a kind of umbrella, put up by the law over the ward, to keep off the pelting of the pitiless storm till the years of discretion are arrived at. There are various kinds of guardians, such as guardians by nature, and guardians for nurture, who are of course the parents of the child; for if an estate be left to an infant, the father is guardian, and must account for the profits; but as the father can control the child's arithmetical studies, it is easy for the latter to be brought up in blessed ignorance of accounts, and thus the parent may easily mystify the child when the profits of the estate are to be accounted for. The mother is the guardian for nurture; that is to say, she is expected to nurse the infant, and the law being very fond of children, requires the mother to look to the infantine wardrobe. It also invests her with absolute power over the milk and water, and the bread and butter, making her a competent authority—from which there is no appeal—on all points of nursery practice.

Next comes the guardian in socage—so called, perhaps, from the quaint notion that guardianship generally extends to those who wear socks—or socks—which is further borne out by the fact that guardianship in socage ceases when the child is fourteen years old—which is about the age when socks are relinquished in favor of stockings. These guardians in socage are such as cannot inherit an estate to which a child is entitled, for Coke says that to commit the custody of an infant to him who is next in succession, is "*quasi agnum committere lupo*," to hand over the lamb to the wolf, and thus says Fortescue, in one of those rascally puns for which the old jurists were infamous, "the law, wishing the child to escape from the *lupo* has left a loop-hole to enable him to do so." Selden has cleared this pun of a good deal of its ambiguity by changing the word *lupo* into *loop-ho*, but Chitty and all the later writers are utterly silent regarding it.

By the 12th of Charles II. confirmed by 1st Victoria, any father may appoint, by will, a guardian to his child till the latter is twenty-one; but it is twenty to one whether such a guardian—called a testamentary guardian—will be able to exercise proper control over the infant.

Guardians in chivalry have been abolished, and so have the guardians of the night, who on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, were called watchmen, from the fact of their never watching.

The Lord Chancellor is the general guardian of all infants, and especially of idiots and lunatics, for as Chancery drives people mad, it is only right that Chancery should take care of those who are afflicted with insanity, and who may be called the natural offspring of equity.

Having disposed of the guardians, let us come to the wards, or, as Coke would say, "having got rid of the wolf, let us discuss the lamb in an amicable spirit." A male at twelve years of age may take the oath of allegiance; but this does not apply to all males, for the Hounslow mail can take nothing but two insides and the letters. At fourteen a boy may marry, if he can find any one fool enough to

have him; and at twenty-one he may dispose of his property, so that he may throw himself away seven years sooner than he can throw away his money. By the law of England a girl may be given in marriage at seven, but surely this must mean the hour of the day at which she may be married, and not the age at which the ceremony may be performed. Formerly, children might make their wills at fourteen, but as they could not be expected to have a will of their own, it has been enacted that no will made by a person under twenty-one shall be valid. Among the Greeks and Romans, women were never of age, and if they had their way in this country, a good many of them never would be. This law must have been the civil law, for its consideration towards the fair sex on a matter of so much delicacy as a question of age betokens extreme civility. When this wore away, the Roman law was so civil, as to regard them as infants till they were five-and-twenty—which was meeting the ladies half-way by treating them as little innocents for the first quarter of a century of their precious existences.

Infants have various privileges, such as the common law privilege of jumping over the posts at the corners of the streets, and playing at hop-scotch or rounders in retired neighborhoods. Another infantine privilege is the juvenile amusement of going to law, which a child may do by his guardian or his *prochein amy*, or next friend—though, by the bye, he must be a pretty friend who would help another into a law-suit. A child may certainly be hanged at fourteen, and certainly may not be hanged at seven, but the intermediate period is one of doubt whether the infant culprit is hangable. Hale gives two instances of juvenile executions in which two infant prodigies were the principal characters. One was a girl of thirteen, who was burned for killing her mistress; and the other a boy still younger, who, after murdering one of his companions by a severe hiding, proceeded to hide himself, and was declared in legal language, *doli capax*—up to snuff—or, to follow the Norman jurists, *en haut du tabac*, and hanged accordingly. It is a fine maxim of the English law, that an infant shall not lose by *laches*, or, in other words, that the stern old doctrine of *no askee no hatee* does not apply to a child who is entitled to something which he neglects asking for.

An infant cannot bind himself, but he may be "stitched in a neat wrapper"—that is to say, a Tweedish wrapper—at his own cost, if he thinks proper to go and pay ready money for it. An infant cannot convey away his own estate, but he may run through his own property as fast as he likes, for if he has a field he may run across it—in at one end and out at the other—whenever he feels disposed for it. An infant trustee may convey an estate that he holds in trust for another person, though he may not be a party in a conveyance on his own account, yet he may, nevertheless, join a party in a public conveyance, such as an omnibus. An infant may present a clerk to the bishop, but if the bishop don't like the clerk, he may turn upon his heel; but still the presentation does not fall by lapse into the laps of the bishop. An infant may bind himself for necessities, such as food and physic; thus, if he gives a draft to pay for a pill, or contracts with a butcher to supply what is requisite and meet, he will be clearly liable.

In weighing the disabilities and privileges of infants, we come to the conclusion, that, to every six of one, there will be about half-a-dozen of the other.

HISTORICAL RESEARCHES ON THE PRETENDED BURNING OF THE LIBRARY OF ALEXANDRIA BY THE SARACENS, UNDER THE CALIPH OMAR.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ALEXANDRIA, once a Pagan city, then the seat of philosophy and mysticism, soon after semi-Jewish, and the cradle of Christianity, then the receptacle of Mussulmans of various sects, at length became the abode of theophilanthropy, by favor of the freedom of worship, and still greater freedom of opinions, introduced by 30,000 preachers,* that out-tongued her Mamelucks in eloquence. But the Alexandria of Buonaparte was no longer the Alexandria of the Ptolemies, nor even of Omar. The new conqueror found no traces left of the library; which, even to this day, is still an object of regret.

At the moment we are tracing these lines, instead of the numerous population closely packed within the walls of ancient Alexandria, a small number of Arabs, together with some Europeans, are encamped upon its ruins. Five hundred thousand souls are reduced to forty thousand, and even this is a great improvement since 1820, when the town only numbered ten thousand inhabitants. For the distance of a league around its ramparts, the soil is covered with gigantic ruins. Huge blocks of granite, that are so many silent monuments of the glory of Sesostri's descendants, and marble columns of a more recent date, recalling the reign of the Ptolemies, shapeless and truncated fragments of pillars, and enormous masses of stone, that the more degenerate race of these days would be unable to raise,—such are the remains of the mighty city, once the queen of the commercial cities of the earth; but we seek in vain for the ashes or the site of its far-famed library. These giant archives of the genius of antiquity are vulgarly supposed to have been reduced to ashes, at the taking of Alexandria by the Arab Mahometans.

Several authors have denied the authenticity of the fact, and endeavored to clear the Islamites of so heavy a reproach. We shall present an abstract of their reasons, to which we shall add our own comments.

I.—SHORT HISTORY OF THE LIBRARY BEFORE THE SARACENS.

Alexandria became a rich and flourishing city shortly after her foundation by the conqueror of India. Her importance increased under the successors of Alexander. Like other great cities, Alexandria was divided into districts, which were like so many distinct towns (see a tolerably extensive description given by Strabo, book xvii.) One of these districts the *Bruchion*, situated on the sea-shore, near the great port, contained all the edifices belonging to the Basilicon, or king's palace, the grand college, and several other buildings.

The first of the Ptolemies, Lagus, not only endeavored to render Alexandria one of the most beautiful and most commercial of cities, he likewise wished her to become the cradle of science and philosophy. By the advice of an Athenian

emigrant, Demetrius of Phaleros, this prince established a society of learned and scientific men, the prototype of our academies and modern institutions. He caused that celebrated museum to be raised, that became an ornament to the Bruchion; and here was deposited the noble library, "a collection," says Titus Livius, "at once a proof of the magnificence of those kings, and of their love of science."

Philadelphos, the successor of Lagus, finding that the library of the Bruchion already numbered 400,000 volumes, and either thinking that the edifice could not well make room for any more, or being desirous, from motives of jealousy, to render his name equally famous by the construction of a similar monument, founded a second library in the temple of Serapis, called the *Serapeum*, situated at some distance from the Bruchion, in another part of the town. These two libraries were denominated, for a length of time, the *Mother* and the *Daughter*.

During the war with Egypt, Cæsar, having set fire to the king's fleet, which happened to be anchored in the great port, it communicated with the Bruchion; the parent library was consumed, and, if any remains were rescued from the flames, they were, in all probability, conveyed to the Serapeum. Consequently, ever after, there can be no question but of the latter.

Euergetes and the other Ptolemies enlarged it successively; and Cleopatra added 200,000 manuscripts at once from the library of King Pergamos, given her by Mark Antony—a noble present, which proves that women of gallantry have, now and then, benefited the world.

Let us follow the traces indicative of the existence of this library.

Anlus Gellius and Ammianus Marcellus seem to insinuate that the whole of the Alexandrian library had been destroyed by fire in the time of Cæsar. The former observes, in his *Attic Nights*, (book vi. chap. 17.) "The number of books collected together in Egypt by the Ptolemies was enormous, amounting to 700,000 volumes; but they were all burnt during the first war in Alexandria, not through any premeditated design, but through the carelessness of the soldiers and the allied troops." And the latter (book xxii. chap. 16 of his *History*) makes the following remark;—"The Serapeum contained an inestimable library of 700,000 volumes, collected by the zeal of the Ptolemies, and burnt during the war with Alexandria, at the destruction of that town by the dictator Cæsar."

But both are mistaken on this point. Ammianus, in the rest of his narrative, evidently confounds Serapeum and Bruchion. It has been proved that Cæsar only destroyed some edifices in the latter portion of the town, and not the entire city.

Suetonius (in his *Life of Domitian*) mentions that this emperor sent some amanuenses to Alexandria, for the purpose of copying a quantity of books that were wanting in his library; consequently a library existed in Alexandria a long while after Cæsar. Besides, we know that the Serapeum was only destroyed A. D. 391, by the order of Theodosius.

Doubtless the library suffered considerably on this last-mentioned occasion; but that it still

* The French army

partly existed is beyond a doubt, according to the testimony of Orosius, who, twenty-four years later, made a voyage to Alexandria, and assures us that he "saw, in several temples, presses full of books," the remains of ancient libraries. It is worthy of remark, that this author, as well as Seneca, (*De Tranquillitate Animi*, cap. ix.), estimates the number of volumes burnt by Cæsar at 400,000; and, as it appears that the total number of books of the two libraries amounted to 700,000, there remains, together with the portion saved from the conflagration of the former library, a residue of from 3 to 400,000 volumes, which composed the second library.

The trustworthy Orosius, in 415, is the last witness we have of the existence of a library at Alexandria. The numerous Christian writers of the fifth and sixth centuries, who have handed down to us so many trifling facts, have not said a word upon this important subject.

We, therefore, have no certain documents upon the fate of our library from 415 to 636, or, according to others, 640, when the Arabs took possession of Alexandria, — a period of ignorance and barbarism, of war and revolutions, and vain disputes between a hundred different sects.

II.—THE LIBRARY BURNT BY THE SARACENS.— WHAT GAVE RISE TO THIS VULGAR ERROR.

Now, towards A. D. 636, or 640, the troops of the caliph, Omar, headed by his lieutenant, Amrou, took possession of Alexandria. For more than six centuries nobody in Europe took the trouble of ascertaining what had become of the library of Alexandria.

At length, in the year 1660, a learned Oxford scholar, Edward Pococke, who had been twice to the East, and had brought back a number of Arabian manuscripts, first introduced the Oriental history of the physician Abulfarage to the learned world, in a Latin translation. In it we read the following passage:—

"In those days flourished John of Alexandria, whom we have surmised the Grammarian, and who adopted the tenets of the Christian Jacobites. . . . He lived to the time when Amrou Ebno 'l-As took Alexandria. He went to visit the conqueror; and Amrou, who was aware of the height of learning and science that John had attained, treated him with every distinction, and listened eagerly to his lectures on philosophy, which were quite new to the Arabians. Amrou was himself a man of intellect and discernment and very clear-headed. He retained the learned man about his person. John one day said to him, 'You have visited all the stores of Alexandria, and you have put your seal on all the different things found there. I say nothing about those treasures which have any value for you; but, in good sooth, you might leave us those of which you make no use.' 'What, then, is it that you want?' interrupted Amrou. 'The books of philosophy that are to be found in the royal treasury,' answered John. I can dispose of nothing,' Amrou then said, 'without the permission of the lord of all true believers, Omar Ebno 'l-Chatnab.' He therefore wrote to Omar informing him of John's request. He received an answer from Omar in these words: 'As to the books you mention, either they agree with

God's holy book, and then God's book is all-sufficient without them; or they disagree with God's book, in which case they ought not to be preserved.' And, in consequence, Amrou Ebno 'l-As caused them to be distributed amongst the different baths of the city, to serve as fuel. In this manner they were consumed in half-a-year."

When this account of Abulfarage's was made known in Europe, it was at once admitted as a fact, without the least question: it soon gained ground, and with the multitude it had the honor of passing for incontestable truth.

Since Pococke, another Arab historian, likewise a physician, was discovered, who gave pretty nearly the same account. This was Abdollatif, who wrote towards 1200, and consequently prior to Abulfarage. The publication of his work is owing to M. Paulus, a professor, who translated it from an Arabian manuscript in the library at Boldei. The passage in question runs as follows:—

"I also saw the portico which, after Aristotle and his pupils, became the academical college; and likewise the college, which Alexander the Great caused to be built at the same time as the town, and which contained the splendid library that Amrou Ebno 'l-As committed to the flames, with the consent of the great Omar, to whom God be merciful."

As this anecdote agreed perfectly with the ferocious and barbarous character ascribed to the Saracens, nobody thought of questioning its authenticity for a considerable length of time. We will endeavor, however, to clear the caliph and his lieutenant, Amrou, of this imputation,—not for love of the Saracens, but for the love of truth.

III.—A CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF THE ACCOUNTS GIVEN BY ABULFARAGE AND ABDOLLATIF.

We may reasonably suppose, as Abdollatif is the most ancient writer of the two, that Abulfarage was acquainted with the above-mentioned passage in his history, and commented upon it, and embellished it according to his own taste. Abdollatif does not relate any of the circumstances accessory to the destruction of the library. But what faith can we put in a writer who tells us that he has actually seen what could no longer have been in existence in his time? "I have seen," says he, "the portico and the college that Alexander the Great caused to be built, and which contained the splendid library," &c. Now, these buildings were situated within the Bruchion; and since the reign of Aurelian, who had destroyed it,—that is to say, at least nine hundred years before Abdollatif—the Bruchion was a deserted spot, covered with ruins and rubbish.

Abulfarage, on the other hand, places the library in the Royal Treasury; and the anachronism is just as bad. The royal edifices were all contained within the walls of the Bruchion; and not one of them could be left. Besides, what meaning could be implied by the words *Royal Treasury*, in a country that had long ago ceased to be governed by kings, and was subject to the emperors of the East?

Moreover, as a fact is not necessarily incon-

testable because advanced as such by one or even two historians, several persons of learning and research have doubted the truth of this assertion. Renaudot (*Hist. des Patriarches d'Alexandrie*) had already questioned its authenticity, by observing: "This account is rather suspicious, as is frequently the case with the Arabians." And, lastly, Querci, the two Assemani, Villoison, and Gibbon, completely declared themselves against it.

Gibbon at once expresses his astonishment that two historians, both of Egypt, should not have said a word about so remarkable an event. The first of these is Eutychius, patriarch of Alexandria, who lived in that city 500 years after it was taken by the Saracens, and who gives a long and detailed account, in his Annals, both of the siege and the succeeding events; the second is Elmacin, a most veracious writer, the author of a History of the Saracens, and who especially relates the life of Omar, and the taking of Alexandria, with its minutest circumstances. Is it conceivable or to be believed that these two historians should have been ignorant of so important a circumstance? That two learned men who would have been deeply interested in such a loss should have made no mention of it, though living and writing in Alexandria—Eutychius, too, at no distant period from the event? and that we should learn it for the first time from a stranger, who wrote, six centuries after, on the frontiers of Media?

Besides, as Gibbon observes, why should the Caliph Omar, who was no enemy to science, have acted, in this one instance, in direct opposition to his character, when he might have dispensed with such an act of barbarism, by shielding himself behind the opinion of the casuists of the Mahometan law? These, namely, declare (see *Dissertations de Réland sur le Droit Militaire des Mahométans*, tom. iii.) "that it is not right to burn the books of Christians, out of respect for the name of God that is to be met with in them, and that every true believer is allowed to make a proper use of profane books of history, poetry, natural history, and philosophy." This decision does not savor much of destroying libraries.

To these reasons may be added the remark of a German writer, M. Reinhard, who observes that Eutychius (Annals of Eutychius, vol. ii. p. 316) transcribes the very words of the letter in which Amrou gives the Caliph Omar an account of the taking of Alexandria after a long and obstinate siege. "I have carried the town by storm," says he, "and without any preceding offer of capitulation. I cannot describe all the treasures it contains; suffice it to say, that it numbers 4000 palaces, 4000 baths, 40,000 taxable Jews, 400 theatres, 12,000 gardeners who sell vegetables. Your Mussulmans demand the privilege of pillaging the city, and sharing the booty." Omar, in his reply, disapproves of the request, and expressly forbids all pillage or dilapidation.

It is plain that, in his official report, Amrou seeks to exaggerate the value of his conquest, and to magnify its importance, like the diplomatists of our times. He does not overlook a single hovel, nor a Jew, nor a gardener. How

then could he have forgotten the library, he who, according to Abulfirage, was a friend to the fine arts and philosophy? Did he think that so celebrated and ancient a monument was not worthy to be mentioned?

Elmacin in turn gives us Amrou's letter nearly in the same terms, and not one word of the library.

It may be objected that the letter was, perhaps, never written by Amrou, and that the two historians have falsely attributed it to him. So much the more reason for the library to have been mentioned in the supposed letter. Could they both have overlooked a feature so important in the estimation of two learned inhabitants of Alexandria? Would they have taken a pride in seeming better informed on the subject of baths and kitchen-gardens than about the library?

If, however, the letter be authentic, as its existence tends to make us believe, then let us pay attention to the caliph's answer, who commands his troops to respect every thing the city contains.

We, therefore, run no great risk in drawing the conclusion, from all these premises, that the library of the Ptolemies no longer existed in 640 at the taking of Alexandria by the Saracens.

We may add fresh proofs on the authority of two writers, nearly contemporary with Omar. One of these, John Philoponos, (who has been erroneously confounded by Gibbon and others with John the Grammarian mentioned by Abulfirage.) says, in his commentaries on Aristotle's *Analytica*, that the ancient libraries contained forty different books of this *Analytica*. He does not, it is true, expressly mention the library of Alexandria, but he lived and wrote in that city where, doubtless, they were always designated as the libraries, and he, therefore, could refer to no other in this passage. Besides, we know that Aristotle's writings had been carefully collected in the library of the Ptolemies. (See Athenæus, Strabo, and Plutarch's *Life of Sylla*.)

But were any doubts remaining we may consult Philoponos's master, Ammonius Hermæus, in his observations on Aristotle's *Categories*. He lived in Alexandria prior to the invasion of the Saracens. "It is reported of Ptolemy Philadelphos," says he, "that he took great pains to collect together the writings of Aristotle, liberally rewarding those who brought him such; which was the cause that many persons presented him manuscripts falsely attributed to Aristotle; consequently, no less than forty different books of the *Analytica* were to be met with in the great library."

It is clear that Ammonius here adverts to the library of Alexandria; therefore Philoponos alludes to it likewise. What he designates as the ancient libraries is the same as Ammonius calls the great library. They both speak of it as of a thing past and gone, and no longer in existence, and do doubt can be entertained on this head. We may even imagine that he alludes to the library of the Serapeum; for Philadelphos, who took so much pains to gather together the writings of Aristotle, would doubtless have placed them in a collection that was his own work, and which he valued especially.

If we examine the probabilities of the case, we shall find them all militating against Abulfarage's account, and the existence of the library in the days of Omar and Amrou. The books of the ancients were written either on *parchment* or on leaves of *papyrus*. Those of the Alexandrian library, in particular, must have been principally of the latter species, the papyrus being an Egyptian plant. Now these leaves of the papyrus were very liable to fall to pieces or to be destroyed by insects, especially in the hot, damp atmosphere of Alexandria; it was, therefore, necessary frequently to renew such copies. Now is it to be imagined that all the pains necessary for the preservation of such a library would have been conscientiously taken after the dynasty of the Ptolemies had ceased to reign, and in the midst of the war and revolts that followed, during which all taste for learning and science, as it is well known, was completely obliterated? The parchment manuscripts, which were probably not numerous, might resist somewhat longer; but all the rest, after two or three centuries, had doubtless become food for the worms.

Abulfarage does not affix any number to the books which, according to him, were burned; but he informs us that they served during six months to heat the baths of the town. We know that there were 4000 baths—only think of books serving as fuel to heat 4000 baths during six months! If we take into consideration that the volumes, or *rolls*, of the ancients could scarcely be compared in bulk to our folios, and that the number of volumes, at the very highest computation, could scarcely amount to more than 300,000 or 400,000, it must be confessed that the daily portion of each bath establishment must have been slender indeed. And what materials to serve for heating boilers! Old parchment manuscripts and rolls of papyrus. Of a verity, there must have resulted from such fuel the most Sabæan odors, for the benefit of the 4000 baths and the whole city! We can believe that these ingredients might serve to make a most insupportable smoke; but notwithstanding the proverb that affirms, "where there is smoke, there is fire," we doubt their powers of heating water! This latter piece of absurdity, is, perhaps, not one of the least valid reasons against the authenticity of Abulfarage's account.

IV.—CONJECTURES ON THE ULTIMATE FATE OF THE LIBRARY.

If it be true, as we have every reason to think, that in 640, at the taking of Alexandria by Amrou, the celebrated library no longer existed, we may inquire in what manner it had been dispersed and destroyed since 415, when Orosius affirms that he saw it?

In the first place, we must observe that Orosius only mentions some presses which he saw in the temples. It was not, therefore, the library of the Ptolemies as it once existed in the Serapeum.

Let us call to mind, moreover, that ever since the first Roman emperors, Egypt had been the theatre of incessant civil warfare, and we shall be surprised that any traces of the library could still exist in later times.

Under Commodus, the Serapeum caught fire, but without being entirely destroyed; the li-

brary, however, could scarcely escape uninjured.

It is well known what devastations Carnealla's evil spirit led him to commit in hapless Alexandria. The museum was pulled down.

Under Aurelian, the whole of the Bruchion was demolished. This emperor afterwards took possession of the city, and gave it up to be pillaged by his soldiers.

Then came the long train of feuds occasioned by Arianism.

And lastly, Theodosius the Great, in compliance with the exhortations of Theophilus, caused the Serapeum to be reduced to ashes, A. M. 391. It is certain that all the edifices adjoining the temple became this time a prey to the flames. This loss must, therefore, be laid at the door of the Christians, and, unfortunately, it is scarcely a matter of doubt that the blind zeal of the primitive ages induced the unenlightened intellects of those times to seek the destruction of books and monuments, or any thing that seemed likely to recall or perpetuate the worship of idols.

If any remains of the library escaped from the general conflagration, it is probable that the second Theodosius, quite as great a bibliopolist as the Ptolemies, would have taken possession of them himself.

Now, if any such remains existed in Alexandria, what became of them during the civil wars that were carried on within its walls between Cyrillus and Orestes, and during the revolts that took place under the emperor Marianus? In all probability, they were broken up and distributed in various directions. The monks obtained some for their convents, and the emperors of the East had some brought to Constantinople and other towns, where they established schools. It is beyond a doubt that towards the beginning of the fourth century a great quantity of ancient books were disseminated over Egypt. Leo Africanus relates that the Caliph Mahmoud despatched several persons to Syria, Armenia, and Egypt, with orders to collect and purchase ancient books, and that they returned loaded with inestimable treasures.

Lastly, be it remembered that, under Heraclius, the Persians took and pillaged Alexandria, which they abandoned shortly after. Then followed the Arabians, who, as we see, could not have met with the ancient library, unless, indeed, its preservation had been effected by one of those miracles, of which, unfortunately, no example has ever been met with in the annals of literature.

V.—IS THE LOSS TO SCIENCE AN IMPORTANT ONE?

Gibbon replies in the negative. He regrets, he says, infinitely more the Roman libraries which must have perished at the invasion of the northern barbarians. We have only fragments of three great Roman historians, while we may justly be surprised at the number of pieces of Greek literature that have floated down to us on the surface of the vast stream of devastation that overrun so many countries. We possess its classical works, and these *chefs d'œuvre* of genius, to which the opinions of antiquity have unanimously assigned the first rank. Aristotle,

Galen, and Pliny, had read, compared, and made use of the writings of their predecessors, and they give us no good reason to imagine that any great and important truth, or any useful discovery, that might excite modern curiosity, has been lost. With regard to the literature of the barbarians, it is to be presumed that the exclusive pride of Greek literature would have forbid any Ethiopian, Indian, Chaldean, or Phœnician books to enter this library. And it is doubtful whether such exclusion was any real loss to philosophy.

Without entirely siding against Gibbon on this subject, we cannot doubt but that our literary riches would have been increased were the library of the Serapeum still in existence. Whatever cause may have destroyed it, whether worms or fire, carelessness or fanaticism, certain it is that it would have offered us a complete and correct Aristotle, who might then, perhaps, be entirely intelligible; a Menander, all the lost portions of Æschylus and Euripides, the poems of Empedocles and Stesichorus, a multitude of philosophical writings by Theophrastus and Epicurus, and a hundred others, and a quantity of historical works, which every thing leads us to believe are lost to us for ever. Surely this is sufficient to excite the regret of all friends to science or the Muses.

We admit, however, that while deploring the loss of the great library of the Serapeum, we may remain indifferent as to what Amrou burned, if indeed he burned any thing, which we are induced to believe he did not. It is sufficiently proved that in his time the collection of the Ptolemies no longer existed; but we know that, during the two or three centuries preceding the invasion of the Mussulmans, there had appeared a frightful quantity of polemical writings, the offspring of *Gnosticism*, *Arianism*, *Monophysitism*, *Minotetism*, &c., all of which sects infested the empire, and especially Alexandria. In all probability, the house of the patriarch and the churches were full of these writings; and, if these served to light fires to warm the baths, it must be confessed that for once, at least, they were turned to some useful account.

THE EMIGRANTS OF SAN TOMMASO.

Written while waiting the solemnization of a High Mass, performed for the Belgian Emigrants, previous to Embarkation for America.

BY MRS. GORE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

GIVE them your parting prayers!—not much to grant

To brethren banish'd from their native shore,—
Desp'rate with penury,—subdued by want,—

Cast forth like Ishmael from the patriarch's door.

His sterile portion in the earth is theirs,—

The desert's loneliness, and drought, and fear;—
Sons of the free woman!—Bestow your prayers!—

“KYRIE ELEISON!—Lord of Mercy—hear!”

Yours are the flocks, the herds, the fertile fields,

The pleasant pastures by their fathers trod;

The corn, and wine, and oil, their birthright yields,

The hallow'd hearths,—the temples of their
God!

Theirs, the savanna by the mountain-side,

Mocking their labors with its threats of dearth;

No traces of their fathers' steps to guide

Their trembling children o'er that trackless
earth.

When from the floating ark of refuge driven

The pilot dove flew forth across the main,

At evening-tide, free as the winds of Heaven,

The weary wanderer sought its home again.

But these go forth, and must return no more,

No homeward path across the opposing wave!

There where their anchor bites the dreary shore,
There, is their savage dwelling,—there, their
grave!

Talk not of splintering masts or raging skies,—

The troubled ocean of a tropic clime;

Within the port a direr peril lies,

Where war the maddening waves of want and
crime,

Loud roars the storm on yon wild shore afar,

Man against man incensed in hungry strife;

Oh! worse than all the elements at war,

The fierce contentions of a lawless life!

Bright the effulgence of a southern sky,

Beauteous the blossoms with its verdure blent;

Strange birds on starry wings glance radiant by,

New stars adorn the Antarctic firmament.

But on no kindred thing descends the ray,—

No ~~parts~~ ^{blasts} they love those fragrant wonders
bless,—

“KYRIE ELEISON!—Lord of Mercy!—may

Thy hand be with them in the wilderness!”

The pristine curse still blights that hateful spot!

No legends consecrate its joyless home,—

Traditionary links that bind our lot

With ages past, and ages yet to come!

Tree, rock, or stream—what memories endure?—

No tyrant perish'd there,—no hero bled!

Mute is the olden time whose voice might cheer,

The daily struggle for their bitter bread!

Climb they the mountain!—From the vale beneath

No hum of men,—nor village chime ascends;

O'er Nature's breathless form,—how fair in death—

The solemn pall of Solitude extends.

Or, higher yet, when from the topmost bound

Illimitable space their eyes survey,

Still—still—that vast horizon circled round

But coiling serpents and the beast of prey!

Ye disinherited of earth and sea!—

Iligh in your Heaven of Heavens, a better land

May yet be yours,—where no contentions be,

No trampling foot of pride,—no grasping hand.

Raise, raise your hopes unto that brighter sphere,—

Expand your sails, and seek that happier home

“KYRIE ELEISON!—Lord of Mercy, hear

The sufferers' fervent prayer,—THY KINGDOM
COME!”

A SUMMER HOUR IN POPE'S GARDEN AT TWICKENHAM.

POPE, BOLINGBROKE, ARBUTHNOT, AND SWIFT.

From Fraser's Magazine.

"My thoughts, in what order soever they flow, shall be communicated to you just as they pass through my mind—just as they used to be when we conversed together on this, or any other subject; when we sauntered alone, or as we have often done, with good Arbuthnot, and the jocosse Dean of St. Patrick, among the multiplied scenes of your little garden."—*Lord Bolingbroke to Pope.*

Bolingbroke.—You see me once more basking myself to the green enclosures of Twickenham, relinquishing the note of the syren Pleasure, for the sweeter tune of that blackbird which scatters the dew from the trembling bough upon this trim border of yours; and instead of following the shadow of ambition along the path of political enterprise, delighting my eye with the pursuit of my own shadow over the grass, where the Queen of Faery might have pitched her tent. Here I am once more,—

"Fond to forget the statesman in the friend."

Swift.—But the shadows of ambition and yourself are alike in this,—that, however earnestly you may follow them, you will never overtake either.

Pope.—As statesman, or as friend, you are always welcome; and now, especially at this time, I am rejoiced to talk with you in my garden. You are acquainted with my simple, and, to speak in character, my Arcadian manners. I have some time ago resolved to dine at two o'clock, and I not only make but keep my resolution. If I comply afterwards with the importunate kindness of my friends, it is in *attending*, not in *partaking* of their dinners. So, you see, by this sort of amicable compromise between my comfort and my interest, I may contrive to retain some of the advantages which Dr. Young was enumerating to me the other day; when he said that a dinner with a certain famous lawyer has procured him invitations for a whole week beside, and that a single airing in a nobleman's chariot has supplied him with a citizen's coach on every future occasion.

Arbuthnot.—The allurements must, indeed, be very powerful which could draw one from such a scene upon such an evening. The nobleman's chariot and the citizen's coach would carry you into no spectacle of life so full of beauty and interest. To you, especially, it is alive with eloquence and wisdom; every leaf writes a moral upon the grass, as the wind scatters the reflection which the light had thrown.

Bolingbroke.—You speak the truth. Every shadowy branch of that lime-tree preaches a sermon. There is no state of positive repose in the world. The earth itself is in motion; little things and great things obey the same law; and this smooth grass-plot in this village of Twickenham, on which we are now treading down the daisies, is revolving round the sun not less rapidly than the mighty forest-world of America. As it is in the *natural*, so it is in the *political* calendar. The evening and the morning compose the day of empire and the day of nature. They shine, and they grow dark. Look at monarchies,—objects, one would think, that destiny might stand and stare at, but not shake. Consider the smallest bodies upon earth,—objects, one would suppose, too slight for destiny to observe or discern. And yet destiny, if we speak to the Atheist, or God, if we speak to the Christian, is no more troubled, as I remember to have read in one of the Elizabethan preachers, to *make a monarchy ruinous, than to make a hair gray*. In the elements around us we recognize the same principle of fluidity and change; air condensed becomes water,—air rarefied becomes fire. So it is in the elements of society. A merchant with all his speculations condensed into gold, *becomes a lord*,—or, with all his treasures blown into air, disappears in fire and smoke. And, after all, it may be a consolation to us to remember, if there were any thing permanent—any thing released from the obedience to this principle of motion, that we, after all, should gain nothing by it, because, though our possessions might endure, we could not live to enjoy them; and if our goods were not among movables, we ourselves are, and, even though they might continue with us, we could not stay with them.

Pope.—In this circular motion of all things, and in this universal fluidity and change, which you have brought forward with a gravity that even Atterbury himself would envy, you might have excepted the *philosophic mind* from the operations of this new law of gravitation. As you have led us to Paul's Cross, I may endeavor to illustrate my remark by an image which I read long ago in the black folio of some divine of the seventeenth century, like all his brethren of those days, rich in conceits, controversy, and Greek. As a watch, he says, though altogether it may be tossed up and down with the agitation of him who carries it, yet does not on that account suffer any perturbation in the frame, or any disorder in the working of the spring and wheels within, so the true heart of philosophic dignity, though it may be agitated by the toss-

ings and joltings which it meets with in the press and tumult of busy life, yet undergoes no derangement in the beautiful adjustment and regular action of its machinery; not a wheel is impeded or stopped. I dwell with a peculiar interest upon every tribute to the charms of philosophy and reflection, since, as I once wrote to Atterbury, contemplative life is not only *my scene*, but *my habit*. With regard to ambition, as exemplified in worldly distinction and celebrity, it has *always seemed to me rather stooping than climbing*.

Swift.—It is certainly very pleasing to live in a garden, and hear blackbirds, and talk about philosophy. I have a garden of my own in Ireland.

Arbutnot.—Which you never walk in if you can find one with English flowers in it.

Swift.—A man who encloses himself in his own domain to the exclusion of the common pursuits and interests of society, resembles a person who always lives with his wife and children, and never sees company; or a boy who constantly walks out with his sisters, and is therefore always feminine. Then again, a man's thoughts are stunted in their growth by the confinement: to imitate your rural language, the glasses are too small for the flowers, and if they shut out the wind and dust, they shut out also the rain and the sun. Did you ever know an editor of an author a fair judge of his merits or his defects? Like a husband who has sat opposite to his wife during twenty years, the physiognomy of the author has become so natural to him that, however plain may be his features, he thinks them attractive.

Pope.—I have myself experienced some of the feeling you mention in translating Homer and commenting Shakspeare. I think that every writer is bound to guard against the seduction of indulging that unmitigated admiration for the author whom he illustrates, which is the common failing of editorship. No infection spreads more rapidly than an epidemic of praise. No poet, or historian, or philosopher, who ever lived since poetry, and history, and philosophy, were studied and known, deserves a panegyric without a shade. There should be some discord in the harmony. It is the peculiar characteristic of the brightest genius to have its lustre darkened. "The moon and stars shine with unsullied radiance, the sun alone exhibits spots on its disk." He would be no real friend to the memory of Shakspeare who should proclaim his transcendent excellences to the exclusion of his transcendent defects. He had both in excess, and was a giant in error as he was a giant in merit. I would not seek to banish an intellectual Aristides from the re-

public of letters simply because he was always called *the Just*; but I am confident that we shall not esteem the charm and the virtues of his mind and understanding the less because they were shaded by the faults and infirmities of humanity. Shakspeare lived in a corrupt atmosphere of thought, and his poetical complexion exhibits some signs of the influence of that atmosphere upon the constitution of his mind. We ought to rejoice that the vigorous health of his faculties enabled him to throw off so much of that pernicious and enervating influence, and to retain so much of beauty, and purity, and grace.

Bolingbroke.—How happy I should be in the belief that the commentating upon Shakspeare, or any other book, may at some future period warm you into the enthusiasm of tracing, from its commencement in our literature, the history of that noble art in which you so eminently excel.

Pope.—I have often entertained the idea of composing, not a grave and elaborate history of English poetry—which would demand more antiquarian research than I shall ever possess the opportunity of making—but of painting a series of portraits of my *elder brethren*,—of presenting to the student a gallery of pictures of some of the most famous contributors to our poetical literature; or, in other words, to pass before his eyes a succession of sketches of the far-spreading landscape of imagination, as it darkened and brightened in the light and shade of a setting or a rising civilization. I wish that some one of taste and diligence would take up the thread I have thrown out. According to that plan, he would be obliged to pass over unrecorded many names dear to the memory and dear to the heart. Let me illustrate my thought. Follow the traveller to the hill-top in the rich glow of a summer evening; he does not gaze upon the little valleys of verdant stillness, or the cottage-gardens sweet with the hum of bees, or the glimmering paths overarched by interlacing boughs; but runs his eye over the distant scene, lingering only upon the gray tower of the hamlet church, or the shadowy ramparts of the moss-grown castle, or the gilded pinnacles of the remote metropolis. And if you watch that traveller, you behold an emblem of the critic I have delineated. He passes over many green paths of sequestered meditation, many little gardens of fancy enriched with soft and delicate thoughts, that he may survey the wide and magnificent landscape of imagination, and the mightier structures of intellectual art, built up by the magicians of a former age, and still piercing the mist and cloud of

time, with their gates of glory and their pinnacles of gold.

Swift.—You talk of warming him; he is on fire already.

Pope.—You travel over a rough and melancholy road from the death of Chaucer to the middle of the reign of Henry VIII.; it winds over a succession of barren downs and perilous swamps. The Muse could find no green and peaceful spot to pitch her tent amid the tempestuous elements of rude and warring societies. The minstrel sang with the sword flashing in his eyes. Such was the state of literature in England. The sceptre dropped from the iron fingers of the Third Edward into the feeble grasp of his grandson. The usurpation of Bolingbroke, the rebellion of Northumberland, and the terrible strife of the Roses succeeded. The storm cleared away with the rising star of Henry VIII., and literature once more appeared with the rainbow of peace about her head. A gulf of darkness divides the epoch of Henry from the reign of Elizabeth. You may cross it at a leap. Some beams of that rich orb of imagination which had gone down with Chaucer, cast a luminous shadow from behind the hills; but it was too weak and too remote to disperse the vapors that hung heavy and dark over the landscape. At length the air grew sweet and clear, and Spenser smiled upon the desolate gardens of fiction. The joyous day of poetry

“Stood tiptoe on the misty mountain-top,”

and Shakspeare kindled the slumbering elements of the drama into life and beauty.

Bolingbroke.—I suppose in such a treatise as you suggest you would dwell upon the philosophy of your subject; you would show the solemn and august character of poetry; you would assert its claims to be included in the essential elements of a true education.

Pope.—I should. Poetry, said Aristotle, is something more philosophical and excellent than history. “A true poetic style,” is the remark of a modern writer, “will be generally found to be impregnated with something, which, under its highest pressure, can cast out a stronger flame and a more ethereal emanation than the most vivid coloring of real life.” The two assertions are convertible propositions in critical geometry—Poetry, being the concentrated richness and bloom of many seeds of thought, gradually growing up into height and beauty, deserves to occupy the most prominent place in the garden of literature. Nor should it be considered merely as an object of curious loveliness, to be stooped over for a moment by an eye dazzled and fatigued with the contemplation of

the surrounding beds. This flower—thus rising, as it were, upon the stem of grace—is not only precious for its wonderful mechanism of color, and perfume, but it is precious also for the charm which it works upon the intellectual eyesight. Like the fabled plant of antiquity, it purifies and brightens the vision of the understanding. An eminent sculptor confessed that the Medicean Venus enabled him to discover beauties in nature which he had never perceived before; and in the same manner poetry opens a new world of loveliness to the student. To eyes, sprinkled and enlightened by this flower, no scene is barren, and no tree is leafless; every fountain shines with the face of its guardian Naiad, and every wood is musical with the pipe of its sylvan spirit.

Bolingbroke.—And with the philosophy of poetry would be intimately associated its criticism. The reader of a poem, like the visitor to a picture-gallery, requires to be taught how to examine *works of art*.

Pope.—I think that criticism may be the instrument of manifesting genius; and it may effect this manifestation in two ways. (1.) By removing the obscurity or the false impression which the mist of time, or, (2.) the malignity of jealousy, may have imparted to it. It is not always that the loftiest imagination possesses the correspondent faculty of language; and then, like the sun in a vapory sky, while it kindles masses of cloud into gorgeous colors and splendor, its unity and beauty of lustre are not perceived. Criticism, by scattering these vapors, enables the intellectual light to shine out; it gives it an atmosphere, transparent, pure, adapted to the weaker eyesight of common understandings. Every antiquated word is a cloud that hides to the vulgar eye the glory of the image; as these clouds melt away, the heaven of the imagination becomes luminous; and this will probably explain why it is that those authors are usually the most popular and admired,—not who have the noblest *conceptions*, but who reveal those conceptions in the most lucid *medium of words*. And thus we may apply to poetical or philosophical loveliness, Dr. Young's panegyric on feminine beauty:—

“This, like the sun, irradiates all between;
The body charms, because the soul is seen.”

Bolingbroke.—Perhaps the *false impression*, which the malice of envy or ignorance may have imparted to the production of an author, is even more injurious to its reputation than the thickest gloom of centuries. Our illustrious Newton, whose adventurous footsteps seemed to strike fire into the remotest solitude of science, has ascertained that

if a star be contemplated through a glass, tarnished however slightly by the smoke of a lamp or torch, it glimmers into a speck of light. The stars of literature undergo a similar eclipse and diminution, when beheld through the tinted glass of jealousy or hatred.

Arbuthnot.—Nay, even through misapprehension;—Scaliger was unable to comprehend the Latin of a Scottish gentleman who had addressed him, and he gravely apologized to him for not understanding the language of Scotland.

Pope.—Among the uses of criticism may be recollected the light which it throws over the design of an author. Few men build their verse or their argument according to their original plan. My own Sylph machinery was an after-thought. The light of criticism enables the reader to comprehend in one view the long *perspective of imagination*, to see what parts of the majestic outline have been embodied, what parts omitted, what parts modified or changed. This knowledge can only be obtained after a laborious survey of criticism, after a careful induction and comparison of particulars.

Arbuthnot.—I have remarked that any attempts to improve the building when completed, have almost constantly resulted in diminishing its effect. The architecture assumes a composite form—an Elizabethan chimney tapers above a Norman gateway. Second and third editions of books, if amended, are generally inferior to the first. But while I deprecate these extensive alterations, I respect the sentiment which suggests them.

Bolingbroke.—Yes, truly; I can enter into the feeling which induced Virgil to direct that the MS. of his great poem might be destroyed. There is, you know, in the Laurentian library, a room by Michael Angelo, and the staircase, said to be his work, has still the scaffolding remaining at one part of it which he erected. Now, so it is with the *Æneid* and with the architecture of genius in general. Whether it be from accident, or indolence, or wilfulness, or premature death, some of the scaffolding is always hanging about the magnificent fabrics of invention and learning. The board, and the ladder, and the rope, deform the stateliness and grace of the palaces of fancy. Look, for example, at the edifice reared after so many years of patient industry by our own Milton. Who can fail to perceive that the illustrations drawn from science and mythology—the intricate theses spun out of the cobwebs of schoolmen and the perplexities of polemics—are so many remains of the tools and the materials which he had collected for his toil—so many proofs that the architect had not the disposition or the opportuni-

ty to remove his scaffolding when he had completed his building? Or take a still apter specimen in the dramas of Skakspere. His plays, in five stories, were run up with the swiftness of a speculator in Parnassus, who had only a few plots of ground in eligible situations and upon short leases. He was too idle to remove the machinery of his labor from the eye of the beholder. It litters the balcony of Juliet, it appears in the battle-field of Richard.

Arbuthnot.—How strikingly apparent is that contrast of different styles in the poem of Spenser,—the Ionic grace of the classic temple clusters, with all its florid luxuriance, over the solemn melancholy of the cathedral; the old and new worlds of fiction illuminate and darken each other,—

“Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his Pagan horn.”

Pope.—You were wise to sweeten to my ear a censure of Spenser with a couplet of my own. The *Faërie Queene* I have always loved. And I confess that the union of antique and modern images has never appeared to me so startling or unpleasing. The effect of his pictures depends upon the manner in which you contemplate them. If you stand close to a cathedral window, when there is no light upon it, and minutely analyze each robe, and feature, and posture of the figures delineated upon it, your eye will be offended with the want of delicacy in the expression and harmony in the coloring. It is so with regard to the representations which Spenser has given of scenery and life. His poem comprises a succession of paintings, which present certain features and dresses to the eye; they look cold and watery unless the light of his moral plays over the surface; then every feature glows and brightens; and all the pageant wakes and lives. He designated his work a *perpetual allegory, or dark conceit*. The sunshine of truth illuminates this allegory, as the sunshine of summer gilds the window of the cathedral.

Arbuthnot.—But the improbability of his descriptions; the drawing, so out of proportion; the coloring, so heightened beyond reality.—How do you vindicate these?

Pope.—By denying the assertion. His figures and scenery were drawn and colored with the intention of being contemplated at a *certain distance, and under certain lights*. There are pictures whose charm reveals itself only as the spectator recedes from the canvass. The cathedral window was never painted in order that a curious lover of art might fix a ladder to the roof and spell it, as he would a new grammar. Then, consider

that what is so unnatural to you was perfectly natural to Spenser. He was like a man who had lived so long in an Eastern climate that his countenance had begun to assume its hue. He had walked among Faeries and Genii, and slumbered in enchanted palaces, and wandered over Elysian fields, until he felt himself naturalized. When he goes back into antiquity, he ceases to be Spenser; and the spirit of the *individual* is merged in that of the *age*.

Bolingbroke.—And so it must always be, as it always has been. He who would impart immortality to his book must impart himself. He must put his heart and his blood into it. In the manifestation of genius there is no *selfishness*. The image of the writer must not be reflected upon the stream of thought, but his fancy must descend, like some costly essence, into the lowest depths, and mingle with, and color, and sweeten, every drop in the stream. It was this union, this identification of the poet with his poem, that communicated so still and awful a grandeur to the creations of classic genius. Who cannot perceive that the great heart of *Æschylus* throbs with the agonies of Prometheus, when the vulture flaps his heavy wings upon the crags of Caucasus? We recognise the same *suppression of individual insulated consciousness* in the tragedies of Shakspeare; or, if you turn to a sister art, in the pictures of Raphael. And this is one reason why the productions of Greek imagination, in particular, seem to have been exempted from the common law of literary mortality. The dust of oblivion has never been scattered on them, they have never been buried. Sophocles lives in *Œdipus*, Euripides speaks in *Orestes*;—uninjured and undimmed by the darkness, and hurricanes, and convulsions of so many centuries, they shine, stars in the pure firmament of thought; nor is their brightness stationary; “they journey on from clime to clime, and from age to age, shedding the light of beauty upon generation after generation.”

Arbuthnot.—And if the *writer* of the book is to forget himself, so, in like manner, must the reader.

Pope.—Or the author will have forgotten himself in vain. In both there must be not merely a *mutilation* but an *annihilation* of personality. As the poet passes out of himself into the character which he delineates, so the reader must identify himself with the character when it is portrayed; and he must not only go out of himself, but out of his age, “he must forget himself, and his prejudices, and predilections and associations, and give up his thoughts to the work he is perusing, and try to take his stand on the author's point of view.”

Bolingbroke.—Horace has long ago indicated, with that inimitable grace which was peculiar to him, this transmigration of the reader into the scene described; but he attributes it entirely to the sorcery of the magician, subduing time and space to his service. Sometimes, indeed, the spell of genius is so mighty that it compels the eyes of thought to close upon the present, that they may open upon the past; but, for the most part, the *consent* of the intellectual system is required to the death of the thoughts with regard to things immediately affecting it.

Arbuthnot.—There is a certain description of biography which combines with these fascinations of fiction the more endearing charms of truth. Read Plutarch's life of *Theseus*; does it not breathe the romance of Spenser? You see the glitter of arms, and hear the clanging trumpet, as in the *Knight's Tale* of Chaucer. Of all our poets, Shakspeare seems to have appreciated most fully the *poetical* character of Plutarch.

Bolingbroke.—I think your eulogy of Plutarch is well deserved. Of biography lying between fiction and truth, and receiving lights and shades from each, he is the most pleasing illustrator. In gazing upon these delineations of eminent persons, whether of ancient or modern times, the eye of the reader is pleased and refreshed. He discovers in them a resemblance to those portraits of the Venetian or Lombard schools, in which the physiognomy is heightened by every splendor and embellishment of costume; while a beautiful background of landscape subdues and softens the composition into a gentle harmony and grace. The difference between that biography which is too far removed from poetry to receive any of its lustre and heat, and that biography which is lighted and kindled by it, is not unlike the difference which we trace between a portrait by Vandyck and a portrait by Titian, where the accuracy and truth of the first are illuminated into a higher order of power and intellect by the second.

Pope.—A great painter with the pen, like the painter with the pencil, works his miracles of art with the slightest touches; what a wrinkle in a cloak, or a sword brought prominently forward, is to the artist, the unpremeditated word, or the brilliant repartee, is to the historian. You have spoken of Vandyck, of whom our own Clarendon may offer no unapt illustration; but if you seek for a Rembrandt of the pen, would you not look for him in *Tacitus*? If you examine his wonderful delineations of nature with attention, you perceive that, while his portraits are presented to the eye with every circumstance to awaken fear and dismay, there hangs, never-

theless, about them a dimness and obscurity peculiarly striking; an awful outline seems to be drawn with a few strokes, leaving the beholder or the reader (which, in this case, are terms convertible) much to fill up.

Pope.—My friend Dr. Warburton told me that he had been recommending a very ingenious friend of his to cultivate his talent for a description of literature, of which we have no adequate specimen in our language. I mean that form of intellectual comparison and contrast which we call *parallels*. There seems, however, to be one defect inherent in the very nature of the composition itself, and that is the necessity, or at any rate, the almost irresistible temptation, to obtain, or produce, a strong *opposition in design and coloring*. The portrait of *all light* hangs by the portrait of *all shade*, and we seem to contemplate a Rembrandt by the side of a Titian, and to see a bandit of Salvator scowling over a cottager of Ostade. But if the style have its defects, they are redeemed by many charms and advantages. What a beautiful parallel might be drawn between Cowley and Spenser! They were both remarkable for their personal beauty, and especially for a certain delicacy of expression almost feminine. I have heard that the face of Cowley was peculiarly prepossessing; his hair, of a bright color, was rich and flowing; his eyes were full and brilliant; his forehead was exquisitely smooth, and his mouth is said to have been charming. It is interesting, also, to observe how far he was in advance of his own age in every critical opinion. His own writings do not reflect his clear perception of poetical excellence. "There is not," he said, "so great a lie to be found in any poet as the *vulgar conceit of men that lying is essential to good poetry*."

Bolingbroke.—How fortunate would it have been for his fame had he put his theory into action! If you could now say of him as a distinguished person of our own time has observed of himself, that

"He stooped to truth, and moralized his song."

It is the naturalness, the almost domestic simplicity, of his manner, that gives so hearty a freshness to Chaucer. The student who walks out into the fields of song, when the morning dew is upon the grass, is delighted to hear the sweet and joyous bird spring from beneath his feet into the air, which he makes to resound with his melody.

Pope.—The descriptions which are *natural* in Homer and Chaucer become *picturesque* in Latin writers. It is a noticeable fact in all early books of genius, that they do not so much *delineate* as *indicate*. They

touch the figure into the canvass roughly and vividly, but without arranging the background and the accessories. Look at Homer's picture of wolves:—

Λαρυντες γλωσσησιν αραισιν μελας υδωρ
 Λαρον.

You see the minuteness and the rapidity of his observation in the simple circumstance which he introduces to give *emphasis* to his sketch the *slender tongue*. The *natural* precedes the *picturesque*; the first the characteristic of an uninitiated, the second of a refined, age.

Bolingbroke.—What, then, do you strictly understand by the *picturesque* in composition?

Pope.—I understand every thing that relates to an arrangement of objects with a particular reference to the *general effect of the picture*—to what the French call the *coup d'œil*, and including, of course, the number and position of the figures, the composition and costume of the groups, the distribution of light and shade. Of this art Tasso was a great master, Shakspeare learned it by intuition, Spenser presents some noble specimens of it, Virgil is pre-eminent, and Claudian frequently reminds me of Rubens himself.

Bolingbroke.—And in prose you might point to Livy, the Virgil without metre, and whose histories are only so many episodes in the great epoch of his country. In the historian, as in the poet, we trace the same eye of taste and imagination tinging every scene with its own soft and enchanting light. If you call Tacitus the Rembrandt, you must admit that Livy is the Correggio of his art.

Pope.—There are shadows of flowers upon the stream of Livy, but there is gold in the magnificent tide of Tully. One writes to the eye, the other to the understanding; yet not without a profound insight into the machinery of the human will, and a thrilling mastery over the passions. I love him, also, for his deep conviction of another and an enduring existence. The radiancy of a *future* life seems, in his page, to dart its kindling heat and lustre through the shadows of the present. For my own part I feel so strong, so lively an impression of the immortality of the soul, that, as I have often remarked to you upon various occasions, I *seem* to feel it within me as by intuition. Nor can I sit with patience and hear this doctrine of consolation, not to say of dignity, derided and condemned. I think that even in some cases I might be induced to give my suffrage against the liberty of unlicensed printing. I confess with the eloquent Hooker, that I

would put a chain upon these blaspheming tongues; I would not suffer them to spit their venom upon the innocent passers-by, and utter every word of contumely which the evil spirit that agitates and rends them may inspire.

Bolingbroke.—Nay, let criticism possess its *rack*, but not its *inquisition*. If you wish to strengthen an opinion, *tie it down*. Like this green bough, which I now bend with my finger, it will retain its altered position only while the hand of authority is applied to it, and will spring back again with a vigor increased by restraint, when that hand is withdrawn.

PUNCH'S GUIDE TO GOVERNMENT SITUATIONS.

From the *Charivari*.

A FEW years ago a delusive little Trentise was published under the title of "How to keep House upon a hundred a-year," which certainly told the public how the house might be kept, but not the family that lived in it.

Seeing a book advertised with the title of "A Guide to Government Situations," we bought the work, and, armed with its talismanic power, we rushed to the Treasury, where we requested to be shown a few Government situations, intending to walk into the most eligible, with the aid of our Guide Book. We presumed, in our simplicity, that places under Government might possibly be something like the 5000 straw bonnets thrown into the linen-draper's windows at this time of the year, with the generous intimation, that they are to be (almost) GIVEN AWAY; and, indeed, we began to suppose that Government situations were plentiful enough, if people only knew where to go for them. We have, however, been cruelly deceived; for the only situation under Government into which the "Guide" seemed likely to get us, was that of first gentleman in waiting at the station-house.

Considering it possible that others may be subjected to a disappointment similar to that we ourselves experienced, we beg leave to offer to the public a guide of our own, which we think will be more efficacious than the one we have already alluded to.

THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

The Chief-Secretaryship of this department is a very lucrative place. It would be difficult to offer any guide to it, for the individuals who have held it have reached it through so many crooked ways—such an endless variety of ins and outs, such constant shifting and changing from side to side—that it would be quite impossible to follow them. The same may be said of the Secretaryship of State for the Colonies.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

The Chancellorship is, of course, the highest prize in this branch of the public service, and any
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Guide to Government Situations would be incomplete, if it did not point out the way to the wool-sack. Lord Brougham's short and easy method is to go and sit upon it whenever he can, so as to be prepared to push off the legitimate occupant on the first opportunity, or to take his place, in the event of his leaving it. The Attorney and Solicitor-Generalships are prizes worth having; and perhaps one of the safest roads to legal promotion, particularly in Ireland, would be to get a brief for the Crown, and challenge the opposite counsel. Country Commissionerships of Bankrupts, which are worth about a thousand a-year, seem to be very easily obtained, if we may judge by the manner in which these situations have been hitherto filled. It may be sufficient for the purposes of our Guide to state, that the only qualification that seems to be actually indispensable, is an utter ignorance of the law of Bankruptcy. We have arrived at this conclusion merely from a close observation of the qualities for which the new Commissioners of Bankruptcy have hitherto been distinguished. We should say, from our experience in this matter, that to know any thing whatever about the subject of his duties would be fatal to the pretensions of a candidate for the highly lucrative offices alluded to.

CUSTOM-HOUSE DEPARTMENT.

This branch of the public service has, hitherto, been doubly eligible, for there has been not only the salary attached to the various places, but the pickings have been very considerable. The same pickings exist in other departments, to which we recommend the applicant for a Government situation to turn his attention, because the Custom-house perquisites have been in a great degree curtailed by the very awkward exposures that have recently transpired. This branch of the public service has been spoilt for the present, as a source of large emolument; but there are numerous other departments where the spirit of impertinent curiosity has not yet been able to penetrate.

EXCHEQUER DEPARTMENT.

In order to obtain the full benefit of the resources opened out by employment in this department, it was formerly desirable to cultivate an imitative style of hand-writing, and to form connections on the Stock Exchange. This branch of the public service was worked to the full extent of its capabilities by Mr. Beaumont Smith, who was, unfortunately, not permitted to enjoy the fruits of his ingenuity.

In concluding our Guide to Government Situations, we most earnestly express to the person in want of one, our most sincere, our most ardent, and our most heartfelt wish, that—he may get it.

THE GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL of the Palatinate will be celebrated, this year, at Deux-Ponts, under the direction of M. Félix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, and last three days, the 30th and 31st of July and the 1st of August. The performers will be from 1,500 to 2,000 in number; and the programme includes Mozart's Symphony in D major, Beethoven's Heroic Symphony, and Spohr's Overture in A flat major; Mendelssohn's Oratorio of 'St. Paul,' Cherubini's 'Requiem,' and Handel's Cantata of 'Alexander's Feast.'—*Athenaeum*.

A NIGHT FOR HISTORY.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.

From the Metropolitan.

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON, in his "Decline and Fall of the Irish Nation," a work of great historical merit, as containing the only authentic record of the most striking epoch in our history, gives a picturesque and touching description of the Last Night in the House of Commons. Whatever were the faults of the Admiralty Judge, the purity of his parliamentary conduct was unimpeachable. An Irishman in feeling, and imbued with the most inveterate hostility to the enterprise of the English minister, he looked on the Union as conceived in the spirit of a sordid selfishness, and executed with all the concentrated powers of political debauchery, corruption, and crime. It is, at least, one earnest proof of his sincerity, that he died as he had lived; and it was the consolation and pride of his last days to prepare for the Irish people that memorial of their greatness and degradation. He brought together all his recollections,—and they were numerous and vivid,—in painting that Last Night, and he filled the canvass with the brilliancy and precision of a master. It is the last striking scene in his book. None can peruse that page without deep and mournful interest. That the Irish Commons were not the representatives of the free opinion of the nation, has been so often and truly insisted on, and posterity has so confirmed the accusation, that none has dared to defend them; but that they were, for that reason, fit objects for annihilation, is a question which admits of some doubt. True, they were not models of purity or independence, and like many more fortunate patriots of our own times, postponed the interests of their country to their own on many occasions, but still the material prosperity of the people rapidly increased under their influence. The Secretary of Hong Kong tells a different story, but the proverbial stubbornness of facts is opposed to his allegations; and if his tables of British commerce with the Flowery empire be inlaid with the same number of errors to produce an effect, we are inclined to believe that he will soon return to project new railways, or lend a disinterested hand to the passing of private bills. It is surprising how English writers fall so mercilessly foul of our old representatives, forgetting all the turpitude of their own. One would imagine that the English Commons, from all time, were an incorruptible congress of Dorian legislators, sitting, most Homerically, on polished stones—venerable and virtuous *Ge-*

rontes, who had never known place or pension or bribe. Shippen was incorruptible where all were corrupt, and his name passed into a proverb. The improved character of the times generated a different and less objectionable system; but down to the close of the last century, it may be safely affirmed that the plague of corruption stained alike "both their houses." Our departed friends in College Green were the creation of profligate times, and followed the example of their betters—they erred only with their epoch. Infamous as they were, they did occasional good, and their praises still hang on the lips of the unthinking, who sigh for even such a restoration. "Architecture," says Mr. Sheil, "has left its solemn attestation" of the fact that Ireland had a parliament; and the "Old House at Home" has become a standing ornament in our processional flags and banners, and its glories, marmorean and legislative, chanted in song and recited in glowing prose. Sir Jonah's "Last Night" was, during the repeal fever of last year, a universal favorite. Often did we hear it on summer eves arresting the progress of the passer by on Carlisle Bridge, as the "true and faithful account" filled the warm air, and the warmer hearts of the enthusiastic crowd. It was recited, in a highly sustained key, by one of those cyclic rhapsodists who migrated at the era of the Round Towers or some such period of hoar antiquity, from the East into Ireland, and was listened to with as much wondering eagerness as the lays of Homer in ancient Greece. That the recital, like the "massacre of Mullaghmast," tended to create discontent and disaffection among her Majesty's Irish subjects, was evident. It must have reached the law officers, and we now admire their generosity to suffer the patriotic *Zosimus** to provide a frugal supper at the expense of the public tranquillity.

* Gibbon has made the reader of his work acquainted with one *Zosimus*, the Greek historian of the lower empire. We shall introduce him to another. The Dublin wags have given our hero this second baptism, to which he answers more readily than the name recognized by his godfathers and godmothers. Such is the power of habit. He is an old blind man, who earns a precarious livelihood by reciting the heroic deeds of our forefathers—the battles of Clonskoage, Clontarf, and Ventry Harbor, varied occasionally with a miraculous page from the lives of St. Columb Kill and St. Bridget. His bent lies from the College, over Carlisle Bridge, to the Rotundo, where he halts, and returns without declination to the point of departure. Of all the rhapsodical tribe, he has the most numerous and attentive class of listeners, and many a penny is dropped into his hat for the intellectual enjoyment he conveys. Unlike the Homeric rhapsodists, he is a great original, and manufactures, from the loom of his inventive brain, the most rare and interesting products of

But what has all this to do with our "Night for History?" Surely we cannot intend to serve up the staple products of Sir Jonah, and the monologues of our ballad singers, with the simple difference of a new condiment. Not at all. There are nights of great celebrity besides that, which have not yet found a sacred bard or historian. The night which we have chosen, the 15th of February, 1844, has already attracted the rival blocks of the *Illustrated News* and *Pictorial Times*, but beyond that, there is no record of the memorable event. That night will be remembered among the "great facts" of our times, when leagues and clubs shall have passed away and be forgotten. Some will say that it is a common affair—a simple trial by jury to try a common offence of misdemeanor—Mr. O'Connell, the cynosure of a day, dared to overshadow the land by his influence, and sought to evade the law by his sagacity—he was arrested by that power which he aspired to disdain, and paid the penalty of his rashness or intrepidity by a verdict. Such may be their philosophy—it is not ours. Very differently, as it appears to our shallow knowledge of the future, will after generations regard the night of the fif-

imagination. Sometimes he enlightens his admiring audience with a chapter from astronomy, a signal accomplishment for one who had never seen sun or star, and the disquisition on the solar system is accordingly wonderfully curious. But it is in the field of native history that he shines with peculiar splendor. Fion M'Coul and his masticated thumb—the Fion Erin, or the chivalry of Pagan Ireland—Usheen harmonized by M'Pherson into Ossian—Goul M'Mourn and the whole tribe of Celtic demigods, are his usual theme. On these he descends with flowing power, and most impressive earnestness. He scorns the hackneyed ways of the ballad-singer—his style is recitation, and his subjects always dramatically moulded. If, according to Aristotle, tragic power consists in exciting the emotions of pity and terror, then is *Zosimus* among the first of tragic composers, for we have seen him excite these faculties more forcibly and promptly than the best finished tragedy. When he descends to comic narrative, his vein is the choicest, and his success quite as unequivocal. There is in his vocation one peculiarity—he never sells printed papers—his stories being the unwritten "mint and coinage" of his imagination. You pay simply for hearing him, if you are disposed to be charitable, and at the same time compensate for a very refined pleasure. Unhappily, the universality of his attainments in science, history, and poetry, have not much improved his worldly condition, and like another of the illustrious blind,

With his hat in his hand
He begs for a mite through his own classic land.

He is called *Zosimus*, from some incongruous tale of that name, which had a long and profitable run. What other country than Ireland could furnish such a character?

teenth. By us, who have been involved in the whirlpool, the importance of the transaction is but little felt. We are too near to appreciate its effects. It is the remark of an eloquent writer, that the traveller who wanders through a picturesque and rugged country, though struck with the beauty of every new valley, or the grandeur of every cliff that he passes, has no notion at all of its general configuration, or even of the relative situation of the objects he has been admiring, and will understand all those things and his own route among them, far better from a small map on a scale of half an inch to a mile, which represents neither thickets nor hamlets, than from the most painful efforts to combine the indications of the strongest memory. They who live in a period of great historical interest, labor exactly under the same difficulty. They are too near the scene—too deeply interested in each successive event—and too much agitated by their constant rapidity to form a correct judgment of the total result. It is with them as with troops in a battle field. They fight on, unconscious of triumph or defeat—obedient to, but with scarcely a knowledge of, the general movements in which their fate is involved. The peasant who witnesses the conflagration of war from a distant and secure eminence, has a much clearer knowledge of the work of death than they who are personally concerned. We are the soldiers. The heat and tumult of the field in which we have been engaged, incapacitates us perhaps from giving a sober and impartial description; but Time, the corrector, has softened down much anger and exasperation, and they, to whose minds our former testimony wore the air of bias, will now acknowledge that we erred on the side of truth. We may have embarrassed or fatigued our readers by this tedious prologue, but our apology is, that if it be wearisome or unnecessary, it is quite as good as any we can offer in our detailed account of the night of the eventful verdict. Few will dispute that it is one for history, and also one of much interest, whatever degree of importance the future may attach to it.

After the Chief had drawn his memorable charge to a close, which has since challenged the attention of the House of Commons, and to which in one respect they have not rendered justice—its clearness and ability, however doubtful the spirit which animated it—when, on a whole review of the evidence, he calculated on a just verdict, the jury received the issue with minds ill at ease, for theirs was a task of danger and of difficulty. In order to strengthen them for a hard night's

labor, Judge Crampton generously declared that they should be provided with "temperate" refreshment, after the fashion of Milton's banquet in *Paradise Lost*. The jury did not relish the judicial frugality. Biscuits and spring water were but an unsubstantial repast after an eight hours' mortification in a jury-box. Mr. Holmes conceived a bottle of sherry would accelerate a verdict, for Irishmen never work so well as when under the influence of gentle excitement. The suggestion was worthy "the consideration of the Court:" but intoxicating liquors did not come within the *genus* temperate, and their passions or prejudices, if any they had, would cool in the sobriety of the pump. It was also intimated by the Court, that one of their lordships would attend at the punctual hour of a quarter before nine, to receive the verdict, or explain what was doubtful. Three hours only to deliberate on the prodigious mass of evidence which occupied the same number of weeks to unfold! It would take that time to digest the gigantic proportions of the indictment, omitting the whole files of newspapers, and the perplexing variety of oral and documentary evidence adduced in its support! A common larceny case would attract the attention of a jury for that limited period. In our profound ignorance we estimated the deliberations of the twelve true men at two revolutions of the day and night, for that was the magic number which pervaded the proceedings, every thing was on so sumptuous a scale of long talk—but the Court, more far-seeing than ourselves, more intelligent too in the ways of the jury-box, were thoroughly accurate in their limitation. They knew the verdict as well as if Mr. Bourne had then read forth—"On the first count you say that Daniel O'Connell, John O'Connell, &c. are Guilty." The charge went as home to the conviction of the box as a point blank discharge to a target. Mr. Henn took some slight objections, of which the principal was that there was not evidence to show that the Repeal Association was in the County of the City of Dublin, which he considered very material, but had the effect of curling Judge Crampton's lip into a snile. His book was stowed away, but "he would take a note of it," and register the same at his leisure. He looked at Mr. Henn, and asked with his eyes—"Are you really serious—Do you remember Browne's testimony?"

There was now a general dispersion, and also an active diversity of opinion among our learned brothers—chiefly of the junior class, as to all they had heard and seen on that day. If the crown had its accusers, the accused

had their defenders. On one side the charge was weighed down with the load of panegyric offerings, on the other it was of that embalmed description which was to be found in Howell, and which Mr. Macaulay has since, with more particularity, associated with the constitutional models of the seventeenth century. One declared that what the Chief stated might be law, but it was not in accordance with the constitution; whereupon his riper adversary objected that the constitution was nothing else than the law; and that he foolishly distinguished between convertible terms. Such was the hot war waged on this side and on that, in the court, in the hall, and even the robing-room. In less orderly times, the stunted thickets of the Park would have echoed with the explosions of John Rigby, or John Jason Rigby's patent detonators; and it was perhaps a merciful provision that this eminent dispenser of justice by the pistol was then in the box to dispense justice according to law. Having disposed of our own immediate circle, we return for awhile to the Court. Of the traversers' counsel, Mr. Sheil and Sir Colman O'Loughlin remained to watch the proceedings to their fatal or fortunate close. Nor were they alone in their vigils, for a number of sympathizing friends held on, resolved to lose not a minute in the Night for History. We remained faithful to the post as a Roman Triarian for an additional hour, when we learned that "the cakes and ale" had passed into the jury-room, and we took a temporary departure to indulge in less temperate nourishment. In the hall, the restless and anxious crowd still were gathered round the barrier. There they continued, immovable from the pressure since the opening of the hall, and as each counsel retired, he was asked the chances of an acquittal—they could not seduce their tongues to pronounce the cruel word "conviction." He who consoled them with a hope, was saluted with a prolonged benediction, whilst a hint at condemnation did not, in the language of the Christmas Carol, "agree with the boys at all."

At half-past eight we returned to our destination. As we proceeded along the quays, there were symptoms on every side of the stirring of men's minds. Jarveys were flying with all the eager rapidity of Olympic chariots, and, like them, they evaded mutual destruction by the most delicate management of the charioteers. Single horsemen, accoutred for country expresses, mixed with the car squadron, while the flagged footway, along which we moved, was a scene of equal pressure. Every lamp-post had its throng of anxious citizens, discussing the law of con-

spiracy, and the chances of an acquittal. There was some one of the body whose opinions they regarded with reverence, and whose eloquent tongue discoursed most learnedly on all the features of the case. Of these leaders, the most conspicuous and oratorical was the celebrated Mr. Flood,* a personage well known in the region of the Four Courts. He harangued a delighted group in the corner where the book-stall is located, and closed his appeal with a sly hint to the pockets of his audience, who had more prayers than pence to bestow. With much labor we worked our way through the quadrangle, and, having bedecked our head with frizzled whalebone, as the only passport to the favor of the police, we entered the Queen's Bench in safety, which in that hour, so unseasonable for gentlemen fond of *post-prandial* re-

pose, was in a high state of density. The gentry of the press were unusually abundant, and, at the left of the Clerk of the Crown, our attention was directed to a queen's messenger, who certainly looked as if the "speed of thought" was not in his limbs, for his dimensions exhibited the true corporate proportion. The bar seats were long the prey of the alien. A very mixed and most questionable society had evicted the *noblesse de la robe*, and in vain did they apply to pompous inspectors of police to clear the forum. It was in vain. The grenadiers of Napoleon purged the Hall of Five Hundred, but we defy them to make an impression on the attorneys' clerks—at least the new police were laughed to scorn. In vain, too, did we shake our wigs and look angry, but the mob of ill-mannered gentlemen were not for a moment disturbed. Never did we witness such an absence of respect. The occasion might have produced some show of solemnity even in the most graceless minds, but that audience, neither "few nor fitting," yielded to an extravagant boisterousness, inconsistent with the place and time. They indulged deeply, we presume, in after dinner potations, to "bear them stiffly up" against the dread event, and, as it is the characteristic of an Irishman to enjoy a joke, even in the midst of his sorrows, the mirth of one touched his neighbor, and the entire audience soon grew reeling ripe for merriment. As her majesty's counsel entered, the riot abated, and the tumult soon subsided into a more decorous repose.

* Mr. Flood is of quite a different genus from *Zosimus*. One is a product of past, the other of present civilization. We do not know whether he bears any kindred to the illustrious statesman of that name, but he is a surpassing statesman and legislator. He once had the high honor of being put forward to represent the University. The circumstances are these. During the election, a mob of students congregated in the square, venting all sorts of execration on the Whigs. Mr. Flood, from the very peculiar structure of his hat, with the wings curled tightly up like the tail of Craikshank's cur-dog, attracted attention when fun and excitement wore the pursuit. He was soon surrounded "I came here," quoth he, "to support the constitution in church and state." Loud cries of bravo. "I came here to offer myself to the enlightened electors of this University." Whereupon, without more to do, he was elevated on the shoulders of a multitude, and placed on a projection of one of the columns of the Examination Hall. A gownsman then came forward, and proposed the "illustrious Henry Flood as a fit and proper person to represent this Protestant University in the Imperial Parliament." A seconder was not wanted—a crowd competed for the honor. These preliminaries being settled, he proceeded at much length to advocate a miscellany of rights and privileges very inconsonant with the spirit of the times, but exceedingly flattering to the prejudices of his audience. The shrewd fellow could well distinguish between a hawk and a hand-saw. His cunning dexterity was inimitable. He wound up with the necessity of reverting to the old and honored principles of the constitution, and among these was one which engrossed much of his attention—the payment of members. The question was put—Mr Flood was unanimously elected—cheered and chaired, and took leave of his constituents with an instalment of his parliamentary wages in his pocket. Since then his politics have changed—he will now never cease until Ireland has a native parliament! During the trials, his attention was incessant, and his knowledge a fountain of information to the humbler classes of politicians. He is not quite so mad as unthinking folk give him credit for, since he contrives to smoke his cigar and take his grog, to which he is but too partial, at other people's expense. Like Power on "His Last Legs," his hat is his fortune—its grotesque drollery constitutes his livelihood.

The crown and traversers' counsel arrived at the same time, all unwigged and unrobed, except the Attorney and Solicitor-General, who appeared in plenary working costume. They both looked pictures of contentment, even at that stage of conjecture, for the deeds then being accomplished in the jury-room cast their shadows into court, and in their mind's eye they saw that it was done. Looking at the uncovered array on both sides, a phrenologist would have had a fine field for speculation. The glossy bald heads of some, and the thinly-honored crowns of others—the full majestic forehead of one, and the narrow seat of cunning and craft of another—afforded an ample study for the disciples of Gall, in the mysteries of whose dangerous philosophy we are wholly unversed. Remarkable amongst the "palaces of thought" was the bald, round, shining dome of Mr. Holmes, looking a *Cato Major* among degenerate men—just such a character as might have filled a curule chair in the Capitol when *Papirius* provoked the massacre of the senate. He was not so grave, however,

as either of the noble Romans with whom we have compared him, for he cracked nuts of humor with all around him. The Attorney-General alone did not enjoy the kernels. He had his own thoughts, and communed with them. His eye was far away over water, and conjured up Mr. Sergeant Murphy's unprofessional unfairness, and the bursting of Mr. Roebuck's gall-bladder. Cararra marble was not more immovable. The next to arrest the eye on that side was Mr. Brewster. The frost of centuries seemed to whiten the locks that still clustered round his posterior lobe, and the contrast between the venerable antiquity of his head and the strong, coarse, and vigorous expression of his countenance was peculiarly striking. He was habited in a light wrapper, a sort of cross between a tweed and gossamer, to follow the phraseology of tailors, buttoned tight and throat-ward, and looked a veritable *Bully Bottom*. His impatience could scarcely suffice him to sit, but he longed for a release from his labors, and a corresponding reward for his meritorious services. *Baron Brewster* would be such a delightful alliteration! Close to his eye, which did double duty in winking and perusing, he held a treatise on criminal law, to meet or make objections. His attention was directed to a question which he sagaciously anticipated—the reception of the verdict, should it be tendered after midnight. We knew this by the turn of the leaves, and gave him credit for additional acuteness, though Mr. Napier, perhaps, might divide the credit of the anticipation; for he it was who worked the indictment through, and on one occasion prevented a fatal termination to the labors of the crown. He was not present on this night, lest his precise and virtuous observance of the Sabbath should be infringed by a single minute after twelve. He is as righteous as a Puritan of the revolution in the rites of the seventh day.

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spectacles—Mr. Henn studied the mysteries of palmistry—Mr. Whiteside was of the same eloquent opinion. They were all old and cautious cock-sparrows, and would not take the limed twig. They knew Mr. Attorney quite as well as he them, and the sly judge laughed at the pushing of the pin on both sides. He complained in moving language of the cruelty to be inflicted, and interposed the touching question, "Will neither side assist me?" Not we, certainly, mutely intimated the flinty souls in opposition. The jury could expect no favor from our side, and Sunday being a day of repentance as well as prayer, perhaps their hearts might incline, in that solemn interval, to the side of justice and mercy. A lock up may be a benefit, it cannot produce greater injury. The jury were now called into court, the disagreeable communication made, that they must remain in the custody of the sheriff until nine o'clock on Monday, which to his lordship was very painful, but such is the law, and that must be obeyed. Eight was the hour first named, at which Mr. Sheil stood horribly aghast, and Mr. Moore demurred *ore tenus*. The Attorney-General did not join in that demurrer, and the Court granted the additional hour.—It was now close on one o'clock, and we made our escape from the heat and fatigue into the hall. The entire circle was one dense and compact mass of heads. With their faces all upturned, and lit indistinctly with the light of a few lamps, there was something peculiarly impressive in beholding such a multitude, on such an occasion, and at such an hour.—Not long since it was the intoxication of joy, and now, when the real fact was ascertained, and their chief was convicted, all was despondency and despair. The signal had passed through the sleepless city, and as we emerged into the area expresses started in hot haste to all the adjacent towns. Thus ended an important section of our historical night, but it is not yet altogether closed.

By one of those curious fictions of law which are intelligible to professional, but altogether beyond the reach of ordinary reason, our courts usurp the privilege of Joshua, and keep the sun revolving round his centre for an entire term—in other words, the term, for certain purposes, is considered but as a single day. We, like the famous Arbitration Courts, do not dispute or infringe the just prerogatives of the Court, but we may be excused in the partial exercise of the privilege. All we ask for our "Night," without which the events would be incomplete and unsatisfactory, is, to take the proceedings of Monday, being, as the lawyers say, *in pari materia*, in connection with the preceding Saturday. Our consid-

erate brethren of the bar will at once acknowledge the reasonableness of the request, but we apprehend some difficulty in persuading the uninitiated into so moderate a concession. They will justly say, a night is a night, and a day cannot be any portion thereof. All quite true and logical—altogether too unanswerable, if we were not a barrister and an *Irishman*, who has had the privilege of bull-making from immemorial time. Not to argue the matter further, we accept the paternity of the bull. Let whoever will bring his action into the Court of Common Sense, and we shall undertake to plead a justification; but the jury must be *de medietate*, with a moiety of lawyers, and we fear not the result. There will, at least, be a disagreement. Well, then, we were in our old position at an early hour on Monday morning. The excitement was not so intense, but enough was manifested to prove the deep interest felt by all in the issue. The doom of the "conspirators" was fixed, but a hope still lingered that his usual fortune would not desert their chief. He had so often baffled the law, and extricated himself from urgent peril, that it was believed the mysterious chapter might still contain some accidents to aid him in his present distress. It is surprising how men will hope when human ability appears utterly incapable to realize the wish. There was a soul-felt assurance still prevailing that Mr. O'Connell would not fall, and persons of intelligence believed that he bore about him a charmed life which was law proof. Not so did he himself conceive, for he rose on that day with the painful consciousness that he was to spend the night in a prison! We sat between light and darkness, the best illustration we can afford of opposite feelings. On our left was a desperate hostility to O'Connell—on our right burning enthusiasm and devotion. Left was busied in canvassing the choice of a prison for the illustrious conspirator. Kilmainham was excellent, because it was covered by the Royal Barracks—Newgate the most agreeable, because it would afford the spectacle of multitudinous pilgrims journeying to Green Street as to another Mecca or Benares; but for safety Carrickfergus was preferred; and he had it on the indubitable authority of a friend of Lord R——n that hammocks were already slung in that fortress, and a deal table and chair allowed for each prisoner, while the Fox frigate under Sir Henry Blackwood, and the Lynx brig commanded by Lieutenant Nott, had positive orders to weigh anchor from Scattery on the day before, and sail with all speed round the coast, so as to be in the bay on the arrival of Mr. O'Connell. This circumstantial account was *coloquintida* to the right. My patriotic

neighbor laughed in the bitterness of his spirit at this ridiculous invention, and repeated the challenge of the *Courier Français*, "Will the Government dare imprison O'Connell?" We joined the latter in his well-weighed incredulity about the two-legged stools and royal frigates. Another hour, however, will unfold all. There is yet another interval between the accused and fate. A less period has revolutionized an empire. Who can tell man's destiny?

Shortly before nine a thrilling cheer, which could spring from but one cause, if we except the opening of the Irish parliament by her Majesty, announced the arrival of the grand Conspirator, and he entered the court with his "bosom's lord," as he is wont to say, sitting "lightly on his throne." Whenever difficulties environ him, this is his favorite quotation. He was surrounded by a large "troop," or if that be dangerous, "group" of friends and supporters. He looked—we cannot tell how he felt—brimfull of fun, and the story of the bag of marbles seemed not altogether without foundation. The tale is this, and not inapposite. We may narrate it, as their lordships are not yet in court. When the indictment was found, an old friend came to condole with Mr. O'Connell on the dismal future which awaited him. He talked of advanced years—and insinuated, in fact, the old circle of decline, disease, and death.—"This is but poor consolation you bring me," was the reply. "But compose your mind, and be as much at ease as I am. Did you ever play at marbles? When I was a boy, I was passionately fond of *plumping in the ring*. I was a capital hand, and won largely. The fruits of my success I treasured up in a bag, to win additional successes, or compensate for future losses. No miser ever treasured up his hoard more devoutly than I did that bag of marbles. It was stolen, and I grieved.—Now believe me when I tell you that the loss of my marbles afflicted me more than any punishment the government can inflict. I am quite at ease on that point." He came into court prepared to hear the Attorney-General address the Chief Justice.

"I charge you by the law,
Of which you are a well deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment,"

which was sufficient to cast a gloom over a more youthful heart than his, but he did not appear to fear it. He was more cheerful than his friends. One only overflowed with ecstasy at the happy thought of imprisonment. It was Tom Steele. Nothing could surpass his exultation at the impending martyrdom. The disappointment of a free condition was to him

truly mortifying. He gloated at the prospect of gaoil birds and remorseless turnkeys. His cry was to "get in," the wiser starling's was to "get out." The Court are seated for the last time. Judge Crampton read over, for the benefit of his brothers, the proceedings of Saturday night, and entered into a minute disquisition on the duties of the jury in finding on the several issues. They, however, were very reluctant to return, and hoped that the verdict then handed down complied with his lordship's injunctions in all necessary particulars. It varied from their first verdict in omitting from the several counts the words "illegally and seditiously," as applicable to the repeal meetings, thus establishing their legality, but in all other respects there was no material difference. The Conspiracy was the great question, and that was "proven." On being discharged, they made the very rational application of payment for their arduous services, to which the Attorney-General said nothing. A barren compliment to their fidelity was all that the Court could give, and that was cheerfully and deservedly given.—The Lords of the Treasury ought to listen to their petition.

Now the dreaded moment arrived—the catastrophe to wind up so many stirring scenes—the judgment of the Court. The Chief sat looking alternately at the Attorney-General and Mr. O'Connell—but the latter had by far the greater portion of his scrutinizing glances. After some moments of suspense, Judge Crampton began to play with his note-book, and look on all sides for his bag. The true solution of this dramatic performance was, "Mr. Attorney-General, the Court are anxious to know whether you press for sentence." Mr. Attorney was silent. At length the Chief asked whether any thing further remained to be done, to which Mr. Solicitor tranquilly replied, "No, my lord!" whereupon the Court was adjourned to the 15th of April. Whatever were the feelings of Mr. O'Connell, you might easily see that a heavy burthen was now removed from his mind. He was congratulated by his friends, and returned their pledges with unaffected delight. He was free for two months more, and that was solid comfort, compared with the morning prospect of a prison. Many attributed this unexpected check to the desire of the Government not to bear with undue severity on Mr. O'Connell—to give him, in fact, a *locus penitentiae*, and afford him time to reflect on the perils which awaited him, should he continue in the old career. Others are of opinion that as the law was vindicated by a conviction, their object was gained, and judgment was never intended to follow. The speeches of Mr. Smith

and Sir W. Follett in the debate on the state of Ireland, have uprooted the last, and judgment still impends. The first may be among the benevolent intentions with which Downing Street is paved, but there remains a less questionable reason, that the Crown could not press or the Court pass sentence. The Court had power by statute to fix a day for the trials, and if there had been a verdict within term, sentence would of course follow—but the Court not sitting *in banc*, their functions ceased with the verdict. What in contemplation of law is a trial? Does it or does it not include judgment? or does it terminate with the discharge of the jury? We are not disposed to argue that question now, for it falls not within our labors, but the seven wise heads representing the accused were, if the occasion offered. It was that which Mr. Henn was explaining to the attractive circle, and from the unanimous inclination of their brows, all seemed of the same opinion. Mr. Smith very prudently avoided the difficulty, and perhaps their lordships were not displeased at their fortunate release from immediate judgment. The convicted certainly are not displeased, and they stand indebted to a subtle distinction of law for their freedom. If the law be a sword to strike, it is also a shield to protect. Cherish it, for it is good.

Such are the prominent incidents of our "Night" with its legal incorporation. Many more there were which might afford amusement or interest, but they are not necessary elements in our design, and therefore omitted. Our fear is that we may appear to have introduced too many whose minuteness we have invested with too much importance, and exaggerated the little into the great. Some, too, may accuse us with coloring the entire with those suspicious hues which are ever at the service of the palette of the partisan. These objections demand a separate consideration, for we wish that our "Night for History" should stand free from all unworthy motives or accusations. Our vindication, we promise, shall be triumphant. In order to effect this we must go a little deeper than the surface, and speculate in a fashion of our own, on the philosophy of history. There is one fault inseparable from the condition of a coteremporary writer who treats of matters which have fallen under his immediate observation—and that is, that they are shaped according to his own peculiar views, and under the pressure of his own particular opinions. Another is, that too many circumstances are either omitted or only cursorily noticed to invest his account with the interest of a full and faithful narrative, and also that too many are detailed and uselessly analyzed to let it pass

for an essay on the result of memorable transactions. A narrative of this kind may be literally true and accurate in all the lesser delineations of circumstances and characters,—but it rarely, if at all, succeeds in catching those bolder and grander and more prominent features of the historical landscape which attract the calm eye of the distant observer. A work embodying a great national event, should be written at a long, and even a remote distance from the times to which it relates. On the other hand, the materials which are to supply the laboratory of the future historian, should be gathered and garnered up while the circumstances are still fresh on the memory, and before time has rubbed away the agreeable hues which confer on them all their value. They should be discolored with no unfair bias, and as near as possible to the impartial; for absolute impartiality is a quality with whose possession we often flatter ourselves, but which is among those rare virtues more to be coveted than enjoyed. What men call impartial is, in truth, but a modification of the partial.

When we read of some momentous transaction in bygone times, the first feeling which invariably occupies us, is regret in not being able to be better acquainted with the subordinate circumstances in which it originated. We are anxious that the particulars should be more full and the actors more individualized, and we blame the historian for the incompleteness of his memorial in these respects. The cause of the defect is, that separate acts of the drama, or incidents, in themselves unimportant, absorbed their attention, and they paid no regard to the combined effect of the whole, in which after times could find grandeur and interest. Local coloring and that living characterization, which are to history what colors are to a painting, are the inventions of later times. The innumerable memoirs, biographies, and anecdotal compilations of French activity, have raised their modern history to the first rank in Europe. Would it not add vastly to the interest with which we peruse the history of the Reformation, if it were enriched with more minute particulars, such as *Jonas* gives of the closing hours of Luther? Is not the same true of Gregory the Great or Columbus—of Faust or Roger Bacon—or the other extraordinary men, of whose lives we know nothing beyond the incidents immediately connected with their discoveries? Viewing history in this light, we do aver that our labor has a true and positive use. We admit, in all candor, that we have dealt with details of a very minute description—we have perhaps lamented or rejoiced with exaggerated feelings over

occurrences devoid of any peculiar interest or influence—perhaps, too, a large share of these particulars may, in a few years hence, become matters of the utmost indifference, and the entire proceeding be regarded very differently from that in which it presents itself to us. All this may be very possible—but our apology is that we write not a philosophical history, or any history at all. We study no grand effect, in which only the broad outlines of events are preserved, and the details left to be gathered from the nature of their results. Ours aspires to no higher rank than a simple, unadorned narrative of the exact circumstances as they have happened, leaving to whatever writer may hereafter occupy himself with the transaction, as an ingredient in the history of our times, to draw his own conclusions. An humbler task it is, but not without utility—for what is the press without the grapes or olives?—to supply the material for his alembic. They have engrossed public attention—they are identified with a struggle between two races which has been maintained for centuries, and when and where it will terminate we cannot foresee—they constitute at least an important chapter in Irish, without which English history cannot be written. Hence their value, as well as the necessity of instantly recording them, because from their minuteness, their memory might otherwise vanish in the interval which is to elapse before the issue of the contest, of which they formed a part, can be ascertained. Some may smile at the tedious particularity with which we have set down our recollections. What interest can there be in knowing how this counsel spoke, or that counsel sat—how Mr. Brewster winked or the Agitator laughed? Did such persons ever look at a well-painted landscape? How often does a single leaf give a tone and character to the entire, for truthfulness and natural effect? They may see very distinctly to the tips of their noses, but beyond that they have no vision.

The consequences of the verdict are still undeveloped. Within a few brief days all will be known. The fifteenth will bring good or evil fortune to the convicted, and all await the opening day of term with the old impatience still strong on their minds. Politics are banished from our quiet pages, unless where they are inseparably connected with circumstances which must be noticed—and which, therefore, it becomes impossible to avoid. So far, however, we may trespass on this *publicus ager* as to hope that the government will not repudiate the only sound and safe policy open to them. There is no virtue so generous as forgiveness. It is ever present to the mind of the recipient—the trib-

ute which nature exacts from all—lesser or larger, according to the moral feelings of him to whom the good service is rendered. Monarchs have been popular in proportion as they dealt mildly and mercifully with the excesses of their subjects. Statesmen have been remembered as great benefactors who advised lenient courses. Acts of oblivion have done more to consolidate the powers of despots than the most powerful armies. The hearts of the people are the solid and unshaken basis of the throne. There it rests, not on piles or quicksands, but on a foundation strong as the earth itself. It is peace we want, and not disorder—the tranquillizing of men's minds, and not their fermentation—attachment, and not alienation. "Better is a dry morsel and quietness than a house full of sacrifices with strife." We have been so often reminded by some of the public writers in our own country of undue partiality to liberal opinions—"a true bill," we confess—and as such expression is inapposite, we yield to the reproof, and suffer events to pursue their destined march.

"THE AUTHOR OF PELHAM."

LITTLE HATHENEUM CLUBB,
GOAT AND HOYSTER TAVERN,
Upper Anna-Maria Buildings, North Carolina Place,
Association Road, Hoxton New Town, March 15, 1844.

KIND PUNCH,

SIR—Me and the frequenters of this clubb (all of literary tastes) wishes to know which is the real name of a sellabrated literary barronet and Son of the Mews, (has his translation of Skillers poems hamely justifies) viz. is he

Sir Edward George Earl Lytton Bulwer ? or
Sir Edward George Earl Bulwer Lytton ? or
Sir Edward George Earl Lytton Bulwer Lytton ?

or

Sir Edward Lytton Earl Bulwer ? or
Sir Edward Lytton Earl George Bulwer ? or
Sir Edward Bulwer Earl Lytton George ? or
Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton Lytton Bulwer Bulwer Earl ? or *vica versy*, or quite the contry, or dubble yer all round, or which ways ?

Has we're going to put up his bust (hover the Duch clock) in the clubb-room, we natrally wish to have his titles correct to be wrote under neath the work of hart.

Your obediend servant and reglar reader,

BONOSMORES.

P. S. 1. We doant wish to be hantered in joax but *seriatim* in earnest. 2. Halso, wich do you consider the best and holdest hacter, Mr. Braham or Mr. Widdicomb ? or is Mr. Charles Kean the best, and is tradgidy or commady his forte or his piano ?

N. B. Philosophiclle discussin every Tuesday : me in the chair.

[For a reply to the above queries we refer our intelligent correspondent to Mr. Grant of the Great Metropolis.]—*Charivari*.

DECLARATION OF WAR BETWEEN TWO OF THE GREAT POWERS OF EUROPE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

READER,—did you ever hear the history of Zingarelli's journey to Paris?

No. Then listen.

The name, if not the man, must be familiar to you, as the master of Bellini and Mercadante, and director of the Conservatorio at Naples; and as regards his musical works, those who will not plead guilty to having heard his glorious "Ombra Adorata" from the lips of Madame Catalani, thirty years ago, at least, need not be ashamed of the admiration it excited in their bosoms when performed more recently by the far more exquisite genius of Malibran. The "Romeo e Giulietta" of Zingarelli is one of the few operas belonging to the early years of the present century that retains possession of the stage.

Zingarelli was in the prime of life, and Chapel-master at the Duomo of Milan, when the death of that great master of harmony, Gugieliemi, caused him to be elected to the grand mastership of his order,—and as first Chapel-master of the Vatican, the musician soon began to fancy himself endued with a portion of papal infallibility, and to fulminate his bulls against the heresies of the musical and all other worlds. While filling this important office, he composed some of the finest masses extant; and it is scarcely necessary to enlarge upon the beauty of his "Miserere," without accompaniments, or his celebrated funeral mass for the obsequies of Louis de Medicis, the foreign minister at the court of Naples.

But while occupying the papal chair of the world of Harmony, Zingarelli not only

Bore like the Turk no brother near the throne,

but endured with some impatience that there should be other thrones and dominions to interfere with his authority. Italian to the heart's core, he could never persuade himself to regard Napoleon as other than a Corsican or half-breed; and on the birth of his son by the Austrian arch-duchess, the nomination of the heir of the empire as King of the Romans filled him with disgust and indignation. From that day Zingarelli threw down the gauntlet and declared war, single-handed, against Napoleon.

On occasion of the auspicious event of the birth of an heir, a *Te Deum* was sung in all the cities of the empire; and a notice preparatory to that effect having been issued by the Comte de Tournon, the prefect of Rome, the Sacred College and united clergy of the Holy See—cardinals, bishops, abbots, priests, deacons, sacristans—made their appearance duly in St. Peter's for the celebration of the solemn rite.

But when assembled,—where was the music?—The organs were there,—but where the organist?—Where the Maestro di Cappella?—Where Zingarelli?—and the echoes of the Vatican answered in their most grumbling voices—“WHERE?”

Cited before the Sacred College to answer for

his absence, Zingarelli admitted without shame or compunction that he had given a holiday to his choristers—that he had locked up the music of the *Te Deum*—that he had purposely absented himself from his post!—He knew nothing about the King of the Romans—not he!—he acknowledged no king but Cæsar.—He was Chapel-master of St. Peter's, to sing to the praise and glory of God, and not to the praise and glory of Napoleon!

To read these words now, makes little impression, for Waterloo has been fought, and St. Helena inflicted; and after being precipitated to the dust by Wellington, the early greatness and authority of Napoleon is “like the baseless fabric of a vision.” But when the King of Rome was born to him, Napoleon Bonaparte was the most powerful potentate of modern times; and few, even of antiquity, instituted such complete autocracy. It was something, therefore, to fling a challenge in his teeth, and call him out in the face of Europe. No wonder that the cheeks of their eminences glowed with horror and indignation as they listened, even to the hue of the scarlet hats of cardinalship.

A report was of course duly forwarded to Paris of the recalcitrancy of the Chapel-master, and the shame and confusion to which it had given rise. Nor was so much as a water-carrier in Rome surprised when, at the close of three weeks, an order arrived to forward the offending musician to Paris, a close prisoner. According to the strict letter of his instructions, the prefect was entitled to throw him into a police-van, and deliver him from station to station, till he reached the French capital. But if Fouché did not know better, Monsieur de Tournon did! Aware of the Quixotic character with which he had to deal, and ascertain Zingarelli would proceed as straight to Paris if left on parole, as Regulus to Carthage, he advised him to step into the diligence, that he might answer for himself to the infuriated emperor; and for the future, dismiss his crotchets from his hand, and stick to his quavers.

Arrived in Paris, Zingarelli took up his quarters, with cool self-possession, in the house of his friend and brother musician, Grétry, signifying to Fouché that he had the honor to wait his orders; and every day did Grétry expect to see the gendarmes arrive at his door to possess themselves of the person of the culprit.

For a whole week, however, not the slightest notice was taken. But on the eighth day arrives the almoner of Cardinal Fesch, with a purse containing three thousand francs in gold (120*l.*) for the travelling expenses of Zingarelli, and a courteous request that he will enjoy freely the various amusements of the capital.

Two months afterwards an equally courteous desire is intimated through the same channel, that he will devote his leisure to a composition of a mass for the chapel royal; and so Zingarelli, whose animosities were becoming a little subdued by the influence of the Parisian atmosphere, and the sight of the arts of peace flourishing—in spite of his own and European warfare—as they had never done in France since the time of Louis le Grand, or in Italy since the days of the Medici, sat so earnestly to work, that in six days his composition was achieved.

This mass was executed on the 12th of January, 1812, at the royal chapel of the Tuileries; and at the close of the performance, five thousand francs, or two hundred guineas, were placed in the hands of the defeated enemy.

But this did not suffice. At that period the *Concerts Spirituels* were in their glory; and it was the custom to celebrate the festival of Easter with sacred music at the Palace of the Elysée, in a style rivalling the former renowned perfection of the Abbaye de Longchamps. Zingarelli was accordingly commissioned to compose new music for five verses of the *Stabat Mater*; and when Good Friday arrived, an orchestra, in which, amongst others, figured Crescentini, Nourrit, Laës, and Madame Brancher, made its appearance at the Elysée in presence of their Imperial Majesties, to do honor to the new *chef-d'œuvre*.

The effect was miraculous, and rapturous was the applause of that discerning and most brilliant court. The verse beginning "*Vidit Suum dulcem natum*," had been assigned to Crescentini, who, in honor of so august an assembly, chose to accompany himself on the organ; and so exquisite was his performance, so admirable the accord between the harmonious tones of the instrument and voice of the sublime musician, that every breath was suspended while he sang.

A signal given by the emperor that the verse should be repeated, was hailed with general thankfulness.

Another liberal gratuity was now forwarded to Zingarelli, accompanied by an intimation that whenever he felt disposed to resume his duties at Rome, his passport and travelling expenses were at his disposal!

Now we appeal to the unbiassed opinion of the reader, whether, among the numberless enemies whom Napoleon honored with a drubbing, he ever achieved a more complete victory than over the author of "*Romeo e Giulietta*!"

Zingarelli, indeed, when bantered on the subject of his forced march to Paris, used to exclaim, to the day of his death, "all the same, I did not give way. I was never asked to acknowledge the King of Rome; and the *Te Deum* was never sung!"

But no one more truly lamented the downfall of the princely patron of the arts by whom he had been so nobly forced into a pacification; and though he refused a triumphal song to the birth of a King of the Romans, he poured forth his notes of sadness, unbidden, for the untimely death of the Duc de Reichstadt.

The greatest joy of the veteran composer, was to witness the growing triumphs of Bellini! But he could never assign any exact identity to that ill-fated young man. While others spoke of the director of the Conservatorio as the "master of Bellini"—he persisted in believing that the indulgence of Europe was chiefly directed towards the author of "*Pirata*" and "*Norma*," as "the pupil of—Zingarelli!"

THERE IS ONE MAGIC CIRCLE; OR, THE PALACE AND COT.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

From the Metropolitan.

In yon pile of renown, dear to ages of glory,
Whose walls are enrich'd with the trophies of old,
Where the windows are blazon'd with legend and story,
And cornice and roof are all fretted with gold;
There is *one magic circle*, where care may not enter,
Where state for a season may throw off its load;
The *hearth*, the bright *hearth*, is the shrine and the centre
Of union and bliss in that gorgeous abode.

In yon cottage of peace, where the smoke is ascending,
The setting sun lingers, and throws his last look;
There the thrush and the blackbird their wild notes are blending,
There murmurs the breeze, and there ripples the brook.
The rose, in the glory which Nature has lent her,
Vies there with the brightest, and blossoms as sweet;
And the *hearth*, the dear *hearth*, is the shrine and the centre
Of union and bliss in that lowly retreat.

Oh! the palace shines brighter, 'mid splendor and pleasure,
When these purest of joys are its highest renown,
And the cottage is blest, when it boasts for its treasure
These richest of gems, as the glory and crown.
Yes, there's *one magic circle*, where care may not enter,
Or if for a season, how soon 'tis forgot!
The *hearth*, the bright *hearth*, is the shrine and the centre
Of endearment and peace, both in palace and cot.

WRITTEN FROM A HILL COMMANDING A VIEW OF THE VALE OF BERKELEY.

FROM UNPUBLISHED POEMS, BY THE HON. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY.

From the Court Journal.

From yonder vale those well-known sounds arise,
Which touch the heart, and fill my glance with tears—

Striking the chord that in my bosom lies,
Attuned by all life's early hopes and fears.
The meadow gale which breathes upon my brow
Is fresh and sweet in all its healthful powers,
As when, in other days, it used to blow
Upon the morn of manhood's dawning hours!

Untouch'd, unchang'd, this lovely vale will be,
Long after I my pilgrimage have done;
Long after lips have ceased to speak of me,
Long after love, light, life, and hope are gone.
It is unwise to seek that which endures,
Or find new friends as old ones fall away;
Both love and friendship end alike in tears,
As death may break or falsehood bring decay.

BARÈRE'S MEMOIRS.

From the Edinburgh Review.

An exceedingly interesting, stirring, keen article, abounding in severity, but exercised on a fair subject, and withal, as we think, from the pen of Macaulay.—Ed.

Mémoires de Bertrand Barère; publiés par MM. HIPPOLYTE CARNOT, Membre de la Chambre des Députés, et DAVID d'Angers, Membre de l'Institut: précédés d'une Notice Historique par H. CARNOT. 4 Tomes. Paris: 1843.

THIS book has more than one title to our serious attention. It is an appeal, solemnly made to posterity by a man who played a conspicuous part in great events, and who represents himself as deeply aggrieved by the rash and malevolent censure of his contemporaries. To such an appeal we shall always give ready audience. We can perform no duty more useful to society, or more agreeable to our own feelings, than that of making, as far as our power extends, reparation to the slandered and persecuted benefactors of mankind. We therefore promptly took into our consideration this copious apology for the life of Bertrand Barère. We have made up our minds; and we now propose to do him, by the blessing of God, full and signal justice.

It is to be observed that the appellant in this case does not come into court alone. He is attended to the bar of public opinion by two compurgators who occupy highly honorable stations. One of these is M. David of Angers, member of the Institute, an eminent sculptor, and if we have been rightly informed, a favorite pupil, though not a kinsman, of the painter who bore the same name. The other, to whom we owe the biographical preface, is M. Hippolyte Carnot, member of the Chamber of Deputies, and son of the celebrated Director. In the judgment of M. David and of M. Hippolyte Carnot, Barère was a deserving and an ill-used man, a man who, though by no means faultless, must yet, when due allowance is made for the force of circumstances and the infirmity of human nature, be considered as on the whole entitled to our esteem. It will be for the public to determine, after a full hearing, whether the editors have, by thus connecting their names with that of Barère, raised his character or lowered their own.

We are not conscious that, when we opened this book, we were under the influence of any feeling likely to pervert our judgment. Undoubtedly we had long entertained a most unfavorable opinion of Barère; but to this opinion we were not tied by any passion or by any interest. Our dislike was a reason-

able dislike, and might have been removed by reason. Indeed our expectation was, that these Memoirs would in some measure clear Barère's fame. That he could vindicate himself from all the charges which had been brought against him, we knew to be impossible; and his editors admit that he has not done so. But we thought it highly probable that some grave accusations would be refuted, and that many offences to which he would have been forced to plead guilty would be greatly extenuated. We were not disposed to be severe. We were fully aware that temptations such as those to which the members of the Convention and of the Committee of Public Safety were exposed must try severely the strength of the firmest virtue. Indeed our inclination has always been to regard with an indulgence, which to some rigid moralists appears excessive, those faults into which gentle and noble spirits are sometimes hurried by the excitement of conflict, by the maddening influence of sympathy, and by ill-regulated zeal for a public cause.

With such feelings we read this book, and compared it with other accounts of the events in which Barère bore a part. It is now our duty to express the opinion to which this investigation has led us.

Our opinion then is this, that Barère approached nearer than any person mentioned in history or fiction, whether man or devil, to the idea of consummate and universal depravity. In him the qualities which are the proper objects of hatred, and the qualities which are the proper objects of contempt, preserve an exquisite and absolute harmony. In almost every particular sort of wickedness he has had rivals. His sensuality was immoderate; but this was a failing common to him with many great and amiable men. There have been many men as cowardly as he, some as cruel, a few as mean, a few as impudent. There may also have been as great liars, though we never met with them or read of them. But when we put every thing together, sensuality, poltroonery, baseness, effrontery, mendacity, barbarity, the result is something which in a novel we should condemn as caricature, and to which, we venture to say, no parallel can be found in history.

It would be grossly unjust, we acknowledge, to try a man situated as Barère was by a severe standard. Nor have we done so. We have formed our opinion of him by comparing him, not with politicians of stainless character, not with Chancellor D'Aguesseau, or General Washington, or Mr. Wilberforce, or Earl Grey, but with his own colleagues of the Mountain. That party included a considerable number of the worst men that ever

lived; but we see in it nothing like Barère. Compared with him, Fouché seems honest; Billaud seems humane; Herbiert seems to rise into dignity. Every other chief of a party, says M. Hippolyte Carnot, has found apologists; one set of men exalts the Girondists; another set justifies Danton; a third deifies Robespierre; but Barrère has remained without a defender. We venture to suggest a very simple solution of this phenomenon. All the other chiefs of parties had some good qualities, and Barère had none. The genius, courage, patriotism, and humanity of the Girondist statesmen, more than atoned for what was culpable in their conduct, and should have protected them from the insult of being compared with such a thing as Barère. Danton and Robespierre were indeed bad men; but in both of them some important parts of the mind remained sound. Danton was brave and resolute, fond of pleasure, of power, and of distinction, with vehement passions, with lax principles, but with some kind and manly feelings, capable of great crimes, but capable also of friendship and of compassion. He, therefore, naturally finds admirers among persons of bold and sanguine dispositions. Robespierre was a vain, envious, and suspicious man, with a hard heart, weak nerves, and a gloomy temper. But we cannot with truth deny that he was in the vulgar sense of the word, disinterested, that his private life was correct, or that he was sincerely zealous for his own system of politics and morals. He, therefore, naturally finds admirers among honest but moody and bitter democrats. If no class has taken the reputation of Barère under its patronage, the reason is plain: Barère had not a single virtue, nor even the semblance of one.

It is true that he was not, as far as we are able to judge, originally of a savage disposition; but this circumstance seems to us only to aggravate his guilt. There are some unhappy men constitutionally prone to the darker passions, men all whose blood is gall, and to whom bitter words and harsh actions are as natural as snarling and biting to a ferocious dog. To come into the world with this wretched mental disease is a greater calamity than to be born blind or deaf. A man who, having such a temper, keeps it in subjection, and constrains himself to behave habitually with justice and humanity towards those who are in his power, seems to us worthy of the highest admiration. There have been instances of this self-command; and they are among the most signal triumphs of philosophy and religion. On the other hand, a man who, having been blessed by nature with a bland disposition, gradually

brings himself to inflict misery on his fellow-creatures with indifference, with satisfaction, and at length with a hideous rapture, deserves to be regarded as a portent of wickedness; and such a man was Barère. The history of his downward progress is full of instruction. Weakness, cowardice, and fickleness were born with him; the best quality which he received from nature was a good temper.—These, it is true, are not very promising materials; yet out of materials as unpromising, high sentiments of piety and of honor have sometimes made martyrs and heroes. Rigid principles often do for feeble minds what stays do for feeble bodies. But Barère had no principles at all. His character was equally destitute of natural and of acquired strength. Neither in the commerce of life, nor in books, did we ever become acquainted with any mind so unstable, so utterly destitute of tone, so incapable of independent thought and earnest preference, so ready to take impressions and so ready to lose them. He resembled those creepers which must lean on something, and which, as soon as their prop is removed, fall down in utter helplessness. He could no more stand up, erect and self-supported, in any cause, than the ivy can rear itself like the oak, or the wild vine shoot to heaven like the cedar of Lebanon. It is barely possible that, under good guidance and in favorable circumstances, such a man might have slipped through life without discredit. But the unseaworthy craft, which even in still water would have been in danger of going down from its own rottenness, was launched on a raging ocean, amidst a storm in which a whole armada of gallant ships was cast away. The weakest and most servile of human beings, found himself on a sudden an actor in a Revolution which convulsed the whole civilized world. At first he fell under the influence of humane and moderate men, and talked the language of humanity and moderation. But he soon found himself surrounded by fierce and resolute spirits, scared by no danger and restrained by no scruple. He had to choose whether he would be their victim or their accomplice. His choice was soon made. He tasted blood and felt no loathing: he tasted it again, and liked it well. Cruelty became with him, first a habit, then a passion, at last a madness. So complete and rapid was the degeneracy of his nature, that within a very few months after the time when he had passed for a good-natured man, he had brought himself to look on the despair and misery of his fellow-creatures, with a glee resembling that of the fiends whom Dante saw watching the pool of seething pitch in Malebolge. He had many as-

sociates in guilt; but he distinguished himself from them all by the Bacchanalian exultation which he seemed to feel in the work of death. He was drunk with innocent and noble blood, laughed and shouted as he butchered, and howled strange songs and reeled in strange dances amidst the carnage. Then came a sudden and violent turn of fortune. The miserable man was hurled down from the height of power to hopeless ruin and infamy. The shock sobered him at once. The fumes of his horrible intoxication passed away. But he was now so irrecoverably depraved, that the discipline of adversity only drove him further into wickedness. Ferocious vices, of which he had never been suspected, had been developed in him by power. Another class of vices, less hateful perhaps, but more despicable, was now developed in him by poverty and disgrace. Having appalled the whole world by great crimes perpetrated under the pretence of great zeal for liberty, he became the meanest of all the tools of despotism. It is not easy to settle the order of precedence among his vices; but we are inclined to think that his baseness was, on the whole, a rarer and more marvellous thing than his cruelty.

This is the view which we have long taken of Barère's character; but, till we read these Memoirs, we held our opinion with the diffidence which becomes a judge who has only heard one side. The case seemed strong, and in parts unanswerable: yet we did not know what the accused party might have to say for himself; and, not being much inclined to take our fellow-creatures either for angels of light or for angels of darkness, we could not but feel some suspicion that his offences had been exaggerated. That suspicion is now at an end. The vindication is before us. It occupies four volumes. It was the work of forty years. It would be absurd to suppose that it does not refute every serious charge which admitted of refutation. How many serious charges, then, are here refuted? Not a single one. Most of the imputations which have been thrown on Barère he does not even notice. In such cases, of course, judgment must go against him by default. The fact is, that nothing can be more meagre and uninteresting than his account of the great public transactions in which he was engaged. He gives us hardly a word of new information respecting the proceedings of the committee of public safety; and, by way of compensation, tells us long stories about things which happened before he emerged from obscurity, and after he had again sunk into it. Nor is this the worst. As soon as he ceases to write trifles, he begins to write lies; and such lies! A man who has never

been within the tropics does not know what a thunder storm means; a man who has never looked on Niagara has but a faint idea of a cataract; and he who has not read Barère's Memoirs may be said not to know what it is to lie. Among the numerous classes which make up the great genus *Mendacium*, the *Mendacium Vasconicum*, or Gascon lie, has, during some centuries, been highly esteemed as peculiarly circumstantial and peculiarly impudent; and among the *Mendacia Vasconica*, the *Mendacium Barerianum* is without doubt, the finest species. It is indeed a superb variety, and quite throws into the shade some *Mendacia* which we were used to regard with admiration. The *Mendacium Wrassallianum*, for example, though by no means to be despised, will not sustain the comparison for a moment. Seriously, we think that M. Hippolyte Carnot is much to blame in this matter. We can hardly suppose him to be worse read than ourselves in the history of the Convention, a history which must interest him deeply, not only as a Frenchman, but also as a son. He must, therefore, be perfectly aware that many of the most important statements, which these volumes contain are falsehoods, such as Corneille's Dorante, or Molière's Scapin, or Colin d'Harleville's Monsieur de Crac would have been ashamed to utter. We are far, indeed, from holding M. Hippolyte Carnot answerable for Barère's want of veracity. But M. Hippolyte Carnot has arranged these Memoirs, has introduced them to the world by a laudatory preface, has described them as documents of great historical value, and has illustrated them by notes. We cannot but think that, by acting thus, he contracted some obligations of which he does not seem to have been at all aware; and that he ought not to have suffered any monstrous fiction to go forth under the sanction of his name without adding a line at the foot of the page for the purpose of cautioning the reader.

We will content ourselves at present with pointing out two instances of Barère's wilful and deliberate mendacity; namely, his account of the death of Marie Antoinette, and his account of the death of the Girondists. His account of the death of Marie Antoinette is as follows:—'Robespierre in his turn proposed that the members of the Capet family should be banished, and that Marie Antoinette should be brought to trial before the Revolutionary Tribunal. He would have been better employed in concerting military measures which might have repaired our disasters in Belgium, and might have arrested the progress of the enemies of the Revolution in the west.'—(Vol. ii. p. 312.)

Now, it is notorious that Marie Antoinette was sent before the Revolutionary Tribunal, not at Robespierre's instance, but in direct opposition to Robespierre's wishes. We will cite a single authority, which is quite decisive. Bonaparte, who had no conceivable motive to disguise the truth, who had the best opportunities of knowing the truth, and who, after his marriage with the Archduchess, naturally felt an interest in the fate of his wife's kinswoman, distinctly affirmed that Robespierre opposed the trying of the queen.* Who, then, was the person who really did propose that the Capet family should be banished, and that Marie Antoinette should be tried? Full information will be found in the *Moniteur*.† From that valuable record it appears that, on the first of August 1793, an orator deputed by the Committee of Public Safety addressed the Convention in a long and elaborate discourse. He asked, in passionate language, how it happened that the enemies of the republic still continued to hope for success. 'Is it,' he cried, 'because we have too long forgotten the crimes of the Austrian woman? Is it because we have shown so strange an indulgence to the race of our ancient tyrants? It is time that this unwise apathy should cease; it is time to extirpate from the soil of the republic the last roots of royalty. As for the children of Louis the conspirator, they are hostages for the Republic. The charge of their maintenance shall be reduced to what is necessary for the food and keep of two individuals. The public treasure shall no longer be lavished on creatures who have too long been considered as privileged. But behind them lurks a woman who has been the cause of all the disasters of France, and whose share in every project adverse to the Revolution has long been known. National justice claims its rights over her. It is to the tribunal appointed for the trial of conspirators that she ought to be sent. It is only by striking the Austrian woman that you can make Francis and George, Charles and William, sensible of the crimes which their ministers and their armies have committed.' The speaker concluded by moving, that Marie Antoinette should be brought to judgment, and should, for that end, be forthwith transferred to the Conciergerie; and that all the members of the house of Capet, with the exception of those who were under the sword of the law, and of the two children of Louis, should be banished from the French territory. The motion was carried without debate.

Now who was the person who made this speech and this motion? It was Barère him-

self. It is clear, then, that Barère attributed his own mean insolence and barbarity to one who, whatever his crimes may have been, was in this matter innocent. The only question remaining is, whether Barère was misled by his memory, or wrote a deliberate falsehood.

We are convinced that he wrote a deliberate falsehood. His memory is described by his editors as remarkably good, and must have been bad indeed if he could not remember such a fact as this. It is true that the number of murders in which he subsequently bore a part was so great, that he might well confound one with another, that he might well forget what part of the daily hecatomb was consigned to death by himself, and what part by his colleagues. But two circumstances make it quite incredible that the share which he took in the death of Marie Antoinette should have escaped his recollection. She was one of his earliest victims. She was one of his most illustrious victims. The most hardened assassin remembers the first time that he shed blood; and the widow of Louis was no ordinary sufferer. If the question had been about some milliner butchered for hiding in her garret her brother who had let drop a word against the Jacobin club—if the question had been about some old nun, dragged to death for having mumbled what were called fanatical words over her beads—Barère's memory might well have deceived him. It would be as unreasonable to expect him to remember all the wretches whom he slew, as all the pinches of snuff that he took. But though Barère murdered many hundreds of human beings, he murdered only one Queen. That he, a small country lawyer, who, a few years before, would have thought himself honored by a glance or a word from the daughter of so many Cæsars, should call her the Austrian woman, should send her from jail to jail, should deliver her over to the executioner, was surely a great event in his life. Whether he had reason to be proud of it or ashamed of it, is a question on which we may perhaps differ from his editors; but they will admit, we think, that he could not have forgotten it.

We, therefore, confidently charge Barère with having written a deliberate falsehood; and we have no hesitation in saying, that we never, in the course of any historical researches that we have happened to make, fell in with a falsehood so audacious, except only the falsehood which we are about to expose.

Of the proceeding against the Girondists, Barère speaks with just severity. He calls it an atrocious injustice perpetrated against the legislators of the republic. He complains that distinguished deputies, who ought to have been readmitted to their seats in the

* O'Meara's *Voice from St. Helena*, ii. 170.

† *Moniteur*, 2d, 7th, and 9th of August, 1793.

Convention, were sent to the scaffold as conspirators. The day, he exclaims, was a day of mourning for France. It mutilated the national representation; it weakened the sacred principle, that the delegates of the people were inviolable. He protests that he had no share in the guilt. 'I have had,' he says, 'the patience to go through the *Moniteur*, extracting all the charges brought against deputies, and all the decrees for arresting and impeaching deputies. Nowhere will you find my name. I never brought a charge against any of my colleagues, or made a report against any, or drew up an impeachment against any.*'

Now, we affirm that this is a lie. We affirm that Barère himself took the lead in the proceedings of the Convention against the Girondists. We affirm that he, on the twenty-eighth of July 1793, proposed a decree for bringing nine Girondist deputies to trial, and for putting to death sixteen other Girondist deputies without any trial at all. We affirm that, when the accused deputies had been brought to trial, and when some apprehension arose that their eloquence might produce an effect even on the Revolutionary Tribunal, Barère did, on the 8th of Brumaire, second a motion for a decree authorizing the tribunal to decide without hearing out the defence; and, for the truth of every one of these things so affirmed by us, we appeal to that very *Moniteur* to which Barère has dared to appeal.†

What M. Hippolyte Carnot, knowing, as he must know, that this book contains such falsehoods as those which we have exposed, can have meant, when he described it as a valuable addition to our stock of historical information, passes our comprehension. When a man is not ashamed to tell lies about events which took place before hundreds of witnesses, and which are recorded in well-known and accessible books, what credit can we give to his account of things done in corners? No historian who does not wish to be laughed at will ever cite the unsupported authority of Barère as sufficient to prove any fact whatever. The only thing, as far as we can see, on which these volumes throw any light, is the exceeding baseness of the author.

So much for the veracity of the Memoirs. In a literary point of view, they are beneath criticism. They are as shallow, flippant, and affected, as Barère's oratory in the Convention. They are also, what his oratory in the Convention was not, utterly insipid. In

fact, they are the mere dregs and rinsings of a bottle, of which even the first froth was but of very questionable flavor.

We will now try to present our readers with a sketch of this man's life. We shall, of course, make very sparing use indeed of his own Memoirs; and never without distrust, except where they are confirmed by other evidence.

Bertrand Barère was born in the year 1755, at Tarbes in Gascony. His father was the proprietor of a small estate at Vieuzac, in the beautiful vale of Argelès. Bertrand always loved to be called Barère de Vieuzac, and flattered himself with the hope that, by the help of this feudal addition to his name, he might pass for a gentleman. He was educated for the bar at Toulouse, the seat of one of the most celebrated parliaments of the kingdom, practised as an advocate with considerable success, and wrote some small pieces, which he sent to the principal literary societies in the south of France. Among provincial towns, Toulouse seems to have been remarkably rich in indifferent versifiers and critics. It gloried especially in one venerable institution, called the Academy of the Floral Games. This body held every year a grand meeting, which was a subject of intense interest to the whole city, and at which flowers of gold and silver were given as prizes for odes, for idyls, and for something that was called eloquence. These bounties produced of course the ordinary effect of bounties, and turned people who might have been thriving attorneys and useful apothecaries into small wits and bad poets. Barère does not appear to have been so lucky as to obtain any of these precious flowers; but one of his performances was mentioned with honor. At Montauban he was more fortunate. The Academy of that town bestowed on him several prizes, one for a panegyric on Louis the Twelfth, in which the blessings of monarchy and the loyalty of the French nation were set forth; and another for a panegyric on poor Franc de Pompidon, in which, as may easily be supposed, the philosophy of the eighteenth century was sharply assailed. Then Barère found an old stone inscribed with three Latin words, and wrote a dissertation upon it, which procured him a seat in a learned Assembly, called the Toulouse Academy of Sciences, Inscriptions, and Polite Literature. At length the doors of the Academy of the Floral Games were opened to so much merit. Barère, in his thirty-third year, took his seat as one of that illustrious brotherhood, and made an inaugural oration which was greatly admired. He apologizes for recounting these triumphs of

* Vol. ii. 407.

† *Moniteur*, 31st of July 1793, and Nonidi, first Decade of Brumaire, in the year 2.

his youthful genius. We own that we cannot blame him for dwelling long on the least disgraceful portion of his existence. To send in declamations for prizes offered by provincial academies, is indeed no very useful or dignified employment for a bearded man; but it would have been well if Barère had always been so employed.

In 1785 he married a young lady of considerable fortune. Whether she was in other respects qualified to make a home happy, is a point respecting which we are imperfectly informed. In a little work, entitled *Melancholy Pages*, which was written in 1797, Barère avers that his marriage was one of mere convenience, that at the altar his heart was heavy with sorrowful forebodings, that he turned pale as he pronounced the solemn 'Yes,' that unbidden tears rolled down his cheeks, that his mother shared his presentiment, and that the evil omen was accomplished. 'My marriage,' he says, 'was one of the most unhappy of marriages.' So romantic a tale, told by so noted a liar, did not command our belief. We were, therefore, not much surprised to discover that, in his Memoirs, he calls his wife a most amiable woman, and declares that, after he had been united to her six years, he found her as amiable as ever. He complains, indeed, that she was too much attached to royalty and to the old superstition; but he assures us that his respect for her virtues induced him to tolerate her prejudices. Now Barère, at the time of his marriage, was himself a Royalist and a Catholic. He had gained one prize by flattering the Throne, and another by defending the Church. It is hardly possible, therefore, that disputes about politics or religion should have embittered his domestic life till some time after he became a husband. Our own guess is, that his wife was, as he says, a virtuous and amiable woman, and that she did her best to make him happy during some years. It seems clear that, when circumstances developed the latent atrocity of his character, she could no longer endure him, refused to see him, and sent back his letters unopened. Then it was, we imagine, that he invented the fable about his distress on his wedding day.

In 1788 Barère paid his first visit to Paris, attended reviews, heard Laharpe at the Lycæum, and Condorcet at the Academy of Sciences, stared at the envoys of Tippoo Saib, saw the Royal Family dine at Versailles, and kept a journal in which he noted down adventures and speculations. Some parts of this journal are printed in the first volume of the work before us, and are certainly most characteristic. The worst vices

of the writer had not yet shown themselves; but the weakness which was the parent of those vices appears in every line. His levity, his inconsistency, his servility, were already what they were to the last. All his opinions, all his feelings, spin round and round like a weathercock in a whirlwind. Nay, the very impressions which he receives through his senses are not the same two days together. He sees Louis the Sixteenth, and is so much blinded by loyalty as to find his Majesty handsome. 'I fixed my eyes,' he says, 'with a lively curiosity on his fine countenance, which I thought open and noble.' The next time that the King appears, all is altered. His Majesty's eyes are without the smallest expression; he has a vulgar laugh which seems like idiocy, an ignoble figure, an awkward gait, and the look of a big boy ill brought up. It is the same with more important questions. Barère is for the parliaments on the Monday and against the parliaments on the Tuesday, for feudality in the morning and against feudality in the afternoon. One day he admires the English constitution; then he shudders to think that, in the struggles by which that constitution had been obtained, the barbarous islanders had murdered a king, and gives the preference to the constitution of Bearn. Bearn, he says, has a sublime constitution, a beautiful constitution. There the nobility and clergy meet in one house and the Commons in another. If the houses differ, the King has the casting vote. A few weeks later we find him raving against the principles of this sublime and beautiful constitution. To admit deputies of the nobility and clergy into the legislature is, he says, neither more nor less than to admit enemies of the nation into the legislature.

In this state of mind, without one settled purpose or opinion, the slave of the last word, royalist, aristocrat, democrat, according to the prevailing sentiment of the coffee-house or drawing-room into which he had just looked, did Barère enter into public life. The States-General had been summoned. Barère went down to his own province, was there elected one of the representatives of the Third Estate, and returned to Paris in May 1789.

A great crisis, often predicted, had at last arrived. In no country, we conceive, have intellectual freedom and political servitude existed together so long as in France, during the seventy or eighty years which preceded the last convocation of the Orders. Ancient abuses and new theories flourished in equal vigor side by side. The people, having no constitutional means of checking even the

most flagitious misgovernment, were indemnified for oppression by being suffered to luxuriate in anarchical speculation, and to deny or ridicule every principle on which the institutions of the state reposed. Neither those who attribute the downfall of the old French institutions to the public grievances, nor those who attribute it to the doctrines of the philosophers, appear to us to have taken into their view more than one half of the subject. Grievances as heavy have often been endured without producing a revolution; doctrines as bold have often been propounded without producing a revolution. The question, whether the French nation was alienated from its old polity by the follies and vices of the Viziers and Sultanas who pillaged and disgraced it, or by the writings of Voltaire and Rousseau, seems to us as idle as the question whether it was fire or gunpowder that blew up the mills at Hounslow. Neither cause would have sufficed alone. Tyranny may last through ages where discussion is suppressed. Discussion may safely be left free by rulers who act on popular principles. But combine a press like that of London, with a government like that of St. Petersburg, and the inevitable effect will be an explosion that will shake the world. So it was in France. Despotism and License, mingling in unblessed union, engendered that mighty Revolution in which the lineaments of both parents were strangely blended. The long gestation was accomplished; and Europe saw, with mixed hope and terror, that agonizing travail and that portentous birth.

Among the crowd of legislators which at this conjuncture poured from all the provinces of France into Paris, Barère made no contemptible figure. The opinions which he for the moment professed were popular, yet not extreme. His character was fair; his personal advantages are said to have been considerable; and, from the portrait which is prefixed to these Memoirs, and which represents him as he appeared in the Convention, we should judge that his features must have been strikingly handsome, though we think that we can read in them cowardice and meanness very legibly written by the hand of God. His conversation was lively and easy; his manners remarkably good for a country lawyer. Women of rank and wit said that he was the only man who, on his first arrival from a remote province, had that indescribable air which it was supposed that Paris alone could give. His eloquence, indeed, was by no means so much admired in the capital as it had been by the ingenious academicians of Montauban and Toulouse.

His style was thought very bad; and very bad, if a foreigner may venture to judge, it continued to the last. It would, however, be unjust to deny that he had some talents for speaking and writing. His rhetoric, though deformed by every imaginable fault of taste, from bombast down to buffoonery, was not wholly without force and vivacity. He had also one quality which, in active life, often gives fourth-rate men an advantage over first-rate men. Whatever he could do, he could do without effort, at any moment, in any abundance, and on any side of any question. There was, indeed, a perfect harmony between his moral character and his intellectual character. His temper was that of a slave; his abilities were exactly those which qualified him to be a useful slave. Of thinking to purpose, he was utterly incapable; but he had wonderful readiness in arranging and expressing thoughts furnished by others.

In the National Assembly he had no opportunity of displaying the full extent either of his talents or of his vices. He was indeed eclipsed by much abler men. He went, as was his habit, with the stream, spoke occasionally with some success, and edited a journal called the *Point du Jour*, in which the debates of the Assembly were reported.

He at first ranked by no means among the violent reformers. He was not friendly to that new division of the French territory which was among the most important changes introduced by the Revolution, and was especially unwilling to see his native province dismembered. He was entrusted with the task of framing Reports on the Woods and Forests. Louis was exceedingly anxious about this matter; for his majesty was a keen sportsman, and would much rather have gone without the Veto, or the prerogative of making peace and war, than without his hunting and shooting. Gentlemen of the royal household were sent to Barère, in order to intercede for the deer and pheasants. Nor was this intercession unsuccessful. The reports were so drawn, that Barère was afterwards accused of having dishonestly sacrificed the interests of the public to the tastes of the court. To one of these reports he had the inconceivable folly and bad taste to prefix a punning motto from Virgil, fit only for such essays as he had been in the habit of composing for the Floral Games—

“*Si canimus sylvas, sylvæ sint Consule dignæ.*”

This literary foppery was one of the few things in which he was consistent. Royalist or Girondist, Jacobin or Imperialist, he was always a Trissotin.

As the monarchical party became weaker and weaker, Barère gradually estranged himself more and more from it, and drew closer and closer to the republicans. It would seem that, during this transition, he was for a time closely connected with the family of Orleans. It is certain that he was entrusted with the guardianship of the celebrated Pamela, afterwards Lady Edward Fitzgerald; and it was asserted that he received during some years a pension of twelve thousand francs from the Palais Royal.

At the end of September 1791, the labors of the National Assembly terminated, and those of the first and last Legislative Assembly commenced.

It had been enacted that no member of the National Assembly should sit in the Legislative Assembly; a preposterous and mischievous regulation, to which the disasters which followed must in part be ascribed. In England, what would be thought of a parliament which did not contain one single person who had ever sat in parliament before? Yet it may safely be affirmed, that the number of Englishmen who, never having taken any share in public affairs, are yet well qualified, by knowledge and observation, to be members of the legislature, is at least a hundred times as great as the number of Frenchmen who were so qualified in 1791. How, indeed, should it have been otherwise? In England, centuries of representative government have made all educated people in some measure statesmen. In France, the National Assembly had probably been composed of as good materials as were then to be found. It had undoubtedly removed a vast mass of abuses; some of its members had read and thought much about theories of government; and others had shown great oratorical talents. But that kind of skill which is required for the constructing, launching, and steering of a polity, was lamentably wanting; for it is a kind of skill to which practice contributes more than books. Books are indeed useful to the politician, as they are useful to the navigator and to the surgeon. But the real navigator is formed on the waves; the real surgeon is formed at bedsides; and the conflicts of free states are the real school of constitutional statesmen. The National Assembly had, however, now served an apprenticeship of two laborious and eventful years. It had, indeed, by no means finished its education; but it was no longer, as on the day when it met, altogether rude to political functions. Its later proceedings contain abundant proof that the members had profited by their experience. Beyond all doubt, there was not in France any equal number of per-

sons possessing in an equal degree the qualities necessary for the judicious direction of public affairs; and, just at this moment, these legislators, misled by a childish wish to display their own disinterestedness, deserted the duties which they had half learned, and which nobody else had learned at all, and left their hall to a second crowd of novices, who had still to master the first rudiments of political business. When Barère wrote his *Memoirs*, the absurdity of this Self-denying Ordinance had been proved by events, and was, we believe, acknowledged by all parties. He accordingly, with his usual mendacity, speaks of it in terms implying that he had opposed it. There was, he tells us, no good citizen who did not regret this fatal vote. Nay, all wise men, he says, wished the National Assembly to continue its sittings as the first Legislative Assembly. But no attention was paid to the wishes of the enlightened friends of liberty; and the generous but fatal suicide was perpetrated. Now the fact is, that Barère, far from opposing this ill-advised measure, was one of those who most eagerly supported it; that he described it from the tribune as wise and magnanimous; and that he assigned, as his reasons for taking this view, some of those phrases in which orators of his class delight, and which, on all men who have the smallest insight into politics, produce an effect very similar to that of *ipeacuanha*. 'Those,' he said, 'who have framed a constitution for their country, are, so to speak, out of the pale of that social state of which they are the authors; for creative power is not in the same sphere with that which it has created.'

M. Hippolyte Carnot has noticed this untruth, and attributes it to mere forgetfulness. We leave it to him to reconcile his very charitable supposition with what he elsewhere says of the remarkable excellence of Barère's memory.

Many members of the National Assembly were indemnified for the sacrifice of legislative power, by appointments in various departments of the public service. Of these fortunate persons Barère was one. A high Court of Appeal had just been instituted. This court was to sit at Paris; but its jurisdiction was to extend over the whole realm, and the departments were to choose the judges. Barère was nominated by the department of the Upper Pyrenees, and took his seat in the Palace of Justice. He asserts, and our readers may, if they choose, believe, that it was about this time in contemplation to make him Minister of the Interior, and that, in order to avoid so grave a responsibility, he obtained permission to pay a visit

to his native place. It is certain that he left Paris early in the year 1792, and passed some months in the south of France.

In the mean time, it became clear that the constitution of 1791 would not work. It was, indeed, not to be expected, that a constitution new both in its principles and its details would at first work easily. Had the chief magistrate enjoyed the entire confidence of the people, had he performed his part with the utmost zeal, fidelity, and ability, had the representative body included all the wisest statesmen of France, the difficulties might still have been found insuperable. But, in fact, the experiment was made under every disadvantage. The King, very naturally, hated the constitution. In the Legislative Assembly were men of genius and men of good intentions, but not a single man of experience. Nevertheless, if France had been suffered to settle her own affairs without foreign interference, it is possible that the calamities which followed might have been averted. The King who, with many good qualities, was sluggish and sensual, might have found compensation for his lost prerogatives in his immense civil list, in his palaces and hunting grounds, in soups, Perigord pies, and Champagne. The people, finding themselves secure in the enjoyment of the valuable reforms which the National Assembly had, in the midst of all its errors, effected, would not have been easily excited by demagogues to acts of atrocity; or, if acts of atrocity had been committed, those acts would probably have produced a speedy and violent reaction. Had tolerable quiet been preserved during a few years, the constitution of 1791 might perhaps have taken root, might have gradually acquired the strength which time alone can give, and might, with some modifications which were undoubtedly needed, have lasted down to the present time. The European coalition against the Revolution extinguished all hope of such a result. The deposition of Louis was, in our opinion, the necessary consequence of that coalition. The question was now no longer, whether the King should have an absolute Veto or a suspensive Veto, whether there should be one chamber or two chambers, whether the members of the representative body should be re-eligible or not; but whether France should belong to the French. The independence of the nation, the integrity of the territory were at stake; and we must say plainly, that we cordially approve of the conduct of those Frenchmen who, at that conjuncture, resolved, like our own Blake, to play the men for their country, under whatever form of government their country might fall.

It seems to us clear that the war with the Continental coalition was, on the side of France, at first a defensive war, and therefore a just war. It was not a war for small objects, or against despicable enemies. On the event were staked all the dearest interests of the French people. Foremost among the threatening powers appeared two great and martial monarchies, either of which, situated as France then was, might be regarded as a formidable assailant. It is evident that, under such circumstances, the French could not, without extreme imprudence, entrust the supreme administration of their affairs to any person whose attachment to the national cause admitted of doubt. Now, it is no reproach to the memory of Louis to say, that he was not attached to the national cause. Had he been so, he would have been something more than man. He had held absolute power, not by usurpation, but by the accident of birth and by the ancient polity of the kingdom. That power he had, on the whole, used with lenity. He had meant well by his people. He had been willing to make to them, of his own mere motion, concessions such as scarcely any other sovereign has ever made except under duress. He had paid the penalty of faults not his own, of the haughtiness and ambition of some of his predecessors, of the dissoluteness and baseness of others. He had been vanquished, taken captive, led in triumph, put in ward. He had escaped; he had been caught; he had been dragged back like a runaway galley-slave to the oar. He was still a state prisoner. His quiet was broken by daily affronts and lampoons. Accustomed from the cradle to be treated with profound reverence, he was now forced to command his feelings, while men who, a few months before, had been hackney writers or country attorneys, sat in his presence with covered heads, and addressed him in the easy tone of equality. Conscious of fair intentions, sensible of hard usage, he doubtless detested the Revolution; and, while charged with the conduct of the war against the confederates, pined in secret for the sight of the German eagles and the sound of the German drums. We do not blame him for this. But can we blame those who, being resolved to defend the work of the National Assembly against the interference of strangers, were not disposed to have him at their head in the fearful struggle which was approaching? We have nothing to say in defence or extenuation of the insolence, injustice, and cruelty, with which, after the victory of the republicans, he and his family were treated. But this we say, that the French had only one alternative, to deprive him of the powers

of first magistrate, or to ground their arms and submit patiently to foreign dictation. The events of the tenth of August sprang inevitably from the league of Pilnitz. The King's palace was stormed; his guards were slaughtered. He was suspended from his regal functions; and the Legislative Assembly invited the nation to elect an extraordinary Convention, with the full powers which the conjuncture required. To this Convention the members of the National Assembly were eligible; and Barère was chosen by his own department.

The Convention met on the twenty-first of September 1792. The first proceedings were unanimous. Royalty was abolished by acclamation. No objections were made to this great change, and no reasons were assigned for it. For certainly we cannot honor with the name of reasons such apophthegms, as that kings are in the moral world what monsters are in the physical world; and that the history of kings is the martyrology of nations. But though the discussion was worthy only of a debating-club of schoolboys, the resolution to which the Convention came seems to have been that which sound policy dictated. In saying this, we do not mean to express an opinion that a republic is, either in the abstract the best form of government, or is, under ordinary circumstances, the form of government best suited to the French people. Our own opinion is, that the best governments which have ever existed in the world have been limited monarchies; and that France, in particular, has never enjoyed so much prosperity and freedom as under a limited monarchy. Nevertheless, we approve of the vote of the Convention which abolished kingly government. The interference of foreign powers had brought on a crisis which made extraordinary measures necessary. Hereditary monarchy may be, and we believe that it is, a very useful institution in a country like France. And masts are very useful parts of a ship. But, if the ship is on her beam-ends, it may be necessary to cut the masts away. When once she has righted, she may come safe into port under jury rigging, and there be completely repaired. But, in the mean time, she must be hacked with unsparing hand, lest that which, under ordinary circumstances, is an essential part of her fabric, should, in her extreme distress, sink her to the bottom. Even so there are political emergencies in which it is necessary that governments should be mutilated of their fair proportions for a time, lest they be cast away for ever; and with such an emergency the Convention had to deal. The first object of a good Frenchman should have been to save

France from the fate of Poland. The first requisite of a government was entire devotion to the national cause. That requisite was wanting in Louis; and such a want, at such a moment, could not be supplied by any public or private virtues. If the King was set aside, the abolition of kingship necessarily followed. In the state in which the public mind then was, it would have been idle to think of doing what our ancestors did in 1688, and what the French Chamber of Deputies did in 1830. Such an attempt would have failed amidst universal derision and execration. It would have disgusted all zealous men of all opinions; and there were then few men who were not zealous. Parties fatigued by long conflict, and instructed by the severe discipline of that school in which alone mankind will learn, are disposed to listen to the voice of a mediator. But when they are in their first heady youth, droid of experience, fresh for exertion, flushed with hope, burning with animosity, they agree only in spurning out of their way the daysman who strives to take his stand between them and to lay his hand upon them both. Such was in 1792 the state of France. On one side was the great name of the heir of Hugh Capet, the thirty-third king of the third race; on the other side was the great name of the republic. There was no rallying-point save these two. It was necessary to make a choice; and those, in our opinion, judged well who, waving for the moment all subordinate questions, preferred independence to subjugation, the natal soil to the emigrant camp.

As to the abolition of royalty, and as to the vigorous prosecution of the war, the whole Convention seemed to be united as one man. But a deep broad gulf separated the representative body into two great parties.

On one side were those statesmen who are called, from the name of the department which some of them represented, the Girondists, and, from the name of one of their most conspicuous leaders, the Brissotines. In activity and practical ability, Brissot and Gensonné were the most conspicuous among them. In parliamentary eloquence, no Frenchman of that time can be considered as equal to Vergniaud. In a foreign country, after the lapse of half a century, some parts of his speeches are still read with mournful admiration. No man, we are inclined to believe, ever rose so rapidly to such a height of oratorical excellence. His whole public life lasted barely two years. This is a circumstance which distinguishes him from our own greatest speakers, Fox, Burke, Pitt, Sheridan, Windham, Canning. Which of these celebrated men would now be remembered as an

orator, if he had died two years after he first took his seat in the House of Commons? Condorcet brought to the Girondist party a different kind of strength. The public regarded him with justice as an eminent mathematician, and, with less reason, as a great master of ethical and political science; the philosophers considered him as their chief, as the rightful heir, by intellectual descent and by solemn adoption, of their deceased sovereign D'Alembert. In the same ranks were found Guadet, Isnard, Barbaroux, Buzot, Louvet, too well known as the author of a very ingenious and very licentious romance, and more honorably distinguished by the generosity with which he pleaded for the unfortunate, and by the intrepidity with which he defied the wicked and powerful. Two persons whose talents were not brilliant, but who enjoyed a high reputation for probity and public spirit, Pétion and Roland, lent the whole weight of their names to the Girondist connexion. The wife of Roland brought to the deliberations of her husband's friends masculine courage and force of thought, tempered by womanly grace and vivacity. Nor was the splendor of a great military reputation wanting to this celebrated party. Dumourier, then victorious over the foreign invaders, and at the height of public favor, must be reckoned among the allies of the Gironde.

The errors of the Brissotines were undoubtedly neither few nor small; but when we fairly compare their conduct with the conduct of any other party which acted or suffered during the French Revolution, we are forced to admit their superiority in every quality except that single quality which, in such times, prevails over every other, decision. They were zealous for the great social reform which had been effected by the National Assembly; and they were right. For though that reform was, in some respects, carried too far, it was a blessing well worth even the fearful price which has been paid for it. They were resolved to maintain the independence of their country against foreign invaders; and they were right. For the heaviest of all yokes is the yoke of the stranger. They thought that, if Louis remained at their head, they could not carry on with the requisite energy the conflict against the European coalition. They therefore concurred in establishing a republican government; and here, again, they were right. For in that struggle for life and death, it would have been madness to trust a hostile or even a half-hearted leader.

Thus far they went along with the revolutionary movement. At this point they stopped; and, in our judgment, they were right

in stopping, as they had been right in moving. For great ends, and under extraordinary circumstances, they had concurred in measures which, together with much good, had necessarily produced much evil; which had unsettled the public mind; which had taken away from government the sanction of prescription; which had loosened the very foundations of property and law. They thought that it was now their duty to prop what it had recently been their duty to batter. They loved liberty, but liberty associated with order, with justice, with mercy, and with civilization. They were republicans; but they were desirous to adorn their republic with all that had given grace and dignity to the fallen monarchy. They hoped that the humanity, the courtesy, the taste, which had done much in old times to mitigate the slavery of France, would now lend additional charms to her freedom. They saw with horror crimes exceeding in atrocity those which had disgraced the infuriated religious factions of the sixteenth century, perpetrated in the name of reason and philanthropy. They demanded, with eloquent vehemence, that the authors of the lawless massacre which, just before the meeting of the Convention, had been committed in the prisons of Paris, should be brought to condign punishment. They treated with just contempt the pleas which have been set up for that great crime. They admitted that the public danger was pressing; but they denied that it justified a violation of those principles of morality on which all society rests. The independence and honor of France were indeed to be vindicated, but to be vindicated by triumphs and not by murders.

Opposed to the Girondists was a party, which, having been long execrated throughout the civilized world, has of late—such is the ebb and flow of opinion—found not only apologists, but even eulogists. We are not disposed to deny that some members of the Mountain were sincere and public-spirited men. But even the best of them, Carnot for example and Cambon, were far too unscrupulous as to the means which they employed for the purpose of attaining great ends. In the train of these enthusiasts followed a crowd, composed of all who, from sensual, sordid, or malignant motives, wished for a period of boundless license.

When the Convention met, the majority was with the Girondists, and Barère was with the majority. On the King's trial, indeed, he quitted the party with which he ordinarily acted, voted with the Mountain, and spoke against the prisoner with a violence such as few members even of the Mountain showed.

The conduct of the leading Girondists on

that occasion was little to their honor. Of cruelty, indeed, we fully acquit them; but it is impossible to acquit them of criminal irresolution and disingenuousness. They were far, indeed, from thirsting for the blood of Louis; on the contrary, they were most desirous to protect him. But they were afraid that, if they went straight forward with their object, the sincerity of their attachment to republican institutions would be suspected. They wished to save the King's life, and yet to obtain all the credit of having been regicides. Accordingly, they traced out for themselves a crooked course, by which they hoped to attain both their objects. They first voted the King guilty. They then voted for referring the question respecting his fate to the whole body of the people. Defeated in this attempt to rescue him, they reluctantly, and with ill suppressed shame and concern, voted for the capital sentence. Then they made a last attempt in his favor, and voted for respiting the execution. These zigzag politics produced the effect which any man conversant with public affairs might have foreseen. The Girondists, instead of attaining both their ends, failed of both. The Mountain justly charged them with having attempted to save the King by underhand means. Their own consciences told them, with equal justice, that their hands had been dipped in the blood of the most inoffensive and most unfortunate of men. The direct path was here, as usual, the path not only of honor but of safety. The principle on which the Girondists stood as a party was, that the season for revolutionary violence was over, and that the reign of law and order ought now to commence. But the proceeding against the King was clearly revolutionary in its nature. It was not in conformity with the laws. The only plea for it was, that all ordinary rules of jurisprudence and morality were suspended by the extreme public danger. This was the very plea which the Mountain urged in defence of the massacre of September, and to which, when so urged, the Girondists refused to listen. They therefore, by voting for the death of the King, conceded to the Mountain the chief point at issue between the two parties. Had they given a manful vote against the capital sentence, the regicides would have been in a minority. It is probable that there would have been an immediate appeal to force. The Girondists might have been victorious. In the worst event, they would have fallen with unblemished honor. Thus much is certain, that their boldness and honesty could not possibly have produced a worse effect than was actually produced by their timidity and their stratagems.

Barère, as we have said, sided with the Mountain on this occasion. He voted against the appeal to the people, and against the respite. His demeanor and his language also were widely different from those of the Girondists. Their hearts were heavy, and their deportment was that of men oppressed with sorrow. It was Vergniaud's duty to proclaim the result of the roll-call. His face was pale, and he trembled with emotion, as in a low and broken voice he announced that Louis was condemned to death. Barère had not, it is true, yet attained to full perfection in the art of mingling jests and conceits with words of death; but he already gave promise of his future excellence in this high department of Jacobin oratory. He concluded his speech with a sentence worthy of his head and heart. 'The tree of liberty,' he said, 'as an ancient author remarks, flourishes when it is watered with the blood of all classes of tyrants.' M. Hippolyte Carnot has quoted this passage, in order, as we suppose, to do honor to his hero. We wish that a note had been added to inform us from what ancient author Barère quoted. In the course of our own small reading among the Greek and Latin writers, we have not happened to fall in with trees of liberty and watering-pots full of blood; nor can we, such is our ignorance of classical antiquity, even imagine an Attic or Roman orator employing imagery of that sort. In plain words, when Barère talked about an ancient author, he was lying, as he generally was when he asserted any fact, great or small. Why he lied on this occasion we cannot guess, unless it was to keep his hand in.

It is not improbable that, but for one circumstance, Barère would, like most of those with whom he ordinarily acted, have voted for the appeal to the people and for the respite. But, just before the commencement of the trial, papers had been discovered which proved that, while a member of the National Assembly, he had been in communication with the Court respecting his Reports on the Woods and Forests. He was acquitted of all criminality by the Convention; but the fiercer Republicans considered him as a tool of the fallen monarch; and this reproach was long repeated in the journal of Marat, and in the speeches at the Jacobin club. It was natural that a man like Barère should, under such circumstances, try to distinguish himself among the crowd of regicides by peculiar ferocity. It was because he had been a royalist that he was one of the foremost in shedding blood.

The King was no more. The leading Girondists had, by their conduct towards

him, lowered their character in the eyes both of friends and foes. They still, however, maintained the contest against the Mountain, called for vengeance on the assassins of September, and protested against the anarchical and sanguinary doctrines of Marat. For a time they seemed likely to prevail. As publicists and orators they had no rivals in the Convention. They had with them, beyond all doubt, the great majority both of the deputies and of the French nation. These advantages, it should seem, ought to have decided the event of the struggle. But the opposite party had compensating advantages of a different kind. The chiefs of the Mountain, though not eminently distinguished by eloquence or knowledge, had great audacity, activity, and determination. The Convention and France were against them; but the mob of Paris, the clubs of Paris, and the municipal government of Paris, were on their side.

The policy of the Jacobins, in this situation, was to subject France to an aristocracy infinitely worse than that aristocracy which had emigrated with the Count of Artois—to an aristocracy not of birth, not of wealth, not of education, but of mere locality. They would not hear of privileged orders; but they wished to have a privileged city. That twenty-five millions of Frenchmen should be ruled by a hundred thousand gentlemen and clergymen, was insufferable; but that twenty-five millions of Frenchmen should be ruled by a hundred thousand Parisians, was as it should be. The qualification of a member of the new oligarchy was simply that he should live near the hall where the Convention met, and should be able to squeeze himself daily into the gallery during a debate, and now and then to attend with a pike for the purpose of blockading the doors. It was quite agreeable to the maxims of the Mountain, that a score of draymen from Santerre's brewery, or of devils from Hébert's printing-house, should be permitted to drown the voices of men commissioned to speak the sense of such cities as Marseilles, Bordeaux, and Lyons; and that a rabble of half-naked porters from the Faubourg St. Antoine, should have power to annul decrees for which the representatives of fifty or sixty departments had voted. It was necessary to find some pretext for so odious and absurd a tyranny. Such a pretext was found. To the old phrases of liberty and equality were added the sonorous watchwords, unity and indivisibility. A new crime was invented, and called by the name of federalism. The object of the Girondists, it was asserted, was to break up the great nation into little in-

dependent commonwealths, bound together only by a league like that which connects the Swiss cantons or the United States of America. The great obstacle in the way of this pernicious design was the influence of Paris. To strengthen the influence of Paris ought therefore to be the chief object of every patriot.

The accusation brought against the leaders of the Girondist party was a mere calumny. They were undoubtedly desirous to prevent the capital from domineering over the republic, and would gladly have seen the Convention removed for a time to some provincial town, or placed under the protection of a trusty guard, which might have overawed the Parisian mob; but there is not the slightest reason to suspect them of any design against the unity of the state. Barère, however, really was a federalist, and, we are inclined to believe, the only federalist in the Convention. As far as a man so unstable and servile can be said to have felt any preference for any form of government, he felt a preference for federal government. He was born under the Pyrenees; he was a Gascon of the Gascons, one of a people strongly distinguished by intellectual and moral character, by manners, by modes of speech, by accent, and by physiognomy, from the French of the Seine and of the Loire; and he had many of the peculiarities of the race to which he belonged. When he first left his own province he had attained his thirty-fourth year, and had acquired a high local reputation for eloquence and literature. He had then visited Paris for the first time. He had found himself in a new world. His feelings were those of a banished man. It is clear also that he had been by no means without his share of the small disappointments and humiliations so often experienced by men of letters who, elated by provincial applause, venture to display their powers before the fastidious critics of a capital. On the other hand, whenever he revisited the mountains among which he had been born, he found himself an object of general admiration. His dislike of Paris, and his partiality to his native district, were therefore as strong and durable as any sentiments of a mind like his could be. He long continued to maintain, that the ascendancy of one great city was the bane of France; that the superiority of taste and intelligence which it was the fashion to ascribe to the inhabitants of that city were wholly imaginary; and that the nation would never enjoy a really good government till the Alsatian people, the Breton people, the people of Bearn, the people of Provence, should have each an independent existence,

and laws suited to its tastes and habits. These communities he proposed to unite by a tie similar to that which binds together the grave Puritans of Connecticut, and the disolute slave-drivers of New Orleans. To Paris he was unwilling to grant even the rank which Washington holds in the United States. He thought it desirable that the congress of the French federation should have no fixed place of meeting, but should sit sometimes at Rouen, sometimes at Bordeaux, sometimes at his own Toulouse.

Animated by such feelings, he was, till the close of May 1793, a Girondist, if not an ultra-Girondist. He exclaimed against those impure and bloodthirsty men who wished to make the public danger a pretext for cruelty and rapine. 'Peril,' he said, 'could be no excuse for crime. It is when the wind blows hard, and the waves run high, that the anchor is most needed; it is when a revolution is raging, that the great laws of morality are most necessary to the safety of a state.' Of Marat he spoke with abhorrence and contempt; of the municipal authorities of Paris with just severity. He loudly complained that there were Frenchmen who paid to the Mountain that homage which was due to the Convention alone. When the establishment of the Revolutionary Tribunal was first proposed, he joined himself to Vergniaud and Buzot, who strongly objected to that odious measure. 'It cannot be,' exclaimed Barère, 'that men really attached to liberty will imitate the most frightful excesses of despotism!' He proved to the Convention, after his fashion, out of Sallust, that such arbitrary courts may indeed, for a time, be severe only on real criminals, but must inevitably degenerate into instruments of private cupidity and revenge. When, on the tenth of March, the worst part of the population of Paris made the first unsuccessful attempt to destroy the Girondists, Barère eagerly called for vigorous measures of repression and punishment. On the second of April, another attempt of the Jacobins of Paris to usurp supreme dominion over the republic, was brought to the knowledge of the Convention; and again Barère spoke with warmth against the new tyranny which afflicted France, and declared that the people of the departments would never crouch beneath the tyranny of one ambitious city. He even proposed a resolution to the effect, that the Convention would exert against the demagogues of the capital the same energy which had been exerted against the tyrant Louis. We are assured that, in private as in public, he at this time uniformly spoke with strong aversion of the Mountain.

His apparent zeal for the cause of humanity and order had its reward. Early in April came the tidings of Dumourier's defection. This was a heavy blow to the Girondists. Dumourier was their general. His victories had thrown a lustre on the whole party; his army, it had been hoped, would, in the worst event, protect the deputies of the nation against the ragged pikemen of the garrets of Paris. He was now a deserter and an exile; and those who had lately placed their chief reliance on his support were compelled to join with their deadliest enemies in execrating his treason. At this perilous conjuncture, it was resolved to appoint a Committee of Public Safety, and to arm that committee with powers, small indeed when compared with those which it afterwards drew to itself, but still great and formidable. The moderate party, regarding Barère as a representative of their feelings and opinions, elected him a member. In his new situation he soon began to make himself useful. He brought to the deliberations of the Committee, not indeed the knowledge or the ability of a great statesman, but a tongue and a pen which, if others would only supply ideas, never paused for want of words. His mind was a mere organ of communication between other minds. It originated nothing; it retained nothing; but it transmitted every thing. The post assigned to him by his colleagues was not really of the highest importance; but it was prominent, and drew the attention of all Europe. When a great measure was to be brought forward, when an account was to be rendered of an important event, he was generally the mouthpiece of the administration. He was therefore not unnaturally considered, by persons who lived at a distance from the seat of government, and above all by foreigners who, while the war raged, knew France only from Journals, as the head of that administration of which, in truth, he was only the secretary and the spokesman. The author of the History of Europe, in our own Annual Registers, appears to have been completely under this delusion.

The conflict between the hostile parties was meanwhile fast approaching to a crisis. The temper of Paris grew daily fiercer and fiercer. Delegates appointed by thirty-five of the forty-eight wards of the city appeared at the bar of the Convention, and demanded that Vergniaud, Brissot, Gaudet, Gensonné, Barbaroux, Buzot, Pétion, Louvet, and many other deputies, should be expelled. This demand was disapproved by at least three-fourths of the Assembly, and, when known in the departments, called forth a general cry of in-

dignation. Bordeaux declared that it would stand by its representatives, and would, if necessary, defend them by the sword against the tyranny of Paris. Lyons and Marseilles were animated by a similar spirit. These manifestations of public opinion gave courage to the majority of the Convention. Thanks were voted to the people of Bordeaux for their patriotic declaration, and a commission consisting of twelve members was appointed for the purpose of investigating the conduct of the municipal authorities of Paris; and was empowered to place under arrest such persons as should appear to have been concerned in any plot against the authority of the Convention. This measure was adopted on the motion of Barère.

A few days of stormy excitement and profound anxiety followed; and then came the crash. On the thirty-first of May the mob of Paris rose; the palace of the Tuileries was besieged by a vast array of pikes; the majority of the deputies, after vain struggles and remonstrances, yielded to violence, and suffered the Mountain to carry a decree for the suspension and arrest of the deputies whom the wards of the capital had accused.

During this contest, Barère had been tossed backwards and forwards between the two raging factions. His feelings, languid and unsteady as they always were, drew him to the Girondists; but he was awed by the vigor and determination of the Mountain. At one moment he held high and firm language, complained that the Convention was not free, and protested against the validity of any vote passed under coercion. At another moment he proposed to conciliate the Parisians by abolishing that commission of twelve which he had himself proposed only a few days before; and himself drew up a paper condemning the very measures which had been adopted at his own instance, and eulogizing the public spirit of the insurgents. To do him justice, it was not without some symptoms of shame that he read this document from the tribune, where he had so often expressed very different sentiments. It is said that, at some passages, he was even seen to blush. It may have been so; he was still in his novitiate of infamy.

Some days later he proposed that hostages for the personal safety of the accused deputies should be sent to the departments, and offered to be himself one of those hostages. Nor do we in the least doubt that the offer was sincere. He would, we firmly believe, have thought himself far safer at Bordeaux or Marseilles than at Paris. His proposition, however, was not carried into effect; and he remained in the power of the victorious Mountain.

This was the great crisis of his life.—Hitherto he had done nothing inexpiable, nothing which marked him out as a much worse man than most of his colleagues in the Convention. His voice had generally been on the side of moderate measures. Had he bravely cast in his lot with the Girondists, and suffered with them, he would like them have had a not dishonorable place in history. Had he, like the great body of deputies who meant well, but who had not the courage to expose themselves to martyrdom, crouched quietly under the dominion of the triumphant minority, and suffered every motion of Robespierre and Billaud to pass unopposed, he would have incurred no peculiar ignominy. But it is probable that this course was not open to him. He had been too prominent among the adversaries of the Mountain, to be admitted to quarter without making some atonement. It was necessary that, if he hoped to find pardon from his new lords, he should not be merely a silent and passive slave. What passed in private between him and them cannot be accurately related; but the result was soon apparent. The Committee of Public Safety was renewed. Several of the fiercest of the dominant faction, Couthon for example, and St. Just, were substituted for more moderate politicians; but Barère was suffered to retain his seat at the Board.

The indulgence with which he was treated excited the murmurs of some stern and ardent zealots. Marat, in the very last words that he wrote, words not published till the dagger of Charlotte Corday had avenged France and mankind, complained that a man who had no principles, who was always on the side of the strongest, who had been a royalist, and who was ready, in case of a turn of fortune, to be a royalist again, should be entrusted with an important share in the administration.* But the chiefs of the Mountain judged more correctly. They knew indeed, as well as Marat, that Barère was a man utterly without faith or steadiness; that if he could be said to have any political leaning, his leaning was not towards them; that he felt for the Girondist party that faint and wavering sort of preference of which alone his nature was susceptible; and that, if he had been at liberty to make his choice, he would rather have murdered Robespierre and Danton than Vergniaud and Gensonné.—But they justly appreciated that levity which made him incapable alike of earnest love and of earnest hatred, and that meanness which made it necessary to him to have a master.

* See the *Publiciste* of the 14th of July 1793. Marat was stabbed on the evening of the 13th.

In truth, what the planters of Carolina and Louisiana say of black men with flat noses and woolly hair, was strictly true of Barère. The curse of Canaan was upon him. He was born a slave. Baseness was an instinct in him. The impulse which drove him from a party in adversity to a party in prosperity was as irresistible as that which drives the cuckoo and the swallow towards the sun when the dark and cold months are approaching. The law which doomed him to be the humble attendant of stronger spirits, resembled the law which binds the pilot-fish to the shark. 'Ken ye,' said a shrewd Scotch lord, who was asked his opinion of James the First; 'Ken ye a John Ape? If I have Jacko by the collar, I can make him bite you; but if you have Jacko, you can make him bite me.' Just such a creature was Barère. In the hands of the Girondists he would have been eager to proscribe the Jacobins; he was just as ready, in the gripe of the Jacobins, to proscribe the Girondists. On the fidelity of such a man the heads of the Mountain could not, of course, reckon; but they valued their conquest as the very easy and not very delicate lover in Congreve's lively song valued the conquest of a prostitute of a different kind. Barère was, like Chloe, false and common; but he was, like Chloe, constant while possessed; and they asked no more. They needed a service which he was very competent to perform. Destitute as he was of all the talents both of an active and of a speculative statesman, he could with great facility draw up a report, or make a speech on any subject and on any side. If other people would furnish facts and thoughts, he could always furnish phrases; and this talent was absolutely at the command of his owners for the time being. Nor had he excited any angry passion among those to whom he had hitherto been opposed. They felt no more hatred to him than they felt to the horses which dragged the cannon of the Duke of Brunswick and of the Prince of Saxe-Coburg. The horses had only done according to their kind, and would, if they fell into the hands of the French, drag with equal vigor and equal docility the guns of the republic, and therefore ought not merely to be spared, but to be well fed and curried. So was it with Barère. He was of a nature so low, that it might be doubted whether he could properly be an object of the hostility of reasonable beings. He had not been an enemy; he was not now a friend. But he had been an annoyance; and he would now be a help.

But though the heads of the Mountain pardoned this man, and admitted him into partnership with themselves, it was not without ex-

acting pledges such as made it impossible for him, false and fickle as he was, ever again to find admission into the ranks which he had deserted. That was truly a terrible sacrament by which they admitted the apostate into their communion. They demanded of him that he should himself take the most prominent part in murdering his old friends. To refuse was as much as his life was worth. But what is life worth when it is only one long agony of remorse and shame? These, however, are feelings of which it is idle to talk, when we are considering the conduct of such a man as Barère. He undertook the task, mounted the tribune, and told the Convention that the time was come for taking the stern attitude of justice, and for striking at all conspirators without distinction. He then moved that Buzot, Barbaroux, Pétion, and thirteen other deputies, should be placed out of the pale of the law, or, in other words, beheaded without a trial; and that Vergniaud, Guadet, Gensonné, and six others, should be impeached. The motion was carried without debate.

We have already seen with what effrontery Barère has denied, in these Memoirs, that he took any part against the Girondists. This denial, we think, was the only thing wanting, to make his infamy complete. The most impudent of all lies was a fit companion for the foulest of all murders.

Barère, however, had not as yet earned his pardon. The Jacobin party contained one gang which, even in that party, was pre-eminent in every mean and every savage vice, a gang so low-minded and so inhuman, that, compared with them, Robespierre might be called magnanimous and merciful. Of these wretches Hébert was perhaps the best representative. His favorite amusement was to torment and insult the miserable remains of that great family which, having ruled France during eight hundred years, had now become an object of pity to the humblest artisan or peasant. The influence of this man, and of men like him, induced the Committee of Public Safety to determine that Marie Antoinette should be sent to the scaffold. Barère was again summoned to his duty. Only four days after he had proposed the decrees against the Girondist deputies he again mounted the tribune, in order to move that the Queen should be brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. He was improving fast in the society of his new allies. When he asked for the heads of Vergniaud and Pétion, he had spoken like a man who had some slight sense of his own guilt and degradation; he had said little, and that little had not been violent. The office of expatiating on the guilt of his old friends he had left to St. Just. Very

different was Barère's second appearance in the character of an accuser. He now cried out for blood in the eager tones of true and burning thirst, and raved against the Austrian woman with the virulence natural to a coward who finds himself at liberty to outrage that which he has feared and envied. We have already exposed the shameless mendacity with which, in these Memoirs, he attempts to throw the blame of his own guilt on the guiltless.

On the day on which the fallen Queen was dragged, already more than half dead, to her doom, Barère regaled Robespierre and some other Jacobins at a tavern. Robespierre's acceptance of the invitation caused some surprise to those who knew how long and how bitterly it was his nature to hate. 'Robespierre of the party!' muttered St. Just. 'Barère is the only man whom Robespierre has forgiven.' We have an account of this singular repast from one of the guests. Robespierre condemned the senseless brutality with which Hébert had conducted the proceedings against the Austrian woman, and, in talking on that subject, became so much excited that he broke his plate in the violence of his gesticulation. Barère exclaimed that the guillotine had cut a diplomatic knot which it might have been difficult to untie. In the intervals between the Beaune and the Champagne, between the ragout of thrushes and the partridge with truffles, he fervently preached his new political creed. 'The vessel of the revolution,' he said, 'can float into port only on waves of blood. We must begin with the members of the National Assembly and of the Legislative Assembly. That rubbish must be swept away.'

As he talked at table he talked in the Convention. His peculiar style of oratory was now formed. It was not altogether without ingenuity and liveliness. But, in any other age or country, it would have been thought unfit for the deliberations of a grave assembly, and still more unfit for state papers. It might, perhaps, succeed at a meeting of a Protestant Association in Exeter Hall, at a Repeal dinner in Ireland, after men had well drunk, or in an American oration on the Fourth of July. No legislative body would now endure it. But in France, during the reign of the Convention, the old laws of composition were held in as much contempt as the old government or the old creed. Correct and noble diction belonged, like the etiquette of Versailles and the solemnities of Notre Dame, to an age which had passed away. Just as a swarm of ephemeral constitutions, democratic, directorial, and consular, sprang from the decay of the ancient

monarchy; just as a swarm of new superstitions, the worship of the Goddess of Reason, and the fooleries of the Theophilanthropists, sprang from the decay of the ancient Church; even so, out of the decay of the ancient French eloquence, sprang new fashions of eloquence, for the understanding of which new grammars and dictionaries were necessary.—The same innovating spirit which altered the common phrases of salutation, which turned hundreds of Johns and Peters into Scævolas and Aristogitons, and which expelled Sunday and Monday, January and February, Lady-day and Christmas from the calendar, in order to substitute Decadi and Primidi, Nivose and Pluviose, Feasts of Opinion and Feasts of the Supreme Being, changed all the forms of official correspondence. For the calm, guarded, and sternly courteous language which governments had long been accustomed to employ, were substituted puns, interjections, Ossianic rants, rhetoric worthy only of a schoolboy, scurrility worthy only of a fishwife. Of the phraseology which was now thought to be peculiarly well suited to a Report or a Manifesto, Barère had a greater command than any man of his time; and, during the short and sharp paroxysm of the revolutionary delirium, passed for a great orator. When the fit was over, he was considered as what he really was, a man of quick apprehension and fluent elocution, with no originality, with little information, and with a taste as bad as his heart. His Reports were popularly called Carmagnoles. A few months ago we should have had some difficulty in conveying to an English reader an exact notion of the state papers to which this appellation was given. Fortunately a noble and distinguished person, whom her Majesty's Ministers have thought qualified to fill the most important post in the empire, has made our task easy. Whoever has read Lord Ellenborough's proclamations is able to form a complete idea of a Carmagnole.

The effect which Barère's discourses at one time produced is not to be wholly attributed to the perversion of the national taste. The occasions on which he rose were frequently such as would have secured to the worst speaker a favorable hearing. When any military advantage had been gained, he was generally deputed by the Committee of Public Safety to announce the good news. The hall resounded with applause as he mounted the tribune, holding the despatches in his hand. Deputies and strangers listened with delight while he told them that victory was the order of the day; that the guineas of Pitt had been vainly lavished to hire machines six feet high, carrying guns; that the flight of

the English leopard deserved to be celebrated by Tyrtæus; and that the saltpetre dug out of the cellars of Paris had been turned into thunder, which would crush the Titan brethren, George and Francis.

Meanwhile the trial of the accused Girondists, who were under arrest at Paris, came on. They flattered themselves with a vain hope of escape. They placed some reliance on their innocence, and some reliance on their eloquence. They thought that shame would suffice to restrain any man, however violent and cruel, from publicly committing the flagrant iniquity of condemning them to death. The Revolutionary Tribunal was new to its functions. No member of the Convention had yet been executed; and it was probable that the boldest Jacobin would shrink from being the first to violate the sanctity which was supposed to belong to the representatives of the people.

The proceedings lasted some days. Gensonné and Brissot defended themselves with great ability and presence of mind against the vile Hébert and Chaumette, who appeared as accusers. The eloquent voice of Vergniaud was heard for the last time. He pleaded his own cause, and that of his friends, with such force of reason and elevation of sentiment that a murmur of pity and admiration rose from the audience. Nay, the court itself, not yet accustomed to riot in daily carnage, showed signs of emotion. The sitting was adjourned, and a rumor went forth that there would be an acquittal. The Jacobins met, breathing vengeance. Robespierre undertook to be their organ. He rose on the following day in the Convention, and proposed a decree of such atrocity, that even among the acts of that year it can hardly be paralleled. By this decree the tribunal was empowered to cut short the defence of the prisoners, to pronounce the case clear, and to pass immediate judgment. One deputy made a faint opposition. Barère instantly sprang up to support Robespierre—Barère, the federalist; Barère, the author of that Commission of Twelve which was among the chief causes of the hatred borne by Paris to the Girondists; Barère, who in these *Memoirs* denies that he ever took any part against the Girondists; Barère, who has the effrontery to declare that he greatly loved and esteemed Vergniaud. The decree was passed; and the tribunal, without suffering the prisoners to conclude what they had to say, pronounced them guilty.

The following day was the saddest in the sad history of the Revolution. The sufferers were so innocent, so brave, so eloquent, so accomplished, so young. Some of them

were graceful and handsome youths of six or seven and twenty. Vergniaud and Gensonné were little more than thirty. They had been only a few months engaged in public affairs. In a few months the fame of their genius had filled Europe; and they were to die for no crime but this, that they had wished to combine order, justice, and mercy with freedom. Their great fault was want of courage. We mean want of political courage—of that courage which is proof to clamor and obloquy, and which meets great emergencies by daring and decisive measures. Alas! they had but too good an opportunity of proving, that they did not want courage to endure with manly cheerfulness the worst that could be inflicted by such tyrants as St. Just, and such slaves as Barère.

They were not the only victims of the noble cause. Madame Roland followed them to the scaffold with a spirit as heroic as their own. Her husband was in a safe hiding-place, but could not bear to survive her. His body was found on the high-road, near Rouen. He had fallen on his sword. Condorcet swallowed opium. At Bordeaux, the steel fell on the necks of the bold and quick-witted Guadet, and of Barbaroux, the chief of those enthusiasts from the Rhone whose valor, in the great crisis of the tenth of August, had turned back the tide of battle from the Louvre to the Tuileries. In a field near the Garonne was found all that the wolves had left of Pétion, once honored, greatly indeed beyond his deserts, as the model of republican virtue. We are far from regarding even the best of the Girondists with unmixed admiration; but history owes to them this honorable testimony, that being free to choose whether they would be oppressors or victims, they deliberately and firmly resolved rather to suffer injustice than to inflict it.

And now began that strange period known by the name of the Reign of Terror. The Jacobins had prevailed. This was their hour, and the power of darkness. The Convention was subjugated, and reduced to profound silence on the highest questions of state. The sovereignty passed to the Committee of Public Safety. To the edicts framed by that Committee, the representative assembly did not venture to offer even the species of opposition which the ancient Parliament had frequently offered to the mandates of the ancient Kings. Six persons held the chief power in the small cabinet which now domineered over France—Robespierre, St. Just, Couthon, Collot, Billaud, and Barère.

To some of these men, and of those who adhered to them, it is due to say, that the

fanaticism which had emancipated them from the restraints of justice and compassion, had emancipated them also from the dominion of vulgar cupidity and of vulgar fear; that, while hardly knowing where to find an assignat of a few francs to pay for a dinner, they expended with strict integrity the immense revenue which they collected by every art of rapine; and that they were ready, in support of their cause, to mount the scaffold with as much indifference as they showed when they signed the death-warrants of aristocrats and priests. But no great party can be composed of such materials as these. It is the inevitable law, that such zealots as we have described shall collect around them a multitude of slaves, of cowards, and of libertines, whose savage tempers and licentious appetites, withheld only by the dread of law and magistracy from the worst excesses, are called into full activity by the hope of impunity. A faction which, from whatever motive, relaxes the great laws of morality, is certain to be joined by the most immoral part of the community. This has been repeatedly proved in religious wars. The war of the Holy Sepulchre, the Albigensian war, the Huguenot war, the 'Thirty Years' war, all originated in pious zeal. That zeal inflamed the champions of the church to such a point, that they regarded all generosity to the vanquished as a sinful weakness. The infidel, the heretic, was to be run down like a mad dog. No outrage committed by the Catholic warrior on the miscreant enemy could deserve punishment. As soon as it was known that boundless license was thus given to barbarity and dissoluteness, thousands of wretches who cared nothing for the sacred cause, but who were eager to be exempted from the police of peaceful cities, and the discipline of well-governed camps, flocked to the standard of the faith. The men who had set up that standard were sincere, chaste, regardless of lucre, and perhaps, where only themselves were concerned, not unforgiving; but round that standard were assembled such gangs of rogues, ravishers, plunderers, and ferocious braves, as were scarcely ever found under the flag of any state engaged in a mere temporal quarrel. In a very similar way was the Jacobin party composed. There was a small nucleus of enthusiasts; round that nucleus was gathered a vast mass of ignoble depravity; and in all that mass, there was nothing so depraved and so ignoble as Barère.

Then came those days, when the most barbarous of all codes was administered by the most barbarous of all tribunals; when no man could greet his neighbors, or say his prayers, or dress his hair, without danger of commit-

ting a capital crime; when spies lurked in every corner; when the guillotine was long and hard at work every morning; when the jails were filled as close as the hold of a slave-ship; when the gutters ran foaming with blood into the Seine; when it was death to be great-niece of a captain of the royal guards, or half-brother of a doctor of the Sorbonne, to express a doubt whether assignats would not fall, to hint that the English have been victorious in the action of the First of June, to have a copy of one of Burke's pamphlets locked up in a desk, to laugh at a Jacobin for taking the name of Cassius or Timoleon, or to call the Fifth Sans-culottide by its old superstitious name of St. Matthew's Day. While the daily wagon-loads of victims were carried to their doom through the streets of Paris, the Proconsuls whom the sovereign Committee had sent forth to the departments, revealed an extravagance of cruelty unknown even in the capital. The knife of the deadly machine rose and fell too slow for their work of slaughter. Long rows of captives were mowed down with grape-shot. Holes were made in the bottom of crowded barges Lyons was turned into a desert. At Arras even the cruel mercy of a speedy death was denied to the prisoners. All down the Loire, from Saumur to the sea, great flocks of crows and kites feasted on naked corpses, twined together in hideous embraces. No mercy was shown to sex or age. The number of young lads and of girls of seventeen who were murdered by that execrable government, is to be reckoned by hundreds. Babies torn from the breast were tossed from pike to pike along the Jacobin ranks. One champion of liberty had his pockets well stuffed with ears. Another swaggered about with the finger of a little child in his hat. A few months had sufficed to degrade France below the level of New Zealand.

It is absurd to say that any amount of public danger can justify a system like this, we do not say on Christian principles, we do not say on the principles of a high morality, but even on principles of Machiavelian policy. It is true that great emergencies call for activity and vigilance; it is true that they justify severity which, in ordinary times, would deserve the name of cruelty. But indiscriminate severity can never, under any circumstances, be useful. It is plain that the whole efficacy of punishment depends on the care with which the guilty are distinguished. Punishment which strikes the guilty and the innocent promiscuously operates merely like a pestilence or a great convulsion of nature, and has no more tendency to prevent offences, than the cholera, or an earthquake like that

of Lisbon, would have. The energy for which the Jacobin administration is praised was merely the energy of the Malay who maddens himself with opium, draws his knife, and runs a-muck through the streets, slashing right and left at friends and foes. Such has never been the energy of truly great rulers; of Elizabeth, for example, of Oliver, or of Frederick. They were not, indeed, scrupulous. But, had they been less scrupulous than they were, the strength and amplitude of their minds would have preserved them from crimes, such as those which the small men of the Committee of Public Safety took for daring strokes of policy. The great Queen who so long held her own against foreign and domestic enemies, against temporal and spiritual arms; the great Protector who governed with more than regal power, in despite both of royalists and republicans; the great King who, with a beaten army and an exhausted treasury, defended his little dominions to the last against the united efforts of Russia, Austria, and France; with what scorn would they have heard that it was impossible for them to strike a salutary terror into the disaffected, without sending school-boys and school-girls to death by cart-loads and boat-loads!

The popular notion is, we believe, that the leading Terrorists were wicked men, but, at the same time, great men. We can see nothing great about them but their wickedness. That their policy was daringly original is a vulgar error. Their policy is as old as the oldest accounts which we have of human misgovernment. It seemed new in France, and in the eighteenth century, only because it had been long disused, for excellent reasons, by the enlightened part of mankind. But it has always prevailed, and still prevails, in savage and half savage nations, and is the chief cause which prevents such nations from making advances towards civilization. Thousands of deys, of beys, of pachas, of rajahs, of nabobs, have shown themselves as great masters of statecraft as the members of the Committee of Public Safety. Djezzar, we imagine, was superior to any of them in their own line. In fact, there is not a petty tyrant in Asia or Africa so dull or so unlearned as not to be fully qualified for the business of Jacobin police and Jacobin finance. To behold people by scores without caring whether they are guilty or innocent; to wring money out of the rich by the help of jailers and executioners; to rob the public creditor, and to put him to death if he remonstrates; to take loaves by force out of the bakers' shops; to clothe and mount soldiers by seizing on one man's wool and linen, and on another

man's horses and saddles, without compensation, is of all modes of governing the simplest and most obvious. Of its morality we at present say nothing. But surely it requires no capacity beyond that of a barbarian or a child. By means like those which we have described, the Committee of Public Safety undoubtedly succeeded, for a short time, in enforcing profound submission, and in raising immense funds. But to enforce submission by butchery, and to raise funds by spoliation, is not statesmanship. The real statesman is he who, in troubled times, keeps down the turbulent without unnecessarily harassing the well-affected; and who, when great pecuniary resources are needed, provides for the public exigencies without violating the security of property, and drying up the sources of future prosperity. Such a statesman, we are confident, might, in 1793, have preserved the independence of France, without shedding a drop of innocent blood, without plundering a single warehouse. Unhappily, the Republic was subject to men who were mere demagogues, and in no sense statesmen. They could declaim at a club. They could lead a rabble to mischief. But they had no skill to conduct the affairs of an empire. The want of skill they supplied for a time by atrocity and blind violence. For legislative ability, fiscal ability, military ability, diplomatic ability, they had one substitute, the guillotine. Indeed their exceeding ignorance, and the barrenness of their invention, are the best excuse for their murders and robberies. We really believe that they would not have cut so many throats, and picked so many pockets, if they had known how to govern in any other way.

That, under their administration, the war against the European Coalition was successfully conducted, is true. But that war had been successfully conducted before their elevation, and continued to be successfully conducted after their fall. Terror was not the order of the day when Brussels opened its gates to Dumourier. Terror had ceased to be the order of the day when Piedmont and Lombardy were conquered by Buonaparte. The truth is, that France was saved, not by the Committee of Public Safety, but by the energy, patriotism, and valor of the French people. Those high qualities were victorious in spite of the incapacity of rulers whose administration was a tissue, not merely of crimes, but of blunders.

We have not time to tell how the leaders of the savage faction at length began to avenge mankind on each other; how the craven Hébert was dragged wailing and trembling to his doom; how the nobler Danton, moved by a late repentance, strove in

vain to repair the evil which he had wrought, and half redeemed the great crime of September, by manfully encountering death in the cause of mercy.

Our business is with Barère. In all those things he was not only consenting, but eagerly and joyously forward. Not merely was he one of the guilty administration. He was the man to whom was especially assigned the office of proposing and defending outrages on justice and humanity, and of furnishing to atrocious schemes an appropriate garb of atrocious rhodomontade. Barère first proclaimed from the tribune of the Convention, that terror must be the order of the day. It was by Barère that the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris was provided with the aid of a public accuser worthy of such a court, the infamous Fouquier-Tinville. It was Barère who, when one of the old members of the National Assembly had been absolved by the Revolutionary Tribunal, gave orders that a fresh jury should be summoned. 'Acquit one of the National Assembly!' he cried. 'The tribunal is turning against the Revolution.' It is unnecessary to say that the prisoner's head was soon in the basket. It was Barère who moved that the city of Lyons should be destroyed. 'Let the plough,' he cried from the tribune, 'pass over her. Let her name cease to exist. The rebels are conquered; but are they all exterminated? No weakness. No mercy. Let every one be smitten. Two words will suffice to tell the whole. Lyons made war on liberty; Lyons is no more.' When Toulon was taken Barère came forward to announce the event. 'The conquest,' said the apostate Brissotine, won by the Mountain over the Brissotines, must be commemorated by a mark set on the place where Toulon once stood. 'The national thunder must crush the house of every trader in the town.' When Camille Desmoulins, long distinguished among the republicans by zeal and ability, dared to raise his eloquent voice against the Reign of Terror, and to point out the close analogy between the government which then oppressed France and the government of the worst of the Cæsars, Barère rose to complain of the weak compassion which tried to revive the hopes of the aristocracy. 'Whoever,' he said, 'is nobly born, is a man to be suspected. Every priest, every frequenter of the old court, every lawyer, every banker, is a man to be suspected. Every person who grumbles at the course which the Revolution takes, is a man to be suspected. There are whole castes already tried and condemned. There are callings which carry their doom with them. There are relations of blood which the law regards

with an evil eye. Republicans of France! yelled the renegade Girondist, the old enemy of the Mountain—'Republicans of France! the Brissotines led you by gentle means to slavery. The Mountain leads you by strong measures to freedom. Oh! who can count the evils which a false compassion may produce?' When the friends of Danton mustered courage to express a wish that the Convention would at least hear him in his own defence, before it sent him to certain death, the voice of Barère was the loudest in opposition to their prayer. When the crimes of Lebon, one of the worst, if not the very worst, of the vicegerents of the Committee of Public Safety, had so maddened the people of the Department of the North, that they resorted to the desperate expedient of imploring the protection of the Convention, Barère pleaded the cause of the accursed tyrant, and threatened the petitioners with the utmost vengeance of the government. 'These charges,' he said, 'have been suggested by wily aristocrats. The man who crushes the enemies of the people, though he may be hurried by his zeal into some excesses, can never be a proper object of censure. The proceedings of Lebon may have been a little harsh as to form.' One of the small irregularities thus gently censured was this; Lebon kept a wretched man a quarter of an hour under the knife of the guillotine, in order to torment him, by reading to him, before he was despatched, a letter, the contents of which were supposed to be such as would aggravate even the bitterness of death. 'But what,' proceeded Barère, "is not permitted to the hatred of a republican against aristocracy? How many generous sentiments atone for what may perhaps seem acrimonious in the prosecution of public enemies? Revolutionary measures are always to be spoken of with respect. Liberty is a virgin whose veil it is not lawful to lift."

After this, it would be idle to dwell on facts which would indeed, of themselves, suffice to render a name infamous, but which make no perceptible addition to the great infamy of Barère. It would be idle, for example, to relate how he, a man of letters, a member of an Academy of Inscriptions, was foremost in that war against learning, art, and history which disgraced the Jacobin government; how he recommended a general confiscation of libraries; how he proclaimed that all records of events anterior to the Revolution ought to be destroyed; how he laid waste the abbey of St. Denis, pulled down monuments consecrated by the veneration of ages, and scattered on the wind the dust of ancient Kings. He was, in truth, seldom so

well employed as when he turned for a moment from making war on the living to make war on the dead.

Equally idle would it be to dilate on his sensual excesses. That in Barère, as in the whole breed of Neros, Caligulas, and Domitians whom he resembled, voluptuousness was mingled with cruelty; that he withdrew, twice in every decade, from the work of blood to the smiling gardens of Clichy, and there forgot public cares in the madness of wine, and in the arms of courtesans, has often been repeated. M. Hippolyte Carnot does not altogether deny the truth of these stories, but justly observes that Barère's dissipation was not carried to such a point as to interfere with his industry. Nothing can be more true. Barère was by no means so much addicted to debauchery as to neglect the work of murder. It was his boast that, even during his hours of recreation, he cut out work for the Revolutionary Tribunal. To those who expressed a fear that his exertions would hurt his health, he gaily answered that he was less busy than they thought. 'The guillotine,' he said, 'does all; the guillotine governs.' For ourselves, we are much more disposed to look indulgently on the pleasures which he allowed to himself, than on the pain which he inflicted on his neighbors.

"Atque utinam his potius nugis tota illa dedisset
Tempora sevitiæ, claras quibus abstulit urbi
Illustresque animas, impune ac vindice nullo."

An immoderate appetite for sensual gratifications is undoubtedly a blemish on the fame of Henry the Fourth, of Lord Somers, of Mr. Fox. But the vices of honest men are the virtues of Barère.

And now Barère had become a really cruel man. It was from mere pusillanimity that he had perpetrated his first great crimes. But the whole history of our race proves that the taste for the misery of others is a taste which minds not naturally ferocious may too easily acquire, and which, when once acquired, is as strong as any of the propensities with which we are born. A very few months had sufficed to bring this man into a state of mind in which images of despair, wailing, and death, had an exhilarating effect on him, and inspired him as wine and love inspire men of free and joyous natures. The cart creaking under its daily freight of victims, ancient men, and lads, and fair young girls, the binding of the hands, the thrusting of the head out of the little national sash-window, the crash of the axe, the pool of blood beneath the scaffold, the heads rolling by scores in the panier—these things were to him what Lalage and a cask of Falernian were to Horace, what Rosette and a

bottle of iced champagne are to De Béranger. As soon as he began to speak of slaughter, his heart seemed to be enlarged, and his fancy to become unusually fertile of conceits and gasconades. Robespierre, St Just, and Billaud, whose barbarity was the effect of earnest and gloomy hatred, were, in his view, men who made a toil of a pleasure. Cruelty was no such melancholy business, to be gone about with an austere brow and a whining tone; it was a recreation, fitly accompanied by singing and laughing. In truth, Robespierre and Barère might be well compared to the two renowned hangmen of Louis the Eleventh. They were alike insensible of pity, alike bent on havoc. But, while they murdered, one of them frowned and canted, the other grinned and joked. For our own part, we prefer *Jean qui pleure* to *Jean qui rit*.

In the midst of the funereal gloom which overhung Paris, a gaiety stranger and more ghastly than the horrors of the prison and the scaffold distinguished the dwelling of Barère. Every morning a crowd of suitors assembled to implore his protection. He came forth in his rich dressing-gown, went round the antechamber, dispensed smiles and promises among the obsequious crowd, addressed himself with peculiar animation to every handsome woman who appeared in the circle, and complimented her in the florid style of Gascony on the bloom of her cheeks and the lustre of her eyes. When he had enjoyed the fear and anxiety of his suppliants he dismissed them, and flung all their memorials unread into the fire. This was the best way, he conceived, to prevent arrears of business from accumulating. Here he was only an imitator. Cardinal Dubois had been in the habit of clearing his table of papers in the same way. Nor was this the only point in which we could point out a resemblance between the worst statesman of the monarchy and the worst statesman of the republic.

Of Barère's peculiar vein of pleasantry a notion may be formed from an anecdote which one of his intimate associates, a juror of the revolutionary tribunal, has related. A courtesan who bore a conspicuous part in the orgies of Clichy, implored Barère to use his power against a head-dress which did not suit her style of face, and which a rival beauty was trying to bring into fashion. One of the magistrates of the capital was summoned, and received the necessary orders. Aristocracy, Barère said, was again rearing its front. These new wigs were counter-revolutionary. He had reason to know that they were made out of the long fair hair of handsome aristocrats who had died by the national chopper. Every lady who adorned herself with the relics of

criminals might justly be suspected of incivism. This ridiculous lie imposed on the authorities of Paris. Female citizens were solemnly warned against the obnoxious ringlets, and were left to choose between their head-dresses and their heads. Barère's delight at the success of this facetious fiction was quite extravagant; he could not tell the story without going into such convulsions of laughter as made his hearers hope that he was about to choke. There was something peculiarly tickling and exhilarating to his mind in this grotesque combination of the frivolous with the horrible, of false locks and curling-irons with spouting arteries and reeking hatchets.

But though Barère succeeded in earning the honorable nicknames of the Witling of Terror, and the Anacreon of the Guillotine, there was one place where it was long remembered to his disadvantage, that he had, for a time, talked the language of humanity and moderation. That place was the Jacobin Club. Even after he had borne the chief part in the massacre of the Girondists, in the murder of the Queen, in the destruction of Lyons, he durst not show himself within that sacred precinct. At one meeting of the society, a member complained that the committee to which the supreme direction of affairs was entrusted, after all the changes which had been made, still contained one man who was not trustworthy. Robespierre, whose influence over the Jacobins was boundless, undertook the defence of his colleague, owned there was some ground for what had been said, but spoke highly of Barère's industry and aptitude for business. This seasonable interposition silenced the accuser: but it was long before the neophyte could venture to appear at the club.

At length a masterpiece of wickedness, unique, we think, even among Barère's great achievements, obtained his full pardon even from that rigid conclave. The insupportable tyranny of the Committee of Public Safety had at length brought the minds of men, and even of women, into a fierce and hard temper, which defied or welcomed death. The life which might be any morning taken away, in consequence of the whisper of a private enemy, seemed of little value. It was something to die after smiting one of the oppressors; it was something to bequeath to the surviving tyrants a terror not inferior to that which they had themselves inspired. Human nature, hunted and worried to the utmost, now turned furiously to bay. Fouquier Tinville was afraid to walk the streets; a pistol was snapped at Collot D'Herbois; a young girl, animated apparently by the spirit of Charlotte Corday, attempted to obtain an in-

terview with Robespierre. Suspicions arose; she was searched; and two knives were found about her. She was questioned, and spoke of the Jacobin domination with resolute scorn and aversion. It is unnecessary to say that she was sent to the guillotine. Barère declared from the tribune that the cause of these attempts was evident. Pitt and his guineas had done the whole. The English Government had organized a vast system of murder, had armed the hand of Charlotte Corday, and had now, by similar means, attacked two of the most eminent friends of liberty in France. It is needless to say, that these imputations were not only false, but destitute of all show of truth. Nay, they were demonstrably absurd; for the assassins to whom Barère referred rushed on certain death, a sure proof that they were not hirelings. The whole wealth of England would not have bribed any sane person to do what Charlotte Corday did. But when we consider her as an enthusiast, her conduct is perfectly natural. Even those French writers who are childish enough to believe that the English Government contrived the infernal machine, and strangled the Emperor Paul, have fully acquitted Mr. Pitt of all share in the death of Marat and in the attempt on Robespierre. Yet on calumnies so futile as those which we have mentioned, did Barère ground a motion at which all Christendom stood aghast. He proposed a decree that no quarter should be given to any English or Hanoverian soldier.* His Carmagnole was worthy of the proposition with which it concluded. 'That one Englishman should be spared, that for the slaves of George, for the human machines of York, the vocabulary of our armies should contain such a word as generosity, this is what the National Convention cannot endure. War to the death against every English soldier. If last year, at Dunkirk, quarter had been

* M. Hippolyte Carnot does his best to excuse this decree. His abuse of England is merely laughable. England has managed to deal with enemies of a very different sort from either himself or his hero. One disgraceful blunder, however, we think it right to notice.

M. Hippolyte Carnot asserts that a motion similar to that of Barère was made in the English Parliament by the late Lord Fitzwilliam. This assertion is false. We defy M. Hippolyte Carnot to state the date and terms of the motion of which he speaks. We do not accuse him of intentional misrepresentation; but we confidently accuse him of extreme ignorance and temerity. Our readers will be amused to learn on what authority he has ventured to publish such a fable. He quotes, not the Journals of the Lords, not the Parliamentary Debates; but a ranting message of the Executive Directory to the Five Hundred, a message, too, the whole meaning of which he has utterly misunderstood.

refused to them when they asked it on their knees, if our troops had exterminated them all instead of suffering them to infest our fortresses by their presence, the English Government would not have renewed its attack on our frontiers this year. It is only the dead man who never comes back. What is this moral pestilence which has introduced into our armies false ideas of humanity? That the English were to be treated with indulgence was the philanthropic notion of the Brissotines; it was the patriotic practice of Dumourier. But humanity consists in exterminating our enemies. No mercy to the execrable Englishman. Such are the sentiments of the true Frenchman; for he knows that he belongs to a nation revolutionary as nature, powerful as freedom, ardent as the saltpetre which she has just torn from the entrails of the earth. Soldiers of liberty, when victory places Englishmen at your mercy, strike! None of them must return to the servile soil of Great Britain; none must pollute the free soil of France.'

The Convention, thoroughly tamed and silenced, acquiesced in Barère's motion without debate. And now at last the doors of the Jacobin Club were thrown open to the disciple who had surpassed his masters. He was admitted a member by acclamation, and was soon selected to preside.

For a time he was not without hope that his decree would be carried into full effect. Intelligence arrived from the seat of war of a sharp contest between some French and English troops, in which the Republicans had the advantage, and in which no prisoners had been made. Such things happen occasionally in all wars. Barère, however, attributed the ferocity of this combat to his darling decree, and entertained the Convention with another Carmagnole.

'The Republicans,' he said, 'saw a division in red uniform at a distance. The red-coats are attacked with the bayonet. Not one of them escapes the blows of the Republicans. All the red-coats have been killed. No mercy, no indulgence, has been shown towards the villains. Not an Englishman whom the Republicans could reach is now living. How many prisoners should you guess that we have made? One single prisoner is the result of this great day.'

And now this bad man's craving for blood had become insatiable. The more he quaffed, the more he thirsted. He had begun with the English; but soon he came down with a proposition for new massacres. 'All the troops,' he said, 'of the coalesced tyrants in garrison at Condé, Valenciennes, Le Quesnoy, and Landrecies, ought to be put to

the sword unless they surrender at discretion in twenty-four hours. The English, of course, will be admitted to no capitulation whatever. With the English we have no treaty but death. As to the rest, surrender at discretion in twenty-four hours, or death, these are our conditions. If the slaves resist, let them feel the edge of the sword.' And then he waxed facetious. 'On these terms the Republic is willing to give them a lesson in the art of war.' At that jest, some hearers worthy of such a speaker, set up a laugh. Then he became serious again. 'Let the enemy perish,' he cried; 'I have already said it from this tribune. It is only the dead man who never comes back. Kings will not conspire against us in the grave. Armies will not fight against us when they are annihilated. Let our war with them be a war of extermination. What pity is due to slaves whom the Emperor leads to war under the cane; whom the King of Prussia beats to the shambles with the flat of the sword; and whom the Duke of York makes drunk with rum and gin? And at the rum and gin the Mountain and the galleries laughed again.

If Barère had been able to affect his purpose, it is difficult to estimate the extent of the calamity which he would have brought on the human race. No government, however averse to cruelty, could, in justice to its own subjects, have given quarter to enemies who gave none. Retaliation would have been, not merely justifiable, but a sacred duty. It would have been necessary for Howe and Nelson to make every French sailor whom they took walk the plank. England has no peculiar reason to dread the introduction of such a system. On the contrary, the operation of Barère's new law of war would have been more unfavorable to his countrymen than to ours; for we believe that, from the beginning to the end of the war, there never was a time at which the number of French prisoners in England was not greater than the number of English prisoners in France; and so, we apprehend, it will be in all wars while England retains her maritime superiority. Had the murderous decree of the Convention been in force from 1794 to 1815, we are satisfied that, for every Englishman slain by the French, at least three Frenchmen would have been put to the sword by the English. It is, therefore, not as Englishmen, but as members of the great society of mankind, that we speak with indignation and horror of the change which Barère attempted to introduce. The mere slaughter would have been the smallest part of the evil. The butchering of a single un-

armed man in cold blood, under an act of the legislature, would have produced more evil than the carnage of ten such fields as Albuera. Public law would have been subverted from the foundations; national enmities would have been inflamed to a degree of rage which happily it is not easy for us to conceive; cordial peace would have been impossible. The moral character of the European nations would have been rapidly and deeply corrupted; for in all countries those men whose calling is to put their lives in jeopardy for the defence of the public weal enjoy high consideration, and are considered as the best arbitrators on points of honor and mainly bearing. With the standard of morality established in the military profession, the general standard of morality must to a great extent sink or rise. It is, therefore, a fortunate circumstance, that during a long course of years, respect for the weak, and clemency towards the vanquished, have been considered as qualities not less essential to the accomplished soldier than personal courage. How long would this continue to be the case, if the slaying of prisoners were a part of the daily duty of the warrior? What man of kind and generous nature would, under such a system, willingly bear arms? Who, that was compelled to bear arms, would long continue kind and generous? And is it not certain that, if barbarity towards the helpless became the characteristic of military men, the taint must rapidly spread to civil and to domestic life, and must show itself in all the dealings of the strong with the weak, of husbands with wives, of employers with workmen, of creditors with debtors?

But, thank God, Barère's decree was a mere dead letter. It was to be executed by men very different from those who, in the interior of France, were the instruments of the Committee of Public Safety, who prated at Jacobin Clubs, and ran to Fouquier Tinville with charges of incivism against women whom they could not seduce, and bankers from whom they could not extort money. The warriors who, under Hoche, had guarded the walls of Dunkirk, and who, under Kléber, had made good the defence of the wood of Mouceaux, shrank with horror from an office more degrading than that of the hangman. 'The Convention,' said an officer to his men, 'has sent orders that all the English prisoners shall be shot.' 'We will not shoot them,' answered a stout-hearted sergeant. 'Send them to the Convention. If the deputies take pleasure in killing a prisoner, they may kill him themselves, and eat him too, like savages as they are.' This was the sentiment of the whole army. Bona-

parte, who thoroughly understood war, who at Jaffa and elsewhere gave ample proof that he was not unwilling to strain the laws of war to their utmost rigor, and whose hatred of England amounted to a folly, always spoke of Barère's decree with loathing, and boasted that the army had refused to obey the Convention.

Such disobedience on the part of any other class of citizens would have been instantly punished by wholesale massacre; but the Committee of Public Safety was aware that the discipline which had tamed the unwarlike population of the fields and cities might not answer in camps. To fling people by scores out of a boat, and, when they catch hold of it, to chop off their fingers with a hatchet, is undoubtedly a very agreeable pastime for a thorough-bred Jacobin, when the sufferers are, as at Nantes, old confessors, young girls, or women with child. But such sport might prove a little dangerous if tried upon grim ranks of grenadiers, marked with the scars of Hondschoote, and singed by the smoke of Fleurus.

Barère, however, found some consolation. If he could not succeed in murdering the English and the Hanoverians, he was amply indemnified by a new and vast slaughter of his own countrymen and countrywomen. If the defence which has been set up for the members of the Committee of Public Safety had been well founded, if it had been true that they governed with extreme severity only because the republic was in extreme peril, it is clear that the severity would have diminished as the peril diminished. But the fact is, that those cruelties for which the public danger is made a plea, became more and more enormous as the danger became less and less, and reached the full height when there was no longer any danger at all. In the autumn of 1793, there was undoubtedly reason to apprehend that France might be unable to maintain the struggle against the European coalition. The enemy was triumphant on the frontiers. More than half the departments disowned the authority of the Convention. But at that time eight or ten necks a-day were thought an ample allowance for the guillotine of the capital. In the summer of 1794, Bordeaux, Toulon, Caen, Lyons, Marseilles, had submitted to the ascendancy of Paris. The French arms were victorious under the Pyrenees and on the Sambre. Brussels had fallen. Prussia had announced her intention of withdrawing from the contest. The Republic, no longer content with defending her own independence, was beginning to meditate conquest beyond the Alps and the Rhine. She was

now more formidable to her neighbors than ever Louis the Fourteenth had been. And now the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris was not content with forty, fifty, sixty heads in a morning. It was just after a series of victories which destroyed the whole force of the single argument which has been urged in defence of the system of Terror, that the Committee of Public Safety resolved to infuse into that system an energy hitherto unknown. It was proposed to reconstruct the Revolutionary Tribunal, and to collect in the space of two pages the whole revolutionary jurisprudence. Lists of twelve judges and fifty jurors were made out from among the fiercest Jacobins. The substantive law was simply this, that whatever the tribunal should think pernicious to the republic was a capital crime. The law of evidence was simply this, that whatever satisfied the jurors was sufficient proof. The law of procedure was of a piece with every thing else. There was to be an advocate against the prisoner, and no advocate for him. It was expressly declared that, if the jurors were in any manner convinced of the guilt of the prisoner, they might convict him without hearing a single witness. The only punishment which the court could inflict was death.

Robespierre proposed this decree. When he had read it, a murmur rose from the Convention. The fear which had long restrained the deputies from opposing the Committee was overcome by a stronger fear. Every man felt the knife at his throat. 'The decree,' said one, 'is of grave importance. I move that it be printed, and that the debate be adjourned. If such a measure were adopted without time for consideration, I would blow my brains out at once.' The motion for adjournment was seconded. Then Barère sprang up. 'It is impossible,' he said, 'that there can be any difference of opinion among us as to a law like this, a law so favorable in all respects to patriots; a law which insures the speedy punishment of conspirators. If there is to be an adjournment, I must insist that it shall not be for more than three days.' The opposition was overawed; the decree was passed; and, during the six weeks which followed, the havoc was such as had never been known before.

And now the evil was beyond endurance. That timid majority which had for a time supported the Girondists, and which had, after their fall, contented itself with registering in silence the decrees of the Committee of Public Safety, at length drew courage from despair. Leaders of bold and firm character were not wanting, men such as Fouché and Tallien, who, having been long

conspicuous among the chiefs of the Mountain, now found that their own lives, or lives still dearer to them than their own, were in extreme peril. Nor could it be longer kept secret that there was a schism in the despotic committee. On one side were Robespierre, St. Just, and Couthon; on the other, Collot and Billaud. Barère leaned towards these last, but only leaned towards them. As was ever his fashion when a great crisis was at hand, he fawned alternately on both parties, struck alternately at both, and held himself in readiness to chant the praises or to sign the death-warrant of either. In any event his Carmagnole was ready. The tree of liberty, the blood of traitors, the dagger of Brutus, the guineas of perfidious Albion, would do equally well for Billaud and for Robespierre.

The first attack which was made on Robespierre was indirect. An old woman named Catharine Théot, half maniac, half impostor, was protected by him, and exercised a strange influence over his mind; for he was naturally prone to superstition, and, having abjured the faith in which he had been brought up, was looking about for something to believe. Barère drew up a report against Catharine, which contained many facetious conceits, and ended, as might be expected, with a motion for sending her and some other wretched creatures of both sexes to the Revolutionary Tribunal, or, in other words, to death. This report, however, he did not dare to read to the Convention himself. Another member, less timid, was induced to father the cruel buffoonery; and the real author enjoyed in security the dismay and vexation of Robespierre.

Barère now thought that he had done enough on one side, and that it was time to make his peace with the other. On the seventh of Thermidor, he pronounced in the Convention a panegyric on Robespierre. 'That representative of the people,' he said, 'enjoys a reputation for patriotism, earned by five years of exertion, and by unalterable fidelity to the principles of independence and liberty.' On the eighth of Thermidor, it became clear that a decisive struggle was at hand. Robespierre struck the first blow. He mounted the tribune, and uttered a long invective on his opponents. It was moved that his discourse should be printed; and Barère spoke for the printing. The sense of the Convention soon appeared to be the other way; and Barère apologized for his former speech, and implored his colleagues to abstain from disputes, which could be agreeable only to Pitt and York. On the next day, the ever-memorable ninth of Ther-

midor, came the real tug of war. Tallien, bravely taking his life in his hand, led the onset. Billaud followed; and then all that infinite hatred which had long been kept down by terror burst forth, and swept every barrier before it. When at length the voice of Robespierre, drowned by the president's bell, and by shouts of 'Down with the tyrant!' had died away in hoarse gasping, Barère arose. He began with timid and doubtful phrases, watched the effect of every word he uttered, and, when the feeling of the Assembly had been unequivocally manifested, declared against Robespierre. But it was not till the people out of doors, and especially the gunners of Paris, had espoused the cause of the Convention, that Barère felt quite at ease. Then he sprang to the tribune, poured forth a *Carmagnole* about Pisistratus and Catiline, and concluded by moving that the heads of Robespierre and Robespierre's accomplices should be cut off without a trial. The motion was carried. On the following morning the vanquished members of the Committee of Public Safety and their principal adherents suffered death. It was exactly one year since Barère had commenced his career of slaughter, by moving the proscription of his old allies the Girondists. We greatly doubt whether any human being has ever succeeded in packing more wickedness into the space of three hundred and sixty-five days.

The ninth of Thermidor is one of the great epochs in the history of Europe. It is true that the three members of the Committee of Public Safety who triumphed, were by no means better men than the three who fell. Indeed, we are inclined to think that of these six statesmen the least bad was Robespierre and Saint Just, whose cruelty was the effect of sincere fanaticism operating on narrow understandings and acrimonious tempers. The worst of the six was, beyond all doubt, Barère, who had no faith in any part of the system which he upheld by persecution; who, while he sent his fellow-creatures to death for being the third cousins of royalists, had not in the least made up his mind that a republic was better than a monarchy; who, while he slew his old friends for federalism, was himself far more a federalist than any of them; who had become a murderer merely for his safety, and who continued to be a murderer merely for his pleasure.

The tendency of the vulgar is to embody every thing. Some individual is selected, and often selected very injudiciously, as the representative of every great movement of the public mind, of every great revolution in human affairs; and on this individual are

concentrated all the love and all the hatred, all the admiration and all the contempt, which he ought rightfully to share with a whole party, a whole sect, a whole nation, a whole generation. Perhaps no human being has suffered so much from this propensity of the multitude as Robespierre. He is regarded not merely as what he was, an envious, malevolent zealot; but as the incarnation of Terror, as Jacobinism personified. The truth is, that it was not by him that the system of terror was carried to the last extreme. The most horrible days in the history of the revolutionary tribunal of Paris, were those which immediately preceded the ninth of Thermidor. Robespierre had then ceased to attend the meetings of the sovereign Committee; and the direction of affairs was really in the hands of Billaud, of Collot, and Barère.

It had never occurred to those three tyrants, that in overthrowing Robespierre, they were overthrowing that system of Terror to which they were more attached than he had ever been. Their object was to go on slaying even more mercilessly than before. But they had misunderstood the nature of the great crisis which had at last arrived. The yoke of the Committee was broken for ever. The Convention had regained its liberty, had tried its strength, had vanquished and punished its enemies. A great reaction had commenced. Twenty-four hours after Robespierre had ceased to live, it was moved and carried, amidst loud bursts of applause, that the sittings of the Revolutionary Tribunal should be suspended. Billaud was not at that moment present. He entered the hall soon after, learned with indignation what had passed, and moved that the vote should be rescinded. But loud cries of 'No, no!' rose from those benches which had lately paid mute obedience to his commands. Barère came forward on the same day, and adjured the Convention not to relax the system of terror. 'Beware, above all things,' he cried, 'of that fatal moderation which talks of peace and of clemency. Let aristocracy know, that here she will find only enemies sternly bent on vengeance, and judges who have no pity.' But the day of the *Carmagnoles* was over; the restraint of fear had been relaxed; and the hatred with which the nation regarded the Jacobin dominion broke forth with ungovernable violence. Not more strongly did the tide of public opinion run against the old monarchy and aristocracy, at the time of the taking of the Bastille, than it now ran against the tyranny of the Mountain. From every dungeon the prisoners came forth, as they had gone in, by hun-

dreds. The decree which forbade the soldiers of the republic to give quarter to the English, was repealed by an unanimous vote, amidst loud acclamations; nor, passed as it was, disobeyed as it was, and rescinded as it was, can it be with justice considered as a blemish on the fame of the French nation. The Jacobin Club was refractory. It was suppressed without resistance. The surviving Girondist deputies, who had concealed themselves from the vengeance of their enemies in caverns and garrets, were readmitted to their seats in the Convention. No day passed without some signal reparation of injustice; no street in Paris was without some trace of the recent change. In the theatre, the bust of Marat was pulled down from its pedestal and broken in pieces, amidst the applause of the audience. His carcass was ejected from the Pantheon. The celebrated picture of his death, which had hung in the hall of the Convention, was removed. The savage inscriptions with which the walls of the city had been covered disappeared; and in place of death and terror, humanity, the watchword of the new rulers, was every where to be seen. In the mean time, the gay spirit of France, recently subdued by oppression, and now elated by the joy of a great deliverance, wanted in a thousand forms. Art, taste, luxury, revived. Female beauty regained its empire—an empire strengthened by the remembrance of all the tender and all the sublime virtues which women, delicately bred and reputed frivolous, had displayed during the evil days. Refined manners, chivalrous sentiments, followed in the train of love. The dawn of the Arctic summer day after the Arctic winter night, the great unsealing of the waters, the awakening of animal and vegetable life, the sudden softening of the air, the sudden blooming of the flowers, the sudden bursting of whole forests into verdure, is but a feeble type of that happiest and most genial of revolutions, the revolution of the ninth of Thermidor.

But, in the midst of the revival of all kind and generous sentiments, there was one portion of the community against which mercy itself seemed to cry out for vengeance. The chiefs of the late government and their tools were now never named but as the men of blood, the drinkers of blood, the cannibals. In some parts of France, where the creatures of the Mountain had acted with peculiar barbarity, the populace took the law into its own hands, and meted out justice to the Jacobins with the true Jacobin measure; but at Paris the punishments were inflicted with order and decency; and were few when compared with the number, and lenient when

compared with the enormity, of the crimes. Soon after the ninth of Thermidor, two of the vilest of mankind, Fouquier Tinville, whom Barère had placed at the Revolutionary Tribunal, and Lebon, whom Barère had defended in the Convention, were placed under arrest. A third miscreant soon shared their fate, Carrier, the tyrant of Nantes. The trials of these men brought to light horrors surpassing any thing that Suetonius and Lampridius have related of the worst Cæsars. But it was impossible to punish subordinate agents who, bad as they were, had only acted in accordance with the spirit of the government which they served, and, at the same time, to grant impunity to the heads of the wicked administration. A cry was raised, both within and without the Convention, for justice on Collot, Billaud, and Barère.

Collot and Billaud, with all their vices, appear to have been men of resolute natures. They made no submission; but opposed to the hatred of mankind, at first a fierce resistance, and afterwards a dogged and sullen endurance. Barère, on the other hand, as soon as he began to understand the real nature of the revolution of Thermidor, attempted to abandon the Mountain, and to obtain admission among his old friends of the moderate party. He declared every where that he had never been in favor of severe measures; that he was a Girondist; that he had always condemned and lamented the manner in which the Brissotine deputies had been treated. He now preached mercy from that tribune from which he had recently preached extermination. 'The time,' he said, 'has come at which our clemency may be indulged without danger. We may now safely consider temporary imprisonment as an adequate punishment for political misdemeanors.' It was only a fortnight since, from the same place, he had declaimed against the moderation which dared even to talk of clemency; it was only a fortnight since he had ceased to send men and women to the guillotine of Paris, at the rate of three hundred a-week. He now wished to make his peace with the moderate party at the expense of the Terrorists, as he had, a year before, made his peace with the Terrorists at the expense of the moderate party. But he was disappointed. He had left himself no retreat. His face, his voice, his raucous, his jokes, had become hateful to the Convention. When he spoke he was interrupted by murmurs. Bitter reflections were daily cast on his cowardice and perfidy. On one occasion Carnot rose to give an account of a victory, and so far forgot the gravity of his character, as to indulge in the

sort of oratory which Barère had affected on similar occasions. He was interrupted by cries of 'No more Carmagnoles!' 'No more of Barère's puns!'

At length, five months after the revolution of Thermidor, the Convention resolved that a committee of twenty-one members should be appointed to examine into the conduct of Billaud, Collot, and Barère. In some weeks the report was made. From that report we learn that a paper had been discovered, signed by Barère, and containing a proposition for adding the last improvement to the system of terror. France was to be divided into circuits; itinerant revolutionary tribunals, composed of trusty Jacobins, were to move from department to department; and the guillotine was to travel in their train.

Barère, in his defence, insisted that no speech or motion which he had made in the Convention could, without a violation of the freedom of debate, be treated as a crime. He was asked how he could resort to such a mode of defence, after putting to death so many deputies on account of opinions expressed in the Convention. He had nothing to say, but that it was much to be regretted that the sound principle had ever been violated.

He arrogated to himself a large share of the merit of the revolution of Thermidor. The men who had risked their lives to effect that revolution, and who knew that, if they had failed, Barère would, in all probability, have moved the decree for beheading them without a trial, and have drawn up a proclamation announcing their guilt and their punishment to all France, were by no means disposed to acquiesce in his claims. He was reminded that, only forty-eight hours before the decisive conflict, he had, in the tribune, been profuse of adulation to Robespierre. His answer to this reproach is worthy of himself. 'It was necessary,' he said, 'to dissemble. It was necessary to flatter Robespierre's vanity, and, by panegyric, to impel him to the attack. This was the motive which induced me to load him with those praises of which you complain. Who ever blamed Brutus for dissembling with Tarquin?'

The accused triumvirs had only one chance of escaping punishment. There was severe distress at that moment among the working people of the capital. This distress the Jacobins attributed to the reaction of Thermidor, to the lenity with which the aristocrats were now treated, and to the measures which had been adopted against the chiefs of the late administration. Nothing is too absurd to be believed by a populace which has not breakfasted, and which does not know

how it is to dine. The rabble of the Faubourg St. Antoine rose, menaced the deputies, and demanded with loud cries the liberation of the persecuted patriots. But the Convention was no longer such as it had been, when similar means were employed too successfully against the Girondists. Its spirit was roused. Its strength had been proved. Military means were at its command. The tumult was suppressed, and it was decreed that same evening that Collot, Billaud, and Barère should instantly be removed to a distant place of confinement.

The next day the order of the Convention was executed. The account which Barère has given of his journey is the most interesting and the most trustworthy part of these Memoirs. There is no witness so infamous that a court of justice will not take his word against himself; and even Barère may be believed when he tells us how much he was hated and despised.

The carriage in which he was to travel passed, surrounded by armed men, along the street of St. Honoré. A crowd soon gathered round it, and increased every moment. On the long flight of steps before the church of St. Roch stood rows of eager spectators. It was with difficulty that the coach could make its way through those who hung upon it, hooting, cursing, and striving to burst the doors. Barère thought his life in danger, and was conducted at his own request to a public office, where he hoped that he might find shelter till the crowd should disperse. In the mean time, another discussion on his fate took place in the Convention. It was proposed to deal with him as he had dealt with better men, to put him out of the pale of the law, and to deliver him at once without any trial to the headsman. But the humanity which, since the ninth of Thermidor had generally directed the public counsels, restrained the deputies from taking this course.

It was now night; and the streets gradually became quiet. The clock struck twelve; and Barère, under a strong guard, again set forth on his journey. He was conducted over the river to a place where the Orleans road branches off from the southern boulevard. Two travelling carriages stood there. In one of them was Billaud, attended by two officers; in the other, two more officers were waiting to receive Barère. Collot was already on the road.

At Orleans, a city which had suffered cruelly from the Jacobin tyranny, the three deputies were surrounded by a mob bent on tearing them to pieces. All the national guards of the neighborhood were assembled;

and this force was not greater than the emergency required; for the multitude pursued the carriages far on the road to Blois.

At Amboise the prisoners learned that Tours was ready to receive them. The stately bridge was occupied by a throng of people, who swore that the men under whose rule the Loire had been choked with corpses, should have full personal experience of the nature of a *noyade*. In consequence of this news, the officers who had charge of the criminals made such arrangements that the carriages reached Tours at two in the morning, and drove straight to the post-house. Fresh horses were instantly ordered, and the travellers started again at full gallop. They had in truth not a moment to lose; for the alarm had been given; lights were seen in motion, and the yells of a great multitude, disappointed of its revenge, mingled with the sound of the departing wheels.

At Poitiers there was another narrow escape. As the prisoners quitted the post-house, they saw the whole population pouring in fury down the steep declivity on which the city is built. They passed near Niort, but could not venture to enter it. The inhabitants came forth with threatening aspect, and vehemently cried to the postilions to stop; but the postilions urged the horses to full speed, and soon left the town behind. Through such dangers the men of blood were brought in safety to Rochelle.

Oléron was the place of their destination, a dreary island beaten by the raging waves of the Bay of Biscay. The prisoners were confined in the castle; each had a single chamber, at the door of which a guard was placed; and each was allowed the ration of a single soldier. They were not allowed to communicate either with the garrison or with the population of the island; and soon after their arrival they were denied the indulgence of walking on the ramparts. The only place where they were suffered to take exercise was the esplanade where the troops were drilled.

They had not been long in this situation when news came that the Jacobins of Paris had made a last attempt to regain ascendancy in the state, that the hall of the Convention had been forced by a furious crowd, that one of the deputies had been murdered and his head fixed on a pike, that the life of the President had been for a time in imminent danger, and that some members of the legislature had not been ashamed to join the rioters. But troops had arrived in time to prevent a massacre. The insurgents had been put to flight; the inhabitants of the disaffected quarters of the capital had been disarmed;

the guilty deputies had suffered the just punishment of their treason; and the power of the Mountain was broken for ever. These events strengthened the aversion with which the system of Terror and the authors of that system were regarded. One member of the Convention had moved, that the three prisoners of Oléron should be put to death; another, that they should be brought back to Paris, and tried by a council of war. These propositions were rejected. But something was conceded to the party which called for severity. A vessel which had been fitted out with great expedition at Rochefort touched at Oléron, and it was announced to Collot and Billaud that they must instantly go on board. They were forthwith conveyed to Guiana, where Collot soon drank himself to death with brandy. Billaud lived many years, shunning his fellow-creatures and shunned by them; and diverted his lonely hours by teaching parrots to talk. Why a distinction was made between Barère and his companions in guilt, neither he nor any other writer, as far as we know, has explained. It does not appear that the distinction was meant to be at all in his favor; for orders soon arrived from Paris, that he should be brought to trial for his crimes before the criminal court of the department of the Upper Charente. He was accordingly brought back to the continent, and confined during some months at Saintes, in an old convent which had lately been turned into a jail.

While he lingered here, the reaction which had followed the great crisis of Thermidor met with a temporary check. The friends of the house of Bourbon, presuming on the indulgence with which they had been treated after the fall of Robespierre, not only ventured to avow their opinions with little disguise, but at length took arms against the Convention, and were not put down till much blood had been shed in the streets of Paris. The vigilance of the public authorities was therefore now directed chiefly against the Royalists, and the rigor with which the Jacobins had lately been treated was somewhat relaxed. The Convention, indeed, again resolved that Barère should be sent to Guiana. But this decree was not carried into effect. The prisoner, probably with the connivance of some powerful persons, made his escape from Saintes and fled to Bordeaux, where he remained in concealment during some years. There seems to have been a kind of understanding between him and the government, that, as long as he hid himself, he should not be found, but that, if he obtruded himself on the public eye, he must take the consequences of his rashness.

While the constitution of 1795, with its Executive Directory, its Council of Elders, and its Council of Five Hundred, was in operation, he continued to live under the ban of the law. It was in vain that he solicited, even at moments when the politics of the Mountain seemed to be again in the ascendant, a remission of the sentence pronounced by the Convention. Even his fellow-regicides, even the authors of the slaughter of Vendémiaire and of the arrests of Fructidor, were ashamed of him.

About eighteen months after his escape from prison, his name was again brought before the world. In his own province he still retained some of his early popularity. He had, indeed, never been in that province since the downfall of the monarchy. The mountaineers of Gascony were far removed from the seat of government, and were but imperfectly informed of what passed there. They knew that their countryman had played an important part, and that he had on some occasions promoted their local interests; and they stood by him in his adversity and in his disgrace, with a constancy which presents a singular contrast to his own abject fickleness. All France was amazed to learn, that the department of the Upper Pyrenees had chosen the proscribed tyrant a member of the Council of Five Hundred. The council which, like our House of Commons, was the judge of the election of its own members, refused to admit him. When his name was read from the roll, a cry of indignation rose from the benches. 'Which of you,' exclaimed one of the members, 'would sit by the side of such a monster?'—'Not I, not I!' answered a crowd of voices. One deputy declared, that he would vacate his seat if the hall were polluted by the presence of such a wretch. The election was declared null, on the ground that the person elected was a criminal skulking from justice; and many severe reflections were thrown on the lenity which suffered him to be still at large.

He tried to make his peace with the Directory by writing a bulky libel on England, entitled, *The Liberty of the Seas*. He seems to have confidently expected that this work would produce a great effect. He printed three thousand copies, and, in order to defray the expense of publication, sold one of his farms for the sum of ten thousand francs. The book came out; but nobody bought it, in consequence, if Barère is to be believed, of the villainy of Mr. Pitt, who bribed the Directory to order the Reviewers not to notice so formidable an attack on the maritime greatness of perfidious Albion.

Barère had been about three years at Bor-

deaux when he received intelligence that the mob of the town designed him the honor of a visit on the ninth of Thermidor, and would probably administer to him what he had in his defence of his friend Lebon, described as substantial justice under forms a little harsh. It was necessary for him to disguise himself in clothes such as were worn by the carpenters of the dock. In this garb, with a bundle of wood shavings under his arm, he made his escape into the vineyards which surround the city, lurked during some days in a peasant's hut, and, when the dreaded anniversary was over, stole back into the city. A few months later he was again in danger. He now thought that he should be nowhere so safe as in the neighborhood of Paris. He quitted Bordeaux, hastened undetected through those towns where four years before his life had been in extreme danger, passed through the capital in the morning twilight, when none were in the streets except shop-boys taking down the shutters, and arrived safe at the pleasant village of St. Ouen on the Seine. Here he remained in seclusion during some months. In the mean time Bonaparte returned from Egypt, placed himself at the head of a coalition of discontented parties, covered his designs with the authority of the Elders, drove the Five Hundred out of their hall at the point of the bayonet, and became absolute monarch of France under the name of First Consul.

Barère assures us that these events almost broke his heart; that he could not bear to see France again subject to a master; and that, if the representatives had been worthy of that honorable name, they would have arrested the ambitious general who insulted them. These feelings, however, did not prevent him from soliciting the protection of the new government, and from sending to the First Consul a handsome copy of the *Essay on the Liberty of the Seas*.

The policy of Bonaparte was to cover all the past with a general oblivion. He belonged half to the Revolution and half to the reaction. He was an upstart, and a sovereign; and had therefore something in common with the Jacobin, and something in common with the Royalist. All, whether Jacobins or Royalists, who were disposed to support his government, were readily received—all, whether Jacobins or Royalists, who showed hostility to his government, were put down and punished. Men who had borne a part in the worst crimes of the Reign of Terror, and men who had fought in the army of Condé, were to be found close together, both in his antechambers and in his dungeons. He decorated Fouché and Maury with the same

cross. He sent Aréna and Georges Cadoudal to the same scaffold. From a government acting on such principles, Barère easily obtained the indulgence which the Directory had constantly refused to grant. The sentence passed by the Convention was remitted, and he was allowed to reside at Paris. His pardon, it is true, was not granted in the most honorable form; and he remained, during some time, under the special supervision of the police. He hastened, however, to pay his court at the Luxembourg palace, where Bonaparte then resided, and was honored with a few dry and careless words by the master of France.

Here begins a new chapter of Barère's history. What passed between him and the Consular government cannot, of course, be so accurately known to us as the speeches and reports which he made in the Convention. It is, however, not difficult, from notorious facts, and from the admissions scattered over these lying Memoirs, to form a tolerably accurate notion of what took place. Bonaparte wanted to buy Barère: Barère wanted to sell himself to Bonaparte. The only question was one of price; and there was an immense interval between what was offered and what was demanded.

Bonaparte, whose vehemence of will, fixedness of purpose, and reliance on his own genius, were not only great, but extravagant, looked with scorn on the most effeminate and dependent of human minds. He was quite capable of perpetrating crimes under the influence either of ambition or of revenge; but he had no touch of that accursed monomania, that craving for blood and tears, which raged in some of the Jacobin chiefs. To proscribe the Terrorists would have been wholly inconsistent with his policy; but of all the classes of men whom his comprehensive system included, he liked them the least; and Barère was the worst of them. This wretch had been branded with infamy, first by the Convention, and then by the Council of Five Hundred. The inhabitants of four or five great cities had attempted to tear him limb from limb. Nor were his vices redeemed by eminent talents for administration or legislation. It would be unwise to place in any honorable or important post a man so wicked, so odious, and so little qualified to discharge high political duties. At the same time, there was a way in which it seemed likely that he might be of use to the government. The First Consul, as he afterwards acknowledged, greatly overrated Barère's powers as a writer. The effect which the Reports of the Committee of Public Safety had produced by the camp-fires of the

Republican armies had been great. Napoleon himself, when a young soldier, had been delighted by those compositions, which had much in common with the rhapsodies of his favorite poet, Macpherson. The taste, indeed, of the great warrior and statesman was never very pure. His bulletins, his general orders, and his proclamations, are sometimes, it is true, masterpieces in their kind; but we too often detect, even in his best writing, traces of Fingal, and of the Carmagnole. It is not strange, therefore, that he should have been desirous to secure the aid of Barère's pen. Nor was this the only kind of assistance which the old member of the Committee of Public Safety might render to the Consular government. He was likely to find admission into the gloomy dens in which those Jacobins whose constancy was to be overcome by no reverse, or whose crimes admitted of no expiation, hid themselves from the curses of mankind. No enterprise was too bold or too atrocious for minds crazed by fanaticism, and familiar with misery and death. The government was anxious to have information of what passed in their secret councils; and no man was better qualified to furnish such information than Barère.

For these reasons the First Consul was disposed to employ Barère as a writer and as a spy. But Barère—was it possible that he would submit to such a degradation? Bad as he was, he had played a great part. He had belonged to that class of criminals who fill the world with the renown of their crimes; he had been one of a cabinet which had ruled France with absolute power, and made war on all Europe with signal success. Nay, he had been, though not the most powerful, yet, with the single exception of Robespierre, the most conspicuous member of that cabinet. His name had been a household word at Moscow and at Philadelphia, at Edinburgh and at Cadiz. The blood of the Queen of France, the blood of the greatest orators and philosophers of France, was on his hands. He had spoken; and it had been decreed, that the plough should pass over the great city of Lyons. He had spoken again; and it had been decreed, that the streets of Toulon should be razed to the ground. When depravity is placed so high as his, the hatred which it inspires is mingled with awe. His place was with great tyrants, with Critias and Sylla, with Eccelino and Borgia; not with hireling scribblers and police runners.

* Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
But shall the dignity of vice be lost?

So sang Pope; and so felt Barère. When it was proposed to him to publish a Journal

in defence of the Consular government, rage and shame inspired him for the first and last time with something like courage. He had filled as large a space in the eyes of mankind as Mr. Pitt or General Washington; and he was coolly invited to descend at once to the level of Mr. Lewis Goldsmith. He saw, too, with agonies of envy, that a wide distinction was made between himself and the other statesmen of the Revolution who were summoned to the aid of the government. Those statesmen were required, indeed, to make large sacrifices of principle; but they were not called on to sacrifice what, in the opinion of the vulgar, constitutes personal dignity. They were made tribunes and legislators, ambassadors and counsellors of state, ministers, senators, and consuls. They might reasonably expect to rise with the rising fortunes of their master; and, in truth, many of them were destined to wear the badge of his Legion of Honor and of his order of the Iron Crown; to be arch-chancellors and arch-treasurers, counts, dukes, and princes. Barère, only six years before, had been far more powerful, far more widely renowned, than any of them; and now, while they were thought worthy to represent the majesty of France at foreign courts, while they received crowds of suitors in gilded ante-chambers, he was to pass his life in measuring paragraphs, and scolding correctors of the press. It was too much. Those lips which had never before been able to fashion themselves to a No, now murmured expostulation and refusal. 'I could not'—these are his own words—'abuse myself to such a point as to serve the First Consul merely in the capacity of a journalist, while so many insignificant, low, and servile people, such as the Treilhards, the Røderers, the Lebruns, the Marets, and others whom it is superfluous to name, held the first place in this government of upstarts.'

This outbreak of spirit was of short duration. Napoleon was inexorable. It is said, indeed, that he was, for a moment, half inclined to admit Barère into the Council of State; but the members of that body remonstrated in the strongest terms, and declared that such a nomination would be a disgrace to them all. This plan was therefore relinquished. Thenceforth Barère's only chance of obtaining the patronage of the government was to subdue his pride, to forget that there had been a time when, with three words, he might have had the heads of the three Consuls, and to betake himself, humbly and industriously, to the task of composing lampoons on England and panegyrics on Bonaparte.

It has been often asserted, we know not on what grounds, that Barère was employed by the government, not only as a writer, but as a censor of the writings of other men. This imputation he vehemently denies in his *Memoirs*; but our readers will probably agree with us in thinking, that his denial leaves the question exactly where it was.

Thus much is certain, that he was not restrained from exercising the office of censor by any scruple of conscience or honor; for he did accept an office, compared with which that of censor, odious as it is, may be called an august and beneficent magistracy. He began to have what are delicately called relations with the police. We are not sure that we have formed, or that we can convey, an exact notion of the nature of Barère's new calling. It is a calling unknown in our country. It has indeed often happened in England, that a plot has been revealed to the government by one of the conspirators. The informer has sometimes been directed to carry it fair towards his accomplices, and to let the evil design come to full maturity. As soon as his work is done, he is generally snatched from the public gaze, and sent to some obscure village, or to some remote colony. The use of spies, even to this extent, is in the highest degree unpopular in England; but a political spy by profession, is a creature from which our island is as free as it is from wolves. In France the race is well known, and was never more numerous, more greedy, more cunning, or more savage, than under the government of Bonaparte.

Our idea of a gentleman in relations with the Consular and Imperial police may perhaps be incorrect. Such as it is, we will try to convey it to our readers. We image to ourselves a well-dressed person, with a soft voice and affable manners. His opinions are those of the society in which he finds himself, but a little stronger. He often complains, in the language of honest indignation, that what passes in private conversation finds its way strangely to the government, and cautions his associates to take care what they say when they are not sure of their company. As for himself, he owns that he is indiscreet. He can never refrain from speaking his mind; and that is the reason that he is not prefect of a department.

In a gallery of the Palais Royal he overhears two friends talking earnestly about the King and the Count of Artois. He follows them into a coffee-house, sits at the table next to them, calls for his half-dish and his small glass of cognac, takes up a Journal, and seems occupied with the news. His neighbors go on talking without restraint,

and in the style of persons warmly attached to the exiled family. They depart, and he follows them half round the boulevards till he fairly tracks them to their apartments, and learns their names from the porters. From that day every letter addressed to either of them is sent from the post-office to the police, and opened. Their correspondents become known to the government, and are carefully watched. Six or eight honest families, in different parts of France, find themselves at once under the frown of power, without being able to guess what offence they have given. One person is dismissed from a public office; another learns with dismay that his promising son has been turned out of the Polytechnic school.

Next, the indefatigable servant of the state falls in with an old republican, who has not changed with the times, who regrets the red cap and the tree of liberty, who has not unlearned the *Thee* and *Thou*, and who still subscribes his letters with '*Health and Fraternity.*' Into the ears of this sturdy politician our friend pours forth a long series of complaints. What evil times! What a change since the days when the Mountain governed France! What is the First Consul but a King under a new name? What is this Legion of Honor but a new aristocracy? The old superstition is reviving with the old tyranny. There is a treaty with the Pope, and a provision for the clergy. Emigrant nobles are returning in crowds, and are better received at the Tuileries than the men of the tenth of August. This cannot last. What is life without liberty? What terrors has death to the true patriot? The old Jacobin catches fire, bestows and receives the fraternal hug, and hints that there will soon be great news, and that the breed of Harmodius and Brutus is not quite extinct. The next day he is a close prisoner, and all his papers are in the hands of the government.

To this vocation, a vocation compared with which the life of a beggar, of a pick-pocket, of a pimp, is honorable, did Barère now descend. It was his constant practice, as often as he enrolled himself in a new party, to pay his footing with the heads of old friends. He was at first a Royalist; and he made atonement by watering the tree of liberty with the blood of Louis. He was then a Girondist; and he made atonement by murdering Vergniaud and Gensonné. He fawned on Robespierre up to the eighth of Thermidor; and he made atonement by moving, on the ninth, that Robespierre should be beheaded without a trial. He was now enlisted in the service of the new monarchy;

and he proceeded to atone for his republican heresies by sending republican throats to the guillotine.

Among his most intimate associates was a Gascon named Demerville, who had been employed in an office of high trust under the Committee of Public Safety. This man was fanatically attached to the Jacobin system of politics, and, in conjunction with other enthusiasts of the same class, formed a design against the First Consul. A hint of this design escaped him in conversation with Barère. Barère carried the intelligence to Lannes, who commanded the Consular Guards. Demerville was arrested, tried, and beheaded; and among the witnesses who appeared against him was his friend Barère.

The account which Barère has given of these transactions is studiously confused and grossly dishonest. We think, however, that we can discern, through much falsehood and much artful obscurity, some truths which he labors to conceal. It is clear to us that the government suspected him of what the Italians call a double treason. It was natural that such a suspicion should attach to him. He had, in times not very remote, zealously preached the Jacobin doctrine, that he who smites a tyrant deserves higher praise than he who saves a citizen. Was it possible that the member of the Committee of Public Safety, the king-killer, the queen-killer, could in earnest mean to deliver his old confederates, his bosom friends, to the executioner, solely because they had planned an act which, if there were any truth in his own Carmagnoles, was in the highest degree virtuous and glorious? Was it not more probable that he was really concerned in the plot, and that the information which he gave was merely intended to lull or to mislead the police? Accordingly spies were set on the spy. He was ordered to quit Paris, and not to come within twenty leagues till he received further orders. Nay, he ran no small risk of being sent, with some of his old friends, to Madagascar.

He made his peace, however, with the government so far, that he was not only permitted, during some years, to live unmolested, but was employed in the lowest sort of political drudgery. In the summer of 1803, while he was preparing to visit the south of France, he received a letter which deserves to be inserted. It was from Duroc, who is well known to have enjoyed a large share of Napoleon's confidence and favor.

'The First Consul, having been informed that Citizen Barère is about to set out for the country, desires that he will stay at Paris.

'Citizen Barère will every week draw up a

report on the state of public opinion on the proceedings of the government, and generally on every thing which, in his judgment, it will be interesting to the First Consul to learn.

‘He may write with perfect freedom.

‘He will deliver his reports under seal into General Duroc’s own hand, and General Duroc will deliver them to the First Consul. But it is absolutely necessary that nobody should suspect that this species of communication takes place; and, should any such suspicion get abroad, the First Consul will cease to receive the reports of Citizen Barère.

‘It will also be proper that Citizen Barère should frequently insert in the journals articles tending to animate the public mind, particularly against the English.’

During some years Barère continued to discharge the functions assigned to him by his master. Secret reports, filled with the talk of coffeehouses, were carried by him every week to the Tuileries. His friends assure us that he took especial pains to do all the harm in his power to the returned emigrants. It was not his fault if Napoleon was not apprised of every murmur and every sarcasm which old marquesses who had lost their estates, and old clergymen who had lost their benefices, uttered against the imperial system. M. Hyppolyte Carnot, we grieve to say, is so much blinded by party spirit, that he seems to reckon this dirty wickedness among his hero’s titles to public esteem.

Barère was, at the same time, an indefatigable journalist and pamphleteer. He set up a paper directed against England, and called the *Mémorial Antibrannique*. He planned a work entitled, ‘France made great and illustrious by Napoleon.’ When the Imperial government was established, the old regicide made himself conspicuous even among the crowd of flatterers by the peculiar fulsomeness of his adulation. He translated into French a contemptible volume of Italian verses, entitled, ‘The Poetic Crown, composed on the glorious accession of Napoleon the First, by the Shepherds of Arcadia.’ He commenced a new series of Carnagnoles very different from those which had charmed the Mountain. The title of Emperor of the French, he said, was mean; Napoleon ought to be Emperor of Europe. King of Italy was too humble an appellation; Napoleon’s style ought to be King of Kings.

But Barère labored to small purpose in both his vocations. Neither as a writer nor as a spy was he of much use. He complains bitterly that his paper did not sell. While the *Journal des Débats*, then flourishing under the able management of Geoffroy, had a circulation of at least twenty thousand

copies, the *Mémorial Antibrannique* never, in its most prosperous times, had more than fifteen hundred subscribers; and these subscribers were, with scarcely an exception, persons residing far from Paris, probably Gascons, among whom the name of Barère had not yet lost its influence.

A writer who cannot find readers, generally attributes the public neglect to any cause rather than to the true one; and Barère was no exception to the general rule. His old hatred to Paris revived in all its fury. That city, he says, has no sympathy with France. No Parisian cares to subscribe to a journal which dwells on the real wants and interests of the country. To a Parisian nothing is so ridiculous as patriotism. The higher classes of the capital have always been devoted to England. A corporal from London is better received among them than a French general. A journal, therefore, which attacks England has no chance of their support.

A much better explanation of the failure of the *Mémorial*, was given by Bonaparte at St. Helena. ‘Barère,’ said he to Barry O’Meara, ‘had the reputation of being a man of talent; but I did not find him so. I employed him to write; but he did not display ability. He used many flowers of rhetoric, but no solid argument; nothing but *coglionerie* wrapped up in high-sounding language.’

The truth is, that though Barère was a man of quick parts, and could do with ease what he could do at all, he had never been a good writer. In the day of his power, he had been in the habit of haranguing an excitable audience on exciting topics. The faults of his style passed uncensured; for it was a time of literary as well as of civil lawlessness, and a patriot was licensed to violate the ordinary rules of composition as well as the ordinary rules of jurisprudence and of social morality. But there had now been a literary as well as a civil reaction. As there was again a throne and a court, a magistracy, a chivalry, and a hierarchy, so was there a revival of classical taste. Honor was again paid to the prose of Pascal and Massillon; and to the verse of Racine and La Fontaine. The oratory which had delighted the galleries of the Convention, was not only as much out of date as the language of Villehardouin and Joinville, but was associated in the public mind with images of horror. All the peculiarities of the Anacreon of the guillotine, his words unknown to the Dictionary of the Academy, his conceits and his jokes, his Gascon idioms and his Gascon hyperboles, had become as odious as the cant of the Puritans was in England after the Restoration.

Bonaparte, who had never loved the men of the Reign of Terror, had now ceased to fear them. He was all-powerful and at the height of glory; they were weak and universally abhorred. He was a sovereign, and it is probable that he already meditated a matrimonial alliance with sovereigns. He was naturally unwilling, in his new position, to hold any intercourse with the worst class of Jacobins. Had Barère's literary assistance been important to the government, personal aversion might have yielded to considerations of policy; but there was no motive for keeping terms with a worthless man who had also proved a worthless writer. Bonaparte, therefore, gave loose to his feelings. Barère was not gently dropped, not sent into an honorable retirement, but spurned and scourged away like a troublesome dog. He had been in the habit of sending six copies of his journal on fine paper daily to the Tuileries. Instead of receiving the thanks and praises which he expected, he was dryly told that the great man had ordered five copies to be sent back. Still he toiled on; still he cherished a hope that at last Napoleon would relent, and that at last some share in the honors of the state would reward so much assiduity and so much obsequiousness. He was bitterly undeceived. Under the Imperial constitution the electoral colleges of the departments did not possess the right of choosing senators or deputies, but merely that of presenting candidates. From among these candidates the Emperor named members of the senate, and the senate named members of the legislative body. The inhabitants of the Upper Pyrenees were still strangely partial to Barère. In the year 1805, they were disposed to present him as a candidate for the senate. On this Napoleon expressed the highest displeasure; and the president of the electoral college was directed to tell the voters, in plain terms, that such a choice would be disgraceful to the department. All thought of naming Barère a candidate for the senate was consequently dropped. But the people of Argelès ventured to name him a candidate for the legislative body. That body was altogether destitute of weight and dignity; it was not permitted to debate; its only function was to vote in silence for whatever the government proposed. It is not easy to understand how any man, who had sat in free and powerful deliberative assemblies, could condescend to bear a part in such a mummery. Barère, however, was desirous of a place even in this mock legislature; and a place even in this mock legislature was refused to him. In the whole senate he had not a single vote.

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Such treatment was sufficient, it might have been thought, to move the most abject of mankind to resentment. Still, however, Barère cringed and fawned on. His letters came weekly to the Tuileries till the year 1807. At length, while he was actually writing the two hundred and twenty-third of the series, a note was put into his hands. It was from Duroc, and was much more perspicuous than polite. Barère was requested to send no more of his Reports to the palace, as the Emperor was too busy to read them.

Contempt, says the Indian proverb, pierces even the shell of the tortoise; and the contempt of the Court was felt to the quick even by the callous heart of Barère. He had humbled himself to the dust; and he had humbled himself in vain. Having been eminent among the rulers of a great and victorious state, he had stooped to serve a master in the vilest capacities; and he had been told that, even in those capacities, he was not worthy of the pittance which had been disdainfully flung to him. He was now degraded below the level even of the hirelings whom the government employed in the most infamous offices. He stood idle in the marketplace, not because he thought any office too infamous, but because none would hire him.

Yet he had reason to think himself fortunate; for, had all that is avowed in these Memoirs been then known, he would have received very different tokens of the Imperial displeasure. We learn from himself, that while publishing daily columns of flattery on Bonaparte, and while carrying weekly budgets of calumny to the Tuileries, he was in close connexion with the agents whom the Emperor Alexander, then by no means favorably disposed towards France, employed to watch all that passed at Paris; was permitted to read their secret despatches; was consulted by them as to the temper of the public mind and the character of Napoleon; and did his best to persuade them that the government was in a tottering condition, and that the new sovereign was not, as the world supposed, a great statesman and soldier. Next, Barère, still the flatterer and talebearer of the Imperial Court, connected himself in the same manner with the Spanish envoy. He owns that with that envoy he had relations which he took the greatest pains to conceal from his own government; that they met twice a-day, and that their conversation chiefly turned on the vices of Napoleon, on his designs against Spain, and on the best mode of rendering those designs abortive. In truth, Barère's baseness was unfathomable. In the lowest depths of shame he found out lower depths. It is bad to be a sycophant; it is bad to be a spy.

But even among sycophants and spies there are degrees of meanness. The vilest sycophant is he who privily slanders the master on whom he fawns; the vilest spy is he who serves foreigners against the government of his native land.

From 1807 to 1814 Barère lived in obscurity, railing as bitterly as his craven cowardice would permit against the Imperial administration, and coming sometimes unpleasantly across the police. When the Bourbons returned, he, as might be expected, became a royalist, and wrote a pamphlet setting forth the horrors of the system from which the Restoration had delivered France, and magnifying the wisdom and goodness which had dictated the charter. He who had voted for the death of Louis, he who had moved the decree for the trial of Marie Antoinette, he whose hatred of monarchy had led him to make war even upon the sepulchres of ancient monarchs, assures us with great complacency, that 'in this work monarchical principles and attachment to the House of Bourbon are nobly expressed.' By this apostasy he got nothing, not even any additional infamy; for his character was already too black to be blackened.

During the hundred days he again emerged for a very short time into public life; he was chosen by his native district a member of the Chamber of Representatives. But though that assembly was composed in a great measure of men who regarded the excesses of the Jacobins with indulgence, he found himself an object of general aversion. When the President first informed the Chamber that M. Barère requested a hearing, a deep and indignant murmur ran round the benches.—After the battle of Waterloo, Barère proposed that the Chamber should save France from the victorious enemy, by putting forth a proclamation about the pass of Thermopylæ, and the Lacedæmonian custom of wearing flowers in times of extreme danger. Whether this composition, if it had then appeared, would have stopped the English and Prussian armies, is a question respecting which we are left to conjecture. The Chamber refused to adopt this last of the Carmagnoles.

The Emperor had abdicated. The Bourbons returned. The Chamber of Representatives, after burlesquing during a few weeks the proceedings of the National Convention, retired with the well-earned character of having been the silliest political assembly that had met in France. Those dreaming pedants and praters never for a moment comprehended their position. They could never understand that Europe must be either conciliated or vanquished; that Europe

could be conciliated only by the restoration of Louis, and vanquished only by means of a dictatorial power entrusted to Napoleon.—They would not hear of Louis; yet they would not hear of the only measures which could keep him out. They incurred the enmity of all foreign powers by putting Napoleon at their head; yet they shackled him, thwarted him, quarreled with him about every trifle, abandoned him on the first reverse. They then opposed declamations and disquisitions to eight hundred thousand bayonets; played at making a constitution for their country, when it depended on the indulgence of the victor whether they should have a country; and were at last interrupted in the midst of their babble about the rights of man and the sovereignty of the people, by the soldiers of Wellington and Blücher.

A new Chamber of Deputies was elected, so bitterly hostile to the Revolution, that there was no small risk of a new Reign of Terror. It is just, however, to say that the King, his ministers, and his allies, exerted themselves to restrain the violence of the fanatical royalists, and that the punishments inflicted, though in our opinion unjustifiable, were few and lenient when compared with those which were demanded by M. de Labourdonnaye and M. Hyde de Neuville. We have always heard, and are inclined to believe, that the government was not disposed to treat even the regicides with severity. But on this point the feeling of the Chamber of Deputies was so strong, that it was thought necessary to make some concession. It was enacted, therefore, that whoever, having voted in January 1793 for the death of Louis the Sixteenth, had in any manner given in an adhesion to the government of Bonaparte during the hundred days, should be banished for life from France. Barère fell within this description. He had voted for the death of Louis; and he had sat in the Chamber of Representatives during the hundred days.

He accordingly retired to Belgium, and resided there, forgotten by all mankind, till the year 1830. After the revolution of July he was at liberty to return to France, and he fixed his residence in his native province. But he was soon involved in a succession of law-suits with his nearest relations—"three fatal sisters and an ungrateful brother," to use his own words. Who was in the right is a question about which we have no means of judging, and certainly shall not take Barère's word. The Courts appear to have decided some points in his favor and some against him. The natural inference is, that there were faults on all sides. The result of this litigation was, that the old man was reduced

to extreme poverty, and was forced to sell his paternal house.

As far as we can judge from the few facts which remain to be mentioned, Barère continued Barère to the last. After his exile he turned Jacobin again, and, when he came back to France, joined the party of the extreme left in railing at Louis Philippe, and at all Louis Philippe's ministers. M. Casimir Périer, M. de Broglie, M. Guizot, and M. Thiers, in particular, are honored with his abuse; and the king himself is held up to execration as a hypocritical tyrant. Nevertheless, Barère had no scruple about accepting a charitable donation of a thousand francs a year from the privy purse of the sovereign whom he hated and reviled. This pension, together with some small sums occasionally doled out to him by the department of the Interior, on the ground that he was a distressed man of letters, and by the department of Justice, on the ground that he had formerly held a high judicial office, saved him from the necessity of begging his bread. Having survived all his colleagues of the renowned Committee of Public Safety, and almost all his colleagues of the Convention, he died in January 1841. He had attained his eighty-sixth year.

We have now laid before our readers what we believe to be a just account of this man's life. Can it be necessary for us to add any thing for the purpose of assisting their judgment of his character? If we were writing about any of his colleagues in the Committee of Public Safety, about Carnot, about Robespierre, or St. Just, nay, even about Couthon, Collot, or Billaud, we might feel it necessary to go into a full examination of the arguments which have been employed to vindicate or to excuse the system of Terror. We could, we think, show that France was saved from her foreign enemies, not by the system of Terror, but in spite of it; and that the perils which were made the plea for the violent policy of the Mountain, were to a great extent created by that very policy. We could, we think, also show that the evils produced by the Jacobin administration did not terminate when it fell; that it bequeathed a long series of calamities to France and to Europe; that public opinion, which had during two generations been constantly becoming more and more favorable to civil and religious freedom, underwent, during the days of Terror, a change of which the traces are still to be distinctly perceived. It was natural that there should be such a change, when men saw that those who called themselves the champions of popular rights had compressed into the space of twelve months more crimes than the Kings

of France, Merovingian, Carlovingian, and Capetian, had perpetrated in twelve centuries. Freedom was regarded as a great delusion. Men were willing to submit to the government of hereditary princes, of fortunate soldiers, of nobles, of priests; to any government but that of philosophers and philanthropists. Hence the imperial despotism, with its enslaved press and its silent tribune, its dungeons stronger than the old Bastille, and its tribunals more obsequious than the old parliaments. Hence the restoration of the Bourbons and of the Jesuits, the Chamber of 1815 with its categories of proscription, the revival of the feudal spirit, the encroachments of the clergy, the persecution of the Protestants, the appearance of a new breed of De Montforts and Dominies in the full light of the nineteenth century. Hence the admission of France into the Holy Alliance, and the war waged by the old soldiers of the tricolor against the liberties of Spain. Hence, too, the apprehensions with which, even at the present day, the most temperate plans for widening the narrow basis of the French representation are regarded by those who are especially interested in the security of property and the maintenance of order. Half a century has not sufficed to obliterate the stain which one year of depravity and madness has left on the noblest of causes.

Nothing is more ridiculous than the manner in which writers like M. Hippolyte Carnot defend or excuse the Jacobin administration, while they declaim against the reaction which followed. That the reaction has produced and is still producing much evil, is perfectly true. But what produced the reaction? The spring flies up with a force proportioned to that with which it has been pressed down. The pendulum which is drawn far in one direction swings as far in the other. The joyous madness of intoxication in the evening is followed by languor and nausea on the morrow. And so, in politics, it is the sure law that every excess shall generate its opposite; nor does he deserve the name of a statesman who strikes a great blow without fully calculating the effect of the rebound. But such calculation was infinitely beyond the reach of the authors of the Reign of Terror. Violence, and more violence, blood, and more blood, made up their whole policy. In a few months these poor creatures succeeded in bringing about a reaction, of which none of them saw, and of which none of us may see, the close; and, having brought it about, they marvelled at it; they bewailed it; they execrated it; they ascribed it to every thing but the real cause—their own immorality and their own

profound incapacity for the conduct of great affairs.

These, however, are considerations to which, on the present occasion, it is hardly necessary for us to advert; for, be the defence which has been set up for the Jacobin policy good or bad, it is a defence which cannot avail Barère. From his own life, from his own pen, from his own mouth, we can prove that the part which he took in the work of blood is to be attributed, not even to sincere fanaticism, nor even to misdirected and ill-regulated patriotism, but either to cowardice, or to delight in human misery. Will it be pretended that it was from public spirit that he murdered the Girondists? In these very Memoirs he tells us that he always regarded their death as the greatest calamity that could befall France. Will it be pretended that it was from public spirit that he raved for the head of the Austrian woman? In these very Memoirs he tells us that the time spent in attacking her was ill spent, and ought to have been employed in concerting measures of national defence. Will it be pretended that he was induced by sincere and earnest abhorrence of kingly government to butcher the living and to outrage the dead; he who invited Napoleon to take the title of King of Kings, he who assures us, that after the Restoration he expressed in noble language his attachment to monarchy, and to the house of Bourbon? Had he been less mean, something might have been said in extenuation of his cruelty. Had he been less cruel, something might have been said in extenuation of his meanness. But for him, regicide and court-spy, for him who patronized Lebon and betrayed Demerville, for him who wantoned alternately in gasconades of Jacobinism, and gasconades of servility, what excuse has the largest charity to offer?

We cannot conclude, without saying something about two parts of his character, which his biographer appears to consider as deserving of high admiration. Barère, it is admitted, was somewhat fickle; but in two things he was consistent, in his love of Christianity, and in his hatred to England. If this were so, we must say that England is much more beholden to him than Christianity.

It is possible that our inclinations may bias our judgment; but we think that we do not flatter ourselves when we say, that Barère's aversion to our country was a sentiment as deep and constant as his mind was capable of entertaining. The value of this compliment is indeed somewhat diminished by the circumstance, that he knew very little about us. His ignorance of our institutions,

manners, and history, is the less excusable, because, according to his own account, he consorted much, during the peace of Amiens, with Englishmen of note, such as that eminent nobleman Lord Greaten, and that not less eminent philosopher Mr. Mackensie Cæthlis. In spite, however, of his connection with these well-known ornaments of our country, he was so ill informed about us as to fancy that our government was always laying plans to torment him. If he was hooted at Saintes, probably by people whose relations he had murdered, it was because the cabinet of St. James's had hired the mob. If nobody would read his bad books, it was because the cabinet of St. James's had secured the Reviewers. His accounts of Mr. Fox, of Mr. Pitt, of the Duke of Wellington, of Mr. Canning, swarm with blunders, surpassing even the ordinary blunders committed by Frenchmen who write about England. Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt, he tells us, were ministers in two different reigns. Mr. Pitt's sinking fund was instituted in order to enable England to pay subsidies to the powers allied against the French republic. The Duke of Wellington's house in Hyde Park was built by the nation, which twice voted the sum of 200,000*l.* for the purpose. This, however, is exclusive of the cost of the frescoes, which were also paid for out of the public purse. Mr. Canning was the first Englishman whose death Europe had reason to lament; for the death of Lord Ward, a relation, we presume, of Lord Greaten and Mr. Cæthlis, had been an immense benefit to mankind.

Ignorant, however, as Barère was, he knew enough of us to hate us; and we persuade ourselves that, had he known us better, he would have hated us more. The nation which has combined, beyond all example and all hope, the blessings of liberty with those of order, might well be an object of aversion to one who had been false alike to the cause of order and to the cause of liberty. We have had amongst us intemperate zeal for popular rights; we have had amongst us also the intemperance of loyalty. But we have never been shocked by such a spectacle as the Barère of 1794, or as the Barère of 1804. Compared with him, our fiercest demagogues have been gentle; compared with him, our meanest courtiers have been manly. Mix together Thistlewood and Bubb Dodginton, and you are still far from having Barère. The antipathy between him and us is such, that neither for the crimes of his earlier, nor for those of his later life, does our language, rich as it is, furnish us with adequate names. We have found it difficult to relate his history without having perpetual recourse to

the French vocabulary of horror, and to the French vocabulary of baseness. It is not easy to give a notion of his conduct in the Convention, without using those emphatic terms, *guillotinate, noyade, fusillade, mitraillade*. It is not easy to give a notion of his conduct under the Consulate and the Empire, without borrowing such words as *mouchard* and *mouton*.

We therefore like his invectives against us much better than any thing else that he has written; and dwell on them, not merely with complacency, but with a feeling akin to gratitude. It was but little that he could do to promote the honor of our country; but that little he did strenuously and constantly. Renegade, traitor, slave, coward, liar, slanderer, murderer, hack writer, police-spy—the one small service which he could render to England, was to hate her; and such as he was may all who hate her be!

We cannot say that we contemplate with equal satisfaction that fervent and constant zeal for religion, which, according to M. Hippolyte Carnot, distinguished Barère; for, as we think that whatever brings dishonor on religion is a serious evil, we had, we own, indulged a hope that Barère was an atheist. We now learn, however, that he was at no time even a skeptic, that he adhered to his faith through the whole Revolution, and that he has left several manuscript works on divinity. One of these is a pious treatise, entitled, 'Of Christianity and of its Influence.' Another consists of meditations on the Psalms, which will doubtless greatly console and edify the Church.

This makes the character complete. Whatsoever things are false, whatsoever things are dishonest, whatsoever things are unjust, whatsoever things are impure, whatsoever things are hateful, whatsoever things are of evil report, if there be any vice, and if there be any infamy, all these things, we knew, were blended in Barère. But one thing was still wanting, and that M Hippolyte Carnot has supplied. When to such an assemblage of qualities a high profession of piety is added, the effect becomes overpowering. We sink under the contemplation of such exquisite and manifold perfection; and feel, with deep humility, how presumptuous it was in us to think of composing the legend of this beatified athlete of the faith, Saint Bertrand of the Carmagnoles.

Something more we had to say about him. But let him go. We did not seek him out, and will not keep him longer. If those who call themselves his friends had not forced him on our notice, we should never have vouchsafed to him more than a passing word of scorn

and abhorrence, such as we might fling at his brethren, Hébert and Fouquier Tinville, and Carrier and Lebon. We have no pleasure in seeing human nature thus degraded. We turn with disgust from the filthy and spiteful Yahoos of the fiction; and the filthiest and most spiteful Yahoo of the fiction was a noble creature when compared with the Barère of history. But what is no pleasure, M. Hippolyte Carnot has made a duty. It is no light thing that a man in high and honorable public trust, a man who, from his connections and position, may not unnaturally be supposed to speak the sentiments of a large class of his countrymen, should come forward to demand approbation for a life, black with every sort of wickedness, and unredeemed by a single virtue. This M. Hippolyte Carnot has done. By attempting to enshrine this Jacobin carrion, he has forced us to gibbet it; and we venture to say that, from the eminence of infamy on which we have placed it, he will not easily take it down.

LOVE ON.

BY ELIZA COOK.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of earth. MRS. NORTON.

Love on, love on, the soul *must* have a shrine,
The rudest breast must find *some* hallow'd spot;
The God who form'd us left no spark divine
In him who dwells on earth, yet loveth not.
Devotion's links compose a sacred chain
Of holy brightness and unmeasured length;
The world with selfish rust and reckless stain,
May mar its beauty, but not touch its strength.

Love on, love on,—ay, even though the heart
We fondly build on proveth like the sand;
Though one by one Faith's corner-stones depart,
And even Hope's last pillar fails to stand;
Though we may dread the lips we once believed,
And know their falsehood shadows all our days,
Who would not rather trust and be deceived,
Than own the mean, cold spirit that betrays?

Love on, love on, though we may live to see
The dear face whiter than its circling shroud,
Though dark and dense the gloom of death may be,
Affection's glory yet shall pierce the cloud.
The truest spell that Heaven can give to lure,
The sweetest prospect Mercy can bestow,
Is the blest thought that bids the soul be sure
'Twill meet above the things it loved below.

Love on, love on, Creation breathes the words,
Their mystic music ever dwells around;
The strain is echo'd by unnumber'd chords,
And gentlest bosoms yield the fullest sound.
As flowers keep springing, though their dazzling bloom
Is oft put forth for worms to feed upon;
So hearts, though wrung by traitors and the tomb,
Shall still be precious and shall still love on.

THE MONK CAMPANELLA AND HIS WORKS.

From Fraser's Magazine.

WHATEVER is superior to common wisdom has always been treated as folly; and, notwithstanding that in every age we meet with innovators who, grieving at human misery, have wished to improve the condition of man, and, in their anxiety to conquer indifference, have not feared to face persecution and to suffer martyrdom, history is yet full of their sufferings. Giordano Bruno and Savonarole are burnt alive by the Inquisition; Campanella languishes twenty-seven years in a dungeon; Roger Bacon is incarcerated on suspicion of witchcraft; Harrington dies by poison; Hall is deprived of all his property; Ramus perishes assassinated. Nevertheless, inspiration is so palpable in these free-thinkers, their mission is so formal, and their object so righteous, that they triumph over all impediments, over all torments, and all perils. What ought to be said is said; each age gives its protestation to the world, which continues, and is transmitted from one generation to another. The great family of *Utopistes* vary, but never cease. In the meantime, humanity profits by their investigations. They do not agitate themselves round a fatal circle without hope; they continue their upward movement slow and majestic on this mysterious ladder, the invisible degrees of which unite man to God, earth to heaven. It would be curious to make an historical and philosophical examination into those modern social systems which are the most remarkable for the daring boldness of their conception, or for the extraordinary singularity of their execution. Thus would alternately pass before our eyes the Chancellor Bacon and his *Nova Atlantica*; Moore and his *Utopia*; Daniel De Foe and his *Essay of Projects*; Hall and his *Mundus Alter*; Fénelon and his *Salente*; the Abbé de St. Pierre and his *Dream of Perpetual Peace*; Morelly and his *Basiliade*, for a long time attributed to Diderot; Retif de la Bretonne and his *Découverte Australe*; the Calabrian monk Campanella and his *Civitas Solis*,—fanciful creation, full of grandeur. Sometimes the inspiration is so fortunate, that the philosopher sets himself free from the ties that bind him to his age, and attains, by a sort of foreknowledge, social forms which have been realized in after-generations. We will let others solve these problems, which the human mind has followed from age to age for the general welfare. We will give to our readers some insight into the destinies of one of these philosophers, the circumstances attending which are very remarkable.

In the year 1598, when Philip II. reigned, master of Naples, of America, of Oran, of the Duchy of Milan, of Roussillon, of Navarre, of Franche Comté, of the Cape de Verd Islands, a monk, a native of Calabria, who had a great genius, and, the rarest of all, the gift of prophetic wisdom, wrote him a long letter in Latin, from the prison in which he was immured, wherein he enumerated all the causes of the Spanish decadency. He wrote this letter in the gloomy depths of a dungeon, after having suffered torture, after ten years' cap-

tivity, deprived of books, cut off from correspondence, without knowing what was passing in the world from which he was exiled. This monk predicted exactly, from 1598, all the calamities reserved by Providence for the great Spanish monarchy; and his predictions were dated from the very epoch when Europe, the two Americas, and Africa, bowed together before the son of Charles V. By a most extraordinary power of deduction and penetration, the prophet discovers the whole series of effects that are hidden in the bosom of their primitive causes, and reads the future methodically and distinctly as if it were developed before him in the present. Behold genius of the most powerful kind: yet I do not know that it was remarked by any one. Poor man, he only besought one favor, which was, that he might go and preach in Flanders, and teach philosophy to its inhabitants. He had a vague hope that Philip II. would some day grant him an audience. "Magna et secreta colloquio tuo reservo, ubi et quando majestati tue placuerit." He sent his treatise, or political letter, to the king, through the medium of I do not know what Spanish excellency, who did not possess credit or benevolence enough to obtain the audience, far less the favor solicited by the monk. No notice whatever was taken of his communication. He was not surprised at the circumstance; he was acquainted with the chances of life, the impotency of truth, and the folly of wishing to convince stubbornness or interestedness. "Habent sua fata libelli," says he, in terminating his pamphlet:—

"I abandon this work to its fate; it is badly written, and a little confused. But I was ill, unhappy in prison, in *tuguriolo angusto*, and I could do no better. It is sufficient that Spain sees what threatens her, and what may serve her. Keep, then, well the secrets which I confide to you; by and by they will value my prophecies more than were valued the leaves of the sybils."

But posterity was as ungrateful and as tyrannical towards Campanella as Philip II. had been. Italy, his country, in its full decline, smothered all genius greater than itself. Punished by the age and his fellow-citizens, Campanella's fate was that of a giant shut up in a box. Chastised when living by executioners and gaolers, chastised after his death by a celebrity so ill-defined that philosophers alone are acquainted with it, he added a great name and an enormous injustice, to the list of iniquities which we call history. He came to die in France, where the easy kindness of men's feelings and manners softened his latter years. Courtiers and men of letters, alike caustic and skeptical, admired the boldness of his ideas without comprehending their elevation. He was well received; Perceic folded him in his arms; Gabriel Naudé, the founder of the Mazarin library, chose him for a particular friend. This kindness astonished him, a *lacrymæ non temperavi*. We must render this justice to France, that she has always shown sympathy for exiles, for mental superiority, and misfortunes. In the political counsels given by him to Spain in 1598, we discover a rare union of the wisdom of Montesquieu, Machiavel, and Bacon. Time has fulfilled his prophecies, and we can judge of him who made them.

The isolation and pride of the Spanish race appeared to Campanella the primitive cause of its ruin. It is, in reality, to this double principle, and to its mutual reaction, that we must attribute, even from its very origin, the rapid decline of the power founded by Ferdinand the Catholic, and raised to such a high pitch by Charles V.

"Do not allow," says the philosopher, "the race to be impoverished, from want of intermixing and foreign alliances; favor all marriages which will cause the Spanish blood to run in the veins of strangers, and that your nobles and your captains marry Flemings and Germans. Strive in every way against the proud custom of the Spaniards, who, at Naples and elsewhere, only seek women of their own nation for wives; encourage, protect the sympathetic fusion of Spain with other nations.—*Hispani odiosi plerisque nationibus*. The Spaniards are detested, although imitated, and it is this that must be prevented; their dress, their language, their fashions, are adopted every where; but their stately manners, their pompous titles, their affectation in putting themselves forward in all public places wherever they may be, is not to be borne. 'Fastuosos tibulos, cum ambitione primum locum in conventiis occupandi, et exquisito nimis incessu.' To compensate, they have courage, fortitude, and eloquence—great qualities. You will never change them, their obstinacy of spirit can never bend to foreign customs. In order to preserve the existence of Spain, you must endeavor to induce foreigners to bend to Spanish customs. 'Ceteri in illorum mores transeant, instar arborum, quæ aliis inseruntur.'"

Campanella sees at a glance the disasters which will spring from this pride of isolation. It will be of no avail that they are brave, and make war with the whole world; they will perish in the combat, their losses will never be repaired, their armies will not be renewed, their diminished battalions will become at last extinct. Agriculture and commerce, debased, will no longer nourish the state with their abundant produce. The neighboring nations will inherit the monopoly of their riches. "Already," says the monk, "the arts of life languish, abandoned by Spain, and no nation can prosper without manufactures, husbandry, and commerce." These Spaniards, who perform great actions, are too proud to write of them. "Commemorata dignissima præstiterint facta, qualia sunt tot marium circuitiones, tot insularum et continentium detectiones, et (quod maximum omnium est ipsius novi mundi repetitio) nemini tamen idoneo hoc negotii dederunt, ut gesta sua, Græcorum atque Romanorum gesta multis modis superantia descripta, et ad posterum transmissa, æternitatis memorie consecrarent." Those who have discovered a world have never given themselves the trouble of writing about it. In 1588, Campanella foresees that this will alone condemn Spain; 1588 shows him 1840. The glory of Spain during the sixteenth century does not dazzle him. By an astonishing acuteness of judgment, and a miraculous foresight, he comprehends that, without a complete reform, Spain is lost; and, if she will submit to it, he promises her the crown of the world. Campanella, many centuries before the event, examines this body,

young, flourishing, glowing with health, glory, and happiness, and he sees death written in characters which he alone can decipher. For he had no flatterers, no party, no disciples; he stood absolutely alone. Even Fra Paolo—the Venetian so little the friend of Spain—thinks that Philip II. will transform "Africa and Europe into slaves, and Paris into a hamlet."

This Venetian was a man of talent who performed his mass without much belief in it, served his master, attacked the pope, and perpetually courting the world, the great, the people, posterity, and history, obtained the comforts of life, renown, and the pageant of glory. Campanella, poor simple man! saw clearer, saw more, saw further, than all his contemporaries; and this grand vision, this enormous penetration into human things, this intuition of truths, present and to come, touching him deeply, he spread them abroad, in spite of himself, he communicated them without knowing why; and the high intellectual eminence attained to by Campanella—the Bacon of Italy—is no creation of the fancy. It is not that he wanted ambition; such men know full well what they are, and what they are worth, and with what sight God has gifted them. But ambition such as his needed a state of society wherein to exercise itself, altogether different from that by which he was surrounded. Italy could boast of conquerors, poets, *abbés*, and cantatrices, but not of a liberalized society. What would she, then, have done with Campanella? What signified to her his systems, his taxes, direct and indirect, his plan of surveys, his practical improvements? What, also, would Spain have done with this man and his theories? Spain was rotting in the track of luxury, of war, of superstition, and usurpation, that she had traced for herself. The nation never listens but to the voice that flatters—that is to say, deceives it. Happy the men of genius born in their own proper epoch! happy those who come neither too soon nor too late! happy they who to produce some effect on the blind mass, are not obliged to relax their conscience, to annihilate their instinct, and to flatter the whims, or vices of the age. Campanella did not suspect that he was born two hundred years too soon.

"See," says he to Philip II. "how your barons and lords, in impoverishing your subjects, impoverish yourself. They go elsewhere as viceroy and captains, to spend their money in folly, to make to themselves creatures of their will, and to ruin themselves in voluptuousness; then, when by their luxury and ostentation they are reduced to misery, they return to Spain to mend their fortunes, taking at every hand, pillaging right and left, enriching themselves afresh, and recommencing the same trade to the end of their lives. They seize the slightest pretext, to subject the people to their exactions, they invent new ones every day, they have a thousand ways of extorting from and exhausting the poor. *Deglubendi miseros subditos*."

By such means you may obtain glory and conquests, the one dazzling, the other fleeting; one may arrive, like Spain, to the summit of power, but one cannot maintain one's footing; one may grasp at the universal monarchy, only to be crushed. Lasting success is founded on the art

of preservation, which is the most difficult of all, because it requires judgment, prudence, and genius. The world admires the violent more than the skilled, the innovators more than the conservatives, the torrents which fall from high places more than the streams that flow in wide sheets. But that which is steady, which is durable, is more beautiful, more grand, more useful, than a quantity of fortuitous rain; "*flumina perennia nobiliora torrentibus ex fortuitis pluviis collectis.*" If you wish for durability, abandon insolent pride, and alleviate the distress of the people. On this last point Campanella precedes his own age, perhaps ours, and gives excellent advice.

He calls the attention of the king to the unequal distribution of the taxes, the poor supporting the whole weight of them, which is iniquitous; that the nobility free themselves from them at the expense of the middle classes, the middle classes at the expense of the tradesmen and laborers. In fact, the rich are precisely those who pay nothing. He, therefore, proposes the establishment of a just tax, not heavy, on the lower classes, and properly distributed. What he invents is nothing more or less than the system of our direct and indirect taxes. He puts a tax on oil, wine, and meat, but only a slight tax, as being articles of necessity; the most considerable is levied on articles of luxury, on cards, on tobacco, on places of public amusement. "*Vectigal exigatur pro necessariis rebus parvum, pro superfluis largius.*" He rejects the poll-tax, and establishes the principal *fund* of his contributions on the value of landed property. "*Non ulla bona quam certa et stabilia gravetur.*" He leaves to the consumption, the luxury, and factitious wants of the rich, the care of defraying the rest of the contributions; all this is pointed out as a settled maxim in the art of government a hundred and fifty years before Mirabeau the elder, two hundred before Napoleon Buonaparte and Adam Smith. This is the man whom Philip II. would not listen to, who was left to rot twenty-seven years in the dungeons of Naples, who in his time had not the least political credit, and who certainly understood more of the welfare and prosperity of kings and nations than all the great politicians of France and Spain, the cruel and artful Catherine, the atrocious Duke of Alba, the impudent Leon X., and even the good Sully. No one that I know of has paid the least regard to these truths, so largely emitted by Thomas Campanella, and which fall like a free and vast cascade from his ingenious mind. This man, of such a practical genius, passed for a sort of vain talker. When the honest bookseller of Amsterdam, Louis Elzevir, embellished the work in question (1610) with a preface after his own manner, he ridiculed in good Latin this monk who would judge every thing, reform every thing, arrange every thing by his own way, "*Reges et subditos suo subjicere nutui,*" and prescribe laws to mankind. "*Homo ut magni ingenii, ita non nisi magna, et a vocatione sua aliena, spirantis.*"—Ardent genius, which was only bent on grand designs, and these the most foreign to his vocation.

Campanella gives many other counsels to his monarch. The establishment of hospitals for

disabled soldiers, a school especially for young seamen, the foundation of an institution reserved for the daughters of soldiers at the public expense, are indicated in his extraordinary book; and his violent and ardent imagination has unhappily mixed with this good advice a thousand astrological reveries, as well as a countless number of schemes which are quite startling. For example, he advises the king to lend to the people without usury, *dato pignore*, which is nothing else than the establishment of a great pawning-office, and that he would *fund* the money of his subjects, rendering them account of the capital and interest (*servata fide*), which resembles greatly the savings-bank system of modern times. He recommends the keeping up of a fine navy; "*For,*" says he, eloquently, "*the key of the sea is the key of the world.*" In forming his *Theory on Colonization*, he warns Philip II. against following the example of the French, who, by their want of patience, steadiness, and perseverance, have destroyed the results of their courage. These words, which we translate literally, deserve to be well meditated on at the present time:—

"The French, incapable of moderation abroad, too impatient and indiscreet, arrogating too much to themselves on the one hand, on the other giving too much liberty to their subjects, treating them to-day with easy good-nature, to-morrow with harsh rigor, have never been able to constitute solidly their colonies. They have acquired many possessions, and have lost them all (*'cum multa acquisiverint nihil servaverunt'*)."

He quotes on the subject of conquests,—Naples, Milan, and Genoa. He wishes men's minds to be diverted from theological subtleties, and that they should be directed towards the study of geography, of the actual living world, and of history. It is curious to trace the resemblance that occurs between his system of social organization and that of Napoleon. Both are founded on a legal code, on the abolition of the rights of birth, and family, and station. Both threw open the avenues of distinction to merit wherever it may be found, and stimulate, by the prospect of honor, to exertion in the public service. He strikes, indeed, at the very roots of Spanish society, as in his day it existed. He recommends the reduction of monks to a certain limited number, a permanent war against the Mahomedans, and the foundation of bazars or factories, and naval schools on every important point of the globe,—at the Canary Islands, Sicily, St. Domingo, and the Cape of Good Hope; the encouragement of manufactures, and of *public workshops*; preferable, says he, to mines of gold and silver (*metallifodinis potiora*). Complete this vast system, which the English aristocracy has partly realized. How dared a prisoner tell these truths to Spain—to his king? By the exercise of a rare ingenuity, by promising to his master that of which the latter was ambitious, a universal monarchy, and connecting it with the adoption of plans which aimed at a far nobler object. And this it was which deceived the literary men of an after age, and induced them not to notice either Campanella, or his treatise on Spain. They could perceive

the immediate end at which he appeared to aim, though the philosophy that was hidden under his system proved too deep for them. They praised his boldness, but missed the very point where praise was due. How prophetic are the following sentences, with which, for the present, we close our notice of a man, than whom few ages have produced any more remarkable!

"The future age will renew every thing in society; there will first be destruction, then reconstruction, a new monarchy, and a complete reformation of the laws. 'Sæculo venturo . . . reformatio legum, artium . . . prius evelli et extirpari, deinde ædificari':—Every thing announces it to us, especially the wonderful discovery of the magnet, of printing, of gunpowder (*inventio mirifica*, &c.), telescopes, &c. &c. We have made more histories and written more books in a hundred years than our ancestors have written in four or five thousand. Nothing is a barrier to the freedom of mankind."

And to prove this indestructible force of human liberty, proceeding in great mystery in the walks of providence, he adds a sentence relating to his own life which appears to us sublime:—

"How can one stop the free progress of mankind, when eight-and-forty hours of torture could not bring under subjection the will of a poor philosopher, and extort from him the least word of what he wished to keep secret?"

This philosopher was himself.

LINES,

Suggested by a Picture of a Maniac with cards and pebbles strewed around her, and her Sister at her harp by her side.

BY MRS. DALKEITH HOLMES.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

MANIAC.

Who strikes the chord—who wakes the strain?
Is the long darkness past—
Its spectral shapes, its burning pain:
Am I in heaven at last?
No! the fiend comes—the strains cease now;
Not so in seraph land,
Nor there his breath would scald my brow,
His grasp would ice my hand:
His face is in the mirror there
Whene'er I turn to see,
With furrowed brow and matted hair,
And wild eyes mocking me:
Once when I thought he was not nigh,
I built a palace tall,
The scattered cards which round me lie
Were stonework of the hall.
My magic gems which virtue bore,
The saddest breast to cheer,
He changed to pebbles of the shore,
Each shining with a tear.

He turns to liquid fire the stream
With which my thirst I slake;
His curse has made me know I dream,
And feel I cannot wake.

SISTER.

The light delusive of your mind
Lent lustre to the stone—
The features in yon glass you find,
Poor sister, are your own.

MANIAC.

With lyre and with white array
Are you an angel come?
Your tears may wash the stains away
Which hide from me your home.
Hark you!—a beauteous flower I grew,
Budded upon a thorn;
And summer winds more sweetly blew,
In joy that I was born.
But noisome weeds the thorn rose round—
They darkened my parterre;
The canker-worm my bosom found,
Which then was loveliest there.
From my own branch a sweet bud shot,
More beautiful than me;
Fierce rays and fast rains injured not—
I was its canopy.
A baleful breeze came whispering by—
"Come, place thee on my wing,
I'll bear thee where the worm will die
Which mars thy blossoming."
I left the bud to sun and storm,
Borne thence, that breeze's prey,
Which tore my breast and left the worm
To gnaw my heart away.

SISTER, STRIKES THE HARP.

Your unkind husband failed to prize,
Your lover false beguiled—
Sister, this music soothed the cries
Of your deserted child.

MANIAC.

Ha! touch those chords—that voice—that name:
I heard them once in mirth,
When both of us a place dared claim
Beside our father's hearth.
See you my injured husband frown,
My bleeding lover fall?
My child from heaven look smiling down,
Reproaching more than all?
More music, more—it cools my brow,
It clears my brain's dark sleep,
I know my shame and nature now,
A woman's—for I weep.
Those tears—oh! they are God's own boon—
With them life ebbs away;
I hope to be an angel soon,
For, Sister, I can pray.

Mrs. FANNY ELSSLER has addressed a letter to the *Débat*, declaring that certain articles, published periodically at London, under the title of *Fanny Elssler at Havannah*, were not written by her, and that they are calculated to seriously injure her, from the ridiculous turn of the language, and the inexactitude of the facts.—*Ath.*

BANKRUPTCY EXTRAORDINARY.

From the *Charivari*.

THE bankrupt, Felix Cool, was opposed by a learned barrister on behalf of several creditors. The debts were very unimportant to every one but the creditors, amounting only to a few thousand pounds; and the assets were of that nature that the time of the assignees would not be wasted in collecting them.

Sir C. F. Williams said, this was so far favorable to the bankrupt, for he had evidently set an example of punctuality in receiving all he earned, though, in paying all he owed, the same business-like exactitude, had, unfortunately, not been exhibited. There was one thing, however, that he, (Sir C. F. Williams,) would take the liberty of asking the bankrupt, namely, how he came to get so much into debt in so short a period?

The bankrupt replied that he had gone on as fair a system as he could. For instance, he wanted goods, and asked for them, and got them. The tradesman then wanted the money, and asked for it, and did not get it; and that was all the difference. (*Laughter, in which the Commissioner joined.*)

Sir C. F. Williams admitted that there was a good deal of truth in that, but he saw that the bankrupt had been to Margate with a very large sum of money. What had become of that?

The Bankrupt. That's exactly what I want to know (*a laugh*). All I know, is, that I went, and the money went. I came back again, and I should be very glad to see the money come back again also. (*Laughter.*)

Sir C. F. Williams. That seems to me a very fair and straightforward wish on the part of the bankrupt. He would like to see the money back again—probably to divide it amongst his creditors. I really don't see what more he could do, if he had the money now in his pocket. My only wish is to see justice done.

A Creditor. Yes, that's all very fine; but we are done as well as justice. (*Cries of Hear.*)

Sir C. F. Williams. Silence! I sit here as a judge, and if these interruptions are to take place, I will have the Court cleared. (*To the Bankrupt:*) Here are some items I cannot understand. What became of all the money you earned in the last year?

The Bankrupt. That's what puzzles me. Some of it went this way, and some that way, and some the other.

A Creditor. None of it seems to have come this way. (*A laugh.*)

Sir C. F. Williams. That laughter is very indecent, and I will certainly protect the feelings of the Bankrupt as well as my own dignity (*To the Bankrupt:*) I see an item for keeping a carriage. Pray can you favor us with an explanation of that?

The Bankrupt. In the first place a carriage is cheaper. It takes you where you like, when you like, and how you like. It puts you down, takes you up, drives you on, carries you off, whisks you round, and brings you home in no time.

Sir C. F. Williams. That's very true. But how is it cheaper than a cab or an omnibus?

The Bankrupt. Why, clearly, it must be cheaper. If you get into a cab or an omnibus, you must dip into your ready money. You exhaust your capital, you cripple your means, and empty your pockets; so that the pockets of your creditors naturally suffer in the end. But if you have a private carriage, your account, as well as your carriage, will keep running on. (*A laugh.*)

Sir C. F. Williams (*smiling*.) That is true to a certain extent. But what do you propose to do now?

The Bankrupt. My income has hitherto been so much—say so much in round numbers. Suppose it be as much again as half. I have no objection to pay over to my creditors that portion of it which I can do without—say the half, and I will keep the as much again, that is to say, it shall be proportioned into two. I will take the as much again as half, and the remainder my creditors are welcome to.

Sir C. F. Williams. This seems very fair. (*To the Bankrupt:*) I don't think you can do more.

The Bankrupt. We have been doing all we could for some time, I can assure you. We only want to be set upon our legs again. It is really bad enough to owe the money, and not to have it; but to be lectured about it into the bargain, is rather too hard.

Sir C. F. Williams. But why did you go away from your creditors?

The Bankrupt. What was the use of staying with them? We are blamed for going to our creditors at all; and now we are blamed for not going to them, when we really could do them no good—for we of course could not pay them. So we went to Margate, intending to settle with every body.

Sir C. F. Williams. A very good intention. But pray how was it to be carried out?

The Bankrupt. We had not time to think of that. I told one of my principal creditors, some months ago, that I would if I could, but I couldn't. If I could, it is possible now that I should; and hereafter I will if I can—but that depends on circumstances. I mean, of course, my own circumstances.

Sir C. F. Williams hoped it would be so. He (*Sir C. F. Williams*) would be glad to see the bankrupt begin the world again.

A Creditor. Hadn't he better begin at the other end—for if he begins in the old way, there will be little good result from it. (*A laugh.*)

Sir C. F. Williams thought this a very unfair observation; and, after a few encouraging remarks to the Bankrupt, the inquiry terminated.

THE LAUGH OF MY CHILDHOOD.

From the *Literary Gazette*.

The laugh of my childhood! I remember it well,
And long in my mind will the melody dwell;
How gaily, how loudly, it rose on the air,
The voice of a spirit unblighted by care,
Whose feelings and passions no discord had known;
Like the chords of an instrument sweetly in tone,
It gave out rich music:—that music is o'er,
The laugh of my childhood will never ring more!

What trifles would oft to that laughter give birth?
For my bosom as quickly reflected each mirth
As the unsullied breast of a mirror-like stream
So faithfully answers the morning's first beam,
Or moves to the breath of the gentlest wind.
But now, all unheeded, no answer they find;
For dry is the fountain that fed the bright river—
The laugh of my childhood is silent forever.

I may yet wear a smile, but it seems like the ghost
That haunteth the home where the substance is lost;

I may yet try to laugh, but so strange and so drear
Is the sound of that laugh as it falls on mine ear,
That startled I shrink from its alter'd tone,
To dream of the gladness that once was mine own:
Oh could I recall it! my wishes are vain,
The laugh of my childhood will ne'er sound again.

MARIANA.

MISCELLANY.

TRIBUTE TO WORTH.—The following just eulogy on the Society of Friends, has met our eye in a small work by Mr. Goyder, entitled, *Acquisitiveness: its Uses and Abuses*. "If I wished to point to a model where wealth seems to have been accumulated for the sole purpose of doing good, I would hold up to admiration the people called Quakers. They are wealthy almost to a man; and where, throughout Christendom, in its varied ramifications, is there a body of people who have done so much good, and with so much disinterestedness? not choosing their own connection as the sole recipients of their bounty, but extending it to every shade of religious creed. In the proper and legitimate uses of wealth, I present this people as a model worthy of general imitation. The late venerated Richard Reynolds, of Bristol, who had amassed a princely fortune in the iron trade, looked upon himself merely as the steward of the Almighty. His entire income, after deducting the moderate expenses of his family, was devoted to benevolence; and he thought his round of duty still incomplete, unless he devoted his time likewise. He deprived himself of slumber to watch beside the bed of sickness and pain, and to administer consolation to the heart bruised with affliction. On one occasion he wrote to a friend in London, requesting to know what object of charity remained, stating that he had not spent the whole of his income. His friend informed him of a number of persons confined in prison for small debts. He paid the whole, and swept the miserable mansion of its distressed tenants. Most of his donations were enclosed in blank covers, bearing the modest signature of 'A Friend.' A lady once applied to him in behalf of an orphan, saying, 'When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor.' 'Nay,' replied the good man, 'thou art wrong. We do not thank the clouds for rain. Teach him to look higher, and to thank Him who giveth both the clouds and the rain. My talent is the meanest of all talents—a little sordid dust; but as the man in the parable was accountable for his one talent, so am I accountable to the great Lord of all.'—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

THE HYACINTH.—This flower was originally found near Aleppo and Bagdad, where it still grows in great abundance in a wild state. The garden species (*Hyacinthus Orientalis*) which was brought to England before 1596, as Gerard speaks of it as a well-known flower, without saying when it was introduced. Up to the beginning of the present century, the only varieties known were blue, white, and pink; but many new and brilliant colors have since been superadded by cultivation. So much, indeed, is the hyacinth now esteemed, that it is regarded, in its season, as an indispensable ornament to every drawing-room.—*Chamb. Ed. Jour.*

A PRESENT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.—An elegant little armchair has been manufactured of English oak, grown in Norfolk, so beautifully veined as in some degree to resemble zebra-wood, and highly polished by friction. On the upper part of the back, above the needlework, are a lion's head, with coronets on each side, also a rose and a thistle, and entwined oak branches. The front legs of the chair rest on lion's paws, each grasping a ball. The chair was manufactured for Mrs. Paul, widow of the late Dr. Paul, whose needlework adorned and finished this unique and elegant article. The cushion of needlework displays on a buff ground

the Royal arms richly emblazoned, enclosed in the garter and motto. The edge of the cushion is embellished with a beautiful wreath of flowers, the upper edge finished with blue and silver cord, and the lower edge with blue and silver gimp. On the back is worked the Prince of Wales's plume and motto, surmounted with an ornamental shell and scroll, and beneath are roses and lilies. This elaborate piece of workmanship is the produce of the factory of Mr. Curse, an upholsterer in Lynn. The chair was forwarded last week to the Lord Chamberlain, by whom it was presented to her Majesty, and was most graciously accepted.—*Suffolk Herald*.

GALLIC PROPHECIES OF THE PROXIMATE DESTRUCTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The *Almanach Prophetique* for the present year, 1844, has the following agreeable and philanthropic announcement of the approaching annihilation of Great Britain, drawn from the prophecies of Bug de Milhas, (he being placed in the first rank,) of St. John the Evangelist, of Isaiah, and of Ezekiel. The first, (Bug de Milhas,) in his last prophecy regarding the future, (see *Al. Proph.* year 1841,) says—"Great fires will be alighted throughout Europe, wars among kings and people will commence, and in this catalogue Great Britain will no longer exist," &c. The first and second verses of the seventeenth chapter of Revelations are then quoted, as applicable to Great Britain. This is followed by the quotation of the 10th, 11th, 15th, and 19th verses of the seventh chapter of Ezekiel. That the sword is without (v. 15,) is shown by reference to China, Afghanistan, and the East generally; and that famine and pestilence are within, by the reports of the daily papers. The Prophet Isaiah is next quoted, in the 1st, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th verses of the forty-seventh chapter: "I was wroth with my people," is made to apply to Ireland: "O daughter of the Chaldeans," as illustrative of what place was alluded to in the denunciations of the prophet against the virgin daughter of Babylon, is carefully omitted; and the words—"these two things shall come to thee in a moment, in one day, the loss of children and widowhood," are evidently made to apply to the first person in the realm. Happy is it that a Providence far removed from mortal rancor, watches over them.—*Court Journal*.

SINGULAR WILL.—A gentleman of the name of Hobart, who died suddenly in May last, has left a testamentary paper, in the form of a letter, written shortly before his death, to a Mr. Blake of Norwich, in which he directs that the liberal sum of 4,425*l.* shall be applied to the execution of an *equestrian statue of himself*! This laudable provision against the country's being put to any expense in the care of his immortality, has been met by the narrow and unartistic spirit of self-interest; and the paper propounded as a will, has been opposed in the Ecclesiastical Court. Drs. Adams and Robertson, civilians by title, but iconoclasts for the occasion, contended against the probate on the illiberal ground "that so absurd a legacy afforded evidence of the incapacity of the deceased." This is, unquestionably, not the illustration of himself which the testator designed; and Sir Herbert Jenner Fust was of that opinion, though even *his* language is less civil than so large an outlay may have been expected to command. The learned judge was of opinion that, "though the bequest might be an evidence of the egregious vanity of the deceased, it was not sufficient to justify the Court in holding that he was insane;" and he admitted the paper to probate. So

we shall have the statue; and some lucky artist will benefit by the national sentiment for art to the very convincing amount of 4,000 and some odd pounds.—*4th*.

A TRAVELLED LETTER.—A man belonging to Leslie, a passenger to America, in the ship Robert Morrow, wrote to his friends while in the Murray Firth; but finding no opportunity to get the letter ashore, or to throw it into a homeward-bound ship, he put it into a sealed bottle, and threw it into the sea 1000 miles distant from the spot where it was written. This was done May 16, 1842, and, on January 3, 1844, the bottle was picked up between Stromo and Wango, in the Faro Islands. From this the bottle was transmitted to the Danish Legation, London, and from that to its destination at Leslie, which it reached on the 14th ult.—*Fife Herald*.

DOG FETE.—The love entertained by the élégantes of Paris for King Charles's spaniels may be imagined at its height, by the following incident, which we abstract from the pages of the *Constitutionnel*; it has not been unusual, for some time past, to pay for these tiny favorites a price equal to that given for a fine horse.

A great Russian lady, la Comtesse * * * *, has just given a singular fête; the invitations were sent, not to the owners of these little animals, but to the animals themselves, being thus expressed—“*Les chiens de Mme la Comtesse * * * ont l'honneur de prier les chiens de Mme la Duchesse de * * * de venir passer la matinée chez eux. Il y aura à goûter.*” This whim obtained a brilliant succès. Presentations were made according to the prescribed rules of etiquette—some slight improprieties took place—some few grumbings were heard at luncheon, (but what society is free from grumblers?)—in a word, gaiety pervaded the assembly. Every one laughed, and what more could be desired.—*Court Journal*.

THE TRAFALGAR-SQUARE ENORMITIES.—“My eyes,” cried an old sailor, on seeing the Nelson monument, “they’ve mast-headed the Admiral!”

They have indeed. There he is at the mast-head like a midshipman who has incurred the captain’s wrath.

The mast is sufficiently represented by the column, and the capital of it is in the closest resemblance to cross-trees. There are no shrouds, and for this good reason, that the absence of them accounts for the Admiral’s having such a long spell of punishment, seeing that he cannot come down again.

To stick up an admiral at the mast-head is much the same sort of thing as putting a grown gentleman into the corner with a fool’s cap on his head. It may, however, be considered as a stern example of the rigor of naval discipline. The hero in the naval pillory looks very solitary, cold, and comfortable, notwithstanding all the benefit of his cocked hat.

And in this last particular he comes into advantageous contrast with the king below him, George the Fourth, who is on horseback without a hat, and with nothing but a cloth over his shoulders.

And mark here how impossible it is to please people. They complain that Nelson has a three-cornered cocked hat on; well, here is a king riding without a hat, and they cry, what a shame to set a king on horseback without a hat, or any covering except his wig.

The horse is in an attitude of rest, for two good reasons; first, that if he moved, the king is sitting

so that he must inevitably fall off; and secondly, that beggars on horseback proverbially ride to the devil, and therefore kings on horseback, who should do the very reverse in the direction of Heaven, do not move at all.

The king rides, as all figures with cloths instead of coats on their shoulders do, without stirrups, and looks marvellously ill at his ease and imbecile with his legs dangling down. In his right hand he holds a large roll of bills (marking the time when he was Prince of Wales), but it is clear that though he has given the bridle to his horse, he is not flying from his creditors.

The horse has been as much criticised and found fault with as if he had been a real horse. It is asked what sort of horse he is like, and we should answer, a clothes-horse, but for the unfortunate fact that his rider is so slightly and insufficiently apparelled.

A thousand years hence, when the thing is dug up from some heap of congenial rubbish, it will be supposed to be the figure of a fat ostler with a sack over his shoulders (a covering often so worn on a rainy day), riding a horse to water. The roll in his hand will be taken for a stick broken in the attempt to beat the animal into a pace, and the bridle on the neck as denoting the rider’s despair of any need of the curb with such a steed.

When the Trafalgar-Square monuments are complete, the mast-headed Admiral, the George the Fourth, the Charles the First, the George the Third, all together, it will be seen that the happy idea of such grouping is derived from Madame Tussaud’s Wax-work Exhibition, where Mr. Wilberforce is grouped with Fieschi, Lord Eldon coupled with Oliver Cromwell, Mrs. Fry with Mother Brownrigg.—*Examiner*.

THE MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.—The attendance of members was unusually large at the last meeting of this Society. Mr. C. Pearce was called to the chair.

The first object brought under the focus of the microscope was the dividend of a Waterloo-bridge share. After many experiments, in which the strongest light, including the hydro-oxygen, had been thrown upon it, the dividend was declared to approach nearest in shape to that of a round figure, with nothing at all in it, which, upon an increased force of the glass, was found to be a perfect 0. The shareholder whose eyes had been opened during the investigation, seemed to be forcibly struck with the accuracy of the result. The dividend was ordered to be deposited in the Museum of the Microscopical Society.

The next object submitted to the microscope, was one day’s ration of food as allowed by the Commissioners in a Poor-law Union. The microscope was magnified to its utmost power to allow this operation a fair chance of success; but, after every experiment had failed, the President said, “that in all his experience of atoms, he had never seen any thing so surprisingly wanting in size or substance, though a microscope which magnified objects no less than 60,000,000 times had been used to help the discovery.” This announcement did not seem to surprise any body.

After several sanguine members had endeavored to magnify the surplus of the revenue, the interest of a Pennsylvanian bond, and “the sense” of the House of Commons, the microscope was locked up for the night, and the President and members adjourned to the tea-room, to refresh themselves after the labors of the evening.—*Charitairi*.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

GLOW-WORM.—The light of the glow-worm, one of the staple commodities of descriptive poets and sentimental naturalists, has lately been investigated by M. Matteucci, who has addressed a notice to the Academy of Sciences containing the results of his experiments. When submitted to chemical tests, the phenomena constituting the phosphorescence of this insect are found to be strictly analogous to those manifested by several luminous plants, many marine animalcules, and all decaying animal matter, as every individual must have witnessed in fish at a certain stage of decomposition. If placed in carbonic acid or hydrogen gas, the phosphorescent matter of the glow-worm ceases to shine after a space of thirty or forty minutes. In oxygen gas (the most powerful supporter of combustion), the light is more brilliant than in atmospheric air, and it remains brilliant for nearly triple the length of time. When it shines in the air, or in oxygen gas, it consumes a portion of oxygen, which is replaced by a corresponding volume of carbonic acid; but when there is an impossibility of light being emitted, there is no oxygen absorbed, and no carbonic acid emitted. Heat augments to a certain extent the brilliancy of the phosphorescent matter, whereas cold produces the opposite effect; and when the heat is too great, the substance is altered. The same thing takes place when it is left in the air, or in some gases for a certain time, that is, when the substance is separated from the animal. The matter so altered is no longer capable of emitting light or of becoming luminous. From these facts, M. Matteucci concludes that the phosphorescence of the glow-worm is a phenomenon of combustion—the result of the combination of the oxygen of the air with carbon, which is one of the principal elements of the phosphorescent matter.—*Chambers's Ed. Jour.*

EOLIAN SEA SIGNALS.—Another method of applying the waves of the sea has been recently contrived, which promises more practical results than the propelling scheme. The object is to make the breakers on a dangerous coast serve as their own warning signals to sailors. The inventor proposes to have hollow buoys moored near the dangerous coast or sand bank, to which buoys pipes somewhat like organ pipes, are to be affixed. Metal tongues, on the principle of accordions, are to be fitted to the pipes, so that when the buoys are tossed up and down by the breakers, the air may be forced through, and cause them to utter warning sounds, which would become louder and louder as the sea raged more fiercely and the danger increased.—*Morning Post.*

CHEMICAL ASPIRATIONS.—"It would certainly be esteemed," says Professor Liebig, "one of the greatest discoveries of the age, if any one could succeed in condensing coal gas into a white, dry, solid, and odorless substance, portable, and capable of being placed upon a candlestick, and burned in a lamp. Wax, tallow, and oil, are combustible gases in a solid or fluid form, which offer many advantages for lighting, not performed by gas; they furnish, in well-constructed lamps, as much light, without requiring the expensive apparatus necessary for the combustion of gas, and they are generally more economical."—"The idea of converting common coal gas into a solid inodorous substance, is certainly one of the highest flights of chemical

ambition; but considering what the science has achieved within the last thirty years, we have no right to regard the attempt as a mere visionary speculation. Under the power of the chemist, almost every known substance can be rendered solid, fluid, or gaseous at pleasure; and when we consider that most of our combustible gases are obtained from liquids and solids by mere increase of temperature, and, moreover, that under sufficient pressure carbonic acid gas can be reduced to a liquid, and thence to a solid state, it is absolutely certain that coal gas is capable of being reduced to liquid and solid forms. The conversions of carbonic acid gas, it is well known, are attended with extreme danger, so may those of common coal gas; but once let the problem be solved, and the value of the discovery appreciated, and the ingenuity which solved the former difficulty, will speedily avert the latter.—*Chambers's Ed. Jour.*

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS ON ANIMAL HEAT, by J. Davy, M.D.—The author, in the first section, after adhering to the commonly received opinion that all fishes are cold-blooded, and noticing an exception, as he believes, in the instance of certain fishes of the genus *Thynnus* and of the Scomber family, describes the observations which he made whilst at Constantinople, on the temperature of the *Pelamys Sarda*, when, in three different examples, he found its heat to exceed that of the surface-water by 7°, and of the deep water probably by 12°. He adduces some observations and remarks on peculiarities in the blood of the same fish, of the sword-fish and of the common tunny, which he supposes may be connected with their temperature; and throws out the conjecture, that the constitution of their blood-globule, formed of a containing and contained part, namely the globule and its nucleus, may be to each other in the electrical relation of positive and negative, and may thereby act with greater energy in separating oxygen in respiration. In the second section, on the temperature of man in advanced old age, he relates a number of observations made for the purpose of determining the actual heat of persons exceeding eighty years of age; the result of which, contrary to the commonly received opinion, is, that the temperature of old persons, as ascertained by a thermometer placed under the tongue, is rather above than below that of persons of middle age; and this he thinks may be explained by the circumstance, that most of the food used by old persons is expended in administering to the function of respiration. In the third section, on the influence of air of different temperatures on animal heat, after alluding to what he had witnessed of the rise and fall of the temperature of man on entering the tropics, and within the tropics, on descending from a cool mountainous region to a low hot country, he adduces certain observations to show that in this country similar changes of temperature take place in a few hours in breathing the air of buildings artificially heated; and, in confirmation, he describes the results of many observations made on an individual in the very variable climate of Constantinople, where, between March and July, in 1841, the thermometer ranged from 31° to 94°. In the fourth section, he describes the observations which he made to determine the effect of moderate exercise, such as that of walking, on the temperature of the body, tending to prove, that while it promotes the diffusion of temperature and produces its exaltation in the extremities, it augments very little, if at all, the heat of the central and deep-seated parts.—*Athenæum.*

OBITUARY.

THORWALDSEN.—Letters from Copenhagen announce the death of Thorwaldsen on the 20th ult. "He went," says the writer, "as was his custom, to the theatre. Before the commencement of the performance he suddenly fell back in his seat; he was immediately carried out of the theatre, and soon after breathed his last. He was born on the 19th of November, 1770, and was consequently in his 74th year. To the last day of his life he preserved his activity and cheerfulness of spirits, and was still engaged on some important works, among which may be mentioned the colossal statue of Hercules for the Palace of Christiansburg. On Saturday, the 30th of March, the mortal remains of the great master were interred in the Holm Church. All he died possessed of he has bequeathed to the Thorwaldsen Museum; but, with the exception of his works of art, his property is not so great as was imagined. He had been working on a bust of Luther on the day of his death."

The great Scandinavian sculptor, then, is dead, and the Genius of Sculpture has died with him. That the latter will soon revive, we have more hope than expectation, but Thorwaldsen has left a large mantle to be filled by his successor. We of course say this tropically, yet there was some mysterious connection or union, as often occurs between the personal form of the man and his works; both were massive, square-built, and stalwart, while his compeer, Canova, made his own lank and long-limbed frame, the model for the central form of his marble personages; and to push the fanciful verisimilitude one step farther, who does not recognize in the plain honest features and stout low stature of their coeval, if far from co-equal, sculptor, Chantrey, the solid, sterling, unpoetic character of his productions? Thorwaldsen had a very fine head, perhaps yet finer, and fuller of apparent genius, than his noblest creations; silver-grey locks, as if blown back upon his shoulders, gave him an air of hard-lice enthusiasm and rapture; his wild blue eye seemed to blaze perpetually with inward fire, though its brightness was tempered with almost feminine sweetness of expression; his "fair, large front," however, presented the rectangular, mechanic conformation, instead of the irregular oval-shaped organism ascribed to imaginative crania. We have elsewhere mentioned Mr. Rothwell's likeness of the Danish artist, which we thought still a better portrait, and picture too, while a mere sketch: it has now acquired double interest and value. This is neither the place nor the time to enter upon any lengthened discussion of statuary so important, that it signalizes a new epoch and a particular school in the Art; but we may state a few leading points. Critics, we believe, consider 'The Triumph of Alexander' the triumph of Thorwaldsen; it forms a bas-relief frieze after the Parthenon model, which evidently inspired it, though this be denied by the idolatrous sticklers for his creative powers: although he had never seen the Elgin Marbles, they were known throughout Europe from sketches and drawings long before Bonaparte commissioned the Triumph to adorn his triumphal arch at Milan (begun 1807). A mere outline furnishes inspiration enough where amplifying faculties exist, otherwise the marbles themselves would furnish none. Thorwaldsen's frieze now, we can scarcely say, adorns the Palace of Christiansburg, Copenhagen, as it has not yet obtained a proper emplacement. His next most remarkable work, 'Christ and the Twelve Apostles,' is in the Church of Our Lady at the same

metropolis; we saw it at the sculptor's own studio in Rome, when the statues were all finished. It struck us as of a style more dignified than elevated, more severe than sublime, the conception better than the execution (which seemed journeyman's), yet the execution better than the stuff—we can give no higher name to the coarse blue marble that made the figures look frost-bitten, or covered over with chilblains. Carelessness upon this score—upon that of execution also—distinguishes to its great loss Thorwaldsen's sculpture in general, while the chief merit, if not the whole charm, of Canova's are its beauty of material and manipulation. In St. Peter's the two competitors have raised antagonist monuments at opposite sides of the basilica, and epitomize their adverse characters. By the main strength of a sound architectonic principle, Thorwaldsen's mausoleum to Pius VII. impresses the spectator's mind with a deep and sacred awe, though it exhibits little attractiveness throughout the details, a somewhat ponderous effect, and an invention almost as frigid as the chill-gray marble. It might even be said that the ordonnance is too severe for the florid character of the edifice. On the other hand, Canova's mausoleum to Pope Rezzonico was not raised in defiance of architectonic principles, but in complete ignorance of them; its general effect therefore is *nil*, or distraction; its real effect is one of details—among which the Lions are pre-eminent; whence by preposterous mishap, it becomes rather a monument to these Lions than to his Holiness Clement XIII. A like distinction evinces itself between all the works of the northern and southern sculptors; purified, stern, ice-cold taste freezes the imagination of the Dane into rigid correctness; meretricious, sensual, Sybarite taste melts that of the Italian into effeminate licentiousness. Perhaps Canova had the greater genius, Thorwaldsen the higher judgment; while the best works of the former generally contain something to disgust, the worst of the latter always display something to reverence: this brief parallel may illustrate their respective merits, as well as to strike a just balance between them.

Thorwaldsen's medallion reliefs, *Night*, &c. are famous and familiar; his other works, more or less renowned, bestud all Europe; some have reached England. Their number would have been less, but their excellence enhanced, had the artist's own hand oftener impressed *con amore* their surface like the finger of Love dimpling the cheek of Beauty; he limited himself overmuch to the clay-model, and thus his statues have a manufactured air. True, the chief merit of statuary lies in the model; sculptors do not reflect enough, however, that if the clay inspire the marble, the marble inspires the clay; we mean, that dealing with the stone itself has an active effect, suggests its capabilities and capacities, which nothing else can suggest, and thereby teaches how to deal with the clay, for future sculptural enterprises. Hence Michael Angelo obtained his miraculous glyptic power—he was a mighty workman in the material itself of his works! Clay is not stone, although its next neighbor; nor will ever so much manipulation of the one educate the artist's hand to acquire complete mastery over the other. Take an extreme case, as a "production of the experiment:" a painter who always copied from sculpture, or a sculptor from pictures, could never understand the full and true scope of *his own art*; now clay-models bear but a closer affinity to the substance of those marble images copied from them—their scope is different, albeit, kindred, and is still more near that of the *potter's art* than the sculptor's. We offer

these remarks lest Thorwaldsen's example should be cited to sanction an erroneous and deleterious practice, long prevalent, became profitable, before his time. England has already Manufacturing-Statuaries enough!—*Athenæum*.

JEAN BAPTISTE STIGLMAYER.—The *Journal des Débats* announces the death, on the 15th ult., at the early age of 52, of Stiglmayer, director of the Royal Foundry at Munich. "This great artist (says the writer) had carried the art of casting metals to the highest point it had ever reached in Germany. The monuments of colossal grandeur for which the Germans are indebted to him amount in number to 193, amongst which figure in the first rank the equestrian statues of Maximilian I. of Bavaria, and the Electors, his predecessors; the obelisk erected at Munich, in commemoration of 30,000 Bavarians killed in Russia; the statues of Schiller, Richter, Mozart, Beethoven, Bolivar (Bolivia), and last, the statue of Goethe, who was the intimate friend of Stiglmayer, at the execution of which the latter, although ill, worked with so much ardor, that two hours after the cast was terminated, and even before the mould was broken, he expired in the arms of his assistants. Some months previously M. Stiglmayer, although he then enjoyed excellent health, had a solemn presentiment of his approaching death. From that moment he occupied himself night and day in preparing instructions for the execution in bronze of the statue of Bavaria, of which the celebrated sculptor, Schwanthaler, is now completing the model, a monument which is to be 68 feet high, and which after the famous Colossus of Rhodes, will be the largest piece of sculpture which ever existed. Fortunately, the instructions given by M. Stiglmayer, have been committed to writing. They are most complete, and will be of the utmost utility to the artist to whom shall be intrusted the gigantic operation of casting in bronze this immense monument."

Since the above was in type we have received the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which contains the following letter:—

Munich, March 4.

With a heavy heart I now take the pen, in order to acquaint you of the loss which has befallen us. Johannes Stiglmayer is dead. For the last two years, suffering from an incurable stomach complaint, he saw his strength decrease, but still endeavored—if not in himself, at least in his family—to keep alive, with a cheerful spirit, the hope of recovery. Since the middle of January, from which time he had been almost constantly confined to his couch, he occupied himself principally with the casting of the colossal statue of Goethe, which was ordered to ornament the native city of the poet; for although Stiglmayer had brought up his sister's son, Ferdinand Miller, to be a valuable assistant and representative, still he knew too well, from his many years' experience, the importance and the danger of so great an undertaking, to be quite free from all anxiety respecting the result. The work, in the meantime, was no longer to be delayed, and, after all preparations had been made, the casting commenced on Saturday, the 2nd of March. With alternate feelings of confidence and fear, the disabled artist lay upon his sick bed, waiting for intelligence, which was brought to him every five minutes, respecting the progress of the work; till at length, on the completion of the casting, his nephew entered the room and took the burden from his heart, by announcing the perfect success of the undertaking, and was embraced by him with a twofold fervency of joy and affection. The

friends of Stiglmayer, whom interest in the casting of the statue had led to the foundry, entered singly into his chamber to congratulate him; and he, supporting his head on the breast of his beloved nephew, spoke to each a friendly grateful word, and received from each, with gentle consolation, the best wishes for a speedy recovery. But these were the last words which he spoke on earth—this was the last joy which he experienced amongst us: he laid himself down, as if wearied; the breath, which had before been drawn with difficulty, was light and easy, but about half-past nine in the evening was stilled for ever. Thus he parted from us, attended by all that the pious confidence of his heart, the joy of his profession, the love of his family, the faithful attachment of his friends could give, and the memory of the just follows him. Stiglmayer, on the 18th of last October, was fifty-two years of age; he was the son of a shoeing-smith of Fürstenfeldbruck, in the neighborhood of Munich. He was originally a die-engraver, but in the year 1820, during a residence in Italy, especially in Naples, where he was present at the casting of Canova's equestrian statue of Charles III., he had his attention turned to bronze-founding, to which he has been devoted ever since. The success of great and difficult undertakings, the casting of bronze obelisks, the monument of King Maximilian, of the equestrian statue of the Elector Maximilian, of Jean Paul at Bayreuth, of Mozart at Salzburg, have created for him, and the royal institution under his guidance, a widely spread and universally acknowledged celebrity, so that besides the commissions of the King of Bavaria, he received orders from all parts of Germany, Carlsruhe, Darmstadt, Frankfurt, Vienna, Prague—nay, from Naples, and even from South America itself. Arisen from the sound root of the Bavarian people, he still preserved unspoiled his natural feeling, his unreserved candor, and inviolable rectitude and fidelity when he had ascended into the circle of higher refinement. Earnest and severe in the fulfilment of his duties, mild and kind in word and conduct towards every one, alike capable of enjoyment as well as of giving joy, acting together in thought and feeling, artist and man at once from the same mould, he called forth involuntarily in all who approached him, an irresistible emulation of love and esteem. No one could know him without becoming attached to him; and as his life has given to his name an imperishable glory in the history of German art, so has his too early death given an imperishable pain to his friends. His remains were interred at Neuhausen, and the great concourse of people of all ranks who attended, testified the high estimation in which he was held, both as an artist and as a man.—*Athen.*

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Great Britain.

A Grammar of the Icelandic, or Old Norse Tongue.
Translated from the Swedish of Erasmus Rask.
By George Webbe Dasent, M. A. London. Pickering. 1843.

We do not plead guilty on behalf of our age to the charge M. Dasent brings against it, of regarding with indifference what was done before it, of being so eagerly bent on going forward, that it cannot spare a glance behind. On the contrary, we think one of the most peculiar characteristics of our times is an earnest desire to search out the forms and the spirit of the past, and to apply its lessons to

the present. We are rushing eagerly onwards, but with fearfulness and doubt, and we do cast many an anxious look behind, to see if haply we may gather from the dim light of ancient days some means of piercing the deeper obscurity of the future. We trust that the reception given to the work before us, by English scholars, will be such as to convince Mr. Dasent that he has not bestowed his valuable labor on a thankless generation. We need not dilate on the importance of his work to all zealous investigators of English history, tradition, laws, language, and institutions. A knowledge of the old northern tongues is indispensable to the English archaeologist. No better guide to the treasures of the Old Norse literature need any man desire than Rask, the author of the well-known 'Anglo-Saxon Grammar'; and Rask may congratulate himself on having fallen into the hands of such a translator.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

The Literature of Germany from its Earliest Period to the Present Time. By Franz L. J. Thimm. Edited by William Henry Farn. London. Nutt. 1844. 18mo. pp. 300.

This little book will supply a want much felt by incipient students of German literature, and will be useful even to more advanced scholars as a compact manual; an index, as it were, to the more voluminous guides to the literary history of Germany. Astronomers are in the habit of annexing a small telescope to each of their larger instruments; with the former they sweep rapidly over a wide range of the heavens, and so having discovered the star they want, they bring the focus of the more unwieldy instrument to bear upon it. Besides its compactness, this modest little book has another merit. Unlike many works of its class of greater pretensions, it is not tinctured by the prejudices of an individual or of a school. English readers may smile at some of the opinions put forth in it; but if these are, as we believe them to be in general, faithful transcripts of the notions predominating in Germany, they then have an obvious value irrespective of their absolute truth; and equally obvious must be the convenience of being able to lay our hands upon them so readily.—*Ibid.*

Poems, by Mrs. F. Hornblower.

The voice of the Muse will never cease to gladden the heart of man, even though, among the harsh discords of politics and polemics, it may sound low and faint, like that of the stock-dove brooding. Talk of Time dying, then talk of Poetry dying. Poetry is life—immortal, eternal—and a giver of such life to things which were else dead, or not in being. It is good to be a poet—to be a reader of poetry—in order to feel what vitality is in ourselves, or receive the impression of it from others.

As a specimen of Mrs. Hornblower's poetry we take the opening verses of a pleasing amplification of Wordsworth's sonnet, beginning "Books, dreams are each a world."

Books! sweet associates of the silent hour,
What blessed aspirations do I owe
To your companionship—your peaceful power
High and pure pleasure ever can bestow.—
Of noble ones I trace the path through life,
Joy in their joys, and sorrow as they mourn;
Gaze on their Christian animating strife,
And shed fond tears o'er their untimely urn;
Or with heroic beings tread the soil
Of a freed country, by themselves made free,
And taste the recompense of virtuous toil,
The exaltation of humanity.—*Athen.*

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Complete Works of the Venerable Bede in the original Latin, with an English Translation of the Historical works, and a Life of the Author. By Rev. J. A. Giles, D. C. L.

Memoirs of Gaspar de Colligny, Admiral of France: with an account of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, Aug. 24, 1572. Translated and edited by D. D. Scott.

Our Indian Empire, its History and Present State, from the earliest settlement of the British in Hindostan to the close of the year 1843. By Charles MacFarlane.

The Historical Geography of Arabia; or the Patriarchal Evidences of Revealed Religion. By the Rev. Charles Foster, B. D.

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Painted at Rome by Michelangelo

JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES.

FROM THE FLORENCE MUSEUM.

THE
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JULY, 1844.

JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES.

Judith, chapter xiii. from verse 2d to 8th, inclusive.

"AND Judith was left alone in the tent, and Holofernes lying along upon his bed; for he was filled with wine.

"Now Judith had commanded her maid to stand without her bed-chamber, and to wait for her coming forth as she did daily: for she said she would go forth to her prayers, and she spake to Bagoas according to the same purpose.

"So all went forth, and none was left in the bed-chamber, neither little nor great. Then Ju-

dith, standing by his bed, said in her heart, O Lord God of all power, look at this present upon the works of my hands for the exaltation of Jerusalem. For now is the time to help thine inheritance, and to execute mine enterprises to the destruction of the enemies which are risen up against us.

"Then she came to the pillar of the bed which was at Holofernes's head, and took down his falchion from thence, and approached to his bed, and took hold of the hair of his head, and said, Strengthen me, O Lord God of Israel, this day. And she smote twice upon his neck with all her might, and she took away his head from him."

SIR CHARLES BELL'S ESSAYS ON EXPRESSION.

From the British and Foreign Review.

The Anatomy and Philosophy of Expression, as connected with the Fine Arts.

By the late Sir CHARLES BELL. Third edition, enlarged. London: Murray, 1844.

THESE Essays have long been prized by those who are so fortunate as to possess even the former editions of them, as one of the most valuable contributions of English literature to the arts, and one of the most pleasing volumes of an English library. We gladly therefore announce their re-appearance in an entirely new form, re-written, rather than revised, and with such copious additions, especially with reference to the

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higher branches of the subject, that they must be considered as a new work. They formed, indeed, the earliest and latest object of their lamented author's tasteful solicitude. They were originally composed, chiefly perhaps with reference to the very striking designs of his own ingenious pencil, before the serious pursuits of life began, and before his subsequent experience and reflection had given him the key to those phenomena which in art he illustrated, and explained in science. The first edition of the work appeared nearly forty years ago, in 1806, when Sir Charles Bell left Edinburgh to fix his professional residence in London. During the most active years of a life which was unceasingly devoted to the arduous duties of the medical profession, and to the promotion of the highest branches of medical

science, the revisal and illustration of this volume was his habitual recreation. In 1824 a second edition was produced, with considerable additions; but from that time Sir Charles Bell resisted the demand of the public for a farther issue of this book, until he should have had an opportunity of verifying his principles of criticism in art, by the study of the greatest works of the Italian masters. With this especial object, he visited the continent in 1840; a brief but extensive excursion enabled him to refresh and to corroborate those impressions and convictions which had been the delight and the study of his life; and upon his return he recomposed the whole work for a third edition. Materials were collected in abundance, and for the most part they had been already adapted to the purposes and subjects of these Essays. The text had already been prepared for the press; and the care of the editor appears to have surmounted most of the disadvantages inseparable from posthumous publication. Some of the more fugitive notes from the author's journals have been subjoined, which record with the rapid grace of an artist's pencil the vivid pleasures of an Italian journey to a man endowed with so simple a love of nature, and so cultivated a comprehension of art. These remarks bear with singular originality and acuteness on the style and the works of the great masters: and if they sometimes wear the shape of a sudden conception, rather than of mature thought, they are not the less characteristic of that ingenuity and enthusiasm which Sir Charles Bell carried as far in the practice of the fine arts as in the more profound researches of science. It deserves, indeed, to be recorded that his early studies on the subject of expression in painting, and his observation of the effects of passion and emotion on the face and frame of man, first engaged this eminent surgeon in those investigations of the nature of the nerves and of their influence on the muscles, which led to his important discoveries in the nervous system; still, as he advanced in the demonstration of those truths which he detected in the animal economy, he derived from his more extended knowledge of the physiology of man, a more complete theory of art and a more solid foundation for those principles of criticism, which no one had before applied with equal precision to the productions of the great artists. Thus he tended, by a noble sympathy between his habitual and favorite pursuits, at once to increase the sphere of

knowledge and to perfect the truth of art; whilst either gift was used alike to simplify our understanding of the works of the Creator, and to raise our conceptions of natural beauty.

It has sometimes been asserted that the pursuits and practices of the medical profession tend to deaden sensibility, and to bring the loftiest and noblest powers of the human mind into too close a subjection to the conclusions of material science. The philosophy of Broussais and the heartlessness of Roux or Dupuytren, may have given a color to such imputations; but a host of names crowd upon the memory from the records of all nations, and from none more than our own, to repel the charge. The proper function of medical science in its highest sense, is not to degrade the spiritual inmate of the human frame to the level of the machinery so admirably adapted to his service, but rather to pursue through the intricacies of contrivance the purposes of life, to acknowledge the energy of being in those functions to which it imparts activity, and to trace in the mysterious sympathies and expressions of the body the higher laws of that vital power which the body obeys. To such objects as these no man ever aspired more constantly, and we will add, more devoutly, than Sir Charles Bell. His sensibility was of the most delicate kind; and his mind seemed to turn with predilection from the distressing studies of pathology to the observation of the phenomena of health. It is related of him, that in the course of his great discoveries in the nervous system, which it was absolutely necessary to carry on upon a living animal, he was arrested on the very verge of demonstration by a degree of compassion for an ass, which he could not surmount; and he declared that he had rather abandon the discovery on which his fame was to rest, than put that animal to torture. An abler hand, however, in a contemporary journal, has traced the course of his professional life and his scientific discoveries, and we are most happy to perceive that the services rendered by Sir Charles Bell to the course of science have since been acknowledged by a pension to his widow, out of that most inadequate fund which the parsimony of Parliament has placed at the disposal of the Crown, for the reward, or rather the bare recognition, of the most important benefits which can be rendered to the nation and to humanity. The appearance of the volume before us suggests a different view of the pur-

suits of its distinguished author, and to that we shall exclusively confine ourselves.

Sir Charles Bell presents, we believe, a solitary instance of an extraordinary proficiency in medical science, amounting even to the genius of discovery, combined with a cultivated and profound acquaintance with the principles and practice of art. If, on the one hand, his name has been placed by a high authority in medical criticism by the side of that of Harvey, and if his investigations of the nervous system are the greatest additions to animal physiology which have been made since the discovery of the circulation of the blood; on the other hand, we venture to affirm that, as a manual to the young artist, or as a canon of sound criticism to the general reader, these Essays deserve to find a place by the side of the Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds. It does not, indeed, necessarily follow that a knowledge of anatomy must extend the sphere, or improve the productions of the arts. The Greeks, whose studies of the human frame were confined to the observations of the external muscles, exceeded in their statues all the performances of more scientific artists. But there is a point at which the observation of nature, the truths of science, and the perfection of art, seem to meet. Under various forms and accidents the same thought is expressed—the same emotion conveyed; the mind acts visibly; the sympathy of the spectator is excited; in a word, the idea assumes its form. That it is so, no one has ever doubted, and all criticism and precept has recommended the study of expression to the artist, as the beginning and the end of that language which he lends to life. But expression in the fine arts, as it is commonly understood, is the mere imitation of the natural phenomena which accompany emotion: Sir Charles Bell for the first time analyzed and explained the causes of these phenomena; he has shown what the physical effects of the emotions of the mind really are, and how they act upon the organs of life; he has brought us within another circle of these concentric laws which include the creation—a circle nearer to the centre of life and truth. In a word, in exploring the most hidden cells of our physical structure, he has brought to light truths to which the proper name of philosophy pre-eminently belongs. In other forms, the records of these discoveries will invite the scrutiny of the man of science; but in this volume, they may be studied in their application, without a trace of the re-

pulsive associations of medical literature, and with all the charm they derive from a graceful pencil and an original pen.

The following extract contains the fundamental principle on which these speculations rest:—

“We have learned enough to know that the impressions communicated by the external organs of sense belong really to the mind; and there can be no doubt that there is a mutual influence exercised by the mind and frame on each other. This is not asserted on the mere grounds that each affection which is deeply felt, is accompanied by a disturbance in our breast; nor on the language of mankind, which gives universal assent to this proposition; but it may be proved by circumstances of expression, in which we cannot be deceived. I shall make it manifest that what the eye, the ear, or the finger, is to the mind, as exciting those ideas which have been appointed to correspond with the qualities of the material world, the organs of the breast are to the development of our affections; and that without them we might see, hear and smell, but we should walk the earth coldly indifferent to all emotions which may be said in an especial manner to animate us, and give interest and grace to human thoughts and actions.

* * * * *

“The heart has an appropriate sensibility, by which it is held united in the closest connection and sympathy with the other vital organs; so that it participates in all the changes of the general system of the body.

“But connected with the heart, and depending on its peculiar and excessive sensibility, there is an extensive apparatus which demands our attention. This is the organ of breathing: a part known obviously as the instrument of speech; but which I shall show to be more. The organ of breathing, in its association with the heart, is the instrument of expression, and is the part of the frame, by the action of which the emotions are developed and made visible to us. Certain strong feelings of the mind produce a disturbed condition of the heart; and through that corporeal influence, directly from the heart, indirectly from the mind, the extensive apparatus constituting the organ of breathing is put in motion, and gives us the outward signs which we call expression. The man was wrong who found fault with nature for not placing a window before the heart, in order to render visible human thoughts and intentions. There is, in truth, provision made in the countenance and outward bearing for such discoveries.*

* This observation appears to have been borrowed by Sir C. Bell from a small treatise by the French physician La Chambre, entitled ‘*l’Art de connaître l’homme*.’ The passage may be found quoted by Lavater, in the first volume of his ‘*Essays on Physiognomy*,’ p. 56. Most of the principal authorities on the science are collected in the same place. The passage from Haller’s

"One, ignorant of the grounds on which these opinions are founded, has said, 'Every strong emotion is directed towards the heart: the heart experiences various kinds of sensation, pleasant or unpleasant, over which it has no control; and from thence the agitated spirits are diffused over the body.' The fact is certainly so, although the language be figurative. How are these spirits diffused, and what are their effects?"

"We find that the influence of the heart upon the extended organ of respiration has sway at so early a period of our existence, that we must acknowledge that the operation or play of the instrument of expression precedes the mental emotions with which they are to be joined, accompanies them in their first dawn, strengthens them, and directs them. So that it is not, perhaps, too much to conclude that, from these organs moving in sympathy with the mind, the same uniformity is produced among men, in their internal feelings, emotions, or passions, as there exists in their ideas of external nature from the uniform operations of the organs of sense.

"Let us place examples before us, and then try whether the received doctrines of the passions will furnish us with an explanation of the phenomena, or whether we must go deeper, and seek the assistance of anatomy.

"In the expression of the passions, there is a compound influence in operation. Let us contemplate the appearance of terror. We can readily conceive why a man stands with eyes intently fixed on the object of his fears, the eyebrows elevated to the utmost, and the eye largely uncovered; or why, with hesitating and bewildered steps, his eyes are rapidly and wildly in search of something. In this, we only perceive the intent application of his mind to the object of his apprehensions—its direct influence on the outward organ. But observe him further: there is a spasm on his breast, he cannot breathe freely, the chest is elevated, the muscles of his neck and shoulders are in action, his breathing is short and rapid, there is a gasping and a convulsive motion of his lips, a tremor on his hollow cheek, a gulping and entching of his throat; and why does his heart knock at his ribs, while yet there is no force of circulation?—for his lips and cheeks are ashy pale.

'*Elementa Physiologie*,' tom. v. p. 590, is well worthy of notice, for it contains a careful investigation of the effects of passion on the countenance. Lavater himself applies the term *physiognomy* to the science of the features in a state of repose; and he calls the science of expression *pathognomy*, as it concerns the features under the influence of passion. But all these writers treated of the movements or form of the features as if they were directly affected by the disposition or emotions of the mind. Sir Charles Bell was the first physiologist who showed that the affections of the mind first acted upon the heart, and that, by means of the respiratory nerves, they then produced a certain re-action, which we call expression, in the countenance

"So in grief, if we attend to the same class of phenomena, we shall be able to draw an exact picture. Let us imagine to ourselves the overwhelming influence of grief on woman. The object in her mind has absorbed all the powers of the frame, the body is no more regarded, the spirits have left it, it reclines, and the limbs gravitate; they are nerveless and relaxed, and she scarcely breathes; but why comes at intervals the long-drawn sigh?—why are the neck and throat convulsed?—what causes the swelling and quivering of the lips, and the deadly paleness of the face?—or why is the hand so pale and earthy cold?—and why, at intervals, as the agony returns, does the convulsion spread over the frame like a paroxysm of suffocation?"

"It must, I think, be acknowledged, when we come to arrange these phenomena, these outward signs of the passions, that they cannot proceed from the direct influence of the mind alone. However strange it may sound to unaccustomed ears, it is to the heart and lungs, and all the extended instrument of breathing, that we are to trace these effects.

"Over such motions of the body the mind has an unequal control. By a strong effort the outward tokens may be restrained, at least in regard to the general bearing of the body; but who, while suffering, can retain the natural fulness of his features, or the healthful color of his cheek, the unembarrassed respiration and clearness of the natural voice? The villain may command his voice, and mask his purpose with light and libertine words, or carry an habitual sneer of contempt of all softer passions; but his unnatural paleness, and the sinking of his features, will betray that he suffers. Clarence says to his murderers,

"How deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?"

"But the just feelings of mankind demand respect; men will not have the violence of grief obtruded on them. To preserve the dignity of his character, the actor must permit those uncontrollable signs of suffering alone to escape, which betray how much he feels, and how much he restrains.

"Even while asleep, these interior organs of feeling will prevail, and disclose the source of expression. Has my reader seen Mrs. Siddons in Queen Katherine during that solemn scene where the dead note was played which she named her knell? Who taught the crowd sitting at a play, an audience differing in age, habits and education, to believe those quivering motions, and that gentle smile, and those slight convulsive twitchings to be true to nature? To see every one hushed to the softest breathing of sympathy with the silent expression of the actress, exhibits all mankind held together by one universal feeling: and that feeling, excited by expression, so deeply laid in our nature, as to have influence, without being obvious to reason."

This universal meaning of expression which, as the author elsewhere observes, is to passion and the emotions of the heart what language is to thought and the operations of the mind, is connatural with man. It precedes the first inarticulate sounds of infancy; it hovers over the closing scenes of decay and death. It speaks when speech is silent. It is the common utterance of the white man and the black, of the bondsman and the free, of savage and of civilized life. Artificial manners may mask or constraint degrade it; but they cannot obliterate it, though for its highest development it requires a life of liberty, cultivation and truth. It even creates a tie of sympathy between man and the higher animals; for in all alike the upturned eye has supplication in it, the quivering muscles are relaxed by grief, the frame is knit and the teeth set by rage. It gives to instinct the eloquence of intelligence; but it rises in man alone to the highest pitch of delicacy and variety,—to laughter and to tears,—and gradually declines as it descends the vast ladder of animated life, where it occurs as the invariable exponent of the vital powers. Such observations as these have been developed with the greatest felicity in these Essays. We select the example of the eye:—

“We have said that the eye indicates the holier emotions. In all stages of society, and in every clime, the posture and expression of reverence have been the same. The works of the great masters, who have represented the more sublime passions of man, may be adduced as evidences: by the upturned direction of the eyes, and a correspondence of feature and attitude, they address us in language intelligible to all mankind. The humble posture and raised eyes are natural, whether in the darkened chamber or under the open vault of heaven.

“On first consideration, it seems merely consistent, that when pious thoughts prevail, man should turn his eyes from things earthly to the purer objects above. But there is a reason for this, which is every way worthy of attention. When subject to particular influences, the natural position of the eyeball is to be directed upwards. In sleep, languor and depression, or when affected with strong emotions, the eyes naturally and insensibly roll upwards. The action is not a voluntary one; it is irresistible. Hence, in reverence, in devotion, in agony of mind, in all sentiments of pity, in bodily pain with fear of death, the eyes assume that position.

“Let us explain by what muscles the eyes are so revolved. There are two sets of muscles which govern the motions of the eyeball.

Four straight muscles, attached at cardinal points, by combining their action, move it in every direction required for vision, and these muscles are subject to the will. When the straight muscles, from weariness or exhaustion, cease to guide the eye, two other muscles operate to roll it upwards under the eyelid: these are the oblique muscles. Accordingly, in sleep, in fainting, in approaching death, when the four voluntary muscles resign their action, and insensibility creeps over the retina, the oblique muscles prevail, and the pupil is revolved, so as to expose only the white of the eye. It is so far consolatory to reflect, that the apparent agony indicated by this direction of the eyes, in fainting or the approach of death, is the effect of encroaching insensibility—of objects impressed on the nerve of vision being no longer perceived.

“We thus see that when wrapt in devotional feelings, and when outward impressions are unheeded, the eyes are raised, by an action neither taught nor acquired. It is by this instinctive motion we are led to bow with humility—to look upwards in prayer, and to regard the visible heavens as the seat of God.

“‘Prayer is the upward glancing of the eye,
When none but God is near.’

“Although the savage does not always distinguish God from the heavens above him, this direction of the eye would appear to be the source of the universal belief that the Supreme Being has His throne above. The idolatrous Negro in praying for rice and yams, or that he may be active and swift, lifts up his eyes to the canopy of the sky. So, in intercourse with God, although we are taught that our globe is ever revolving: though religion inculcates that the Almighty is every where, yet, under the influence of this position of the eye, which is no doubt designed for a purpose,—we seek Him on high. ‘I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help.’

“See, then, how this property of our bodily frame has influenced our opinions and belief; our conceptions of the Deity, our religious observances, our poetry and daily habits.”

Even the beard and hair have their appropriate meaning and effect:—

“The stages of man’s life are outwardly characterized. An opinion prevails that the form and lineaments of old age are a consequence of the deterioration of the material of our frame; and that the resemblance so often drawn between an aged man leaning on his staff and a ruin tottering to its fall, is a perfect one. It is not so; the material of the frame is ever the same; years affect it not; but infancy, youth, maturity and old age have their appropriate outward characters. Why should the forehead be bald and the beard luxuriant, if not to mark the latest epoch of man’s life? or what reason can be given for the hair not growing on the chin during the vascular fulness of youth, but that it would be inconsis-

ent with the characters of that time of life to be provided with a beard?

"When these Essays were first written, there was not a beard to be seen in England, unless joined with squalor and neglect: and I had the conviction that this appendage concealed the finest features. Being in Rome, however, during the procession of the Corpus Domini, I saw that the expression was not injured by the beard; but that it added to the dignity and character of years. It was evident that the fine heads by the old masters were copies of what were then seen in nature, though now but rarely. There were beards which nearly equalled that of the 'Moses' of Michael Angelo in length, and which flowed like those in the paintings of Domenichino and Correggio.

"The beard is characteristic of nations. In the East it is honored, and to be shaved is the mark of a slave. A beard of three hands' breadth is a goodly show; but to exceed that requires a life of repose: violent exercise in the field shortens the beard. The Turks have a very poor beard. The Persians have noble beards, and are proud of the distinction. The beard of Futtch Ali Shah, the late king of Persia, reached below his girdle, was full and fine, and remarkable in a nation of beards for having no division in the middle. Such a beard, during the active period of life, shows finely on horseback; being tossed over the shoulders in the wind, and indicating speed. In the natural beard, the hair has a peculiarity depending on the place from which it grows. The hair of the upper lip is more profuse, and even in the oldest man is of a darker hue than that of the under lip; so that falling on the lower part, it can still be distinguished as it mixes with the purer white. Again, the hair descending from the sides of the face attains a greater length than that which comes from the chin; and this is more especially the character of age.

"In the French regiments they set frightful fellows, with axes over their shoulders, to march in front: on their heads is a black bear-skin cap, of the form and dimensions of a drum, and they select men with beards of the same hue, which grow in a bush, the counterpart of that on their heads. But the face, as seen between the two black masses, is more ludicrous than terrible, and has an effect very different from what is intended. A common fellow's beard, like a common fellow's countenance, is coarse.

"Even in the Franciscan and Capuchin monks, the beard has not always the fine character displayed in the works of the old painters. Their models are gone with their times. Something excessive and ideal may be represented by the beard. Michael Angelo has, perhaps, followed Scripture, in the beard of his 'Moses,' which floats below the girdle; and in the fresco of Jeremiah, in the Sistine Chapel. The finest painting of the beard that I have seen is by Correggio, in the *Scala* of the

Albergo dei Poveri, in Genoa,—a fresco of the Saviour, in the arms of the Almighty, where the beard of the Father flows beautifully. In short, the beard may become, with knowledge and taste, the most characteristic part in a figure.

"*Expression in the Lips and Moustaches.*—Things familiar do not always give rise to their natural association. I was led to attend more particularly to the moustaches as a feature of expression, in meeting a handsome young French soldier, coming up a long ascent in the *Coté d'Or*, and breathing hard, although with a good humored, innocent expression. His sharp-pointed black moustaches rose and fell with a catamountain look that set me to think on the cause.

"Every one must have observed how the nostrils play in hard breathing. We have seen that there is a muscle which is the principal agent in this action; and it may be felt swelling during inspiration, when the finger is pressed on the upper lip, just under the nostril. It is the *depressor alæ nasi*. The action of this muscle, under the roots of the hairs on the lip, sensibly moves them; and as all passionate excitements influence the respiratory actions, the nostrils and moustaches necessarily participate in the movement in violent passions. Thus, although the hair of the upper lip does conceal the finer modulations of the mouth, as in woman, it adds to the character of the stronger and harsher emotions.

"I continued to think of this in descending the Rhone, in company with some French officers; they were merry with wine, and I saw their moustaches, black, red and white, animated in their songs and laughter; and although with a *farouche* character, these appendages rather added to than concealed expression. We see the pictorial effect in the hilarity of the Dutch boor."

It will already have been perceived from the extracts we have given, that the science of expression as it was understood by Sir Charles Bell, touched the confines of those psychological studies, which demand for their discussion the strictest accuracy of philosophical language and the careful lucidity of logical arrangement. To these abstruse inquiries, however, the peculiar qualifications and pursuits of the author did not lead him. It cannot but be regretted, for the sake of one of the most curious problems of metaphysical science, that Sir Charles Bell's attention does not appear to have been directed to Descartes's *Treatise on the Passions*, or to the few philosophical writers who have treated the subject, although with scientific attainments very far below his own. We are inclined to suspect that a more close examination of the question would have induced him to modify

his opinion, that "the faculties owe their development as much to the operation of the instruments of expression as to the impressions of the outward senses." Such a doctrine would lead far into the blank labyrinth of secondary causes; it tends to convert into a fallacious original what is in truth a faithful copy or image of the mind. We cannot omit, however, one paragraph which conveys a philosophical reflection in very striking language:—

"Pain is affirmed to be unqualified evil; yet pain is necessary to our existence; at birth it rouses the dormant faculties, and gives us consciousness. To imagine the absence of pain is not only to imagine a new state of being, but a change in the earth, and all upon it. As inhabitant of earth, and as a consequence of the great law of gravitation, the human body must have weight. It must have bones, as columns of support, and levers or the action of its muscles; and this mechanical structure implies a complication and delicacy of texture beyond our conception. For that fine texture a sensibility to pain is destined to be the protection; it is the safeguard of the body; it makes us alive to those injuries which would otherwise destroy us, and warns us to avoid them.

"When, therefore, the philosopher asks why were not our actions performed at the suggestions of pleasure, he imagines man, not constituted as he is, but as if he belonged to a world in which there was neither weight nor pressure, nor any thing injurious,—where there were no dangers to apprehend, no difficulties to overcome, and no call for exertion, resolution or courage. It would, indeed, be a curious speculation to follow out the consequences on the highest qualities of the mind, if we could suppose man thus free from all bodily suffering."

From these topics it is agreeable to turn to the vivid and graceful impressions, snatched alike from nature and from art, in the course of Sir Charles Bell's Italian journey. There is not a higher gratification in life,—and possibly it partakes of the enlarged pleasures of a better existence,—than to pass, prepared for the change, into a region where the visions of the fancy and the abstract truths of the intellect are realized in the most perfect forms of beauty.

As our author crossed France, the southern enthusiasm kindled his artist's nature. He saw men in the novelty of various manners, and the picturesque forms of warmer climates. Sometimes in the common accidents of life, and more frequently in the peculiarities of foreign gesticulation or the ceremonies of the Catholic church, an ob-

servation, which might have escaped a less watchful eye, went to illustrate speculations which originated in very different scenes. A man who should devote his life to pursue and to interpret the language of expression, has at once before him an endless variety in a perpetual identity,—the variety of human nature, the identity of man. To the great artists of Italy, similar scenes and observations furnished the models they so admirably imitated: to the critic in his humbler sphere, they furnish the true key to the appreciation of those works. The following passage will be read with great interest:—

"In the same day I made careful examinations of the anatomical studies of Michael Angelo, in the collection of the Grand Duke of Florence, and I compared them with his noble works in the tombs of the Medici. I observed that he had avoided the error of artists of less genius, who, in showing their learning, deviate from living nature. I recognised the utmost accuracy of anatomy in the great artist's studies; in his pen-and-ink sketches of the knee, for example, every point of bone, muscle, tendon and ligament was marked, and perhaps a little exaggerated. But on surveying the limbs of those fine statues, this peculiarity was not visible; there were none of the details of the anatomy, but only the effects of muscular action, as seen in life, not the muscles. As, perhaps, this is the most important lesson which can be given to the artist, I shall venture to transcribe the notes I made at the time.

"The statue of Lorenzo di Medici, Duca d'Urbino, by Michael Angelo, is in the Capella di Principi, of the church of St. Lorenzo. Under the statue are two figures, one of Twilight, the other of Daybreak. I observed in the male figure, which is of very grand proportions, the clavicle or collar-bone, the head of the humerus, the deltoid and pectoral muscles developed beyond nature, yet singularly true in the anatomy. Such a shoulder was never seen in man, yet so finely it is imagined, that no one part is unduly exaggerated; but all is magnified with so perfect a knowledge, that it is just as a whole, the bone and the muscle corresponding in their proportions. In the same chapel are the statues of Giuliano di Medici, Duke of Nemours, and brother of Leo X., with the recumbent figures of Day and Night. It is in these finely conceived figures that we have the proof of Michael Angelo's genius. They may not have the perfect purity and truth that we see in the antique; but there is a magnificence, which belongs to him alone. Here we see the effect of muscular action, without affected display of anatomical knowledge. The back is marvellously fine. The position of the scapula, for example, makes its lower angle throw up the edge of

the latissimus dorsi, for the scapula is forced back upon the spine, in consequence of the position of the arm. Michael Angelo must have carefully studied the anatomy in reference to the changes produced in the living body by the action of its members: the shifting of the scapula, with the consequent rising of the mass of muscles, some in action, some merely pushed into masses, are very finely shown.*

"Having just come from observing his sketches of the anatomy of the knee-joint, I was curious in my observation of the manner in which he made his knowledge available in the joints of these fine statues; and they gave rise to the following remarks.

"If an artist, with a knowledge of the structure, should look upon the knee in a bent position, he will recognize the different bones and ligaments. But if he look upon it in an extended position of the limb, or during exertion, he will not distinguish the same parts. The contour, the swelling of the integument, and the fulness around the joint are not produced by the forms of the bones, but by the rising up of the parts displaced by the new position of the bones. The fatty cushions which are within and external to the knee-joint, and which serve the purpose of friction-wheels in the play of the bones upon each other, no longer occupy the same relative places; they are protruded from the depth of the cavity to the surface. How well Michael Angelo knew this, these statues of Day and Night evince.

"In these statues, great feeling of art and genius of the highest order have been exhibited; anatomical science, ideal beauty, or rather grandeur, combined. It is often said that Michael Angelo studied the Belvidere Torso, and that he kept it continually in his eye. That fine specimen of ancient art may have been the authority for his grand development of the human muscles; but it did not convey to him the effect which he produced by the throwing out of those magnificent and giant limbs. Here we see the vigor of this sculptor's stroke and the firmness of his touch, as well as his sublime conception of the human figure. We can imagine that he wrought by no measure or mechanical contrivance; that he hewed out the marble as another would cast together his mass of clay in a first sketch. Many of his finest works are left unfinished; it appears that he found the block of marble in some instances too small, and left the design incomplete. For my own part I feel that the finish and smoothness of the marble is hardly consistent with the vigor of Michael Angelo's conceptions; and I should regret to think that such a genius should have wasted an hour in giving softness or polish to the surface.

"Who is there, modern or ancient, that would thus voluntarily encounter all the diffi-

culties of the art and throw the human body into this position, or who could throw the shoulder into this violent distortion, and yet preserve the relations of the parts, of bone and muscle, with such scientific exactness? We have in this great master a proof of the manner in which genius submits to labor, in order to attain perfection. He must have undergone the severe toil of the anatomist to acquire such a power of design, which it was hardly to be supposed could be sufficiently appreciated then or now.

"Without denying the beauty or correctness of the true Grecian productions of the chisel, they ought not to be contrasted with the works of Michael Angelo to his disadvantage. He had a noble conception of the august form of man: to my thinking, superior to anything exhibited in ancient sculpture. Visconti imputes inferiority to Buonarrotti; and, to confirm his views, compares the antique statues restored by him with the limbs and heads which he added. But I can conceive nothing less suited to the genius of the artist than this task of modelling and adjusting a limb in a different position from that which is entire, and yet so as to preserve the proportions and character of the whole. The manner of his working, and the urgency of his genius for an unrestrained field of exertion, unfitted him for that kind of labor, while it is a matter of necessity that a copy shall be inferior to an original.

"What the figures of Night and Morning had to do before the degenerate son of the Medici is another matter. They seem to have been placed there as mere ornaments, and in the luxury of talent, to give the form and posture of the human figure, '*per ornamento e per solo spoglio di giacitura e de' forme.*'

"When in Rome I was impatient until I stood before the statue of Moses, so much had been said of its extraordinary merit, and also so much of its defects. It is a noble figure, with all the energy of Buonarrotti displayed in it. It is not the anatomy alone which constitutes its perfection; but there is the same mind displayed in the attitude, the habiliment, the beard, and all the accompaniments, as in the vigor of the naked shoulders and arms. It is the realization of his high conception of the human figure."

Sir Charles Bell inclines to give to the great sculptors of Italy a preference over the artists even of Greece, probably from the excellence of the former in that kind of powerful expression and character which he himself was best able to appreciate. Yet his criticisms on the 'Laocoon' and the 'Dying Gladiator' are of great value. We can only make room for the latter:—

"The 'Dying Gladiator' is one of those masterpieces of antiquity which exhibits a knowledge of anatomy and of man's nature. He is not resting; he is not falling; but in the

* "I might make similar remarks on the statue by John of Bologna,—Januarius sitting, shivering under a shower, in a fountain in the Villa Petraia, near Florence."

position of one wounded in the chest, and seeking relief in that anxious and oppressed breathing which attends a mortal wound with loss of blood. He seeks support to his arms, not to rest them or to sustain the body, but to fix them, that their action may be transferred to the chest, and thus assist the laboring respiration. The nature of his sufferings leads to this attitude. In a man expiring from loss of blood, as the vital stream flows, the heart and lungs have the same painful feeling of want, which is produced by obstruction to the breathing. As the blood is draining from him he pants and looks wild, and the chest heaves convulsively. And so the ancient artist has placed this statue in the posture of one who suffers the extremity of difficult respiration. The fixed condition of the shoulders, as he sustains his sinking body, shows that the powerful muscles, common to the ribs and arms, have their action concentrated to the struggling chest. In the same way does a man afflicted with asthma rest his hands or his elbows upon a table, stooping forwards, that the shoulders may become fixed points; the muscles of the arm and shoulder then act as muscles of respiration, and aid in the motion of the chest, during the heaving and anxiety which belong to the disease."

We conclude with a passage which has much of the grandeur of those exalted works by which it appears to have been suggested:—

"There is a link of connection between all liberal professions. The painter may borrow from the physician. He will require something more than his fancy can supply, if he has to represent a priestess or a sybil. It must be the creation of a mind, learned as well as inventive. He may readily conceive a female form full of energy, her imagination at the moment exalted and pregnant, so that things long past are painted in colors as if they stood before her, and her expression becomes bold and poetical. But he will have a more true and precise idea of what is to be depicted, if he reads the history of that melancholia which undoubtedly, in early times, has given the idea of one possessed with a spirit. A young woman is seen constitutionally pale and languid; and from this inanimate state no show of affection or entreaty will draw her into conversation with her family. But how changed is her condition, when instead of the lethargy and fixed countenance, the circulation is suddenly restored, the blood mounts to her cheeks, and her eyes sparkle, while both in mind and body she manifests an unwonted energy, and her whole frame is animated. During the continuance of the paroxysm, she delivers herself with a force of thought and language, and in a tone so greatly altered, that even her parents say, 'She is not our child, she is not our daughter, a spirit has entered into her.' This is in accordance with the prevailing supersti-

tion of antiquity; for how natural to suppose, when this girl again falls into a state of torpor, and sits like a marble statue, pale, exhausted, taciturn, that the spirit has left her. The transition is easy; the priests take her under their care, watch her ravings and give them meaning, until she sinks again into a death-like stupor or indifference. Successive attacks of this kind impress the countenance indelibly. The painter has to represent features powerful, but consistent with the maturity and perfection of feminine beauty. He will show his genius by portraying not only a fine female form with the grandeur of the antique, but a face of peculiar character; embodying a state of disease often witnessed by the physician, with associations derived from history. If on the dead and uniform paleness of the face he bestows that deep tone of interest which belongs to features inactive, but not incapable of feeling; if he can show something of the imprint of long suffering isolated from human sympathy, throw around her the appropriate mantle, and let the fine hair fall on her shoulders, the picture will require no golden letters to announce her character, as in the old paintings of the Sybil or the Pythoness."

To such fragments as these nothing need be added. It is well that the discoveries and the reflections of such a mind should be placed within the reach of the public at large in an accessible and attractive form. The truest acknowledgment of the services rendered by such men is the respect which every one may pay to their literary remains; and we are persuaded that the success of this volume will not be inferior to that of the admirable treatise on the Hand, and not unworthy of its accomplished author's lasting fame.

SONNET.—TO MEMORY.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

From the Metropoliian.

COME, pensive spirit, moonlight of the mind,
Hallowing the things of earth with touch refined,
Unfold thine ample page, and let me dwell
Upon the days that were: I love thy spell,
And own thee mistress of the magic art
That breathes a fresh existence o'er the heart.
Come, then, enchantress! with thy scenic power,
Flume the dullness of the passing hour;
Act o'er again what time has swept away,
And give me back each smiling former day;
Call up the rosy hours that danced along,
Gay as my spirit, joyous as my song,
When youth and health and golden hopes were mine,
Heaping with od'rous gifts home's hallow'd shrine.

A TRIP TO THEBES.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

From the Metropolitan.

NOTWITHSTANDING the bright charms that form the aspect of old Nilus, the cloudless sky, and the healthful breeze, human nature is a thing so wayward, that much as we admired them at first, time rendered us heartily tired of gazing through the venetians of our little boat on limestone hills, cave temples, hermit cells, mummy chambers, and public tombs, while the villages that occurred at intervals, presented ever the same aspect, of mud houses and date groves, equally crowded with a filthy, lazy, fly-devoured people, and creeping things of every denomination.

At Manfaloot, a mandate had been issued against all detention, which, tedious in itself, always led to bickerings between the reis and dragoman, each endeavoring to overreach the other, and to make the traveller a victim common to both. Under these circumstances we went contentedly on, satisfied to eat flat cakes and sweet curds at nine, with stewed pigeons and tomatas at six, (the staple food of Egypt,) and to divert the intermediate time by observing the absurd foolery of our Arab crew.

Dreading the proscription, some had lost an eye, and some a finger, yet no amount of oppression could check their innate love of buffoonery, while no extent of indulgence in it, seemed capable of producing weariness.

The first evening I noticed them, the sturdiest of the crew had affected to be a beggar asking alms from a rich man, and accompanying the request with all the entreaties common with the pauper hyperbolists of the East. The man of wealth characteristically calls him a Kelb (dog) for his pains, on which the sturdy vagrant loads him with abuse, and ends by dealing him a sharp blow, which is returned with interest, when kicks and cuffs ensue, amid roars of laughter. The shrill pipe and the Arab drum on board were never mute, for even at night some played while the others slept; and as the oarsmen pulled lustily to the wild chorusses of their favorite songs, the mountains and date groves of the Thebaid echoed back the charms of the "fair maids of Secunderiah."

No sooner had we made Luxor, on the left bank of the river, than a guide, speaking two or three languages, and laden with certificates of ability, introduced himself to

our knowledge: wisely had this cicerone sprung from the bank on board, for no sooner was our little boat secured to the shore, than it was at once surrounded by a hundred dirty, noisy Arabs, all pressing on us their services. The first who came, however, was the first engaged, and with him we went on shore, our dragoman and his culinary help,—or "el cookoo," as the Arab sailors had learnt to call him,—also proceeding into the village, to obtain that which, fortunately, every one produces, in addition to its rats, flies, and other "plagues of Egypt," viz. eggs, milk, fowls, pigeons, oranges, and bread,—the only motive for the hungry traveller (and who is not hungry on the Nile?) to stop at them with good will.

Instead of entering a spacious, open temple, as drawings of Luxor had led me to expect, we threaded the filthy ways of an Arab hamlet, between dove-cots and irregular walls, raised with cement and broken earthenware upon the ruins of the mighty temple; barked at by savage dogs, and run after by bleary-eyed children. Our guide, stooping through a narrow doorway, first introduced us into a cow-shed, littered with filth, and occupied by buffaloes and donkeys, who seemed quite used to the intrusion, and perhaps considered themselves as part of the interest, although the dogs certainly were of a different opinion, and instead of regarding us as friends, (which, considering how often the Turks term Christians "kelbs," they ought to do,) compelled us to send for our boatmen to protect us from their attacks.

The walls, roof, and supporting pillars, which are those of the ancient temple, are covered with sculptured figures of the gods and kings of Egypt, with hieroglyphic histories of the past keenly chiselled on those blocks whose enormous size remains a marvel to every age. The pillars of this portion of the desecrated temple are formed of solid blocks, connected by huge slabs that form the roof; and the countenances of the gods and heroes sculptured round were remarkable for the extreme beauty and benignity of their expression. From this stable we made our way through numerous dusty avenues, formed all of huts leaning against or built between the noble pillars of the adytum of the temple; and then stumbling over dust-heaps and filth, we came on a splendid avenue of seven columns on either side, each twenty-two feet in circumference, with lotus capitals, all bearing the appearance of ancient painting. The rounded columns are formed of four blocks each, united by

joists of iron. Nothing, we thought, could be more grand than this splendid portion of the ancient palace or temple of the great Osymandias; but as we went on, passed through the northern prophylon, and turned to gaze on the colossi on either side, and the spirited sculptures clearly to be distinguished on the great eastern wall, past admiration was lost in present wonder, and that idea of power and sublimity, which is the first produced by gazing on the works of the most ancient people in the world, took full possession of our minds. Half buried in the sand, which alone seems more eternal than themselves, these huge granite guardians of the splendid temple seem to look forth unmoved upon the changes that time has made. While on the wall, the conqueror, with the fine stalwart form of youth, urges on his fiery coursers against his enemies, or leads them in chains, receiving tribute and homage. Burning with indignation at the treatment these gems of the past receive at the hands of the Arabs, and astonished that the ruler of modern Egypt makes no effort to preserve objects not alone so valuable in themselves, but producing by their power of interest so much advantage to his country, we returned to our boat, which we found surrounded by venders of "antiques," and a party of Almuehs, prepared for display.

The *premiere danscuse* of the group wore a loose shift of dark blue cotton, and on her head a *tarbouche*, with a gaily-colored kerchief wound around it; but on our approach she drew the shift over her head, and displayed the gay dress of her profession. This consisted of a boddice with hanging sleeves of yellow silk, with a petticoat of dark blue chintz, figured with orange-colored flowers; a pink shawl formed her ceinture, and from it descended a great quantity of silver chains, bells, and talismans. The complexion of the girl was rather sallow than brown, and her hair fell in ringlets on her shoulders; but the countenance bore an expression from which one turned with a sigh and shudder, for it was that of utter degradation. Disinclined for her performance, we desired the dragoman to make her a small present, and no way pleased at her dismissal, the *danscuse* of Luxor again hid her gay attire, and slowly returned to her filthy home.

The venders of antiques were more fortunate. Necklaces, which had encircled the necks of female mummies, with sculptured genii in blue china, were not to be resisted,

and for a few piastres we made a very tolerable bargain.

Youssouf, our worthy dragoman, for some purpose of his own, had represented that donkeys were not to be got, and talked of burning sands and ten mile distances, after a manner that nearly caused us to allow him to purchase two at Manfaloot, and billet them on us for the whole distance, donkeys being cheap in Upper Egypt, and our knowing servitor thinking that by buying one here, and constraining us to feed it, he would sell the animal on his return to Cairo at a very pleasant profit; but he was disconcerted in his plan, and we found at Thebes, that the arrival of travellers was a thing so common, that the Arabs, always alive to the means of money-making, had saddle-donkeys as well arrayed as in Cairo, with guides, torchbearers, and every requisite for antiquary-hunting, in very troublesome and annoying numbers; the difficulty being, not to get these means, but to get rid of them, and to avoid as much as possible the impositions of their owners.

Thus, before we had been five minutes at Luxor, a dozen donkeys came scampering down, saddled and bridled, their owners fighting among themselves which should take us to Carnac, and it was only by engaging two, and setting them to beat off the rest, that we were able to mount any at all. Next appeared a flock of urchins desiring to carry our water-bottle, sketch-books, umbrellas, and common travellers' gear, the rear being brought up by collectors of "antiques," who every moment pushed into our hands *scarabæi*, bits of mummy coffins, and all sorts of rubbish of a like nature.

At length we started for Carnac, the gem of the Thebaid, the wonder of every age, the inexplicable triumph of ancient art. It stands about two miles from Luxor, and glad were we to see, that although there was also an Arab hamlet near the ruins, it was not built in and on the towering remains, as in the neighboring scene of desecration.

A short distance before arriving at Carnac, we entered an avenue of Sphinxes, all headless, and grievously mutilated. This avenue, doubtless once among the grandest features of the temple, leads to the southwest prophylon, whose simple majesty of proportions, and exquisite excellence of architectural decoration, cannot be surpassed. Erected of Syene granite, the whole is richly sculptured with figures in alto-relievo, representing the priests making offerings to the gods; and on

the frieze and side walls are figures of Horus and Osiris, under the aspect of their various attributes, while the winged globe, the emblem of the protective genius, surmounts the entrance, and bears evidence of the whole having been richly painted.

On passing this prophylon, our attention was first directed to a portion of the temple to the left, which contains five chambers, dimly lighted from above; here Sir Gardiner Wilkinson pursued his laborious and valuable studies; and on the walls, by the aid of lighted branches of dry date trees, we saw the most exquisite representations of Egyptian mythology,—the mystic history and emblems of the Theban Trinity, Isis nursing her son Horus, and Osiris towering amidst his genii.

From hence we entered a hall facing the southeast prophylon, supported by massive columns, covered with sculptures and hieroglyphics, many of them still retaining evidences of their original coloring, but every where defaced by the destroying hand of man. Whole figures have been laboriously chipped away by the mason's chisel, and where the strangers wearied of this work of bigotry, fragments of rich beauty have been violently torn down with the axe or the hammer, the spears or the swords of the Persian soldiery. Turning through a low door on the right, so filled up from the floor that it can only be passed on hands and knees, we ascended the stairs leading to the roof of the temple. Rude are they, and broken, passing between sculptured walls which almost close out the light of day; and here and there a vast block has given way, and one looks shuddering down to the base of the temple; but all must be passed with steady footing, fixed surely in niches in the wall; and when the roof is really gained, a scene of the most bewildering grandeur bursts on the view. Beneath, around, and stretching far away among fields waving with green crops, lay shattered columns, ruined prophylons, noble obelisks, and gigantic blocks of every form, and in every position the imagination can picture, with the great hall of Carnac, so towering and so vast in its proportions, and so noble in its ruins, that chapel, palace, and the very temple on which we stood, sank to insignificance before it. Behind us flowed the bright Nile, and on the opposite bank the remains of those palaces which made Thebes the wonder of the world, while the sitting figures of the Rameses, surrounded by the waters of the inundation, seemed to gaze with sentient

watchfulness upon the piles whereon we stood. Below grouped the miserable huts of the Arab desecrators—they who rifle the tombs of the kings of Egypt—who tear the honored dead of her royal line from their dark chambers, and barter for bread the protective offerings with which love surrounded them—who put their foot upon the neck of the remnant of the lords of the ancient land, and curse them with the foul curses of modern barbarism;—such are the objects which lie beneath the traveller's eye, while deep and full of interest and instruction are the meditations to which they must give rise.

Descending the staircase, and crossing a stony waste scattered every where with remnants of rich sculpture, fragments of colossi, sphinxes, obelisks, and columns, every fragment graven with the history of the past, every stone a leaf in the great book of knowledge, we came on the great hall and temple of Carnac; and here I must abandon all description, all vain hope of making my pen obedient to my purpose; for, as the eye and mind wearies of contemplating gigantic pillars, avenues crossing avenues, chambers seemingly innumerable, gigantic colossi, obelisks of granite, fresh as from the chisel of yesterday, every minute portion of the whole delicately graven with the histories of priests and kings, religious rites, and mystic emblems—so does one shrink from the idle hope, the vain attempt, of describing the indescribable, or seeking to convey to others that which, as we gaze, bewilders the mind with the combined effects of wonder, awe, curiosity, and admiration the most unspeakable. And yet, we see in Carnac but the wreck of the past; its walls are cast down; its hall is roofless, its colossi are mutilated, and its courts are filled with the broken obelisks, prophylons, and columns, that were once its own in a glorious whole of unmatched grandeur; but still, the traveller of to-day, as he paces the silent hall, or leans against its columns, may feel, as I did, that to the history of the ancient world its very ruin adds a charm, and increases the power of that imagination which seeks to animate its avenues and chapels with the mighty priesthood, who held as nothing the power of kings, and who, in their mystic learning, sought to pierce through the veil of nature, and seize upon that truth still darkly hid from them.

Leaving the great temple of Carnac, our guide led us by another road to Luxor, the whole way, which is grown with grass and

weeds, being strewed with sphinxes, colossi of anubis, and other granite remains, whose positions tend to the idea that they all formed avenues between the lesser and greater temples of Carnac, and extended even to Luxor.

Returning to our boat, we crossed the Nile the same evening to inspect the ruins of Koornah, and Medinet above. Engaging a fresh guide for this portion of ancient Thebes, we mounted our donkeys immediately after breakfast on the following day, and with Youssouf, the guides, and venders of curiosities, as before, set forth on our investigating journey. As we emerged from a narrow path leading between grain fields, and came on the plain of Thebes, a magnificent *coup d'œil* was presented of the ancient temples, the colossal figures, the perforated hills, and the glorious river, and we hastened on, scarcely looking at the palace of Koornah by the way, to the great temple of Rameses the Second, commonly known as the Memnonium. Entering the eastern prophylon, we stood in a court, where, lying on its back, the face greatly mutilated, is the granite Memnon, the deep-cut hieroglyphics on the right arm perfectly fresh, and according in size with the huge proportions of the figure. We then passed through pillars supporting, or rather faced by, figures of Osiris with the flagellum, to a second court, in which is a smaller Memnon, lying on its side, with one arm perfect, and the back covered with hieroglyphics, among which is cut the name of Belzoni, with the date of 1816. The head of this figure, which is, with the exception of the nose, still perfect, stands supported on a frame of wood, which was placed under it for the purpose of its removal; the right arm, in two pieces, lies on either side of the head, one portion showing the hole bored for the powder when fractured. There is also a block of black granite, at the back of which are hieroglyphics and the figure of a priest in alto-relievo, but the front is totally deprived of form. The adytum of this temple, also supported by figures of Osiris, contains beautiful and perfect reliefs, representing kings offering to the gods, priests bearing the sacred ark, and the gods writing the good deeds of Rameses on the leaves of the tree Persea. The capitals of the columns of the temple are of the lotus form, which is perhaps the most beautiful among all the styles of Egyptian architecture.

Leaving the Memnonium, from whence is obtained a fine view of the sitting figures of

Rameses, with Carnac and Luxor on the opposite bank of the river, and the hilly range behind it full of cave temples and convent grottoes of the ancient Christians, we went on to Medinet above, about half a mile further on, over a pleasant road of short crisp grass and herbs. Here we dismounted at the palace of Rameses the Third, one of the most magnificent remains, and the best preserved at Thebes. The prophylon, which is nearly entire, leads into a court surrounded with small chambers, covered with hieroglyphics, but beyond this is the great hall, surrounded with triple colonnades, the ceiling richly painted with deep azure, studded with stars, and the walls covered with deeply-cut representations of the conquests of Rameses, to whom are brought captives of every nation as the king sits on his war chariot, while offerings of hands taken in war are laid at his feet, and a scribe numbers them on his tablets; grooms also are seen, exercising war-horses in the most spirited positions, and on one portion of the wall, the ceremonies required at an Egyptian coronation, appears with Isis protecting the throned king. The green, crimson, and azure is yet vivid on the walls, and the most perfect idea is given of what must have been the splendor and gorgeous effect of this palace, ere desolation cast her hand upon its chambers, and ruin marred the glories of its cunning work.

From the temple of Rameses our guide took us far away to a small temple in the hills, but there was little to see there but a variety in the decorations of the columns, their capitals being of finer work, and cobra capellas adorning their plinths.

Returning from this temple, we visited the Necropolis of Thebes. This vast burial-place of an enormous city presents the appearance of a succession of limestone hills, covered with cavernous openings leading to the mummy pits, which literally perforate as a honeycomb the entire space. Carefully proceeding among these pits, we entered a valley, at the head of which is a temple worthy attention; not that it contains much of interest, but proves that the Egyptians possessed the knowledge of the arch fifteen hundred years before the Christian era. Somewhat heated and fatigued, it was our intention to have rested here and eaten lunch, but I was not yet reconciled to the horrible effects of Arab tomb-rifling, and the dismembered bodies, female heads, and severed limbs I had passed on the way ill fitted me for such refreshments.

Determined, however, to see all that Thebes could show, I resolved to brave these horrors, and visit, if possible, the pit from whence they had been drawn; so, returning with the guides to the spot most crowded with these relics of abused humanity, we found, as we expected, the mouth of a pit, just large enough to admit the body of a man crawling flat upon the ground. The guides, lighting a couple of candles, disappeared through the opening, and called us to follow. Taking off my bonnet, and lying flat on the ground, I was drawn backwards through the aperture, immediately within which the height of the roof permitted me to crawl on my hands and knees, and I found myself in a passage, surrounded by entire mummies, which the Arabs had dragged forward to rifle by the little light that reached them through the entrance of the pit. Much shrunk by the embalming process, they seemed not more than four feet in height, the skin resembling varnished leather of a dark brown color, the hair and teeth perfect, with large openings in the bodies, from which the Arabs had torn the figures, coins, ornaments, and scarabæi usually placed in them by the relatives or embalmers. Lighted by the guides, we continued to crawl forward among remnants of cerecloth and portions of bodies, until we gained a square chamber, whose height allowed us to stand erect. Here a horrible scene presented itself—hundreds of human bodies, piled one upon another, lay under our feet, torn and rifled by the Arabs, stripped of their cerecloth, crushed and dismembered. Even now, the guides and Arabs turned them over as if they had been logs of wood, laughed hideously as some distortion became apparent by the flickering lights, and stamped upon the heap in a way that made the blood curdle in one's veins. Glad was I to return, and inhale the breezes of the upper air; yet I congratulated myself on having seen one of the greatest among the characteristic features of ancient Egypt.

The wealthy families of Thebes possessed private tombs, decorated originally for sale, and the property of the priests; to one of these our guide conducted us. A family of Arabs had it in possession as a dwelling-place; they had closed it with a rude door, and remnants of statues and coffins were mixed up with cooking utensils in the narrow court-yard; and there we found the Arab owners, they and their little ones, with these noisy curs, and sheep and fowls,

the men striving to relieve their squalid misery by the plunder of tombs, and the sale of the "Antiques." Entering the tomb, and lighting our candles, we found lofty and extensive corridors, excavated from the limestone rock, faced with fine cement, and decorated with richly sculptured and colored groups of figures, giving in detail the every-day life of the Egyptian people, as they were two thousand years ago.

On our return to our boat, we found a crowd of venders of antiques waiting for us, each Arab with a little basket under his arm, filled with curiosities from the tombs, scarabæi, necklace amulets, bits of mummy chests, fragments of cerecloth, vases, fruits, human hair, and statues of vitrified china, with human hands, feet, and arms, separately bandaged, as was the fashion with the Greeks, each to be had for a few piastres; and a strange looking old French marquis, whose boat was just in advance of our own, had been the purchaser of a perfect cargo, which his dragoman, looking on such matters as common lumber, had thrown aside, among pigeons, bread, and oranges.

The following morning, before sunrise, we started for the tombs of the kings, situated about four miles from the river. After winding through a defile of limestone rocks of the most majestic heights and forms, along a road originally cleared by the Egyptians, for the funeral processions of their kings, and strewn with boulders of flint, and fossil shells in great abundance, alternated with jasper, we arrived at last at the head of the valley defile, or gorge, where towers, like a vast pedestal for some giant statue, one single rock, fit monument for Egypt's royal line. Turning up a narrow and steep path to the left, we came to the bed of a mountain torrent, and alighted at an excavated doorway, the entrance of the tomb, opened by the indefatigable Belzoni.

Our own wish would have led us to visit this spot in silence, accompanied only by the necessary Arab guide, but this we found hopelessly impossible; all the crew of our boat had armed themselves with huge staves, had prepared to accompany us at starting, and nothing could restrain them; then the reis drew on a bright blue cotton shirt, that had been making during the whole voyage, and stated his readiness also; and last, a miserable old woman, the head of his three wives, hung two or three large coins on her coarse matted tresses,

drew a dirty black cotton veil over her head, and came with tears in her eyes, to beg me to hire a donkey to carry her to the tombs. The reis was in high spirits, and talked and shouted as much as if he had been in a passion: and as a sort of harmless flirtation had been going on since we left Manfaloot between Youssof and the lady, he entertained her with all sorts of chatter; and as the torch-bearers were quarrelling, and the donkey-drivers shouting to their charges, our party was as noisy a one, and as various as could well be imagined. However, we found every body useful in their way, and having lighted the torches, we commenced our descent over the first flight of stairs, which were steep and rugged, but led to a noble corridor, sloping downwards, and lined with fine relievos, bearing the marks of the ancient paintings. A second descent, and we were in the rich painted chambers, surrounded by magnificent works of art, all possessing great spirit of delineation, and the most perfect proportion of outline. The representations of this celebrated tomb are well known in England, as also the sarcophagus found in it by Belzoni; and in splendor, richness, and beauty, it far surpasses all that have been opened. The appearance of grandeur given by nature to the head of the remarkable valley, in which was found these royal tombs, certainly was such as to authorize Belzoni in his opinion, that it was a spot likely to be chosen for the burial-places of the Pharaohs; and yet it would seem that nothing less than some revelation could have induced the Italian to seek for the tomb of a king in the bed of a mountain torrent. The elaborateness of its work, the beauty of its finish, the richness of its paintings, and the number of its chambers of imagery, make it indeed worthy of being considered as among the finest of those "eternal habitations" which the Egyptians, by no means worshippers of kings, assigned to those among their rulers, who having been sternly judged after death, and against whose justice, wisdom, and mercy, not a breath arose, were ferried across the sacred lake of Thebes, borne in funeral pomp around its temples, and along the steep defile, to these last resting places, in whose chambers prayers for the dead arose, and in whose splendid decorations it was supposed that the soul of the departed took the most exquisite delight.

From that known as Belzoni's, we entered the Harp Tomb, as it is called, curi-

ous and peculiar for the character of its paintings: musical instruments, and musicians playing on them, being delineated on its walls in common with the more usual representations of kings taught by the gods, priests offering sacrifices, and sacred animals and emblems in countless variety. In the last chamber of the Harp Tomb is a granite sarcophagus, in two parts, much mutilated; and on the roof, considerably injured by damp, the stalactical process has commenced, and the walls by the torch-light glitter like a fairy hall. Re ascending from this, we entered a third tomb, numbered nine above its entrance, and found it finer in its proportions than either we had before seen, but less richly painted. In the third chamber stands an enormous sarcophagus, with a full-length figure sculptured on the top, and hieroglyphics surrounding it. It has been sadly fractured by the army of Napoleon, but still remains the most entire sarcophagus in the royal tombs. Among other names, stands prominently forth that of Prince Puckler Muskau, who in putting his signature among the cartouches of Egypt's royal line, felt perhaps somewhat like the fly upon the cart-wheel, who rejoiced at the dust he could kick up; it is a common vanity this, and, as a human weakness, must, I suppose, be pardoned; yet nothing, I confess, annoys me more, than to have my attention attracted from works of interest and beauty, by the scribblings of Smiths and Joneses, whose names, respectable enough in their card-cases, are but vain impertinences when defacing the magnificent remains of ancient art. Among such I do not entirely rank that of the traveller prince, but I should have held him higher had he been content to have gone down to posterity on the title-page of his own amusing book, rather than on the sarcophagus of a Pharaoh, whose beautiful and mystic characters he has defaced by such idle vanity.

We were anxious to see some of the well-preserved mummies, but in consequence of an order forbidding their sale by Mehemet Ali, the Arabs, dreading discovery and punishment, secrete them with great care. However, after some confabulation with the Arabs, who were animated with the idea that we intended to become purchasers of their treasures, they agreed to guide us to the huts where they were to be found. Entering the first, which was in fact the occupied tomb of an ancient family of rank, the Arabs closed the door behind us, and

then with great secrecy dragged forth two mummy chests from an inner chamber, and removing the richly-painted tops of the coffin, displayed the mummies bound in their cerecloths, and evidently untouched. For each they demanded two hundred piastres, or about two pounds, and offered for that sum to wrap the chest in matting, and put it on board our boat in the evening. The size and weight of the chest, however, discouraged us from attempting its transfer, and we left the venders with a doubtful answer, and proceeded to a second hut, in which we saw another mummy case, containing the body of a woman, as appeared from the figure painted on the top, which was represented with its arms crossed over the bosom, a style only adopted for the coffins of women. The news soon flew round that the strangers wanted mummies, and numerous were the beckonings and hints we received that many were for sale in the several huts while on passing one, an Arab snatched up a mummy which had lain in his court-yard, stripped of its outer cerements, and held it out to us with a triumphant grin.

Through the narrow cloth that banded the body, the limbs and features of the dead were clearly perceptible, and nothing could be more piteous in its expression than this poor shrunken form of the ancient Egyptian, in the arms of the brawny and deriding Arab.

I was not sorry to give up mummy hunting, for we were now every where followed and surrounded by Arabs laden with limbs from dismembered bodies, as well as entire mummies of serpents, ibis, and cats, with the heads of wolves, and other hideous objects of Egypt's symbol worship. We bargained for an ibis, and got it for a piastre, but were grievously disappointed to find that, instead of its proving a white plumed, handsome bird, as it once was, it retained neither form nor color; but we consoled ourselves with the shawl that had once enveloped a Theban belle, and a pair of ancient sandals, in form such as our Hummalls constantly wear in India.

Unless the visitor is attracted as a student to Thebes, it is not a place the stranger will be disposed to tarry at, and therefore, having seen its wonders, and just encountered a large party in blouse and telescope array, preparing with umbrellas and sketch-books to follow our steps, we left the remnants of the city of a hundred gates, free to their investigations, and re-embarking,

spread our canvass for the far-famed Khennek, the oasis of all the beggar and pilgrim class of "true believers."

FLOWERS.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS! wherever ye bloom,
With your soft-tinted leaves, and your fragrant
perfume;
Whether in Spring ye come forth from the ground,
Or when Autumn scatters her dead leaves around;
Whether in cottage or palace ye dwell,
Beautiful Flowers! I love ye well.

Behold a young girl, in her mirthful play,
Laughing the hours of childhood away,
The light winds are waving her sunny hair,
And her voice sounds sweet in the silent air.
While her fair hands are twining, from summer
bowers,
Wild blooming wreaths of the beautiful Flowers.

The scene is now changed, for years have flown;
That gay laughing girl to a woman has grown;
And the lover is there, who fain would tell
The secret their eyes have reveal'd too well!
But Flowers he plants in her snowy breast,
And their eloquent leaves have his love confessed.

'Tis a bridal morn, and loudly swells
A merry peal from the old church-bells;
The white-robd' bride is smiling now
'Neath a budding wreath from the orange bough;
And bright-ey'd maidens before her strew
Beautiful Flowers, of every hue.

There's a voice of sorrow,—for time hath fled,—
A wife and a mother lies cold and dead;
They've laid her to sleep in her endless rest,
With a young babe clasp'd to her marble breast;
And Flowers are there, with their perfum'd
breath,
Decking the bud and the blossom in death.]

In the green churchyard is a lonely spot,
Where the joyous sunshine enters not;
Deep in the gloom of the cypress' shade,
There is her home in the cold earth made,
And over her still the sweet flowrets bloom,—
They were near her in life, and forsake not her
tomb.

Beautiful Flowers! ye seem to be
Link'd in the fond ties of memory!
Companions ye were to our childhood's day,—
Companions ye are to our lifeless clay;
And barren and drear were this wide world of
ours,
Lacking the smile of the beautiful Flowers!

FREDERICA EMILIE D.

HUME, AND HIS INFLUENCE UPON HISTORY.

From the Quarterly Review.

Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normands. Par Augustin Thierry, de l'Institut Royal de France. Quatrième édition. Bruxelles. 1842.

THIERRY, largely and approvingly quoted by Sir James Mackintosh, and praised by many English reviewers, has, without absolutely superseding any of our 'standard' authorities, become, through the medium of translations and cheap editions, a popular book. So much attention has been excited by the novelty of his very doubtful views, which we trust to have ere long an opportunity of discussing, that it has tended to revive the scheme, often suggested, but never yet adopted, of publishing an *annotated Hume*.

'Hume, after all'—it was urged by an able advocate of the plan, whom, according to the fashion of the days of Berkeley and Hervey, we will designate as *Alciphron*—'Hume, after all, retains his literary ascendancy. People will turn to him naturally as the educational book, the unchallenged source of authority. New histories, such as Thierry, may enjoy a flash of reputation, but they will not be considered as the sober, regular book, the outfit of the new book-case in the newly-furnished breakfast-room, newly occupied by the newly-married expectants of a numerous family. As Professor Smith says, in his Lectures, *It is Hume who is read by every one. Hume is the historian whose views and opinions insensibly become our own. He is respected and admired by the most enlightened reader; he is the guide and philosopher of the ordinary reader, to whose mind, on all the topics connected with our history, he entirely gives the tone and law.* Were, however, the merit of Hume's history less than it is, the stamp given by the name of a standard work will always sustain its value as a literary or commercial speculation. Hume may be truly characterized as History for the Million. In our active age, the prevailing desire is to acquire the largest show of information, with the smallest expense of thought. Just as you buy a tool-chest or a medicine-chest, because it contains all the hammers and chisels, or tinctures and powders which you want, all ready chosen for you without any trouble of your own—even so do people purchase the standard work for their handsome, select libraries, because

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they expect, and rightly, that it will fill up the gap on their shelves, and the void in their heads, without any further pains.'

Your comparison, however apposite—was the reply of *Euphranor*—cannot be carried entirely through. He who purchases the tool-chest endeavors to ascertain the temper of the tools: he assures himself that the shear-steel is Holtzapfel's and not Sheffield ware. It is not the mere 'town made' which will satisfy him. In the medicine-chest, you take pains enough to insure that the contents of phials and boxes shall be the right thing: no willow-bark, instead of Battley's cinchona: genuine unadulterated senna. Still more anxiously would you keep away from the shop, however gay and attractive, if you knew that the pharmacopologist had been tried and convicted of selling oxalic acid in the place of Epsom salts, or arsenic for magnesia. But with respect to the 'standard work,' or the whole legion of educational works, equally 'standards' in their degree, is the same salutary caution employed? Rarely does the teacher, who places the book before the pupil, take the trouble to consider the character of the mind whence the work emanates, or the tendency of the doctrines which it may boldly display or coyly conceal. How often does the careful mother, who anxiously guards her children against opening any but 'Sunday books' on the Lord's day, resume on the Monday her regular course of readings—lessons on history, lessons on botany, lessons on geology, taken from productions in which, either in express terms, or by inference, Holy Scripture is either so excluded as to destroy all trust in its reality, or represented as a fable!

'Surely not so'—said *Alciphron*;—'name them.'

Nay—quoth *Euphranor*—it is mamma's business, not mine; let her set her wits to work, and examine the first dozen of the rubbish which she shoots upon the school-room table.

'We are wandering from our question'—resumed *Alciphron*;—'do not suppose that I contend for the absolute perfection of Hume's history. In many respects it may not satisfy the awakened curiosity of the public mind. Copious sources of information, unexplored in Hume's day, have been made known since his time by the diligence of our modern antiquaries. Sounder criticism is employed in judging the mediæval period: more truly do we appreciate the poetical character of the middle ages, the

splendors of chivalry, the charm of romance, the beauty of the structures, the merit of the artists who, sixty years since, were equally contemned by the man of letters and the virtuoso. Above all, we begin to understand how extensive is the inquiry involved in the annals of mankind; for the enlarged researches of our own times, make us now far more sensible of the exact extent of our ignorance. There is as much graphic archæology and curious quaintness, in any one number of Charles Knight's *London or Old England*, or my friend Felix Summerly's Guide-books, as, under Pitt's administration, would have set up an Antiquarian Society—president, council, director, and all the members to boot. But our abundance will facilitate the editorial task. Hume's short-comings may be completely remedied by the note, the excursus, the appendix, and the essay. All those who possess the information and talent needed for correcting Hume's errors, or making good his deficiencies, will have a far better chance of profit or fame by annexing their information to his pages, than through any independent production of their own. Embark in the vessel which has so long braved the storms of criticism: the good ship Hume will always make a prosperous voyage, and find a market for her wares in ports which to every other flag will be closed. *It is in vain*—as observed by a shrewd critic of our own day—that *we shall look elsewhere for those general and comprehensive views, that sagacity and judgment, those masterly lessons of political wisdom, that profound knowledge of human nature, that calm philosophy and dispassionate balancing of opinion, which delight and instruct us in the pages of Hume. Hume is justly placed, by common consent, at the head of our philosophic historians: he is not more distinguished for his philosophy than for his sagacity and judgment, his feeling and pathos.*—Hume may be deficient in diligence and research, but, as I have before said, how easily can any defects arising from imperfect information be supplied by those, who, with less genius and philosophy, have more opportunity of collecting materials, more assiduity, more knowledge! And if there be any tendencies at variance with received opinions, surely a calm and temperate correction of his errors, will sufficiently enable the reader to maintain a due impartiality.*

You are quoting, O *Alciphron*—was the reply of *Euphranor*—the words of the late John Allen, who, as an acute, diligent, and

critical investigator of history, is entitled to great respect; but the task of correction would not be so easy as you suppose. Fully do I acknowledge the cleverness displayed in Hume's history, though I should not characterize his qualities exactly in the same terms. Allen's language is even more tinged by affection than that of the lover; for in the very same article he says,—*'We are thoroughly sensible of the deficiencies in what constitute the chief merit of an historian, fidelity and regard to truth.'* Professor Smith goes a deal farther. He warns us to be *'ever suspicious'* of the author's *'particular prejudices.'* He virtually accuses his favorite writer of a perpetual falsification of his subject, *'by ascribing to the personages of history, as they pass before him, the views and opinions of later ages: those sentiments and reasonings which his own enlightened and powerful mind was able to form, not those which either really were or could be formed by men thinking or acting many centuries before.'* And he sums up the literary character of the *'beautiful narrative'* by telling us that *'in Hume's history truth is continually mixed up with misrepresentation, and the whole mass of the reasoning, which in its final impression is materially wrong, is so interspersed with observations which are in themselves perfectly right, that the reader is at no time sufficiently on his guard, and is at last betrayed into conclusions totally unwarrantable, and at variance with his best feelings and soundest opinions.'**

How can an editor deal with such a writer—an historian who neither knows the truth, nor cares to know it, and whose wilful perversions must provoke a continual, though ineffectual, refutation!—The perpetual commentary must become a perpetual running fire against the text. Let it be further recollected that the *'particular prejudices'* of Hume may chance to run counter to an editor's best interests and feelings. If you, *Alciphron*, held a good estate in the county of Berks, by your father's will, would you like to attempt the correction of a topographer who had such a *'particular prejudice'* against testamentary devises as to represent them to be grounded, in every case, upon fraud? How could any Englishman bear to edit a general history of

* The passages quoted by *Alciphron* and *Euphranor* will be found in the *Edinburgh Review* No. 53, p. 5, &c.; and in *Smyth's Lectures*, vol. i., Lecture V., which we request our readers to peruse attentively, comparing it with this article.

England, composed by Monsieur De Nigremont the Frenchman, who, entertaining the most '*particular prejudices*' against the British sea-service, always advocates his own opinion by so artfully mixing up truth with misrepresentation, as to make all our naval men appear odious or ridiculous; and to induce us to believe that our naval service is equally mischievous and contemptible; our wooden walls, not the defences of the realm, but useless sources of extravagant expense; our sailors, ruffians, serving merely for plunder; the '*whole scope*' of all our Admiralty orders directed to the same wicked object; our commanders, knaves or fools, traitors or cowards; who represents Howe as a ninny, and Collingwood as a brute; and who, in narrating the last days of Nelson, fraudulently omits his 'England expects every man to do his duty;' lest, by quoting these emphatic words, he should preserve a memorial of the ardent and sincere patriotism of the dying hero?

An editor appears to me to be nearly in your position when you introduce a stranger to your friend. In this case, you wish—if consistent with truth—to become the entire voucher for the character of the party: if you cannot go to that full extent, then, in connexion with the introduction, you feel yourself obliged to put your friend sufficiently upon the *qui vive* to protect himself in his intercourse. As the world goes, you may often be compelled, even for your friend's benefit, to place him in close quarters with an individual whose connexion or acquaintance cannot be pursued or cultivated without caution.—Chipchase is an honest workman, but very cross—John Bean takes good care of his horses, though he is not a teetotaller—Sir Richard enjoys capital credit upon 'Change, but he is apt to be tricky.—In all such cases the merit or talent, such as it may be, is accepted as a compensation for the defect. So far as concerns the particular purposes required, the balance is on the right side. But you would find it rather awkward, had you to state, 'Lorenzo is a delightful companion, full of wit, talent, and information; he has only one fault, his whole heart and soul is given up to gallantry: he never loses sight of his purpose. He has written a most clever essay upon "*the natural history of chastity*"—to prove, not only the bad influence exercised by the "*popular notions of chastity*" upon morality, but that, in point of fact, chastity never exists; and that she

who is apparently the most virtuous differs only from the most profligate by "cant and grimace." Lorenzo is most actively consistent—he tries to seduce every woman he can get at. When you have him in your house he will endeavor on all occasions to put his doctrines into practice, whether he meets your smart lady's maid in the park or your staid governess on the stairs, plays an accompaniment to your spinster cousin, assists your wife at the dinner-table, reads a sermon to your budding daughter, or escorts your well matured sister to the opera.'—Would it not probably occur to you that your friend would consider it rather inexpedient to begin by shaking hands with a scoundrel, whom he would soon be compelled to get rid of by kicking him out of doors?

Hume's merits must be examined with reference to the era in which he flourished. Previously to Hume, it can hardly be said that England possessed historical literature in the æsthetic sense of the term. Adopting the Gibbonian phrase, it was our reproach that no British altars had been raised to the Muse of History. All who, since Hume, have earned any commanding reputation, are more or less his disciples; and all our juvenile and educational histories, and conversations, and outlines, are, in the main, composed out of Hume's material—occasionally minced up with a few pious reflections, or even with texts, in order to correct the taint of the food thus dished up for the rising generation. Even Turner strongly partakes of his flavor.

Before Hume, we had many valuable and laborious early writers, such as Hall and Grafton, Speed and honest Stow, who chronicled events with diligence, giving that instruction which facts, faithfully though unskilfully narrated, afforded to the multitude, when the comparative sterility of the press rendered reading scarcer and reflection more abundant. 'Baker's Chronicle,' in the hall window, the one book con ned over by the fine old English gentleman, taught him to think for himself. May be his chaplain helped him a little. The modern English gentleman thinks as he is taught by his newspaper. Besides such Gothic chroniclers, for we name Baker only as the exemplar, there were other writers who had made a nearer approach to the science of history, by treating the subject

with reference to the principles of government, or the doctrines of party. They aspired to the more ambitious rank of instructors; yet we had not any works which, viewed as literary compositions, were distinguished either by style or sentiment. Many might be consulted for information, none had striven for literary eminence.

Omitting the writers confined to particular eras or reigns, there were six who, as precursors of Hume, had, with more extended views than mere annalists, planned or executed the task of compiling a general history of England.

First appears Brady. The functions of this learned man exhibited an odd combination of pluralities: a doctor of medicine by profession, an antiquary by fancy, he united in his person the offices of Regius Professor in his faculty at Cambridge, Master of Caius College at Cambridge, and Keeper of the Records in the Tower; being, moreover, one of the household physicians of James II., and as such one of the attesting witnesses of the birth of his unfortunate son. Brady was also much connected with Sydenham. Strange to say, he pursued his literary studies, and preserved his reputation for professional skill. In our days, the 'three black graces' respectively impose three degrees of literary exclusiveness upon their respective professors. Mother Church is most indulgent towards her children; provided they 'perform' one service on Sunday, she nods and allows them to expatiate as they may. Themis shows more jealousy: when she is courted by the student, she smiles and says, 'Young man, recollect I must have you all to myself. It is not for the like of you to suppose that you are to be indulged like the suitors of whom I have been sure—a Brougham or a Jeffrey, a Talfourd or a Merivale. No, —when you have wedded me, you must give up all flirtations with the Muses. If you forget yourself, you shall not touch a shilling of my property, and I dare say I shall end by suing for a divorce from such an unfaithful partner.' Esculapius is the harshest of all: if his son prints his footsteps upon ground forbidden to medical intellect, he at once cuts off the *extravagant* heir with an empty pill-box.

In Brady's time, far more toleration was allowed. He grew rich, received fees, and flourished, albeit he was a distinguished antiquary and historian. The first, or introductory volume of Brady's History, containing a summary of the origin and progress

of the constitution, with a valuable Glossary, was published in 1684; the second in 1685; the third, which ends with the reign of Richard II., in 1700. Brady was sincere in his belief that the people had no political rights, excepting what they had begged, bought, or stolen from the king. Considered as an historical investigator of constitutional law, rather than as a narrator of facts, Brady has much merit, though he draws erroneous conclusions from authentic evidence. He assumes that, whenever any grant in favor of the people proceeded from the Crown, their right originated out of the grant; whereas, in fact, it more frequently happens that such a grant is only a confirmation of a previously existing right, or the recognition of a prevailing principle in the constitution, subsisting by custom and usage, but which now required to be defined, because government sought to violate the understanding, or refuse the concessions which might render the struggle unnecessary: popular rights previously held in solution, but precipitated by excess of royal prerogative or party pertinacity.

'Our late great parliamentary revolution,' said *Alciphron*, hearing this observation, 'is a case in point: it was the refusal of the franchise to Manchester, which solidified parliamentary reform—a few drops more of *Eldonine*, and we should have had the People's Charter.' But this is a vexed question, which *Euphranor* advises us for the present to decline, and we must therefore return again to our historians.

Partial, however, as Brady may have been, he was an honest writer; rigidly accurate in his quotations, and, having appended numerous original documents to his text, he affords us the means of refuting his own mistakes, and is still in many points a useful guide.

Brady was the champion of Toryism and hereditary right; Tyrrell took up the gauntlet on the side of the Whigs and the Revolution, by producing, in 1698, 'The General History of England, both Ecclesiastical and Civil, from the earliest accounts of time to the Reign of his present Majesty, William III., taken from most ancient Records, MSS., and printed Historians, with Memorials of the most eminent Persons in Church and State, as also the foundation of the most noted Monasteries and both Universities.' Four successive volumes followed; the last appeared in 1704, when, like Brady, he was silenced in his controversy by death; and the same era,

the conclusion of the reign of Richard II., ends his 'Complete History.'

As a necessary consequence of Tyrrell's antagonism to Brady, he runs fast and far away from the truth in the opposite direction. If not absolutely the founder, yet he gave a great help to the respectable, but somewhat prosy school, who systematize Anglo-Saxon liberty; believe that King Alfred instituted trial by jury; portray King John as signing Magna Charta with a long goose-quill; and, always confounding the means with the end, consider political freedom as identical with national happiness. His 'History' is a Whig pamphlet in five volumes folio. Puzzle-pated, and yet sincere, Tyrrell waded diligently through the best authorities; he neglected no source of information. We believe that he has hardly omitted any one fact of importance; and yet you read through his history without being able to recollect one of the events which he has narrated with drowsy fidelity. Like all writers of his class, he is a telescope with dulled glasses; he brings the object nearer to you, but so dim and confused that you have no distinct image at all.

With better fortune than his predecessors, Lawrence Eachard was enabled to fulfil his plan of 'giving to the Englishman his own country's story.' He undertook his useful and important work, for such it certainly is, under the clear conviction that he was called to the task by a sense of duty as a divine. England wanted a church and state history, a history which might teach Englishmen to respect their national constitution as well as their national religion, without egging one on against the other: he therefore wrote as a professed teacher, influenced by doctrines which it was his calling openly to propagate and confirm. Eachard's principle, however he may have carried it through, was the right one. A soldier would deem it an insult if you supposed he forgot his commission when he appears in plain clothes. Equally should a clergyman make all around him constantly know and remember his order, although his surplice may be put off. The first volume, which extends to the end of James I., is the least important. He did not neglect original authorities, but, according to the prevailing fashion, he considered the 'monastic writers' as 'being highly disagreeable to the taste and genius of our refined age.' In the second and third volumes, which carry on the history to the 'late happy Revolution,' Eachard becomes a writer of intrinsic worth.

He exercised a satisfactory diligence in collecting all the printed authorities, not merely such as are historical in the strict sense of the term, but of that miscellaneous illustrative class, pamphlets, lampoons, trials, and the like, neglected by his contemporaries, but of which he fully knew the value. Eachard was also assisted by manuscript and oral information, so that in the latter portion of the work he becomes an original authority. It is a grave, magisterial, sober, sensible book, in Oxford binding. His narration is deficient in talent or liveliness; but want of elegance and spirit is compensated by the business-like clearness of his style, and the excellent arrangement of his matter. His work, in spite of the attacks of scurrilous Oldmixon, and the criticism of the miserable free-thinker, Conyers Middleton, acquired considerable credit, and may be read with advantage by those who value plain historical information, full and solid: but they must not look for any solution of difficult problems, or any nice elucidations of character.

In the capacity of the patriarch of book-makers, the earliest professional author known to have been paid by the sheet, Guthrie, whose ponderous Geographical Grammar still lingers in its fourteenth edition, deserves a memorial. Let subscriptions be raised at every trade-dinner for the erection of the statue in papier maché, in the dark Court opposite Stationers' Hall, in the centre of the little grubby, scrubby, shabby green. As an historian, few words will suffice for poor Guthrie. He was a Tory by principle and an author by necessity. Steadily did he fill page after page, under the stimulus of political feeling and the pressure of domestic penury. Such was the patient complacency of his customers, that Guthrie's history, being intended to be popular, fills two enormous folios, a stone-weight of literature. Guthrie's work is decently and comprehensively executed; but he has omitted references to proofs and authorities, so that his compilation, far too unwieldy for any ordinary reader in our degenerate days, is nearly useless to historical inquirers.

The history of reputations ill deserved, would form a large and interesting chapter in the annals of literature. When it shall be investigated by some future D'Israeli, a prominent station must be found therein for Rapin. Laborious and yet superficial, pompous and shallow, his foreign birth, education, and *habitat*, all unfitted him for

the task. We must recollect, however, in judging him, that he wrote for foreigners; that is to say, for the continental public, and not for ourselves. Rapin tells us so with a candor which excuses the author, though it does not neutralize the errors which he has propagated. Rapin had some appreciation of the higher qualities of an historian—but his model of composition was Mezeray; his sentiments those of Bayle. He judged all matters, religious or political, in the spirit of a French refugee: feelings fully natural and excusable in one who had escaped the persecutions sanctioned by the name of Louis le Grand. Yet our tolerations for his opinions must not induce us to conceal that Rapin, in his worthless *farra*go, is consistently an enemy to monarchy. Whenever the subject gives him an opportunity, he never fails to speak out: his sober republicanism is wholly different from the radicalism of the present day, and yet it is not without its influence in the same cause. Rapin's history ends with Charles I. The remaining portions of the French text (of his avowed English continuators we do not speak) are all written by different hands. Salmon says that the history was worked up by a club or society of Dutch Calvinists, French Huguenots, (Durand, the minister of the Savoy, being one,) English Presbyterians, and Scotch Cameronians. There may have been something of design, but there was more of book-making. Amsterdam was then the Manchester of this manufacture; and Rapin dying before he had completed his work, Abraham Rogissart, the bookseller, had it 'got up' from his papers, in order not to lose the benefit of a publication from which much profit was derived.

To counteract Rapin, Thomas Salmon, whom we have just quoted, produced his History of England, comprehending, as we are informed by his elaborate title-page, printed with a wonderful variety of type—upper-case, lower-case, roman, italic, red letter, and black letter,—'Remarks on Rapin, Burnet, and other Republican writers, vindicating the just Right of the Established Church, and the Prerogatives of the Crown against the wild schemes of Enthusiasts and Levellers, no less active and diligent in promoting the subversion of this beautiful frame of government, than their artful predecessors in hypocrisy, who converted the Monarchy into a Commonwealth and the Church into a Chaos of impious Sects.' Salmon did not come from a bad

stock; he was brother of the well-known historian of Essex. His fortunes, however, had been oddly chequered: he had served in the wars in Flanders (we suspect as a private), had been much at sea, twice to the Indies, and had kept two coffee-houses in a small way, first at Oxford then in London. Whilst following the last-mentioned avocation, he compiled the 'Modern Universal History,' in which the English history is included, and several other useful works. His English history is fairly executed, and has occasionally those touches of liveliness which knowledge of the world imparts even to inferior talent. As a critic, Salmon has given many useful corrections of the 'republican writers,' not only in his history, but in his 'Examination' of Burnet's Life and Times.

Brady and Tyrrell, but more particularly the former, well understood research. An historical antiquary now arose, in the person of Thomas Carte, who far surpassed any of his predecessors. Carte was an indefatigable investigator of unpublished documents, particularly of state-papers, but he was somewhat deficient in the gift of knowing when to undervalue the result of his own researches. Alas! it is the common error of antiquaries to reckon the worth of the prey by the difficulty of the chase, and to consider that the mere accident of the information existing in manuscript—and above all in a manuscript *penes me*—must of necessity insure the value of the article. He has overlooked important authorities, amongst others, strange to say, some of the publications of Tom Hearne; a great wonder, because Tom Carte ought to have turned to him by pure instinct as an *unsworn* brother. Adhering to the unfortunate house of Stuart, and having become cognizant of some plot for their restoration, Carte attained the uncomfortable honor of having his name placarded on the walls, in a proclamation which offered one thousand pounds for his apprehension; but he was able to escape to France, where he continued many years. The Benedictine school was flourishing there, and he had good opportunity of profiting by their labors. These excellent men were busily employed in editing the various sources of mediæval history; and their example, as well as the general tone of their erudition, so different from the Parisian coteries in which Hume afterwards flourished, gave Carte a deeper insight into the mode of conducting historical inquiry, than he could have obtained in

England. Patronized by Dr. Meade, Carte had previously published his noble edition of Thuanus, which, after his recall to England, was followed by the 'History of the Duke of Ormond.' In the latter work he necessarily examined the character of Charles I. This production opened the way for a task of greater magnitude. Feeling, in common with others, the need of opposing a more effectual antidote to the erroneous views of Rapin, than the well-meant, though not profound, attempts of Salmon, he planned his 'Society for encouraging the writing of a History of England,' with the avowed view of being supported by such encouragement. Carte fully knew his ground, and the difficulties he should have to encounter, and he went to work as a man determined to overcome them.

A great number of 'noblemen and gentlemen signed an instrument, obliging themselves to contribute, the former their twenty, the latter their ten guineas a year, towards the charges of the work and materials.' The documents which our author circulated amongst his subscribers, before he began to publish the History, entitled 'A Collection of the several Papers published by Mr. Carte in relation to his History of England,' show how thoroughly he had considered the subject in all its bearings. A full knowledge of the contents of our own archives, many of which were then of difficult access, a thorough acquaintance with the continental collections, a due and critical appreciation of the value of the ancient sources of information, all testify to his qualifications for the task. He received munificent support. Oxford University and five of the principal colleges appeared as subscribers. Prudent Cambridge wholly kept aloof; but the reserve of Alma Mater was more than compensated by the solid patronage of the Corporation of London and of the opulent city companies. The first volume of the 'General History of England, by Thomas Carte, an *Englishman*,' was worthy of the ample assistance the author had obtained. His quaint denomination must be explained. Carte, though in holy orders, dared not write himself *clerk*, and would not write himself *gentleman*; he was a member of a secret and proscribed hierarchy; therefore he probably thought, that, since he could not add any designation of station, he would claim no other description save that which he derived from his country. Carte exercised

great control over his principles: his Jacobitism can only be detected in his fairness towards monarchy, nor is the allegiance due to the House of Hanover ever endangered by the historian's affection to the Stuart cause. Without doubt, he was rather desirous not to put the Treasury again to the trouble of offering a thousand pounds for lodging him in any of his Majesty's gaols. Throughout the whole of the work, which Carte continued till the year 1642, there is only one passage in which his Jacobitism creeps out, betraying the sentiments of the party to which he belonged. Never was the love of the White Rose more innocently, some folks would say more absurdly, displayed.

Speaking of the right of anointing, practised according to ancient usage, at the coronation, he refutes the injudicious arguments of those who rest the jurisdiction of the Crown in ecclesiastical matters upon this ceremony, contending that such power is incident to royalty, and inherently vested in all sovereigns. Had he stopped there, and then taken the oaths, all would have been excellent. Even a Whig minister might have 'thought of him,' as the phrase is; or his friends might have told him so. But, unluckily, he was tempted on a little bit further; and he proceeds to confute another opinion, that the gift of healing the scrofulous humor, called the king's evil, by the royal touch, a belief which has furnished an entertaining chapter in Mr. Pettigrew's very curious history of 'Medical Superstitions,' was to be attributed to the virtue imparted by the same ceremony; 'for,' says he, 'I myself have seen a very remarkable instance of such a cure, which could not possibly be ascribed to royal unction.' The individual supposed to have received this miraculous healing, was a certain Christopher Lovel, a native of Wells,¹ who, having resided at Bristol as a laborer, was sorely afflicted with the disease. During many years, as Carte tells us, had he tried all the remedies which the art of medicine could administer, without receiving benefit. An old sailor, his uncle, about to sail to Cork, received Lovel on board his vessel: another voyage brought him to St. Malo in the Isle of Rhé. Hence Lovel crossed the country to Paris; ultimately he reached Avignon. 'At this last place,' says Carte, 'he was touched by the eldest lineal descendant of a race of kings;' and, upon returning to his birthplace, he appeared, as people thought, entirely cured. Up-

on hearing this story, the first impression is, that Christopher Lovel was benefited by change of air and scene, diet and exercise, in the course of his long peregrinations by land and by sea; and any wise man, even though not a doctor, would assuredly, before he committed himself, have said, 'Let us wait awhile, and see whether the disease be entirely removed.' Accordingly, at no long period afterwards, the disease did in fact reappear. Whilst the unfortunate Jacobite thus lost his cause by failing in the ordeal which he had waged, he suffered all the odium of gaining a victory. Carte's enemies, and they were many in his own craft, took up the matter no less fiercely than as if the patient had been really and thoroughly healed, thereby giving the most indisputable proof of the legitimacy of the Pretender. Had Christopher Lovel been produced, as fresh as a rose and as sound as an apple, at the bar of the House of Lords—for the purpose of giving evidence to set aside the Act of Settlement, a louder hurly-burly could not have been raised. Pamphlets abounded. Silvanus Urban, usually open to all parties and influenced by none, lost all fellow-feeling. Mysterious paragraphs appeared, in which significant letters interchanged with more significant dashes—'N—j—r, P—t—r, excited all the horror of loyalty against the luckless T—s C—e. London citizens took fright. Pursuant to a vote of Common Council, Mr. Chamberlain, by order of Mr. Town, withdrew their subscription. Many other of Carte's supporters followed their example from a real horror of Jacobitism; more, lest they should incur suspicion of favoring the Stuart cause—thus saving at once their reputation and their money. Still Carte's spirit was unsubdued: he continued to labor at his work. The remaining volumes appeared in due succession; and, had not death arrested his pen, he would, without doubt, have completed the book to the Revolution. As before mentioned, it ends with 1642. Carte's transcripts form a very valuable and extensive collection, and are now deposited in the Bodleian, where they constitute a memorial of conscientious honesty; for though Carte did not live to complete his plans, still he fully performed his duty towards those who supported him. He brought together all the materials for the edifice, which he was bound to raise.

Such were the precursors, who with unequal qualities and success, had prepared

the way for Hume. Being in 1752 appointed librarian of the Faculty of Advocates, an office from which he received little or no emolument, but which gave him the command of the largest library in Scotland, he then, as he tells us, formed the plan of writing the 'History of England;' 'but, frightened with the notion of continuing a narrative through a period of 1700 years, I commenced with the accession of the House of Stuart, an epoch when I thought the misrepresentations of faction began chiefly to take place.' Two years elapsed before the appearance of the first volume of the 'History,' containing the period from the accession of James I. to the Revolution. The second followed in 1756. The history of the House of Tudor was next published in 1759; and the more early part, beginning, according to custom, with the Druids and Julius Cæsar, was given to the public in 1761. This retrograde process is not ill adapted for the purpose of giving an effective and persuasive unity: it better enables the writer to single out such results as may agree with the causes which he chooses to assign. Keen novel-readers often begin with the catastrophe, in order to judge of the conduct of the tale. A writer of history may follow an analogous plan in order to insure a striking development. Hume's 'History' thus falls into three sections, and there are diversities of execution in each. Unquestionably, the portion in which Hume shows most grasp of mind is the Stuart history, yet one spirit pervades the whole.

Previously to the appearance of the history, the Librarian, petted and favored as he may have been by private friendship, had not manifested any ability reasonably leading to the supposition, that he would ever be numbered among the great men of the age. Had it not been for the notoriety attached to his 'philosophical' principles, no impartial observer would have anticipated that David was likely to attract the notice of posterity, amidst the crowd of gentlemen who write with ease. He had tried a profusion of little essays, little treatises, little didactic dialogues upon metaphysics, philosophy, political economy, arts and sciences, trade, commerce, and polygamy, politics and constitutional policy, and historical antiquities—none very brilliant. Until he became a narrator, he never discovered the means of exerting his influential powers. Hume was destined to become a magnificent performer; but he began

professing upon the wrong instruments: they had not sufficient compass—they wanted power and depth of tone: he kept hitting and hammering arias and fantasias upon the harpsichord, instead of expatiating in all the mazes of a grand concerto upon the violoncello. When he did change for the right instrument, he made it speak: and he took his proper place in the orchestra; but of that hereafter.

Hume's first offering to the literary world, as we are told in 'My own Life,' was 'a Treatise of Human Nature, being an Attempt to introduce the Experimental Method of Reasoning into moral subjects;' not a very intelligible title even when, by substituting *on* for *of*, we render it somewhat more comfortable to the vulgar idiom of our language. 'Never,' adds he, 'was any literary attempt more unfortunate than my Treatise: it fell dead-born from the press, without reaching such distinction as even to excite a murmur among the zealots.' And he proceeds to represent how cheerfully he sustained the disappointment, and then recovered from the blow. In this auto-biographical confession, which contains two facts, the failure of the work and Hume's own conduct, there are two misrepresentations; the baby was not still-born—it was quite alive, and cried lustily, so as to excite the ogres, that is to say, the reviewers, to strangle it: an operation effectually performed, in the Journal entitled 'The Works of the Learned.' In the next place, Hume, instead of submitting with stoical indifference to the loss of said baby, raged like a lioness deprived of her cub. Rushing into the shop of Jacob Robinson, the publisher of the Review, he out with his sword and demanded satisfaction. Jacob took refuge within his proper stronghold, and entrenched himself behind the counter, and thus escaped being pinked after the most approved fashion. Both parties acted very naturally—the stoical philosopher in being furious at the criticism, and the bookseller in declining to become a martyr for his editor; but 'My own Life' is wholly silent about the matter. 'My own Life,' indeed, belongs to a class of compositions rarely commanding much confidence: say, one in a hundred. Autos usually takes good care not to tell any tales, which, in his own conceit, would lower his repute with Heteros—not one in a thousand. In all such compositions there is a great root of self-deception. We are far more proud of confessing our secret sins,

than of recalling the recollection of our open follies. But the Philosophical Historian is superlatively egotistical and self-adoratory; he rolls and swelters in vanity.

All his miscellaneous productions, excepting only his 'Natural History of Religion,' and some slight Essays upon 'the passions,' 'tragedy,' and 'taste,' appeared before the publication of the first Stuart volume. Hume's general information, his apparent mildness and good temper, his gentlemanlike flow of language when he was not provoked, his conversational powers, and the general tendency of his moral and philosophical essays, gained him much notoriety and favor in the literary circles and coteries at Edinburgh. Deism was spreading, with exceeding rapidity, amongst the more intellectual classes of the northern capital. Philosophy became almost indispensable for preserving literary caste. Free-thinking, however, was then a quasi-aristocratical luxury. It had not yet descended to the Lord Provost and the Town-Council; and when Hume became a candidate for the chair of Moral Philosophy, the 'zealots' having been bold enough to assert that he was an apostle of infidelity, he lost his election.

Such contests are usually poor tests of sound principle: however, on this occasion, the opposition was honest and sincere. It was instigated by the more orthodox and uncompromising members of the Kirk, who really adhered in heart and life to Christianity as taught by Calvin and John Knox; and Hume hated them henceforward with his whole soul. But the 'enthusiasts' constituted a minority—both a moral and a numerical minority; all the ministry who professed liberal opinions, valued and sought Hume's friendship. Stigmatized as the propagandist of unbelief, he was consoled, supported, protected by the cordial friendship of the most distinguished members of the Scottish establishment—Blair, Wallace, Drysdale, Wishart, Jardine, Home, Robertson, and Carlyle. This reverend patronage, not any ability or cleverness of the writer, gave activity to Hume's venom. It removed the reproach previously attached to infidelity. It at once took off the interdict. Those who are the warmest adherents to Hume's irreligion have never dared to risk their own literary reputation by praising the talent of Hume, as evinced in the most offensive of his publications, such as the 'Natural History of Religion,' which includes the 'Bad Influ-

ence of Popular Religions on Morality,' the 'Essay on Miracles,' and the 'Inquiry concerning the Human Understanding;' and when Magee ('On Atonement and Sacrifice,' vol. ii. p. 276) spoke of them as 'standing memorials of a *heart as wicked, and a head as weak, as ever pretended to the character of philosopher and moralist*,' it is the harshness of the language, not the injustice of the sentiment, which can in any degree dispose us against the criticism. Deficient in any sustained argument, prolix and inconclusive, his hold upon your attention principally arises from the effort which you are constantly compelled to make, in order to follow the reasoning, which vanishes as soon as it begins to assume a definite form. If you are an antagonist, he wearies you, not by his blows, but by continually slipping out of your grasp. Such works would absolutely have destroyed Hume's reputation as a philosophical reasoner, had he not been an unbeliever—had not opposition to faith been usually, in those days, considered as a *prima facie* proof of a strong and vigorous mind.

The 'Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals' may stand high in the scale of mediocrity. What have we in this pragmatic dissertation? A favorable approbation of qualities commonly favored; a dislike of vices commonly odious; commonplace observations brought forth with placid solemnity; obvious truths, intermixed with as obvious fallacies. Cold approbation is the utmost Hume bestows. He has no objection to encourage any vice which might diminish the safety of society, he is apathetic even in the cause of pagan virtue.

The best of Hume's miscellaneous productions are his political and constitutional essays: they are clear and sensible, and they have all the force resulting from a shrewd and tranquil intellect. He recommends himself by his *disinvoltura* and worldly good sense, and a due appreciation of the popular fallacies by which the multitude are deluded. These pieces have the value of slight sketches by a good artist, free and expressive, but they need finish and carrying out into compositions. The most elaborate of them is the 'Essay upon the Populousness of Ancient Nations.' Its reasonings received an elaborate reply from Wallace; and Gibbon, in his valuable 'Adversaria,' has pointed out some striking in-

accuracies. It is now chiefly remarkable, as having elicited from Hume an important and instructive description of his peculiar tactics. In a second edition, he added the following curious note:—

'An ingenious author has honored this discourse with an answer full of politeness, erudition, and good sense. So learned a refutation would have made the author suspect that his reasonings were entirely overthrown, *had he not used the precaution from the beginning to keep himself on the skeptical side; and having taken this advantage of the ground*, he was enabled, though with much inferior force, to preserve himself from a total defeat. That reverend gentleman will always find, where his antagonist is so entrenched, that it will be very difficult to force him. Varro, in such a situation, could defend himself against Hannibal, Pharnaces against Cæsar.'

But becoming afterwards aware, that this was an unguarded disclosure of the trick which gave most success to his sophistry, he omitted it, when, for a third time, he republished the essay in an octavo form.

In the large library, which, as he tells us, suggested his work, Hume wanted, like his predecessors, important materials then concealed in manuscript, but now familiar to every historical inquirer. Domesday, the groundwork of Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman territorial organization, was enshrined in the Chapter House at Westminster, protected strictly under lock and key: rarely could the edifice be entered; if the antiquary sought to consult the treasure, thirteen shillings and fourpence of lawful money must be paid for each inspection of the volume; guarded so jealously that the finger was never allowed to wander beyond the margin, lest the characters should sustain injury from the contact with unexchequered hands. He had to labor under many other similar disadvantages, removed by more recent editorial diligence.

Such deficiencies, though they may diminish the completeness of history, are not detrimental to the literary character of the historian. Ordinary and vulgated sources will usually give all that is needed for a broad outline, which may be rendered sufficiently effective, as a test of the author's talent, with few minor details. 'Here are some new and unpublished materials for the History of the Siege of Rhodes, M. l'Abbé.' The reply of M. l'Abbé Vertot—as we have it in the facetious, anecdotic chapter of the French school-grammars of

the last age—was, 'Mon siècle est fait.' In the case of Vertot, the answer has become a standing joke against his memory, but the point of the sarcasm is given by his general untrustworthiness. Had M. l'Abbé been faithful to the extent of his knowledge, no candid fellow-laborer would be inclined to blame him, for being content to work well upon a limited stock. In discussing Hume's claims to be adopted as 'the guide and philosopher,' who, 'on all topics connected with our history entirely gives the law,' it is therefore important to ascertain whether he employed due diligence, in studying the materials which were accessible to him, and in availing himself of the ample library, which, as he informs us, stimulated him to his enterprise. Gibbon thought not: he describes Hume's History as 'elegant, but *superficial*:' apparently a slight epithet of blame, but which, employed by Gibbon, obtains great intensity. Congenial, unhappily, as their opinions might be in some respects, no two literary characters could be more distinct. Hume's historical Muse is dressed à la Pompadour: she is so painted that you never see her true complexion, you never get deeper than the rouge and the fard. Hume, in his best moods, only fluttered about the truth; never sought to know it. Gibbon sought to know the truth; but for the purpose of wickedly and perfidiously perverting it. Yet how admirable was the talent exerted by Gibbon, in hostility to the Power by whom the gift was bestowed—his nice sense of the due subordination of the different branches, into which he divided his studies; the good sense which taught him to intersperse them amidst each other, so varied as to relieve the mind, and yet so continuous as not to distract attention—to slacken the bow, but never leave it unstrung! His constant vigilance to improve every opportunity—recovering his Greek, to the sound of the fife and the tattoo, when on duty at Devizes; placing Homer in parallel with the verse of Pope and the geography of Strabo; comparing the returned numbers of the establishment of the Berkshire militia, with its actual rank and file, 560 nominal and 273 effective, and hence drawing his inferences respecting the real magnitude of the armies commemorated in history.

Hume, at least in the papers which have been published, abstains from affording us any similar information. 'My own Life' is silent concerning my own studies during

the progress of the history; nor have we any means 'of visiting the fattest of epicurean hogs in his sty,'—this is Gibbon's kind phrase, explained by the ingenious index-maker as a 'jocose allusion to Mr. Hume's indolence.' The only glimpse we gain is through a story told by a late venerable Scottish crony. Some one having hinted that David had neglected an authority he ought to have consulted, the old gentleman replied,—'Why, mon, David read a vast deal before he set about a piece of his book; but his usual seat was the sofa, and he often wrote with his legs up; and it would have been unco fashionable to have moved across the room when any little doubt occurred.'

In the absence of more precise information, we must endeavor to ascertain, by internal evidence, the books which Hume had by his side, when, compiling the earlier portion of his history, he worked in this somewhat American guise. It has been ably shown by the most competent judge amongst our contemporaries (*Ed. Rev.* vol. liii. p. 15), that, from Carte, Hume borrowed not only the arrangement of events but the structure of his expressions, giving, however, the color of his own thought and style to the narration, and occasionally verifying Carte's statement by referring to his quotations. Hume made nearly as much use of Tyrrhel, balancing the narratives of the two historians, wisely availing himself of the hints given by Whig and Tory. Brady was his principal help for constitutional information. Original sources were occasionally consulted by him, though very uncritically and sparingly; some of considerable importance are wholly passed by: for example, the anonymous life of Richard II. published by Hearne. The reason is obvious; Carte unaccountably neglected it, therefore Hume was ignorant of the book's existence. Hume may have turned over the leaves of the chroniclers, but he never rendered them the object of study, and never distinguished between primary and secondary authorities. Of Church history he knew absolutely nothing. Slight references to the imperfect English Concilia by Spelman, testify his ignorance or neglect of the more complete edition which we owe to Wilkins; a book which, a quarter of a century ago, was estimated as waste paper, but which now is worth more pounds than it was then worth shillings. Hume was entirely unacquainted with any of the ample collections, in which the transactions of the Church are recorded.

A few passages, relating to Ecclesiastical law and history, are borrowed from the pungent Satires of Fra Paolo Sarpi: his facts for the Crusades, from Maimbourg or Vertot; his notices of continental history, generally, from the *Essai sur les Mœurs* by Voltaire, and some other of the then fashionable works of French infidel literature. In the Stuart portions, Hume worked more freely and independently, from original writers; though Eachard, and also Bishop Kennet's compilation, useful for the documents and textual extracts it contains, were serviceable in saving the walk across the room.

Possibly many elucidations of Hume's literary character might be derived from the large collection of his correspondence, now deposited in the Library of the Edinburgh Royal Society. An editor would, however, find difficulty in dealing with the papers, so as to afford sufficient instruction, and, at the same time, avoid public offence. Selections from correspondence are worth little, unless they are sufficiently ample to exhibit a continuous view of the mind and pursuits of the man, and the mutual interchange of thought. Those who have examined the Hume papers—which we know only by report—speak highly of their interest, but add, that they furnish painful disclosures concerning the opinions then prevailing amongst the clergy of the northern metropolis; distinguished ministers of the Gospel encouraging the scoffs of their familiar friend, the author of the 'Essay upon Miracles,' and echoing the blasphemies of their associate, the author of the 'Essay upon Suicide.' Can we doubt but that Hume, who possessed within him the natural germ of many virtues, was exceedingly strengthened in his infidelity, by the inconsistency of those whom he terms 'religionists' leading him to the conclusion that 'their conviction is in all ages more affected than real, and scarcely ever approaches in any degree to that solid belief and persuasion, which governs us in the common affairs of life? The usual course of men's conduct belies their words, and shows that their assent in these matters is some unaccountable operation of the mind between disbelief and conviction, but approaching nearer to the former than the latter.'—Thus generalizing from his knowledge of the private sentiments of these betrayers of their Lord, these preachers of the Gospel, honoring the reviler of their Saviour, whose talents and worldly respecta-

bility added to their evil influence, he became firmly convinced that 'priests of all religion are the same,' seeking merely the gratification of their own sordid and selfish passions and propensities.

The 'careless inimitable beauties of Hume,' as they are styled by Gibbon, that is to say, his solecisms, his Scotticisms, his Gallicisms, his violation of the rules of English grammar, and still more of English idiom, were criticised with some severity by Dr. Priestley, in his English Grammar, the rarest of his productions. 'The mere language of an historian,' as Dr. Arnold observes, 'will furnish us with something of a key to his mind—will tell us, or at least give us cause to presume, in what his main strength lies, and in what he is deficient.'

Hume's language shows us that his main strength lies in his art of rhetorical persuasion—in his striving always to lead the hearer to form inferences beyond his words—in his being able to throw out his written discourse with the ease of conversation, avoiding its triviality—and in a thorough appreciation of the respect which an author gains, who can neither be depreciated for vulgarity nor ridiculed for bombast. On the other hand, Hume's language equally discloses his deficiency in historical knowledge, evinced by his inability to relate his history in appropriate diction: he wants the happy medium between that paraphrase which obliterates the character of the original, and the untrue fidelity, which even still more would disguise its real features. Whoever writes the history of remote times, is virtually a translator; and a strict and literal translation fully meets the meaning of the German term. It is an *übersetzung*, an oversetting. Translation, it has been well observed, is 'a problem, how, two languages being given, the nearest approximation may be made in the second, to the expression of ideas already conveyed through the medium of the first.' Perhaps the worst solution is the conceit of rendering sound for sound, in which the sound usually ceases to be an echo of the sense. Speak, in translating from Norsk or Anglo-Saxon, of the *stink* of a rose, that is to say, the rose's *smell*—the *dream* of a fiddle instead of its *tone*—the *green beam* for the growing tree—the *smear-monger* for the *butter-merchant*; represent a mother as lamenting that her *knave's lungs* are *addled*, instead of her *boy* being ill of *consumption*; describe the preacher holding forth from his pulpit as the *beadle spelling* from the *steeples*; or,

recurring to the original *sense*, when *sound* fails you, praise the excellent taste of his majesty of Bavaria in erecting the marble *slaughter-house* to the honor of Germania's worthies—such Teutonisms would not add to the clearness of our ideas. Very insidious, in all cases, are the deceptions suggested by titles of dignity, designations connected with state or office, of which the signification changes so rapidly from age to age, whilst the symbol remains the same.

Dominus, or lord, conveys in the originals no peculiar notion of pre-eminence. It is sufficiently humble in the familiar compound of landlord; but speak of the lord of the land, and what a vision it raises of feudal dignity! In words which, according to the laws of language, you must employ, the great difficulty consists in guarding against ambiguities, arising from the change of meaning. Parliament is not a senate occupied in making speeches and passing laws, but the King, enthroned at the head of his great court of remedial justice; a bishop's palace, nothing regal, but a place, a mansion; throne, unconnected with royalty, and only the official seat of the prelate. The historian should consider himself as an interpreter, standing between two nations, and he cannot well execute his task, unless he has lived with both. He must be familiarized, not merely with their language, but with their habits, and customs, and thoughts. He must be able to reduce all the conventional phrases of society into truth, to know when the speech which makes the roof resound means nothing—and be equally able to find the expressive meaning of silence. A very useful introduction to the study of patristical latinity—a main source, together with the Vulgate, of the mediæval idioms—will be found in Mr. Woodham's *Tertullian*. It is unnecessary to remark that the baser latinity of the mediæval writers differs widely from that of classical authors; but the discrepancy lies far deeper than the adoption of barbarous words, whose signification can be disclosed by a glossary, or the solecisms which can be corrected by grammatical rules. Their rough refectory—and kitchen—Latin, came natural to them; they thought in it; hence, though employing uncouth and ungraceful language, they expressed themselves, when needed, with terseness and power. It also exhibits strong idiomatical peculiarities, not merely of individuals, but of æras. Anglo-Norman latinity differs much from the later Plantagenet latinity. Compare, for exam-

ple, a few sentences of Ordericus Vitalis, or William of Malmesbury, with the pseudo-Ingulphus, forged, as we have shown, subsequently to the reign of Edward II.,* or Knighton. Hume, compiling chiefly from dull and vapid translations and compilations, and quite unable to catch a distinct perception of the originals, never approaches to the truth of historical diction, though he fully attains its rhetorical beauty.

Helped onwards by such guides as Carte and Tyrrell, it was impossible that so acute a writer as Hume could commit any palpable blunder in the main facts of his history; but he absolutely teems with all the errors which can be committed by talent, when endeavoring to disguise ignorance by putting on the airs of knowledge. Hume's history is made out of the cast of a cast, in which all the sharpness of the original has been lost. He gives great effect to the dull and rounded forms, by touching up the figures with his chisel, and recutting them so as to suit his conception; but this process, cleverly as it may be executed, only denaturalizes them the more.

We are amused at the absurdity of the Romancers of the middle ages, who portray Alexander in full armor, and Nectanebus hearing mass in the Temple of Termagant. These anachronisms, the proofs of a total misconception of the Grecian age, are not a whit greater than when Hume speaks of 'Anglo-Saxon gentlemen.' The notion of a gentleman is a complex idea, entirely belonging to our own times—it implies courtesy of manners, education, a qualification of property not defined by pounds, shillings, and pence, but which places him above poverty, though not necessarily in opulence; and belongs to a state of society which never could have existed in the Anglo-Saxon age—nor could the term ever have been employed by any writer who had the Saxon Chronicle before him.

The Gallicism *Tiberiade* reveals Hume travelling to Tiberias in the Holy Land, under the guidance of the Abbé, and not of William of Tyre.

Edwin, in Hume's History, retires 'to his estates in the North, with the view of commencing an insurrection'—just as a Cumberland squire might have done in the '45. Possibly Hume may have found in

* Sources of English History, 'Quart. Rev.', vol. xxxiv, p. 296; in which article we have spoken fully of Hume's uncritical use of the ancient sources.

Rapin, that Edwin fled to his *états*. Unless Hume's readers obtain information elsewhere, it will be difficult for them to understand that Edwin retreated to his great earldom, his great feudal earldom, as it would be called, which he possessed with quasi-regal power.

Another example is somewhat more complicated. What confidence would be placed in a writer, who, expatiating upon the policy of our own times, were to say that landed property may be recovered, by *filing a bill* in the Court of Common Pleas, or bringing an *ejectment* in the Court of Chancery? True, this is a misapplication of mere technical terms, but the technicality involves essentials: a writer thus blundering, would at once exhibit himself as woefully incompetent to discuss the merits or demerits of our jurisprudence. Hume, in stating that Henry II. 'admitted either of the parties to challenge a trial *by an assize or jury* of twelve freeholders,' as if the terms were synonymous, displays exactly the same species of ignorance. The assize was an array of recognitors of twelve knights elected by four other knights, under a special ordinance of Henry II.; the jury was summoned by the sheriff, by assent of the parties. The difference between the assize and the jurata constitutes one of the most instructive portions of the learning of our ancient law.

Hume is fierce against the middle ages for their ignorance of geography.—'The imperfect communication amongst the kingdoms, and their ignorance of each other's situations, made it impracticable for them to combine in one project or effort.'—Hume was no less ignorant of the political geography of those times, without which it is quite as impracticable for an historian to combine his facts for the instruction of his readers. He creates a kingdom of *Naples* in the twelfth century, when the continental dominions of the *King of Sicily* consisted of the duchy of Apulia and the principality of Capua. He speaks of Italy and Germany in relation to the disputes between Pope and Emperor. Now his Italy is merely Lombardy. Germany, as we now see it colored on the map, did not then exist. The countries which he means are the territories of the empire, bounded by the Rhone on the one side, and the wilds of the Lithuanians, and Prussians, and Slavonians, on the east.

Whilst Hume discusses, describes, condemns the manners and customs and igno-

rance of the middle ages, he, with dogmatic confidence, betrays in every allusion, that he never can remove himself out of the eighteenth century. Unreal ideas of the past are constantly united to a more real sense of the present; his descriptions remind one of a showman's booth in a fair—a scene with daubed temples and dingy groves, and, around and behind, the shops and lamp-posts of the market-place. Thus, speaking of the Anglo-Saxon free pledge, 'No man,' he says, 'could change his habitation without a *warrant or certificate* from the borsholder of the tithing to which he formerly belonged.' Farmer Ethelwulf puts on his great coat, and, going to the shop of Mr. Grimbald, a tithing-man and tobacconist, walks up to the counter, and tells him that he is about to move next Michaelmas, and requests his certificate, which Grimbald duly delivers, and receives a shilling for his pains. This is the train of ideas which Hume's description of the proceeding suggests.

Suppose that an historian, describing the reign of George I., were to observe, 'There were not many bills of exchange in circulation in those days, and losses for want of such securities—a sure mark of a rude state of commerce—were *very frequent*; for the *art of copperplate engraving* was so little known that you could hardly ever buy blank bills of exchange in the stationers' shops.'—Even such is the reasoning of Hume in the following passage:—'And it appears from Glanville, the famous justiciary of Henry II., that, in his time, when any man died intestate, an accident which *must have been very frequent when the art of writing was so little known*, the king, or the lord of the fief, pretended to seize all the movables, and to exclude every heir, even the children of the deceased—a sure mark of a tyrannical and arbitrary government.'

Hume evidently supposed that writing was essential for declaring testamentary intentions. But, according to the jurisprudence of the middle ages, it was not essential; nuncupative testaments, or bequests made by word of mouth, might be equally effectual. Writing was no more needed, in the first instance, for the purpose of preventing a man in the reign of Henry II. from dying intestate, than copperplate engraving was in the reign of George I. for the purpose of giving a legal bill of exchange. Practically, the greater proportion of wills in the middle ages were unwritten death-bed declarations, made in the presence of

witnesses—who subsequently appeared before a competent authority; and to this circumstance we may trace some of the most marked characteristics of mediæval testamentary dispositions, as distinguished from our own.

When Hume personifies the papal authority in the twelfth century by 'the triple crown,' and represents the Pontiff, at the same era, as launching his thunders from the 'Vatican,' he shows that he deserves the same confidence in his knowledge of the papal history, as if, writing the history of France, he were to embody the valor of France during the crusades under the symbol of the tricolor, or describe St. Louis as issuing his ordinances from the Tuileries. The second crown did not appear on the tiara till after Boniface VIII. (1294-1303), whilst the third was only added in the thirteenth century by Boniface IX. (1389-1404); and the Vatican never became the official residence of the popes, until the widowhood of Rome ceased, by the return of the pontiffs from Avignon.

In every touch we detect the inaccuracy of the picture. Hume tells us, that, in the twelfth century, parish registers were *not regularly kept*. *Not regularly kept!* Parish registers were never kept in any part of the world until the sixteenth century. The only mode by which the Piovano of San' Giovanni, the baptistery of Florence, took an account of the infants whom he baptized, (and all the infants of the city were brought thither,) was by putting beans into a bag—a white bean for a girl, and a black bean for a boy—and then casting them up at the end of the year.

During the Anglo-Saxon period, Hume informs us that 'deeds relating to civil transactions, bargains and sales, manumissions of slaves, and the like, were inserted in the blank leaves of the *parish Bible*, kept, it is to be presumed, in the vestry, printed by his Majesty's printer, and bound in rough calf. We shall soon have to speak of the Bible during the Anglo-Saxon period. If Hume had consulted history with any attention, he would have said that such instruments were occasionally recorded in the blank leaves of a Missal, or the Gospel, or the Psalter, or some other portion of the Scripture, treasured in a great monastery; but the examples are rare, and do not require the prominence which he has bestowed upon them.

Hume's inaccuracies go at once to the competency of the historian—the flaws in

the metal, which show that the piece will not stand fire—specks on the rind, which betray the unsoundness of the fruit, rotten to the core.

Our philosopher was free from one sin—the pride which apes humility. His autobiography lies like an epitaph. He discounted his own legacy of posthumous praise, and exonerated his executors from the liability of payment. He extols his own sobriety and his own industry in the strongest terms. Had he these qualifications? If exerted, they would have enabled him, like Carte, to emulate the exactness of the French Benedictines; and his negligence discredits him the more.

Hume the librarian, laboring like Guthrie, to earn an honest penny by writing for the booksellers at so much a sheet, might have been useful, or at least innocuous.

Hume the metaphysician possessed the rare gift of being able to compare probabilities, and, at the same time, to suspend his judgment. Hence the ability with which he has treated the character of Mary, a question upon which either side may be taken with equal skepticism or equal credulity. If he had been gifted with a truth-seeking mind, this talent would have conducted him to the best principles of historical investigation. He would have disciplined us in the least cultivated branch of historical science, the logic of history.

Hume the politician, as we can fully judge from his slight but able constitutional essays, might have conveyed wise practical lessons through the medium of our national history. Calm and unimaginative, great names had no influence over him: there was no object to which he bowed: he entered the Temple of Fame, refusing to worship any popular idol. Head or stamp would not induce him to receive base metal as precious coin. He who had the courage to designate the works of Locke, and Sidney, and Hoadley, as 'compositions the most despicable both for style and matter,' was truly able to count the cost of exposing himself to the hostility of literary prejudice and party feeling. No one had shown more clearly than Hume the utter fallacy of the original-compact doctrines: he could admit the lovely vision of a government framed upon philosophical theory, and yet refute the Utopian absurdity of reducing it into practice. Hume was not one of those who repudiate Oxford, and graduate at Laputa. Do we seek a demonstration of the inoperativeness of popular election, as

the means of collecting popular opinion—where can more able arguments be found than in Hume?

Hume the travelled scholar, inspired by the ambition of literary fame, the ruling passion, as he tells us, of his life, had it fully in his power to have composed a history, in which an even flow of style, polished though not forcible, a courteous and gentlemanlike dignity, a happy disposition of incidents, and the delicate taste which, preventing his attaining the sublime, always guarded him against the ridiculous, would have furnished a narrative in which instruction pleasantly conveyed might have compensated for the absence of original inquiry. Hume is a great master in historical discourse. He is a *consummate Rhetor*. As a composition, considered without reference to truth or principle, his Stuart apology is unrivalled.

But all his powers—they were great, and might have been noble—are rendered useless by the *consummate Rhetor's* continued perversion of *history* into a panegyric of infidelity. His metaphysical writings have always been more known than read—so dull, that even the zest of doing a wrong thing can hardly now persuade a reader to grapple with their drowsy inanity. Even the warmth and talents of his opponents could never criticise them into popularity. At last he discovered his peculiar talent. It was this acquisition of self-knowledge, and not the opportunities of his office, which induced him, like Voltaire, to adopt history as the more effective vehicle of his opinions; and he fully succeeded. 'INFIDELITY FOR THE MILLION' is the heading for Hume's history, than which only *one* other—and is it needful to name Gibbon?—has exerted a more baneful influence upon English literature, and through English literature upon the civilized world. Antipathy to faith had become engrafted upon his moral constitution. Like Gibbon, he was possessed with malignant hatred against all goodness and holiness. 'Never lose an opportunity,' was the advice given by a kindred spirit, 'of placing gunpowder, grain by grain, under the gigantic edifice of superstition, until the mine shall be charged with a sufficient quantity to blow up the whole.' Hume did not dare to fire the train. He would have dreaded the smoke and noise of an explosion. Adopting the coarse but forcible expression, suggested by a crime unknown in the 'dark ages,' and generated in the full blaze of civilization, he always tried to

burke religion. Temper, as well as prudence, had from the first beginning rendered him sober. Personal considerations had due influence: he courted not the honors of martyrdom. Opinion imposed some check; law more. In England there was a boundary which could not be quite safely passed. Some examples had occurred sufficient to warn him. Like Asgill, or Toland, or Woolstou, or Peter Annet, he might be seduced beyond the bounds of conventional impunity granted to free-thinking, and find himself in the presentment of the grand jury, with a prospect of Newgate and the pillory in the background: far enough off, yet disagreeable objects, looming in the horizon. At Edinburgh, an ecclesiastical prosecution brushed by him. 'An overture' was made in the General Assembly, for appointing a committee to call the philosopher before the synod, as the author of books 'containing the most rude and open attacks upon the Gospel; and principles evidently subversive even of natural religion and the foundations of morality, if not establishing direct atheism.'

A further examination of this very remarkable transaction would exceed our limits: the endeavor thus made by the orthodox members of the Kirk, to testify against the progress of infidelity, was frustrated not by dint of reasoning, but by the indefatigable exertions of his clerical friends. We have seen what high and influential names were numbered amongst them. The strongest argument which these ministers of the Gospel employed *on behalf* of their client, was, 'that Mr. Hume was really no Christian, had not so much as the profession of it, and therefore was to be considered as one who is *without*, and not a subject of Christian discipline.' Thus did the most eminent, in the world's opinion, of the teachers of Christianity in Scotland plead Hume's declared infidelity, as the *reason* for espousing his cause, and protecting him from ecclesiastical censure. Pending the proceedings, the more faithful of the clergy did their duty, by endeavoring to warn their people against him. His chief opponent was Anderson, 'the literary champion of the fanatics,' who dealt with Hume by '*constantly appealing to the Bible, the usual resource of the priest in every difficulty.*' We take the words of his biographer, as the best exponent of the antagonist feelings by which Hume was supported or opposed.

Yet Hume did not escape entirely with-

out damage. Infidelity stood between him and the much-coveted professorial chair. By the rebound of the attack made in the General Assembly, he was compelled to resign his librarianship. Though little hurt, he was somewhat scarred; and whilst it increased his grim antipathy to the faithful Calvinistic clergy, the 'fanatics' and 'enthusiasts,' he was the more wary in avoiding any very tangible opportunity of falling into their power—a power fast diminishing, but yet sufficiently formidable to disturb the Sybarite on his rose-leaves. Caution, therefore, was always needed; a restraint to which he submitted the more willingly, since he conceived that his own quiet plan of operation would be quite as sure, in the long run, as the more brilliant and sounding measures adopted by the other active members of the philosophical circle, the 'sensible, knowing, and polite company—with which Paris abounds more than any other city in the world.' He comforted himself in his dying hours, with the hope of the ultimate advent of unbelief triumphant. 'Have a little patience, good Charon: I have been endeavoring to open the eyes of the public; if I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition.'

To this one object, the destruction of 'religious fictions and chimeras,' all Hume's endeavors were directed. It was the one end and intent of the History, which gives to the whole the epic unity whence its seductive merit is in great measure derived. Hume's mode of dealing with religion, shows the cowardice of his heart: he dreaded lest conviction should come upon him against his will. He was constantly trying to stupefy his own conscience, lest the pain of perceiving any reality in things unseen, should come on. The first object of Hume is to nullify religion. All the workings of Providence in worldly affairs are denied; or blurred, when he cannot deny them. All active operation of holiness, all sincerity, is excluded. He constantly labors to suppress any *belief in belief*, as an efficient cause of action: he will rather infer any other influential motive. Silence, argumentation, equivocation, absolute falsity, are all employed with equal dexterity, and in sovereign contempt of all the laws by which the conscience of an historian should be ruled. But if he cannot blot out religion entirely, he lowers, degrades, deforms it; yet he prefers to affect contempt, rather than express absolute aver-

sion; he treats faith rather as a meanness, which the enlightened philosopher is ashamed to notice, than as an enemy who needs to be actively expelled. Ever and anon, however, his hatred becomes apparent; and he forgets even the conventional decencies of language in the bitterness of his heart. When his so-called History is not an inferential argument against religion, it is an invective. Could the powers of Belial be described more forcibly, than in the following remarkable passage?—*'Hume, without positively asserting much more than he can prove, gives prominence to all the circumstances which support his case. He glides lightly over those which are unfavorable to it. His own witnesses are applauded and encouraged; the statements which seem to throw discredit on them, are controverted; the contradictions into which they fall, are explained away; a clear and connected abstract of their evidence is given. Every thing that is offered on the other side is scrutinized with the utmost severity; every suspicious circumstance is a ground for comment and invective; what cannot be denied, is extenuated or passed by without notice. Concessions even are sometimes made; but this insidious candor only increases the effect of this vast mass of sophistry.—And in every shape Hume is the Belial advocate of infidelity.'*

When reading Hume's History, we must carefully keep in view the meaning of the terms which he employs; his technical language must be translated by turning to his own dictionary—Religion is with Hume either *Superstition* or *Fanaticism*. He so applies and counterchanges these opprobrious terms as to include every possible form of Christianity. In the Churches of Rome and England, superstition predominates; in the Calvinistic Churches, which he detested most, fanaticism; though all are equally assailed. When he bombards St. Peter's, his shells glance off upon St. Paul's. His spear pierces through Archbishop Anselm, and pins Archbishop Howley to the wall. The filth with which he bespatters the Lateran Council, defiles the General Assembly. But, alas! each religious body, viewing

* From Mr. Macaulay's article upon 'History,' Edinburgh Review, No. xciv., p. 359. We have no hesitation in affixing Mr. Macaulay's name to this admirable and in most respects incontrovertible essay. Since he has not reprinted it in his collection, we trust he will reproduce it in an enlarged form, perhaps reconsidering his judgment of the Greek historians.

only the damage done to its opponents, has been insensible of the hurt which its own cause receives from the bitter enemy of their common Head. Too successful has been the policy adopted by him, of 'opposing one species of superstition to another,' and thus profiting by the dissensions which he helps to raise.

All who oppose Hume's *political* principles—Towers, Stuart, Brodie, Fox, Laing, Allen, Smyth, Macaulay—reproach him with unfairness and insincerity—correct his misrepresentations, brand his crafty perversion of truth. The most lenient, and yet in some respects the most severe, of his critics, Professor Smyth, warns us to be 'ever suspicious' of the historian's *particular prejudices*. Every accusation they prefer against him, by reason of his fraudulent partisanship of prerogative, applies with far greater force against him as a fraudulent opponent of revelation.

Hume's estimate of the merit or demerit belonging to any institution, or any individual, is exactly in proportion to the absence of so deleterious an influence as Christianity. Hume is always on his guard; no holiness, no beauty, no purity, no utility, can by any chance betray or seduce him to find an excuse for the sin of religion.

Professor Smyth, warning his readers against the continued fraud and falsity of the 'guide and philosopher,' and expatiating upon the sagacity and skill displayed by Hume in perverting the authorities whom he employs, proceeds—

'But what reader turns to consult his references, or examine his original authorities? What effect does this distrust after all produce? Practically, none. In defiance of it, is not the general influence of his work on the general reader, just such as the author would have wished; as strong and permanent as if every statement and opinion in his History had deserved our perfect assent and approbation?

'I must confess that this appears to me so entirely the fact, judging from all that I have experienced in myself and observed in others, that I do not conceive a lecturer in history could render (could offer, at least) a more important service to an English auditory, than by following Mr. Hume, step by step, through the whole of his account; and showing what were his fair and what his unfair inferences; what his just representations, and what his improper colorings; what his mistakes, and, above all, what his omissions; in short, what were the dangers, and what the advantages, that must attend the perusal of so popular and able a performance.'—*Lectures on Modern History*, vol. i. pp. 127, 128.

Some few observations and examples will exemplify how truly the Professor's censures are deserved; but we must be content to await an explanation of the principles which justify the public teacher of youth in bestowing the most affectionate and warmest praise upon such a propagator of falsity. Would it not have been desirable that an instructor of the rising generation should pass some censure upon these violations of natural morality, some regret for talents thus misapplied?

Hume's sagacity, in most cases, taught him to avoid absolute falsehoods. You can rarely apprehend him in flagrant delict. Hume's misrepresentations are usually couched in those vague, broad, general charges, which he propounds as certain, without bringing forward any proof. Now, it is very difficult to refute charges so propounded, because their contradiction must always be a negative pregnant, involving counter-assertions, which throw the whole burthen of proof upon those who wish to dispel the error. To revert to Euphranor's illustration, if a French writer were to state that the *whole scope* of our Admiralty orders, since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 'is directed to the purpose of plunder,' there would be no incontrovertible refutation, excepting by producing the whole series of documents. So it is in Hume: his calumnies are couched in those stereotyped phrases, which, through him, and, we may also add, through Robertson, are now adopted as first principles of historical information and knowledge—'ignorance and absurdity'; 'days of ignorance'; 'disputes of the most ridiculous kind, and entirely worthy of those ignorant and barbarous ages';—assertions that the clergy 'subsisted only by absurdities and nonsense';—that 'nonsense passed for demonstration';—that 'bounty to the Church atoned for every violence against society'; that 'the people, abandoned to the worst crimes and superstitions, knew of no other expiation than the observances imposed upon them by their spiritual pastors.' To demonstrate the prejudice, the unfairness, the wicked untruths of such accusations, the first step in the process must necessarily be to know what they mean. 'Ignorance' may be ignorance of evil—absurdities may be the highest truths. According to Hume, belief in a special Providence is a gross absurdity. It is painful to us to be compelled to notice impiety in a conversational tone, but the nature of our subject compels us to do so. In the next place,

the general influence of Hume's general propositions can only be counteracted by a faithful development of the practice and doctrine, life and conversation, of the ages and persons so recklessly defamed. The task, we rejoice to say, has been nobly begun by Mr. Maitland, in his *Essays upon the Dark Ages*, which have appeared in their present form, since this article was first sent to the printer. Terse, witty, powerful in reasoning, pious in spirit, and profoundly learned, Mr. Maitland has, by a well chosen selection of topics, enabled every reader to judge of the gross misrepresentations which have been promulgated by those popular writers, who, in Professor Smyth's words, have hitherto given the tone and the law to the public mind. We trust that such a work as Mr. Maitland's will not be confined to the instruction of readers. Let us hope that it will produce students: encouraging those who, deriving knowledge from original sources by patient assiduity, thence acquire self-reliance and independence of judgment, so much needed in this over-active age, when so many endeavor to be up and doing, and so few sit down and think. For this purpose there must be a diligent study of mediæval divinity.

Considered merely as affording the means of historical information, this pursuit will become indispensable, when, with more philosophy than has been hitherto exerted, we endeavor to penetrate into the moral organization of mediæval society. Are we interested by the structure of the abbey or the cathedral?—Is it not at least as important to become acquainted with the doctrines which were taught by those who ministered at the altar? Our present love of antiquity may lead to unsound conclusions. Many are tempted to a blind and indiscriminate worship of past times, not only shutting their eyes against unfavorable facts, however clearly proved—but ascribing to the middle ages gifts of impeccability and perfect holiness, which revelation teaches us to be incompatible with human nature; others, constituting a more numerous class, are caught by the vulgar bait of antiquarianism. Our attention is in danger of being engrossed by the archæology of the curiosity shops. Unless the tendency be corrected, we shall be overwhelmed with literary dealers of the *rococo* of history—Archæology, if pursued merely with reference to art or decoration, to manners and customs, to incident and romance, is little

more. Without doubt, in a subordinate relation, all such inquiries are useful, but they are only secondary and subordinate: it is the bane of sound instruction to consider them in themselves as objects of knowledge. History so treated, substitutes the illuminated miniature of a manuscript, with its bright colors and false perspective, for a real view of the state of society. How has the study of classical antiquity been rendered beneficial to the intellect? It is because the history and philosophy and literature of Greece and Rome have been rendered ethical; because they have been pursued for the purpose of distinguishing between the transitory forms which they assume, and the principles of permanent application and utility which they include. To the Christian teachers of the middle ages, we deny the honor and worship which we lavish upon the wise amongst the heathen. In place of seeking the highest utility, we play with the eccentricities and peculiarities which amuse us from their novelty or singularity, which minister to intellectual frivolity, which gratify the ear or the eye—the baubles supplying the subject of a melo-drama or the drawing for an album, the arrangement of a tableau, the poetry of an annual, or the frippery of a fancy-ball.

Very important are these doctrinal works, in explaining how the comparative paucity of copies of the Holy Scriptures influenced, and, paradoxical as it may appear, promoted, their study during the middle ages. Until about the twelfth century, the productions of the inspired writers were not commonly found otherwise than in separate manuscripts, as is the case in the East at the present day. 'So scarce are the copies,' is the remark of a recent traveller, 'that I have not found but a single Nestorian, and that was the patriarch, who possessed an entire Bible; even that was in half-a-dozen volumes. One man has the Gospels, another the Epistles, and so on.*' It was, therefore, only with much trouble and expense that a complete set of the detached pieces of Holy Writ could be formed. The donor of the Book of Kings or the Book of Chronicles, is recorded as a benefactor in the annals of the monastery. Few libraries before the Hildebrandian era—the great era of revival—possessed Law and Prophets, and historical and poetical books, and Gospels, and Acts, and Epistles, and Apocalypse, transcribed uniformly in the

* Grant on the Nestorians, p. 67.

one volume which we call the Bible—a term unknown until about the thirteenth century, such a volume being previously designated as the *Bibliotheca*, or the *Pandects*. The scarcity of a complete textual copy of the entire Scriptures—the deep feeling of their inestimable value—the exertions bestowed by monks and clergy for their diffusion; all appear from a remarkable anecdote in the life of St. Ceolfred (ob. 716). This holy man, the abbot of Wearmouth and Jarrow, caused three *Pandects* to be copied. Two were placed in his monastery, in order that the whole body of Scriptures might be conveniently ready and at hand for consultation or perusal in any particular chapter; the third he himself conveyed to Rome, and presented to St. Peter's: thus proving equally the value of the volume and the diligence of the Anglo-Saxon Church—Northumbria, so lately a pagan realm, aiding by her industry and learning the capital of the Christian world.

New generations arose; time advanced; the patient industry of the inmates of the Scriptorium multiplied the copies of Holy Writ, until the wider diffusion of Scripture was permitted by a process—art, it cannot be called—so easy, so familiar, so long known, that the concealment of the printing-press from mankind until these our latter ages, is one of the most remarkable instances, revealing to us the constant control exercised over human intellect by the Power from whom it flows. In the meanwhile, and until printing was thus called into operation, the whole course of religious instruction consisted in a constant endeavor to imbue the learned clergy and the unlettered laity with the knowledge of the word of God. Hence, for the clergy, the formation of the Concordance, binding, as it were, the Holy Scriptures into one whole, and rendering the inspired writers their own commentators; and it was in the 'darkness' of the thirteenth century, that, by Hugo de Sancto Caro, this great and laborious work was performed. Hence, for the laity, the common use of pictures. Objectionable as such a mode of instruction may become, it was then beneficially employed as the means of realizing an historical knowledge of Holy Writ. How few amongst us identify, in our own minds, the personality of the individuals, and the actual occurrence of the events, mentioned or recorded in sacred history! How rarely do we strengthen ourselves in the conviction, that the Deluge is as real an event as

the fire of London! Historical belief and doctrinal belief are inseparably combined: take either away, the other fails. Reject the historical event, and you destroy the sacrament which it typifies. Even the mystery of stage-play, in which the events of Scripture were dramatized, was beneficial. In certain states of society, there is scarcely any sense of the ridiculous. The rude dramas which amuse the half-scoffing antiquary, conveyed sound instruction to the wondering multitude. The more the volumes of the Holy Scriptures were scarce, the more was Scripture knowledge valued. Scripture knowledge acquired activity from concentration. The narrowness of the stream added to the force of the current; what was lost in breadth was gained in intensity. Scripture was forced upon the reader, upon the hearer, upon the monk in his cell, upon the crowd assembled round the cross. Consult the mediæval sermons and homilies: what are they but continuous lectures upon the Holy Scriptures? The Song of Songs alone furnishes *eighty-six* sermons to St. Bernard, of singular excellence. Their treatises of divinity, properly so called, (for the scholastic dialectics belong to a different class,) overflow with Scriptural knowledge; and generally may be designated as Scripture extracts connected by ample glosses and expositions. Above all, was the Bible brought home to the people by the constant appeal to Holy Writ—in discourse or in argument, in theory or in practice, for support or example—connecting it with all the affairs of human life. The Scriptures entered as an element of all learning, of all literature, of jurisprudence, and of all knowledge. Theology was honored as the queen of science. The opening speeches to Parliament were scriptural discourses; and this circumstance has been alluded to with ridicule, by the very writers who most strongly condemn the middle ages for their neglect and concealment of Holy Writ. Every theory, every investigation, was based and founded upon Scripture; for, in the memorable words of the venerable Primate of our Church, mankind truly and practically acknowledged the all-important duty of 'approaching the oracles of Divine truth with that humble docility and that prostration of the understanding and the will, which are indispensable to Christian instruction.*

* Charge delivered to the Clergy of London, at the Primary Visitation, 1814, by William, Lord Bishop of London.

Can we say that the far greater diffusion of Scriptural knowledge in our times produces that vital result? Do we, like them, obey the whole tenor of the volume, which teaches us the duty of bringing intellect into continual subjection to revelation? Considered merely as a book, none was perused with greater delight—no poem had so great a hold upon the imagination. The Bible, in all its variety, was presented to them, not as a huge bundle of texts, but as one wonderful epic, beginning before time—ending in eternity.

It would require years—years well employed—to investigate the literature of mediæval divinity. Even the most moderate tincture is sufficient to correct the amazing misrepresentations which have been propagated respecting the religious morality of the middle ages; and, with respect to Hume's wholesale falsities, take the following passage:—

‘However little versed in the Scriptures, they [the ecclesiastics] had been able to discover that, under the Jewish law, a tenth of all the produce of land was conferred on the priesthood; and, forgetting what they themselves taught, that the moral part only of that law was obligatory on Christians, they insisted that this donation conveyed a perpetual property, inherent by divine right, in those who officiated at the altar. *During some centuries, the whole scope of sermons and homilies were directed to this purpose;* and one would have imagined, from the general tenor of these discourses, that all the practical parts of Christianity were comprised in the exact and faithful payment of tithes to the clergy.’—

Such are the accusations preferred by the philosopher, who, denying the miracles of the Gospel, confessed that he had never read through the New Testament. Of the knowledge possessed by the clergy, whom the sneering enemy of revelation represents as ‘little versed in Scripture,’ we have already spoken. With respect to the accusation which charges the *entire body of Christian teachers* with the foul and deliberate perversion of the whole scope of their teaching, for the purpose of ministering to their own sordid avarice, it is not merely an untruth, but an untruth destitute even of a pretence by which it could be suggested. In no one of the sermons or homilies of Bede, Ælfric, Gregory, Anselm, Bernard, Gerson, or Thomas à Kempis (names amongst the most important of the ministers of the gospel during the middle ages), or in the treatise of Alan de Lisle, destined

for the instruction of the extempore preacher, is there a *single passage* by which the payment of ecclesiastical alms or tithes is recommended, enforced, or enjoined. Nor do we believe that, if the whole body of mediæval divinity, printed or manuscript, were ransacked, any evidence could be found by which the calumny could be in the slightest degree sustained. The historian would not have dared to broach the falsity, had he not been able to rely upon an ignorance amongst his readers, to which his own impudence could be the only parallel.

As history unfolds, and each successive personage is put upon his trial before Hume, he very carefully examines into character. Can it be shown that king or statesman has reviled the Word of God, oppressed the priesthood, robbed the church—then the Judge charges the jury to take the evidence of good character into consideration. If, on the contrary, witnesses come forward, showing that the culprit has been guilty of Christianity—then, in passing sentence, this previous conviction calls for aggravation of punishment. We have thus, in all Hume's delineations of character—delineations far more frequently displaying the common-place contrasts of a theme, than the skill of a philosophical inquirer—a constant source of falsification. ‘Rufus,’ says Hume, ‘was a violent and tyrannical prince, a perfidious, encroaching, and dangerous neighbour, an unkind and ungenerous relation, and was equally prodigal and rapacious in the management of his treasury. If he possessed abilities, he lay so much under the government of impetuous passions, that he made little use of them in his administration.’ Yet Hume lets him off with many a good word. His open profaneness is excused, as the result of ‘sharp wit;’ and, with great kindness and consideration, he warns us, that we must be ‘cautious of admitting every thing related by the monkish historians to the disadvantage of this prince;’ he, Hume, having already admitted and enlarged upon every fact related by the monkish historians, which shows his profligate and reckless tyranny.

Because Henry I. persecuted Archbishop Anselm, he receives Hume's highest praise for his ‘prudence and moderation of temper;’ the proofs of these good qualities being, *e.g.*, his cutting off the noses of his grandchildren, the offspring of his illegitimate daughter, Juliana, and plucking out the eyes of Lucas de la Barre.

Whenever it is possible, by misrepresent-

ation, or by concealment, or by sophistry, to calumniate any individual exercising religious functions, or to depreciate any one in whose character religion forms an element, or to carp at any action grounded upon religion, Hume never fails to improve the opportunity. We have thus a perpetual source of falsification in the biographies of the leading personages. Ecclesiastics were compelled, from their situation, to take a prominent part in the business of the world; they were statesmen, politicians; now the leaders of opposition, now the prime ministers of the sovereign. Whether it was expedient that the members of the hierarchy should be called upon thus to mix in secular affairs, whether it were a privilege or a burthen, or a temptation, are questions which we shall not discuss. But this constant unfairness ruins the mere historical narrative.

Take, for example, Lanfranc. 'Lanfranc was a Milanese monk.' Lanfranc was *not* a Milanese monk; he was born in an independent and hostile State, the city of Pavia. Hume, turning to Guthrie's Grammar, and finding that Pavia was included in the Duchy of Milan, supposed that it was equally so in the eleventh century. Moreover, though Lanfranc was a monk, he did not become so till long after he had crossed the Alps, when he professed in the rising monastery of Bec Hellouin: afterwards he became abbot of Caen, whence he was translated to Canterbury. 'This prelate was rigid in defending the prerogatives of his station; and after a long process before the Pope, he obliged Thomas, a Norman monk, who had been appointed to the see of York, to acknowledge the primacy of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Where ambition can be so happy as to cover his enterprises, even to the person himself, under the appearance of principle, it is the most incurable and inflexible of human passions,' &c.—True enough, but the maxim, ingeniously hitched in between the account of Lanfranc's contest and a falsified statement of his zeal for the papacy, does not apply to either. Whether Canterbury or York should possess the primacy, was a mixed question of legal right and constitutional privilege. The primacy had been long disputed, upon grounds as strictly technical as those which give an individual a right to an estate. York acted with considerable pertinacity. Some of the earlier evidences were ambiguous. Adverse possession might, in some cases, be

surmised; the suit was to be decided, therefore, by the construction of legal instruments and by evidence. Archbishop Lanfranc brought his suit against Archbishop Thomas, in the same manner as two peers might have contested the possession of a barony in Parliament. Moreover, the claim was one which Lanfranc could not surrender. Had he yielded, he would have sacrificed the rights of his successors, the liberties of the English people. As primate, he was the first member of the Great Council of the realm. Through the Archbishop, upon each coronation, the compact was concluded between the sovereign and the subject. Furthermore, Lanfranc's success established the principle, that whatever rights had legally subsisted before the Conquest, were to be preserved and maintained, unaffected by the accession of the new dynasty. Lanfranc, maintaining the rights of his see, protected all his successors—all his order. It is they who, at the present time, are still reaping the benefit: it was their battles which Lanfranc fought. The decision given in Lanfranc's case, governed all similar cases; and, followed by the resistance of his successor Anslem to the spoliations and oppressions of Rufus and Beauclerk, protected the rights of every diocese and diocesan, every dean and deanery, every parish priest and parish, throughout the kingdom. Every churchman in England holds his preferment as the heir of Lanfranc and of Anslem.

Hume accuses Lanfranc of 'zeal in promoting the interests of the papacy, by which he himself augmented his own authority.' But the fact is, that Lanfranc in no manner augmented his authority through the Papacy; and his conduct contributed greatly to keep the Church of England in that state of isolation from the other portions of the Western Church, which so remarkably characterizes the Conqueror's reign. William, who had been willing enough to support his claims by the sanction of Alexander II., presented a firm front to Hildebrand. 'No Pope shall be acknowledged in England without my assent,' was the declaration of the Conqueror. Lanfranc, the 'Milanese monk,' acted so completely in conformity to this declaration, as to lead to the supposition that he obeyed a course which he himself had advised. The 'process' before the Pope went off without effect. The contest between him and the Archbishop of York,

was decided as if it were entirely a civil question, by the King and the Great Council or Parliament—and not by papal authority, as Hume leads his readers to suppose. When Guibert of Ravenna was appointed to the papacy by the Emperor, Lanfranc maintained an armed neutrality. He refused to acknowledge Clement III., and did *not* send his adhesion to Gregory VII. Had Lanfranc's successors adopted the same course, England would have been lost to Rome. Yet all these important facts are concealed by Hume, in order to establish a charge of 'zeal for the papacy.' Hume's notice of Lanfranc's learning, is confined to a silly sneer: 'He wrote a defence of the real presence against Berengarius; and in those ages of stupidity and ignorance, he was greatly applauded for that performance.' Lanfranc's treatise possesses singular dialectic acuteness and dexterity. Without being in the least convinced by his arguments, we may fully admire his skill. Lanfranc contended for doctrines which he conceived he was bound to support: he appealed to public opinion, and by argument gained the victory.

But Lanfranc's fame had been long since established; it did not depend upon his polemic discussions. Lanfranc led the intellectual movement of his age: Lanfranc was acknowledged to be the great teacher of Latin Christendom. Hume remarks, that 'knowledge and liberal education were somewhat more common in the southern countries.' But the seat of liberal education was more truly in the North. From the remotest parts, not only of Latin or Western Europe, but even of Greece, students of all classes and ages resorted to Bec Hellouin, as to another Athens. Removed from his university, for such his humble monastery had become, to Caen, and thence exalted to the primacy of England, his pastoral duties compelled a new application of his literary labors. He entered a less ambitious, but not less useful career. Lanfranc now employed himself upon his edition of the Holy Scriptures. The texts of the Biblical books had been miserably corrupted, by the ignorance of the latter Anglo-Saxon transcribers, one of the many results of the calamitous invasion of the Danes, which no exertion had been able wholly to remove. Much of this correction was effected by Lanfranc's own application and learning: manuscripts, with his autograph corrections, existed in France previous to the Revolution; others may perhaps lurk

in our libraries. But he also provided, as far as he could, for futurity—by training up many disciples for the same important task. Of Lanfranc's character and influence as prime minister, Hume says absolutely nothing. Lanfranc's letters or despatches, to which the historian never makes a single reference, display his vigilance and his charity. Whilst defending the power of his sovereign, he became a father to the English. He rejoiced to adopt the name of Englishman. Rufus was educated by Lanfranc. One of the most remarkable proofs of the archbishop's intellectual power, and of the good use to which he turned that power, was that, so long as he lived, the wickedness and tyranny of his pupil were entirely restrained. Hence Lanfranc's death was lamented as the greatest calamity which England could sustain. Of all these characteristics, not a word is to be found in Hume. Concerning all these practical effects of good sense, and learning, and talent, and piety, exhibited in the most distinguished character of the early Anglo-Norman era, the historian of England is entirely silent.

Bentham amused himself, and his readers also, by proposing that criminals should be exhibited to public contempt, with masks, emblematical of the bad passions which seduced them to crime. Hume, as a writer, has anticipated the utilitarian jurist. He has two sets of such masks, in which he usually exposes his churchmen to scorn and contempt: the wolf-mask, and the fox-mask. Gregory the Great is shown up as wolf: the unwearied and successful labours of this pontiff for the conversion of the English, arise simply from raving, craving ambition. Augustine, the apostle of the English, wears the fox-mask: his mission is a consistent and successful course of hypocrisy. Whenever religion can be laid to the charge of any individual, conclude him, says Hume, to be either knave or fool: consider it as an incontrovertible principle, 'that a general presumption lies against either the understanding or the morals of *any one who is dignified with the title of Saint*, in those ignorant ages.'

When victimizing Pope Gregory, or Augustine, or Lafranc, Hume knew he was on the safe side, and that his readers would go with him; but what, if, by a strange contingency, some individual thoroughly besotted and perverted by faith, should happen to be a popular favorite? Now it does so happen that Hume, by the pressure from

without, feels himself under the awkward and imperative obligation of joining in the homage universally rendered to an individual, holding a proud and eminent station in English history, but of whom it must be most truly said, that 'superstition' was the ruling passion. The materials for the biography of this bigot, are peculiarly ample. Not merely do the contemporary historians abound with minute details of his life and actions, but we possess also his own declarations of his sentiments, for he happens to have been an author, as well as a patron of literature. Moreover, as a royal author, he speaks in the public documents dictated by his own heart and mind. From these materials, so unusually trustworthy and abundant, and which form the sources of this sovereign's history, we can collect that he 'received every word uttered by the clergy as the most sacred oracles,' and 'admitted all their pretensions to superior sanctity.' 'Stupidly debased,' he was 'wholly given up to an abject and illiberal devotion.' In every trial, every emergency, this 'weak and superstitious prince trusted to supernatural assistance:' 'his whole mind was sunk into the lowest submission and abasement, and devoted to the monkish virtues of mortification, penance, and humility.' If there was any individual in whom, more than another, all the miserable absurdity of superstition is thus exemplified, it is in this prince. Yet, in spite of all this ignorance and folly, it was needful that Hume, if he wished to preserve the favour of his readers, should represent him—and it is *Alfred* of whom we are speaking—as 'the model of that perfect character, which, under the denomination of a *sage or wise man*, philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination than in hopes of ever seeing it really existing;' and as 'the wisest and best prince that had ever adorned the annals of any nation.'

What, therefore, was to be done in this dilemma? How was Alfred to be rendered such a sage, such a wise man, as the philosopher could applaud? The process was quite easy. In Hume's very elaborate life of Alfred, which occupies one-fourth of the 'History of England' up to that period, he has *concealed every passage, every fact, every incident, every transaction, displaying that active belief in Christianity, which governed the whole tenor and course of Alfred's life*. The sedulous care which Hume has bestowed, in obscuring and deleting the memorials of Alfred's Christianity, may be

judged of by the three following specimens:—

'He usually divided his time into three portions: one was employed in sleep and the refection of his body by diet and exercise; another, in the despatch of business; a third, in study and devotion... and by such a regular distribution of his time, though he often laboured under great bodily infirmities, this martial hero, who fought in person fifty-six battles by sea and land, was able, during a life of no extraordinary length, to acquire more knowledge and even to compose more books than most studious men, though blessed with the greatest labour and application, have, in more fortunate ages, made the object of their uninterrupted industry.'

Without containing anything which is absolutely false, the above passages contain nothing which is true. Alfred's mind and exertions, according to the impression produced by Hume, were all but wholly engrossed by his temporal concerns: the regular distribution of his time was solely intended to enable him to combine the character of an active warrior and a vigilant sovereign with that of a literary student. Whereas the whole end and intent of Alfred's course of life, of which *one half* was given to God, was to combine the active duties of a sovereign with the strict devotion of the recluse; to keep his heart out of the world, in which he was compelled, by God's appointment, to converse—to bear the crown as his cross; so that the performance of his duties towards God might not be rendered a temptation for shrinking from those labours and responsibilities which God had imposed.

'Alfred set apart a *seventh* portion of his own revenue for maintaining a number of workmen, whom he constantly employed in rebuilding the *ruined cities, castles, palaces, and monasteries*. Even the elegancies of life were brought to him from the Medierranean and the Indies; and his subjects, by seeing those productions of the peaceful arts, were taught to respect the virtues of justice and industry, from which alone they could arise.'

Who, in this narrative, could discover that Alfred set apart *one-half* of his entire revenue for pious purposes, in order that, so far as his station admitted, he might fulfil the obligation of poverty?*

* Stinted as we are for space, we cannot, as we should wish, bring before the reader the passages from the original writers, which would show how entirely all trustworthiness must be denied to Hume. In the following extracts, relating to the employment of Alfred's revenues, besides sup-

'Sensible that the people at all times, especially when their understandings are obstructed by ignorance and bad education, are not much susceptible of speculative instruction,

pressing the application of one-half to religious purposes, he has falsified the portion relating to the *expenditure upon the workmen*. *Asser* says nothing whatever of *monasteries*, in his account of the appropriation of the *building-third* of the secular portion of Alfred's revenue (being *one-sixth* of the whole revenue, and not *one-seventh*). This sixth was employed upon secular buildings, probably fortresses or bridges, or other public works; but as Hume might apprehend that some of his readers would recollect Alfred did found *two* monasteries of great celebrity, and repair many others, he has artfully introduced them as an incidental item in the general estimates of the expenditure.

'His ita definitis, solito suo more, intra semetipsum cogitabat, quid adhuc addere potuisset, quod plus placeret ad piam meditationem; non inaner incepta, utiliter inventa, utilius servata est: nam jamdudum in lege scriptum audierat, Dominum decimam sibi multipliciter redditurum promississe; atque fideliter servasse, decimamque sibi multipliciter redditurum fuisse. Hoc exemplo instigatus, et antecessorum morem volens transcendere, *dimidiam servitii sui partem*, diurni scilicet, et nocturni temporis; nec non etiam *dimidiam partem omnium divitiarum*, quam annualiter ad eum cum justitia moderanter acquisitæ pervenire consueverant, Deo devote et fideliter totis cordis affectu, pius mediator se daturum spondit; quod et quantum potest humana discretio discernere et servare, subtiliter ac sapienter adimplere studuit. Sed ut solito suo more cautus evitaret, quod in alio divinæ Scripturæ loco cautum est; si recte efferas, recte autem non dividas, peccas: quod Deo libenter devoverat, quo modo recte dividere posset, cogitavit: et, ut dixit Salomon, Cor regis in manu Domini, id est, consilium; consilio divinitus invento omnium unius ejusque anni census successum bifario, primitus ministros suos dividere æqua lance imperavit.'

A very interesting account of the application of the first third of the half amongst his soldiery and household being given, the coeval historian proceeds:—

'Talibus itaque primam de tribus prædictis partibus partem, unicuique tamen secundum propriam dignitatem, et etiam secundum proprium ministerium largiebatur: secundam autem *operatoribus*, quos ex multis gentibus collectos et comparatos propemodum innumerabiles habebat in omni terreno *edificio edoctos*; tertiam autem ejusdem partem advenis ex omni gente ad eum advenientibus, longe propeque positis, et pecuniam ab illo exigentibus, etiam non exigentibus, unicuique secundum propriam dignitatem mirabili dispensatione laudabiliter, et (sicut scriptum est, Hilarem datorem diligit Deus) hilariter impendebat.

'Secundam vero partem omnium divitiarum suarum, quæ annualiter ad eum ex omni censu perveniebant, et in fisco reputabantur (sicut jam paulo ante commemoravimus) plena voluntate Deo devovit, et in quatuor partibus etiam curiose suos ministros illam dividere imperavit; ea conditione, ut prima pars illius divisionis pauperibus uniuscujusque gentis, qui ad eum veniebant, discretissime erogaretur: memorabat etiam in hoc, quantum

Alfred endeavoured to convey his morality by apologues, parables, stories, apophthegms, couched in poetry; and besides propagating amongst his subjects former compositions of that kind which he found in the Saxon tongue, he exercised his genius in inventing works of like nature, as well as in translating from the Greek the elegant fables of Æsop. He also gave Saxon translations of Orosius and Bede's histories; and of Boethius, concerning the Consolations of Philosophy.'

In this enumeration of the works produced by Alfred, or under his direction, Hume, extracting from Spelman's *Life*, in which the catalogue is complete, quietly *leaves out all* such as are contaminated by Christianity. All Alfred's translations of the Pastoral of St. Gregory—the Dialogues of the same Pope—the Soliloquies of St. Augustine—the Psalms—several other portions of the Bible—and his 'Hand Book'—(selections from the Scriptures, with commentaries and reflections), constantly borne about him—and to which he added at every interval of leisure, even in the midst of his secular employments. The whole object of Alfred's instruction was intended for the diffusion, not of literature in its modern sense, but of such portions of human knowledge as might be rendered subservient to faith. Hume, by repainting Alfred's portrait in coarse and gaudy colors, has thus daubed out all the characteristics of Alfred's individuality—his religious foundations, his devotional charity—his labors for the diffusion of the Scriptures—his constant seeking comfort and support from divine truth—his bodily penances and mortifications—and, above all, that, as king and legislator, Alfred entirely based his laws upon the Bible, declaring to his people that immutable truth which no other king or legislator has been sufficiently enlightened to proclaim, that if they obeyed the pre-

humana discretio custodire poterat, illius sancti Papæ Gregorii observandam esse sententiam, quæ discretam mentionem dividendæ elemosynæ ita dicens agebat: Nec parvum cui multum: nec multum cui parvum: nec nihil cui aliquid, nec aliquid cui nihil. Secundam autem duobus monasteriis, quæ ipse fieri imperaverat, et servientibus in his Deo (de quibus paulo ante latius disseruimus); tertiam scholæ (*Oxford University*?) quam ex multis eum propriis gentis nobilibus studiosissime congregaverat; quartam circum finitimis in omni Saxonia et Mercia monasteriis, et etiam quibusdam annis per vicis in Britanniis et Cornubiis, Gallia, Armorica, Northymbria, et aliquando etiam in Hybernia, ecclesiis et servis Dei inhabitantibus secundum possibilitatem suam aut ante distribuit, aut sequenti tempore erogare proposuit, vita sibi et prosperitate salva.—*Asser*, 64—67.

cepts of Almighty God, no other law would be required. Read Alfred's character as it is presented by Hume to the reader, particularly to the youthful reader, and the 'sovereign, the warrior, the politician, and the patron of literature,' becomes the counterpart of Frederick of Prussia, whose epithet of 'the Great' is the very curse of the kingdom over which he ruled.

Yet one proof more must be given of Hume's falsification of history, resulting from his inveterate hostility against religion. Relating not to the 'dark ages,' but to a period near and familiar, it will best enable the readers of Hume to comprehend and abhor the deceptions practised upon them by their philosopher and guide. As the moral fraud—for to call it a literary fraud would be far too lenient a designation—which he has perpetrated in his narrative of the death of Charles I., possesses singular interest, and has been wholly unnoticed and undetected, we shall lay the evidence before our readers as fully as the limits of this publication will admit, in order that they may judge for themselves.

Hume *quotes*, as his groundwork, Herbert's 'Memoirs,' which he consulted carefully; the copy he used being in the Advocates' library, and containing his pencil marks; and Walker's 'History of Independency.'—But he does *not* quote Lloyd's 'History,' Whitelocke's 'Memorials,' and Warwick's 'Memoirs,' from whence he derived the most important passages relating to the king's interview with his children, and his conduct upon the scaffold, including his dying speech; and we cannot think that this suppression of references is the result of accident. We give the *whole* of Hume's narrative in continuity; and request our readers will take the trouble to read it attentively, and then to read the authorities, to which *we* have made reference in Hume's text, with equal attention. From the latter we have extracted all the most important passages.

HUME'S NARRATIVE.

(I).—'Three days were allowed the king between his sentence and his execution. This interval he passed with great tranquillity, chiefly in reading and devotion.

(II).—'All his family that remained in England, were allowed access to him. It consisted only of the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester; for the Duke of York had made his escape. Gloucester was little more than

an infant: the princess, notwithstanding her tender years, showed an advanced judgment; and the calamities of her family had made a deep impression upon her. After many pious consolations and advices, the king gave her in charge to tell the queen, that, during the whole course of his life, he had never once, even in thought, failed in his fidelity towards her; and that his conjugal tenderness and his life should have an equal duration.

(III. IV).—'To the young duke, too, he could not forbear giving some advice, in order to season his mind with early principles of loyalty and obedience towards his brother, who was so soon to be his sovereign. Holding him on his knee, he said, "Now they will cut off thy father's head." At these words the child looked very stedfastly upon him. "Mark, child! what I say: they will cut off my head! and perhaps make thee a king: but mark what I say, thou must not be a king, as long as thy brothers Charles and James are alive. They will cut off thy brothers' heads when they can catch them! and thy head too they will cut off at last! therefore, I charge thee, do not be made a king by them!" The duke, sighing, replied, "I will be torn in pieces first!" So determined an answer from one of such tender years, filled the king's eyes with tears of joy and admiration.

(V. VI).—'Every night, during this interval, the king slept sound as usual; though the noise of workmen, employed in framing the scaffold, and other preparations for his execution, continually resounded in his ears. The morning of the fatal day (30th Jan.) he rose early; and calling Herbert, one of his attendants, he bade him employ more than usual care in dressing him, and preparing him for so great and joyful a solemnity. Bishop Juxon, a man endowed with the same mild and steady virtues by which the king himself was so much distinguished, assisted him in his devotions, and paid the last melancholy duties to his friend and sovereign.

(VII. VIII).—'The street before Whitehall was the place destined for the execution; for it was intended, by choosing that very place, in sight of his own palace, to display more evidently the triumph of popular justice over royal majesty. When the king came upon the scaffold, he found it so surrounded with soldiers that he could not expect to be heard by any of the people: he addressed, therefore, his discourse to the few persons who were about him; particularly Colonel Tomlinson, to whose care he had lately been committed, and upon whom, as upon many others, his amiable deportment had wrought an entire conversion. He justified his own innocence in the late fatal wars, and observed that he had not taken arms till after the Parliament had enlisted forces; nor had he any other object in his warlike operations than to preserve that authority entire, which his predecessors had transmitted to him. He threw not, however, the blame upon the Parliament; but was more inclined to think

that ill instruments had interposed, and raised in them fears and jealousies with regard to his intentions. Though innocent towards his people, he acknowledged the equity of his execution in the eyes of his Maker; and observed, that an unjust sentence which he had suffered to take effect, was now punished by an unjust sentence upon himself. He forgave all his enemies, even the chief instruments of his death; but exhorted them and the whole nation to return to the ways of peace, by paying obedience to their lawful sovereign, his son and successor. When he was preparing himself for the block, Bishop Juxon called to him, "There is, sir, but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider, it will soon carry you a great way; it will carry you from earth to heaven: and there you shall find, to your great joy, the prize to which you hasten, a crown of glory." "I go," replied the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can have place." At one blow was his head severed from his body. A man in a vizor performed the office of executioner: another, in a like disguise, held up to the spectators the head streaming with blood, and cried aloud, *This is the head of a traitor!*

HUME'S AUTHORITIES.

(I.) 'The king, at the rising of the Court, was with a guard of halberdiers returned to White-hall in a close chair, through King-street, both sides whereof had a guard of foot-soldiers, who were silent as his majesty pass'd. But shop-stalls and windows were full of people, many of which shed tears, and some of them with audible voices pray'd for the king, who through the privy-garden was carried to his bed-chamber; whence, after two hours space, he was removed to St. James's. . . .

'The king now bidding farewell to the world, his whole business was a serious preparation for death, which opens the door unto eternity; in order thereunto, he laid aside all other thoughts, and spent the remainder of his time in prayer and other pious exercises of devotion, and in conference with that meek and learned Bishop Dr. Juxon, who, under God, was a great support to him in that his afflicted condition; and resolving to sequester himself so, as he might have no disturbance to his mind, nor interruption to his meditations, he order'd Mr. Herbert to excuse it to any that might have the desire to visit him. . . .

'At this time also came to St. James's Mr. Calamy, Mr. Vines, Mr. Carryl, Mr. Dell, and some other London-Ministers, who presented their duty to the king, with their humble desires to pray with him, and perform other offices of service, if his Majesty pleas'd to accept of 'em. The king return'd them thanks for their love to his soul, hoping that they, and

all other his good subjects, would, in their addresses to God, be mindful of him. But in regard he had made choice of Dr. Juxon (whom for many years he had known to be a pious and learned divine, and able to administer ghostly comfort to his soul, suitable to his present condition), he would have none other. These ministers were no sooner gone, but Mr. John Goodwyn (minister in Coleman-street) came likewise upon the same account, to tender his service, which the king also thank'd him for, and dismiss'd him with the like friendly answer. . . .

'That evening, Mr. Seamour (a gentleman then attending the Prince of Wales in his bed-chamber), by Colonel Hacker's permission, came to his Majesty's bed-chamber door, desiring to speak with the King from the Prince of Wales; being admitted, he presented his Majesty with a letter from his Highness the Prince of Wales, bearing date from the Hague the 23d day of January -48. (Old Style.) Mr. Seamour, at his entrance, fell into a passion, having formerly seen his Majesty in a glorious state, and now in a dolorous; and having kiss'd the king's hand, clasp'd about his legs, lamentably mourning. Hacker came in with the gentleman and was abash'd. But so soon as his Majesty had read his son's sorrowing letter, and heard what his servant had to say, and imparted to him what his Majesty thought fit in return, the Prince's servant took his leave, and was no sooner gone but the king went to his devotion, Dr. Juxon praying with him, and reading some select chapters out of sacred Scripture.'—Herbert, p. 117.

(II.) 'Morning being come, the Bishop was early with the king, and after prayers his Majesty broke the seals open, and shew'd them what was contain'd in it; there were diamonds and jewels, most part broken Georges and Garters. You see (said he) all the wealth now in my power to give my two children. Next day Princess Elizabeth, and the Duke of Gloucester, her brother, came to take their sad farewell of the king their father, and to ask his blessing. This was the 29th of Jan. The princess being the elder, was the most sensible of her royal father's condition, as appear'd by her sorrowful look and excessive weeping; and her little brother seeing his sister weep, he took the like impression, though by reason of his tender age, he could not have the like apprehension. The king rais'd them both from off their knees; he kiss'd them, gave them his blessing, and setting them on his knees, admonish'd them concerning their duty and loyal observance to the queen their mother, the prince that was his successor, love to the Duke of York, and his other relations. The king then gave them all his jewels, save the George he wore, which was cut in an onyx with great curiosity, and set about with 21 fair diamonds, and the reverse set with the like number; and again kissing his children, had such pretty and pertinent answers from them both, as drew tears of

joy and love from his eyes; and then *praying God Almighty to bless 'em*, he turned about, expressing a tender and fatherly affection. Most sorrowful was this parting, the young princess shedding tears and crying lamentably, so as mov'd others to pity; that formerly were hard-hearted; and at opening the bed-chamber door, the king return'd hastily from the window, and kiss'd 'em and *bless'd 'em*; so parted.

'This demonstration of a pious affection exceedingly comforted the king in this his affliction; so that in a grateful return *he went immediately to prayer*, the good bishop and Mr. Herbert being only present.'—*Herbert*, p. 125.

(III.) 'His (the king's) last words being taken in writing, and communicated to the world by the Lady Elizabeth his daughter, a lady of most eminent endowments, who though born to the supremest fortune, yet lived in continual tears, and died confined at Carisbrook (whither her father was cheated) in the Isle of Wight—are to this effect:—

'A True Relation of the King's Speech to the Lady Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester, the Day before his death.

'His children being come to meet him, he first gave his blessing to the Lady Elizabeth, and bad her remember to tell her brother James, whenever she should see him, that it was his father's last desire that he should no more look upon Charles as his eldest brother only, but be obedient unto him as his sovereign, and that they should love one another and forgive their father's enemies. Then said the King to her, "Sweet-heart, you'll forget this." "No," said she, "I shall never forget it, whilst I live;" and pouring forth abundance of tears, promised him to write down the particulars. Then the king, taking the Duke of Gloucester upon his knee, said, "Sweet heart, now they will cut off thy father's head;" upon which words the child looking very stedfastly at him, "Mark, child, what I say; they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king; but mark what I say, you must not be a king, so long as your brothers do live, for they will cut off your brothers' heads, when they can catch them, and cut off thy head too at last, and therefore I charge you do not be made a king by them." At which the child sighing, said, "I will be torn in pieces first;" which falling so unexpectedly from one so young, it made the king rejoyce exceedingly.'

'Another Relation from the Lady Elizabeth's own hand.

'What the king said to me, Jan. 29:h, 1648, being the last time I had the happiness to see him; He told me he was glad I was come; and although he had not time to say much, yet somewhat he had to say to me, which he had not to another, or leave in writing, because he

feared their cruelty was such as that they would not have permitted him to write to me. He wished me not to grieve and torment myself for him, for that it would be a glorious death that he should dye, it being for the laws and liberties of this land and for maintaining the true Protestant Religion. He bid me read "*Bishop Andrews' Sermons*," "*Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity*," and "*Bishop Laud's Book against Fisher*," which would ground me against Popery. He told me he had forgiven all his enemies, and hoped God would forgive them also, and commanded us and all the rest of my brothers and sisters to forgive them. He bid me tell my mother that his thoughts never strayed from her, and that his love should be the same to the last. Withal he commanded me and my brother to be obedient to her, and bid me send his blessing to the rest of my brothers and sisters, with commendation to all his friends. So after he had given me his blessing I took my leave.

'Further, he commanded us all to forgive those people, but never to trust them, for they had been most false to him and to those that gave them power, and he feared also to their own souls; and desired me not to grieve for him, for he should dye a Martyr, and that he doubted not but the Lord would settle his throne upon his son, and that we should be all happier than we could have expected to have been, if he had lived; with many other things, which at present I cannot remember.

(Signed) ELIZABETH.'

—*Lloyd's Life of Charles I.*, 215.

(IV.) 'That day the Bishop of London, after prayers, preached before the King; his text was the second chapter of the Romans, and sixteenth verse; the words are, "At that day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ," &c., inferring from thence, that although God's judgments be for some deferred, he will nevertheless proceed to a strict examination of what is both said and done by every man; yea, the most hidden thoughts and imaginations of men will most certainly be made to appear at the day of judgment; when the Lord Jesus Christ shall be upon his high tribunal; all designs, tho' conceal'd in this life, shall then be plainly discovered; he then proceeded to the present sad occasion, and after that, administered the Sacrament. That day the king eat and drank very sparingly, most part of the day being spent in prayer and meditation; it was some hours after night, e'er Dr. Juxon took leave of the king, who willed him to be early with him the next morning.

'After the Bishop was gone to his lodging, the king continu'd reading and praying more than two hours after. The king commanded Mr. Herbert to lie by his bed-side upon a pallet, where he took small rest, that being the last night his gracious sovereign and master enjoy'd; but nevertheless the king for four hours, or thereabouts, slept soundly, and awak-

ing about two hours afore day, he opened his curtain to call Mr. Herbert; there being a great cake of wax set in a silver bason, that then, as at all other times, burned all night; so that he perceiv'd him somewhat disturb'd in sleep; but calling him, bad him rise; "For," said his Majesty, "I will get up, having a great work to do this day;" however, he would know why he was so troubled in his sleep? He reply'd, "May it please your Majesty, I was dreaming." "I would know your dream," said the king; which being told, his Majesty said, "It was remarkable. Herbert, this is my second marriage-day; I would be as trim to day as may be; for before night I hope to be espoused to my blessed Jesus." He then appointed what cloaths he would wear; "Let me have a shirt on more than ordinary," said the king, "by reason the season is so sharp as probably may make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation. I fear not Death! Death is not terrible to me. I bless my God I am prepar'd."

"These, or words to this effect, his Majesty spoke to Mr. Herbert, as he was making ready. Soon after came Dr. Juxon, Bishop of London, precisely at the time his Majesty the night before had appointed him. Mr. Herbert then falling upon his knees, humbly beg'd his Majesty's pardon, if he had at any time been negligent in his duty, whilst he had the honour to serve him. The king thereupon gave him his hand to kiss, having the day before been graciously pleased, under his royal hand, to give him a certificate expressing that the said Mr. Herbert was not impos'd upon him, but by his Majesty made choice of to attend him in his bed-chamber, and had serv'd him with faithfulness and loyal affection. At the same time his Majesty also delivered him his Bible, in the margin whereof he had with his own hand writ many annotations and quotations, and charged him to give it the Prince so soon as he returned; repenting what he had enjoyed the Princess Elizabeth, his daughter, that he would be dutiful and indulgent to the queen his mother (to whom his Majesty writ two days before by Mr. Seymour), affectionate to his brothers and sisters, who also were to be observant and dutiful to him their sovereign; and for as much as from his heart he had forgiven his enemies, and in perfect charity with all men would leave the world, he had advis'd the prince his son to exceed in mercy, not in rigour; and, as to episcopacy, it was still his opinion, that it is of Apostolique institution, and in this kingdom exercised from the primitive times, and therein, as in all other his affairs, pray'd God to vouchsafe him, both in reference to Church and State, a pious and a discerning spirit; and that it was his last and earnest request, that he would frequently read the Bible, which in all the time of his affliction had been his best instructor and delight; and to meditate upon what he read; as also such other books as might improve his knowledge.

"He likewise commanded Mr. Herbert to give to the Princess Elizabeth "*Doctor Andrews' Sermons*," "*Archbishop Laud against Fisher the Jesuit*," which book (the king said) would ground her against Popery, and "*Mr. Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity*." To the Duke of Gloucester, "King James's Works," and "*Dr. Hammond's Practical Catechism*."—Herbert, p. 126.

(V.) "His Majesty then bade him withdraw; for he was about an hour in private with the Bishop; and being call'd in, the Bishop went to prayer; and reading also the 27th Chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, which relateth the Passion of our Blessed Saviour. The king, after the service was done, ask'd the Bishop "If he had made choice of that Chapter, being so applicable to his present condition?" The Bishop reply'd, "May it please your Gracious Majesty, it is the proper lesson for the Day, as appears by the Kalender;" which the King was much affected with, so aptly serving as a seasonable preparation for his death that day.

"So as his Majesty, abandoning all thoughts of earthly concerns, continued in prayer and meditation, and concluded with a cheerful submission to the will and pleasure of the Almighty, saying, "He was ready to resign himself into the hands of Christ Jesus, being, with the Kingly Prophet, shut up in the hands of his enemies; as is expressed in the 31st Psalm, and the 8th verse."—Herbert, p. 132.

(VI.) "The Chapter of the day fell out to be that of the Passion of our Saviour, wherein it was mentioned that they led him away for envy and crucified their king, which he thought had been the Bishop's choosing; but when he found it was the Canon of the Rubric, he put off his hat, and said to the Bishop, "God's will be done."—Warwick's Memoirs, p. 385.

(VII.) "Upon the king's right hand went the Bishop, and Colonel Tomlinson on his left, with whom his Majesty had some discourse by the way; Mr. Herbert was next the king; after him the Guards. In this manner went the king through the Park; and coming to the stair, the king passed along the galleries unto his bed-chamber, where, after a little repose, the Bishop went to prayer; which being done, his Majesty bid Mr. Herbert bring him some bread and wine, which being brought, the king broke the manchet, and eat a mouthful of it, and drank a small glassful of claret-wine, and then was some time in private with the Bishop, expecting when Hacker would the third and last time give warning. Mean time his Majesty told Mr. Herbert which satin night-cap he would use, which being provided, and the king at private prayer, Mr. Herbert address'd himself to the Bishop, and told him, "The king had ordered him to have a white satin nightcap ready, but he was not able to endure the sight of that violence they upon the scaffold would offer the

king." The good Bishop bid him then give him the cap, and wait at the end of the Banqueting-House, near the scaffold, to take care of the king's body; "for," said he, "that, and his interment, will be our last office."—*Herbert*, p. 134.

(VIII.) "I think it my duty, to God first and to my country, for to clear myself both as an honest man and a good king, and a good Christian. I call God to witness, to whom I must shortly render an account, that I never did intend to encroach upon their privileges. As to the guilt of those enormous crimes which are laid against me, I hope in God that God will clear me of it. God forbid that I should be so ill a Christian as not to say that God's judgments are upon me. For to show you that I am a good Christian, I hope there is a good man," pointing to Dr. Juxon, "that will bear me witness that I have forgiven all the world, and even those who have been the chief causes of my death: who they are God knows, I do not desire to know; I pray God forgive them. I pray God with Saint Stephen, that this be not laid to their charge. Sirs, to put you in the right way, believe it you will never do right, nor God will never prosper you, until you give him his due. You must give God his due by regulating rightly his Church according to his Scripture. A national synod, freely called, freely debating amongst themselves, must do this. I declare before you all that I die a Christian according to the profession of the Church of England as I found it left me by my fathers."—*Whitelock's Memorials*, p. 375.

Has the reader performed our injunction? Has he compared *Hume with the original authorities*; and will not the comparison convince him, that Hume's narrative, tranquil, clear, and pathetic—unquestionably possessing a very high degree of rhetorical merit—persuasive without the show of argument, solemn without affectation, dignified without grandiloquence, the more impressive from its apparent simplicity—combines every species of untruth: the *suppressio veri*, the *suggestio falsi*, and the fallacy, more efficient, because less susceptible of detection, than either—the artificial light thrown on peculiar incidents, for the purpose of disguising others by comparative shade?

But now we must venture to impose a second injunction. In order to test the effect which this wonderful piece of sophistry is intended to produce, read Hume again, compare *Hume with Hume*, and throw yourself into the mind of a student required by the examination-paper, to '*Give the religious and moral character of Charles I. as exemplified in his death; and state the reasons of your opinion as deduced from the*

work of Hume.' Then pause, and decide whether the following answer does not contain the opinions which Hume has taught you to deduce and to form.

RELIGIOUS AND MORAL CHARACTER OF CHARLES I. AS DEDUCED FROM HUME.

'That the virtue of Charles I. was in some degree tinctured by superstition, cannot be denied; but whilst the elegant historian, whom we deservedly consider as the soundest champion of monarchy, most candidly admits this tendency as the chief defect of the king's character, it is equally evident that the blemish existed only in the smallest degree, so as to be an evanescent quantity, scarcely to be discerned. Possibly nothing more than the doubt, the uncertainty, the suspense of judgment, naturally resulting from our most accurate scrutiny into religion.

'Consider the manner in which Charles passed the three awful days allowed to him between his sentence and his execution. Lay your hand upon your heart, and, after giving the most serious consideration to the natural history of religion, as exemplified in the whole history of the human race, declare whether you can think that the king's conviction approached in any degree to that solid belief and persuasion, which governed him in the common affairs of life. He now avowed by his acts the doubts he entertained; and fully showed, that, whatever assent his outward demeanor may at any previous time have given to the doctrines of superstition, it was an unaccountable operation of the mind between disbelief and conviction, but approaching much nearer to the former than to the latter. Charles, in the awful hour of death, never betrayed any weakness which a philosopher would despise.

'When dissolution is brought on by the ordinary course of malady or the decay of nature, the last symptoms which the intellect discovers are disorder, weakness, insensibility, and stupidity, the forerunners of the annihilation of the soul; and it is then always most susceptible of religious fictions and chimeras. The griefs and afflictions which Charles had sustained, the horror of a public execution, might have troubled his mind even more than pain or sickness; yet—instead of making any of the preparations suggested by popular credulity, whether nursed by superstition or inflamed by fanaticism, as the means of appearing an unknown and vindictive being—the main, and, as it should seem, almost the only object which occupied his thoughts, was securing the succession of the throne to his son, by the prerogative right of primogeniture. On the morning of his execution, during his most pathetic interview with his infant children, his mind was wholly engrossed by that object. Young as these infants were, he would, had religious conviction predominated over doubt,

have endeavored, at such a solemn moment, to impress on their tender hearts some notions of the faith which has been ascribed to him. No such effort was made by him. Equally removed from superstition and fanaticism, he may have endeavored to comfort them by the usual commonplaces; but he received them without a blessing, and dismissed them for ever without a prayer.

Indeed, there are no incidents in the life of the King that more strongly mark the noble independence of his mind, than the minuter circumstances attending this, the most affecting passage in his history. One of his own chaplains, Hammond, had been remarkable for his diligence in catechising youth, that is to say, instructing them in the nonsense which passed for religion.—Did Charles deem it right to enable his infant boy, the Duke of Gloucester, to obtain any perplexing knowledge of such absurdities? No! Charles wholly discarded it.—The Princess Elizabeth was a child endowed with judgment beyond her years, and capable of appreciating any advice which he might have bestowed, and of understanding the doctrinal works advocating the theological extravagances then so much in vogue. But when any man of sense takes up a volume of divinity, what are the questions which he asks?—Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number? No. Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence? No. Commit it then to the flames, for it contains nothing but sophistry and illusion. So thought Charles, now that intellect asserted her full empire. Of these writers, many were familiarly known to Charles, both through their works and his personal connexion with the men; and he had quoted them with sufficient point, when he could employ their arguments against his political enemies. But what was his conduct now?—Did he attempt to strengthen the religious obedience of his child by recommending to her the sophistries of Hooker? No.—Did he teach her to seek consolation in the superstitions of Andrews? No.—With philosophical contempt he rejected them all.

Indeed many men of sense might think that Charles carried his indifference almost too far, considering the need of conciliating the predominant opinions of the vulgar. The mere suspicion of being inclined to the Popish superstition had been most calamitous to him; and he was now consigning his children to the care of a mother zealously affected to that superstition, and yet without bestowing the slightest caution against the errors which she might instil into their minds. But it will be answered, Was it to be expected that Charles, with his dying breath, would adopt any course which might diminish the affection of his children towards the wife whom he so tenderly loved, or encourage them to depreciate the parent whom he taught them to respect and honor? Certainly not; but, had he been

sincere in his religious convictions—and let it be recollected, that the great lesson to be derived from the contemplation of the death of Charles I. is the absence of any practical influence possessed by religious tenets—he might have afforded the most efficient caution to his children, without expressing the slightest want of confidence in their mother, or even mentioning her name. Amongst the works of Laud is his celebrated reply to Fisher, which all zealots must consider as the most cogent refutation of Popery ever produced; for whilst the crafty archbishop annihilates his antagonist, he never uses any argument which could be employed against the superstition of the Church of England by the fanatics; yet Charles, anxious, no doubt, that his children should be preserved, as far as possible, from the contagion of all religious opinions, never even alluded to a book which might have influenced their conscience in favor of any positive belief.

On the scaffold, his dying words contained a most earnest exhortation to his subjects to pay obedience to his son as their lawful king. Whilst he thus employed the last moments of his existence in laboring to support the royal prerogative, by the sympathy which his fate excited amongst his bitterest enemies, he purposely, deliberately, and advisedly abstained from any expression or exhortation displaying any attachment or feeling of duty towards the Church, for which he had contended so earnestly, when its interests were connected with the rights of the crown.

The total want of any allusion to the late established religion is most remarkable. The more we investigate the character of Charles as delineated by Hume, the more shall we be confirmed in the opinion that his superstition had now entirely passed away; at least not a trace of it can be found in Hume's accurate narrative. The only incident which might tend to show that Charles had the slightest recollection of the Church of England, any veneration for its priestcraft, is the circumstance that Bishop Juxon assisted him in some species of devotion when on the scaffold. Yet, as far as we can discover from the conduct of Charles, he justly regarded priests as the invention of a timorous and abject superstition. Rejecting the foundation of a priesthood, the absurd superstructure of an apostolic succession would of course fall to the ground. We have no reason to suppose that Bishop Juxon was chosen by the king, or that Charles would not equally have accepted of what were then termed spiritual consolations from the fanatical ministers, or indeed that he required any religious consolation at all. It was only in the capacity of a friend that the bishop paid the last melancholy duties to his sovereign. In every respect the conduct of Charles, in repudiating all adherence to the superstitions of the Church of England, was calm and solid. The period of dissimulation had passed by. Whatever ridicule may, by a

philosophical mind, be thrown upon pious ceremonies, they are unquestionably advantageous to the rude multitude; and upon that ground, no doubt, Charles I. had so strenuously contended for the share of popish ceremonies which the Church of England, as is well known, had retained. They were now wholly and entirely cast off. Charles discarded all the mummerly of a liturgy, all the solemn farces of lessons and gospels, rubrics and set forms of prayer; and freeing himself from all superstitious influences, he disdained to partake of the Communion which, according to the rites of the Church of England, he was enjoined to have sought in his dying hour.

No philosophical mind can doubt the origin of the works which superstition and fanaticism equally receive as the production of those who have been tempted to appear as prophets or ambassadors from Heaven: books presented to us by a barbarous and ignorant people, written in an age when they were still more barbarous, and resembling those fabulous accounts which every nation gives of its origin. Charles fully appreciated the insufficiency of such testimony. We have the strongest proofs that he never entered into the delusion, from the marked circumstance, that, during the three days which, as before mentioned, were allowed him between his sentence and his execution, an interval which he passed in great tranquillity, the Scriptures, as they are called, were never in his hands; nor did he, according to the practice of all religionists, whether guided by superstition or fanaticism, seek any comfort in his afflictions from a book so contrary to human reason. Charles neither saw the Bible, nor heard the Bible, nor read the Bible, nor touched the Bible, nor expressed any belief in the Bible, nor recommended the Bible to his children or his friends. Do we need any stronger proof that Charles was a philosopher in the fullest sense of the term? His devotions, as we must style them according to the conventional language of society, appear to be nothing more than that reverence which every philosopher renders to the hypothesis by which he endeavors to account for the unalterable and immutable order of the universe. His allusions to passing from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can take place, if they mean any thing beyond a species of rhetorical play upon words, only imply that he contemplated the eternal rest of annihilation. For they were wholly detached from any other expressions implying any belief in a future state. Charles may have admitted its possibility, but nothing more. And how could it be otherwise? Even at this day, the Christian religion cannot be believed by any reasonable person without a miracle; and whoever is moved by faith to assent to it, is conscious of a continued miracle in his own person, which subverts all the principles of his understanding, and gives him a determination to believe what is most contrary to custom and experience. This miracle was not work-

ed in Charles; and he died without making the slightest, the most remote, the most transient profession of Christianity.*

Such, then, are the inferences intended to be deduced by Hume, who, in his most dishonest statement, has, as will be seen by comparison with his sources, purposely omitted every historical memorial or record testifying either the king's allegiance to the Church, or his unshaken faith as a Christian. Charles truly suffered death for the belief that Christianity, according to the profession of the Church of England, was the fundamental law of the state, unchangeable by any political or constitutional power, being an obligation contracted with the Almighty, from which he could not be absolved by any human authority. Let it further be remarked, that, whilst Hume falsifies the narrative by expunging all the particulars teaching the reader to profit by the religious sentiments of the monarch, he endeavors to excite a factitious sympathy, by the false and theatrical representation of the king's hearing the noise of the scaffold, which authentic accounts entirely disapprove.* And, for the same purpose of effect, whilst Hume gives to the interview with the children more prominence of detail than its *relative importance* requires, he suppresses that portion of the king's advice which *most peculiarly discloses the mind of the dying father*, namely, the recommendation made by Charles of *Hammond, Hooker, Andrews, and Laud*, as the expositors of the doctrines of that *Protestant Church* of England, for which *he and Laud* equally died as martyrs.

Detrimental as Hume may be, when speaking his own sentiments in his own book, the evil which he effects in person is small when compared to the diffusion of his irreligion, by those who are frequently unconscious of the mischief which they perpetrate;—we mean the writers who have been guided by him in what is at this day the most important branch of our literature—the numerous compilers of educational works; and, in order that our readers may pursue the inquiry for themselves, we wish them to consult three of the most popular histories of this class, Keightley, Gleig, and Markham; and selecting the death of

* This has been done so effectually by Mr. Brodie, and by Mr. Laing, that it is unnecessary to go into further particulars.

Charles I., judge for themselves whether this event—of all others in our annals, the most interesting to the imagination—has been presented by those writers to the rising generation in such a tone or spirit as to inculcate any dutiful affection towards the Church, or aid the parent in bringing up the child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

These three writers may in some measure elucidate the manner in which Hume's influence has operated upon his successors, according to their individual characters and opportunities. Mr. Keightley, a man of considerable diligence and energy, has been taught by Hume's scepticism to *boast* that he 'belongs to no sect or party in religion or politics;' hence he gives only 'a moderate preference to the Church of England, without taking upon him to assert that it absolutely is the best;' and the same indifference has caused him, in his *Outlines of history*, to obtrude upon youth some of the most offensive doctrines which German neology can afford. In the death of Charles, all he finds edifying is that *Hugh Peters* prayed for him!

Mr. Gleig is an amiable and most pleasing writer; when he works freely upon his own ground, speaks his own sentiments, and embodies his own observations, he produces narratives of rare and unaffected vigor and elegance;* but when he is tempted to put on the sleeves and apron of a bookmaker, his genius deserts him. He is above such work, and goes about it accordingly. The circumstances under which he produced his 'Family History,' as a mere bespoken task, to be put on the list of a Society, rendered it, we can suppose, needful that he should take what he found most ready at hand. He perhaps went a step beyond Hume; but the only word of instruction which he can insert in the narrative of the death of the royal martyr, is the dry historical fact, that Charles avowed himself a member of the Protestant Church of England. There is nothing positively wrong in Mr. Gleig's work—but, out of sight, out of mind; Christian knowledge is as diligently weeded out from this 'Family History' as Hume himself could desire.

Yet perhaps the strongest case of the treacherous seductions of Hume, is to be found in Mrs. Markham's history. We do

not in the least doubt, from a close examination of the work, that when the author began it for the use of her own children, she resorted at once to the historian whom she had been taught to consider as her philosopher and guide. From her father, the inventor of the power-loom, she may have heard the name of Adam Smith mentioned with the highest honor; and Adam Smith, in the letter prefixed to the History, has told *her*—as he tells *our* children, if we place Hume in their hands—that Hume's character approached as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit; and therefore there is hardly any portion of the work in which the professors of religion are mentioned, into which the sentiments of Hume are not infused. These passages are fortunately not numerous; and we do most earnestly hope that, if a production, in many respects so useful, and which has obtained so much currency, should come to another edition, they may be *all* modified or expunged.

Hume has been, and is still, valued by many, as a defender of monarchical principles; but his support kills the root of loyalty. By advocating the duty of obedience to the Sovereign, simply with reference to human relations, he deprives allegiance of the only sure foundation upon which it can rest.

Perhaps the speculative atheism of Hume—for it is a violation of the warning not to call evil good, if, when required to pass judgment, we designate his principles by any other name—may render his history, in some respects, more pernicious, if that be possible, than the ribald aggressive infidelity of Gibbon. Arsenic may warn us by the pain which the poison occasions, but narcotics steal life away. Hume constantly tempts us to deny the existence of the Supreme Being, before whom he trembles. He raises his foul and pestilential mists, seeking to exclude from the universe the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, whom he hates and defies. The main object and end of history is the setting forth God's glory, so as to show that national happiness arises from doing His appointed work, and that national punishments are the results of national sins; yet let it not be supposed that, in order to render history beneficial, it must of necessity be expressly written upon religious principles, still less that facts should be coarsely and presumptuously wrested, for the purpose of justifying the

* We are pleased to notice 'The Light Dragon' of the present season, as entirely worthy of the pen that wrote 'The Subaltern,' and the 'Narrative of the American Campaign in 1814.'

ways of God to man. If there be one thing worse than a pious fraud, it is pious fallacy. Any narrative of the affairs of the world, when not corrupted by the Lying Spirit of unbelief, sufficiently declares the superintending power of the Almighty. Fire and hail, snows and vapors, wind and storm, all the inanimate objects of nature, are seen fulfilling His word: and the simple statement of the vicissitudes and fortunes of the kings and nations of the earth will always declare the terrors of His judgments, and the mercies of His love. But the Deistical philosopher—the foolish and impotent rebel against the Almighty—strives to annul the evidence given by the light of nature. He would deprive mankind of all the hope, and trust, and joy, which can sustain us in our pilgrimage, seducing us to be his companion in the downward path, conducting to the portals of the shadow of death—

*Per me si va nella città dolente,
Per me si va nel eterno dolore,
Per me si va tra la perduta gente—
. . . Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate'*

MRS. HOPE, THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

A NEW SONG.

BY JAMES KENNEY, ESQ.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Hope, thou hast told me lies from day to day,
For more than twenty years.

YOUNG.

Mrs. HOPE, the Fortune-teller,
Call'd on me when I was young,
"You," she cried, "will be a dweller
All the great and wise among.
On your shoulders fortune thrust is—
Honors more than I can tell—"
Mrs. Hope, to do her justice,
Really talks extremely well.

First, she cried, "You're devilish clever,
Push for fame and pocket pelf,
Write a play and lay for ever
Billy Shakespeare on the shelf."
'Twas done—the curtain rose, I nearly
Felt the laurels deck my brow—
Duce a bit, I wish sincerely
Mrs. Hope had heard the row.

Eloquence, at her suggestion,
Conscious too that I possess'd,
I, on some important question,
Soon the sovereign mob address'd.
Strange to say, such storms assail'd me,
Showers of worse than hail or rain,
All my elocution fail'd me,—
Mrs. Hope was out again.

Whispering then my wondrous merit
Claim'd at court a leading place,
I at length contrived to ferret
First my Lord, and then his Grace.
Much they said conceit to soften—
Promises they made a few—
Mrs. Hope, great people often
Humbly fools as well as you.

Oft she vow'd the sex adored me,
Conquering all where'er I chose,
Husbands, lovers, tho' they bored me,
Ne'er could such a smile oppose.
Yet I scored by wives and misses,
When I came to count my game,
Quite as many kicks as kisses—
Mrs. Hope, oh! fie, for shame!

Wedded bliss, she now reported,
I should taste serene and true;
Trusting still, I proudly courted
Quite a stylish black-eyed blue.
Though the fair could not refuse me,
What the sort of wife she made,
If you wish to know, excuse me—
Mrs. Hope's a cursed jade.

Thus with endless tarrididdles,
Still the gipsy wins her way,
Gulls us all, and fondly wheedles
Shallow pates like mine astray.
Fame and fashion thus allure us,
Lions, lords at routes to meet,
Then blue devils come to cure us—
Mrs. Hope is fairly beat.

Yet, old girl, on recollection,
Why should I your tricks resent,
Since I've form'd a new connexion—
That sweet, modest maid, Content.
Weary now of you and blarney,
Snug with her I dwell secure,
In my little *chambre garnie*,—
Mrs. Hope *votre serviteur*.

SONNET.

IMAGINATION.

From the Metropolitan.

HAIL! holy mother of each high desire
For something better than life's little day;
Thou, who canst wake man's soul to thoughts of
fire,
Thoughts that aye burn, though all things else
decay,
Throned in the mind, thou sit'st in majesty,
Bright Poetry stands smiling at thy side;
Thought's richest, fairest treasures round thee lie,
And Nature's storehouse throws its portals wide!
The stormy Passions thy behests obey,
Fair Memory's loveliest daughters own thy sway,
Round thee they dance and strew their wreaths
of flowers,
Pluck'd from the bosoms of the rosy Hours,
E'en Grief feels calmer, more resigned at last,
As thy bright wand unbars the portals of the Past

THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

A SCORE of reasons, at the very least, might easily be found to prove that it is a sin to make public any of the personal anecdotes and observations which we have all, more or less, the opportunity of making in private; there is a sort of treachery in doing so that can admit of no excuse or defence whatever, and most justly does it deserve the universal reprobation which attends it. Far distant, however, from any such offence is the office performed by the moral satirist, who, looking upon his fellow-mortals with an observant eye, and perceiving such faults or follies, not only in an individual, but in a class, as he thinks within reach of being cured or checked by the wholesome touch of ridicule, exerts all the power he has in applying it. It is true, indeed, that in performing this office, he may occasionally be accused, by those who feel themselves galled, of having been guilty of PERSONALITY. But the answer to this accusation is too obvious to escape the dullest, even if an apt, though homely proverb, were less certain to suggest itself as a reply.

In recently looking over a miscellaneous collection of old travelling notes, made at various times, and in various lands, I found such constantly repeated expressions of regret and vexation at the effect produced on the minds of all foreigners by the strange, and oftentimes offensive, manners of many among the multitudes of English travellers who thronged their cities, that I almost felt remorse at never having made public some of the offences and absurdities which had come under my own observation, and which tended to account for and justify the universal sentence of condemnation which has been passed upon English manners by every nation on the continent. But I well remember that all, or very nearly all, such observations were laid aside at the time they were written, because I feared that some of the sketches, however slightly drawn, might possibly be recognized by any one who happened to know what I had been doing, and where I had been. But my wanderings have now been so various, that this danger can exist no longer; yet, sorry I am to say, that what was truth on this subject several years ago, is truth still, and I think it not impossible that some good may be done by occasionally bringing before the eyes of the

thoughtless people who have brought this stigma upon us, some of the follies by which it has been occasioned. Did I believe that the English people as a nation, or even the majority of them, merited the odium which has been cast upon them, I should certainly not occupy my pen upon a theme at once so useless and so distasteful; but, knowing as I do, that such is not the fact, I am tempted to make an effort towards the reform of follies, which are not, as I conceive, of so hopeless a nature as to be given up as incurable. The mischief, for the most part arises from mere blunders and mistakes, which there is great reason to believe would be gladly avoided by those who fall into them, did they know a little better what they were about. Those who have travelled much, and still more, perhaps, those who have *resided* for a time in any of the continental capitals of Europe, must, I think, have observed how very much more conspicuous those English travellers, who are not of the most polished class of society, make themselves, than those who are. Any one residing for a twelvemonth in Paris, for instance, who would direct a little attention to this point, would be sure to find that, whereas hundreds of highly educated and refined people come and go without ever exciting a remark, or drawing upon themselves any disagreeable attention whatever, persons less educated, or less refined, can scarcely show themselves in any place of public resort, without attracting both eyes and ears, in a manner that cannot fail to establish for the English nation exactly such a reputation for *mauvais ton* as at this moment attaches to them. And thus it happens, of necessity, that the better specimens of our travelling countrymen form no antidote, in the popular judgment of the countries they visit, to the worse; for while the first pursue the noiseless tenor of their way without drawing upon themselves any popular attention at all, the last, amongst all the amusement they may chance to find, have perhaps no pleasure so great as that of being conscious that they are observed—that they are producing a great sensation—and that they are not leaving their gold behind them without the meed of being stared at as rich *milors*, who were of too much consequence at home to condescend to be decently civil and quiet abroad. Could these persons but hear, as I have done, the observations of those before whom they perform these tricks of noisy and consequential impertinence the evil would soon be cured,

for there are few who would not willingly submit to some restraint, or at any rate, to the same discipline of ordinary good breeding to which they yield themselves at home, rather than become the subject of remarks often as good natured as they are acute, and all tending to prove beyond the hope of a doubt, that the only delusion produced by their obtrusive swaggering, is that which causes them to be considered as the fair type of their countrymen, instead of a bad specimen of a small class. For it is a positive fact, that from the *gamin* who mutters his "got dem" upon the boulevard, to the individual of the very highest class, let it be who it may, whom they have the honor to encounter, there is not one who will blunder so egregiously as to mistake them for people of education.

But what makes this national judgment, both in France and elsewhere, the more provoking, is, that these very offenders are not a fair specimen even of themselves. How many respectable fathers and mothers, pretty daughters, and *learned* sons have I seen "at church and market," at the theatre, and in the chamber of peers, at the king's court, and at a restaurant of forty sous, who in all of these scenes, have assumed a sort of tone (*mauvais ton, sans contredit*), as unlike as possible, from what the very same persons would display in similar scenes at home. That this is a fact, no close observer will deny; but to account for it satisfactorily, is not easy. Sometimes I have been tempted to believe that it arises from the unwonted lightness of spirit, produced by the change of climate. On first breathing the clear bright atmosphere of France, almost every one seems to enjoy a sensation of *bien-être* from its influence. The animal spirits rise. The customary restraints imposed by the habits and manners of home, and the check produced by the presence of familiar eyes being withdrawn, the gay travellers become fantastic first, and then impertinent, and like children invited out without their governess, appear in the eyes of those they visit to have much worse manners than they ever exhibited at home.

It is impossible to witness this sort of display without mortification and regret, which is only increased by remembering how many amiable qualities, and how much genuine excellence, exist behind this provoking *chevaux-de-frise* of thoughtless folly.

It is said that a warning is better than an example; and if so, there may be use in stringing together some of the recollections

which bear upon this subject, and setting them, from time to time, before the eyes of my dear *compatriots*, so many of whom are daily taking wing to visit foreign lands, in which they would find it infinitely more pleasant to be liked than disliked.

I beg to observe, however, that although I shall set nothing down which has not a fact for a foundation, I shall take especial care to avoid every thing approaching to personality. Even my old note-book, as it lies in the original before me, might be read from the first page to the last, without throwing any light upon the questions "Who?" and "Where?" The anecdotes stand isolated, and although they may recall to me, freshly enough, places and persons alike distant, I am quite sure that they could perform the same office to no one else, unless, indeed, it were the near and dear ones beside me when they occurred.

"I wish you joy, Mrs. Roberts," said a tall, well-looking man of fifty, entering his drawing-room in Baker-street with rather a triumphant step; "I wish you joy, madam. The arrangements, respecting the disposal of the banking business are all concluded, and I am now a free man, and at liberty to indulge your long cherished wish to visit the continent."

The lady he thus addressed was his wife; she was of an age and appearance very suitable to his own, being about five years his junior, and having, like himself, the remains of considerable comeliness of feature. It is true that the lady was rather more *en bon point* than she would have wished, and the carnation of her once fine complexion had deepened into a coarser tint; nevertheless, she was still what many people would call a very fine looking woman, and in this judgment both herself and her husband joined.

"You have actually sold your share in the business, and have been permitted to withdraw your share of the capital, Mr. Roberts?" demanded the lady, clasping her large, fair, fat hands in an attitude of thanksgiving.

"I have actually sold my share of the business, and have excellent security for the price, as well as for my capital, and am to receive four per cent for the whole," he replied. "Thank God!" exclaimed his wife very fervently; "and now then for the amount?" "Why, my dear, it is a good

bit less than it would have been if you could have let me remain a few years longer in the business. However, I dare say we shall do very well, because of what you tell me about the cheapness of living abroad."

"But what is it, Mr. Roberts? Pray don't beat about the bush in that way; you know I can't bear it." "I won't beat about the bush, my dear; I have no thought of the kind; but if you don't give me time to speak, you know, I can't tell you. I reckon that we shall have altogether, with your railroad shares, and the interest from your brother upon the mortgage, just about seven hundred a-year." "Seven, Mr. Roberts? Upon my life, I expected it would have been nearer seventeen. However, there is no need of your looking so terrified; I'll undertake to make seven hundred a-year abroad, go as far as three times the sum at home. Just let me have the management of it, and you will see that it will do very well. But I hope you have not forgotten my positive injunctions about securing a sufficient sum of ready money to pay the expenses of the journey? Remember, sir, I will have no forestalling of the income. I must have that from the very first, perfectly clear and unincumbered." "You know my dear, that I never forget what you say. Nicholson has promised to advance me three hundred on the furniture of this house," replied Mr. Roberts, "and I only wait for your orders about the time of setting out, in order to speak to an auctioneer about it."

"I would rather the sum had been five hundred, Mr. Roberts, a good deal rather. However, I am not going to find fault: altogether you have done very well; I only regret that I did not tell you to let me speak to Mr. Nicholson myself. But never mind, with my management I dare say I shall make it do."

"And about time, my dear," said her husband, greatly relieved by the degree of approval his statement had met with. "How soon do you think you should like to set off?"

"I must not be hurried, Mr. Roberts. I have a great deal to do, an immense deal to do, and all I can say is, that you may depend upon it I shall get through it all in about half the time that any body else would take. In the first place, you know, I have got to give notice to Edward that he is to leave Oxford immediately."

"God bless my soul, Mrs. Roberts, I never heard you say any thing about that before," exclaimed her husband, the star-

tled blood mounting to his temples and his ears; "don't you intend to let him stay at Oxford till he has taken his degree?"

"Most decidedly not, Mr. Roberts," she replied. "If you knew a little better what you were talking about you would not ask such a question. Edward, with his extraordinary talents, has already had a great deal more time than was necessary for acquiring as much Greek and Latin as any body can want who is not intended for a schoolmaster, and I certainly do not mean that he shall lose any more time at it. Modern languages, Mr. Roberts, must now be added to the accomplishments for which he is already so remarkable. Modern languages and waltzing will render him as nearly perfect as it is within the reach of human nature to be. Say no more about his remaining at Oxford, if you please, for I feel it would irritate me."

Thus warned, Mr. Roberts attempted no further remonstrance on the subject, but pulled out his pocket handkerchief, blew his nose, and remained silent. "There, my dear, that will do now," said the lady, waving her hand; "I need not detain you any longer, and I have myself many things to do more profitable than talking."

"I will go this moment, my dear," replied her husband, "only I should like to know first how soon you think of setting off?"

"My dear Mr. Roberts, I must insist upon it that you do not persecute me any more with that question. Depend upon it you shall know in time to get yourself ready to accompany me. All you have to do at present is to get the money from Mr. Nicholson, and let me have it; and little enough it will be certainly; but I shall buy nothing till we get to Paris, and I must insist upon it that you implicitly comply with my wishes in this respect; I would not see you in an English coat or hat in Paris, for more than I'll say. There now, go my dear, and let me have leisure to think a little."

This conversation was followed by such a degree of activity on the part of Mrs. Roberts, that in less than a fortnight from the time it took place, herself and her whole family, consisting of her husband, her son, and her two daughters, were all safely stowed on board the Boulogne steamboat, and careering down the Thames. Of the younger branches of the Roberts family it will be necessary to say a few words before they are launched upon the ocean of Parisian gayety, in order to show distinctly

the effect which it produced upon them, and to be perfectly grammatical and correct, we will acknowledge the male to be more worthy than the female, and begin the family picture with a portrait of the son. He was a slight, small featured young man of twenty, certainly not ugly, for he resembled both his parents, and both were well-looking; but in him regularity of feature was almost a defect, for there was a preciseness of outline in nose, mouth, and chin, which, together with his carefully arranged hair, gave him a strong resemblance (though rather upon a small scale) to one of the pretty waxen young gentlemen exhibited in the window of a hair-dresser's shop. The young ladies were also very tolerably pretty; Miss Agatha, the eldest, being light haired, with a pretty mouth and brilliant complexion; and Miss Maria, the youngest, was more fortunate still, from being tall and well made, with a profusion of dark chestnut curls, and a very handsome pair of eyes. In short, the three young people formed a group of which their papa and mamma were exceedingly proud.

From the first hour in which Mrs. Roberts formed the project of taking her family abroad, her mind had been made up as to the tone and style in which they were to travel, and the station they were to hold in society in the different cities which it was her intention to visit. Her active and aspiring spirit had been laboring incessantly for the last two or three years, in endeavoring to improve her set of London acquaintance; she firmly believed that nature had formed her with abilities of so high an order as fully to justify her hopes of taking a place in the highest circles, as soon as her husband's earnest attention to business should have acquired for her an income sufficient to support her pretensions. She saw many bankers' ladies holding a place in society which would have fully satisfied her ambition, and she determined that as soon as her daughters left school, the family should remove from their residence in Bloomsbury square to a good house in a more fashionable part of the town. This she had achieved by means of a domineering temper, and a steadfast will, although her somewhat more prudent husband hinted that he thought they had better wait a little longer before they made a move; but his doubts and scruples were all silenced by the irresistible arguments with which she proved that if her daughters were "brought

out" in Bloomsbury square, they would never afterwards take their proper station in society. But Mrs. Roberts was a sanguine, ardent-minded woman, and the process of improving her circle of acquaintance proved slower than she expected. But who is there from Whitechapel to Belgrave-square who has not the advantage of having some friends and relations who have been abroad? Mrs. Roberts had many; and though she had listened with much indifference to all the information they were ready to give as long as London continued to be the theatre of her hopes, their boastful narratives became interesting as soon as those hopes began to fade. No sooner had the idea of passing a few years abroad suggested itself than every other project was forgotten, and so well did she know how to work upon the not unambitious spirit of her husband, that, in less than a year after the idea had first occurred to her, she found herself in the triumphant situation above described.

As Mrs. Roberts' chief object was to ensure for herself and her family the inestimable advantages of superior society, it will readily be imagined that she had not neglected the necessary task of inculcating her views and principles on the minds of her children, and she had for years enjoyed the inexpressible gratification of perceiving that there was not one of them whose young spirit did not kindle at her lessons; so that the path before her, important as it was, seemed really strewn with flowers. She felt, happy mother! that their hearts beat in unison with her own, and that she should only have to say "do this," or "look thus," in order to insure the most willing and prompt obedience.

As soon as they reached the deck of the steamboat, Mrs. Roberts took the arm of her husband, and walked with great dignity to a seat which she considered to be the best on board, signifying to her son and daughters that they were to place themselves on a bench opposite. Their only travelling attendant was a tall footman in a showy livery, and as soon as the party was seated he was ordered to seek footstools for the three ladies. Just as he had succeeded in obeying this command two quiet-looking girls, in dresses which had nothing to recommend them save their being particularly well adapted for the scene and the season, placed themselves on the same bench with the Miss Roberts' and their brother; but in the next moment they were

all disturbed by the approach of two or three men employed in putting up an awning. "Take care of your head," cried one of the plainly dressed young strangers, addressing Miss Roberts, who profited by the warning without acknowledging it, and in a few minutes the awning was arranged, and the party restored to the quiet possession of their seats.

"What a comfort!" exclaimed the same young lady, addressing Miss Roberts, looking, as she did so, too full of youth and enjoyment to be aware of the immense liberty she was taking with a young lady so elegantly dressed as to be much more fit for a drive in the park than a voyage on the Thames. But whatever sensations of happiness Miss Roberts might feel, they were not of a nature so completely to overcome all her preconceived notions of what she owed to herself, as to induce her to reply in any way to the unauthorized familiarity of her neighbour, neither did she turn her eyes towards her, but looking straightforward, exchanged a glance with her mamma, which very eloquently expressed all the annoyance she experienced at being exposed to a liberty so every way unauthorized.

"This will never do," said Mrs. Roberts, knitting her brows, and shaking her head with a look of mingled alarm and indignation. "Mr. Roberts," she added, "I must really beg you to change places with my daughters, I can easily make room for them both, and," lowering her voice a very little, "it will be quite a different thing if you and Edward are attacked."

The proposed change was instantly made, and the young ladies placed themselves one at each side of their mamma, with the happy look of recovered security, which an escape from danger naturally inspires. But the young ladies, in their hurry to escape from the freedom of manner which had so greatly annoyed them, had left their footstools behind, and one of the cotton-robed young ladies, though with a very innocent and unconscious look, almost immediately placed a foot upon one of them: Mrs. Roberts seemed greatly agitated.

"I really do wish," she said with every appearance of being deeply in earnest, "I really do wish that they would make the steamboats on a different plan. The division between deck and cabin passengers is by no means sufficient. Now, that all sorts and kinds of people go abroad, there really

ought to be some means of dividing them a little into classes."

"I am sure so do I," said Agatha.

"A capital idea, mamma! I wish you would set it going," added Maria.

"My dear Edward," said Mrs. Roberts, bending forward across the space, which divided the seat she occupied from that on which her son was gracefully lounging along a space that might have accommodated three, "I am excessively sorry to disturb you; for, happy creature, you really look as if you were going to sleep, and upon my word, under some circumstances, that is the best thing one can do. But I really must trouble you to call Stephen here."

The young man obeyed, and the tall footman again made his appearance.

"You must contrive to get us more footstools, Stephen," said his mistress, with sufficient distinctness to have been heard almost from the helm to the head of the vessel.

"I don't think I can get any more, ma'am," said the man; "for I have seen every one that was laid up in the heap carried away."

The young offender on the opposite bench immediately withdrew her feet, at the same time pushing forward the footstool, and making a slight action with her head, as she looked at the servant, to indicate that he was at liberty to remove it. The man did so, and placed it beneath the feet of Miss Agatha.

"You must contrive to find another, Stephen," resumed Mrs. Roberts, in her most decisive tone. "Miss Maria cannot sit without a footstool."

The two young girls who had innocently been the cause of all this trouble, were either unconscious that their dresses concealed the wished-for accommodation, or thought that they had better not intrude any further civility upon their elegant fellow-travellers. Perhaps they began to feel not quite at their ease, for the beaming gaiety of their bright young faces seemed a little overcast, and instead of continuing to converse together concerning the fortunate fineness of the weather and the like, they both seemed occupied in looking about the deck, as if in search of some one they expected to see there. Nor did they, as it seemed, look in vain; for in the next moment, they both sprung up together and darted away to meet a gentleman, who from his age, and the manner in which he smilingly received one under each arm, pro-

claimed himself unmistakably to be their father. The very instant that their removal restored the coveted footstool to sight, Mrs. Roberts extended her own hand to seize upon it, exclaiming as she did so, "How extremely disagreeable it is to meet with underbred people!"

This sentiment was very cordially echoed by her daughters, upon which Mrs. Roberts took occasion to observe that in the new mode of life which was now opening before them, they would find it highly necessary to assume and sustain a tone of manners differing very essentially from what was either necessary or desirable at home.

"And the reason for this," she continued, "is very obvious; while people remain in their own country, every body about them knows who and what they are, and there is neither good nor harm to be got by letting all that sort of thing take its course: but it is plain to see that when travelling abroad, a very different line of conduct becomes necessary. It is most probable, you know, that every body we meet will be strangers to us, and I should like to know how they are to find out that we are something above the common herd, unless we take care to make them feel it and know it by a little dignity and high spirit in our manner of going on? This must of course be equally necessary towards foreigners and English, and I beg to observe to you all, that it must never be lost sight of. I am quite certain that we are now in a situation to choose our own position in society, and this, it is very certain, that we never were before. Every body, you know, says that one pound on the continent will go as far as five in England, and we therefore have quite enough to place us in the very highest society, if we take care to conduct ourselves properly. Nor is this, I beg to observe, the only reason why it is necessary to behave, so as to give ourselves consequence in the eyes of those around us. Though a great many people of fashion come abroad, it is only too certain that a great many others come also, and just think what a business we should make of it, if, instead of keeping amongst the very highest set, as I hope and intend, we should any of us run up an intimacy with a parcel of people actually inferior, perhaps, to any that we should choose to speak to at home!"

The whole party, father, daughters, and son, listened to this harangue with the most earnest attention, and it was very evident

from the observations which fell from them in reply, that they one and all fully appreciated the justness of her reasoning.

"Well, thank God!" she said, after having listened to them all in turn, "I don't believe I have any fools to deal with amongst you, and that is an immense comfort when there is an important object in view. In fact, I know that we all think and feel pretty much alike as to the manner in which we should choose to go on, but as to the means, I know perfectly well that you must trust to me—and I am happy to say that you may do this safely, for depend upon it, I shall forget nothing. That letter now, for instance, to the embassy—who but I would ever have thought of making use of our good apothecary in such a business? But I will bet you what you please that we shall find Lady Carlton's letter quite as effectual as if she had written it to please the first duke in the land? Don't I know that an apothecary, as clever as Tomlinson is with children, may get what he likes from the parents, if he does but know how to ask for it?"

"It was a capital good thought of yours, my dear," said Mr. Roberts; "I am sure it would never have come into my head, if I had studied where to get an introduction, for a hundred years."

"Certainly, mamma understands all that sort of thing better than any one I ever heard of," said Agatha.

"I do not think we shall run much risk in trusting to her," observed Maria.

"Upon my soul, you are first rate, ma'am," added Mr. Edward, as he reconnoitered through a glass the different groups that occupied the deck; "but do you think, ma'am, there would be any indecorum in our moving about a little? I think we look rather musty-fusty sitting here altogether, as if we were afraid of all the people."

"Afraid of them in one sense, my dear Edward, it is very necessary we should be, as you must have perceived yourself since we came on board; but that is no reason why we should not walk about, if we like it. We can take care of ourselves, you know, whether we move, or remain stationary. I have no wish to make any of you timid, quite the contrary. If you will give me your arm, Mr. Roberts, I will take a turn or two upon the deck; but you must call Stephen here first, Edward, that he may take charge of the foot-stools till we sit down again."

As there was nobody else on board who appeared to be attended by a tall footman in a blazing livery, the young man felt that his appearance among them, gave a considerable degree of distinction to the party, and this consideration was fully sufficient to reconcile him to this third mission in pursuit of Stephen, and once again the long-backed serving-man bent very literally to the ladies' foot-stools, and having dutifully withdrawn them, desired to know if he was to follow them to the place they were next going to occupy. Mrs. Roberts raised her eyes to the man as he asked the question, and he looked at once so very stately and so very obsequious, with the three footstools in his hands, that for a moment she was strongly tempted to answer in the affirmative; but recollecting that the purpose of their moving was to promenade the deck, and not merely to change their places, it occurred to her that the being so followed might look odd, and she therefore contented herself by pointing out a conspicuous place just below the quarter-deck, where he might deposit them, charging him at the same time to keep a strict watch over them, and not to permit their being removed by any one.

The party then set off, the father and mother in front, and the son and daughters following; but although thus divided, they contrived to converse together, exchanging many keen and clever observations upon their fellow-passengers, the nature of which might be guessed at, perhaps, by the frequent laughter of the party, although all they said to each other was very decorously uttered to each other in whispers. Having thus amused themselves for about half-an-hour, the ladies declared their wish of sitting down again, but as they approached the places they had before occupied, they perceived, to their extreme surprise and indignation, that they were occupied by the very identical cotton-dresses which had already proved so particularly distasteful. Mrs. Roberts never felt annoyed without blaming somebody, and now, of course, she felt exceedingly angry with those very presumptuous young people; she knew, however, perfectly well (for a river steamboat was no new scene to her) that she had no right, though she was Mrs. Roberts, to reclaim the seat, and she therefore contented herself by preparing to brush past it, with the words, "bore," "public conveyances," and "vulgar people," on her lips. But the sharp eyes of Miss Maria descried

something in the appearance of the two gentlemen who were now the companions of their obnoxious fellow-passengers which led her to doubt whether, notwithstanding their "horribly common gowns," they might not be very different sort of people from what she had first supposed.

"Mamma—mamma," she whispered, at the same time restraining her mother's steps by a little gentle violence. "Don't go on in that way till you know what sort of people they are. Just look at the gentlemen who are with them."

Mrs. Roberts did look at the gentlemen, and her state of mind underwent an immediate change. She returned the pressure of the arm which had seized upon hers, in token that she comprehended what the pressure meant, and returned the whisper by saying in the same tone, or one lower still,

"Never mind—I will set it all right again. The girls seemed vastly inclined to be sociable."

And then taking a step back, she pointed out some object on the bank of the river to Maria and her brother, and having led them to the side of the vessel, said,

"I suspect we were wrong about those shabby-looking girls—look at the men they have got with them. Follow me, and behave just as I do, that's all."

She then pursued her way to the seat they had previously occupied, and having reached it, seemed suddenly to perceive for the first time that it was fully occupied. The youngest of the two girls now seated there looked a little frightened, and exchanging a glance with her sister, made a movement as if she was about to rise.

"Not for the world, my dear young lady," exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, with a courteous smile. "But I am afraid you will not find that high seat comfortable without foot-stools."

And stepping briskly back towards the place where her servant was still keeping guard over the monopolized treasures, she made a sign to him to advance, and then with her own hands placed two of the stools he brought beneath the feet of the two young girls. This was done with a smile of such gay good humour that it was impossible not to receive it graciously, and considering the texture of their dresses, the two young ladies acquitted themselves very well, the eldest assisting in the operation, with the exclamation, "Indeed, ma'am, you are too kind!" and the youngest repaying

her with the same bright smile, the familiarity of which had given such great offence when expressing her approbation of the awning. But the reward which Mrs. Roberts anticipated and received was from the gentlemen of the party, who both immediately rose, and offered their places to the civil lady and her daughters. Mrs. Roberts immediately sat down, nodding to her children, and waving them off to the opposite bench, saying with much earnestness to the elder of the two gentlemen, who was, as she divined, the father of the younger, as well as of the cotton-gowns, "Pray, do not let us disturb you, sir."

The two Miss Robertses were really pretty looking girls, and the young man, whose place their mother had taken, seemed perfectly willing to content himself with the accommodation offered by the seat against the side of the vessel, on which they and their brother had placed themselves—Mr. Roberts having wandered away in search of the gentlemen's cabin, and a newspaper.

It is always to be lamented when pretty-looking girls give themselves airs, and grow disagreeable, only because they know themselves to be charming. However trivial and evanescent may be the gift of beauty to a deeply philosophic eye, it would be folly to deny that it is one of the good gifts of heaven, and when the possessor does not call upon it to do the work of all other good qualities, moral and intellectual, it is calculated, in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, to conciliate good will from those who look upon it, whatever their age, sex, or condition. But in order to have its full effect, or anything like its full effect, it must be borne meekly, and the reason why the coquetry of women of high-breeding is more effective in all countries than that of beauties less accomplished, doubtless may be found in the fact that the last and highest polish conceals, if it does not absolutely destroy, pretension. A perfectly high-bred and well-educated woman charms by *being* elegant, not by exerting all her faculties to *appear* so; and in like manner a beautiful coquette of the same class is irresistible, because she endangers not the grace which is born of ease by struggling to appear something that she is not. If Agatha and Maria Roberts could have learned to "*let themselves alone*," they might have appeared in every drawing-room in Europe with almost a certainty of being more admired than one-half the wo-

men they met; but this they had not learned, and the consequence was now, as it had often been before, and as it was likely often to be again, that the young man who had speedily entered into conversation with them, as speedily got tired, and after listening with smiling attention first to one, and then to the other, as they laboured to set themselves off in a variety of ways, he at length got up, and proposed to his father that they should walk to the head of the ship to look out for—what they were to look out for his father did not wait to hear—for he, too, had been almost overwhelmed by the obliging efforts of Mrs. Roberts to enchant him; and telling his daughters that he would come back to them soon, he took his son's arm, and walked off.

It boots not to relate all the strenuous efforts made by Mrs. Roberts to obliterate from the memory of the two young ladies who were left seated beside her, all recollection of her former demeanour towards them. Suffice it to say, that, like some generals, more able than successful, she piqued herself as much upon the skill with which she could perform a backward movement whenever she happened to get into a scrape, as upon the spirited boldness with which her manoeuvres in advance were ever made. In the present case, however, she produced considerably less impression in both movements, than she would have been easily persuaded to believe possible; but, in fact, the two young people who had unintentionally attracted so much of her attention, were too giddily delighted, and too youthfully light-hearted, to know, or to care very much what these bustling strangers thought about them. Had they been obliged to pronounce an opinion concerning them, it would probably have been worded in the phrase, "odd sort of people." But in truth they were forgotten even before they were lost sight of; for the terrible moment being arrived at which the peaceable river changed into the cruel sea, all hopes, fears, joys, sorrows, plots, and counterplots were alike forgotten by every female on board, and by the time the vessel reached Boulogne, the first and only thought of each was, how to get out of her as quickly as possible. To persons who, like the Roberts family, have just felt the mysterious malady of the sea for the first time, there is something equally astonishing and delightful in the sudden relief from their misery, which follows the very first contact of their feet with *terra firma*, and they all felt it in a degree

that made their first continental sensations very delightful indeed. Their walk along the pier seemed to them all the most agreeable promenade they had ever enjoyed, and even the clamorous applications for their company with which they were greeted on the quay by the envoys of all the hotels in the town, produced more pleasure than annoyance.

"I have always heard that the French people were the most intelligent in the world," observed Mrs. Roberts; "and how remarkable a proof of it is their having picked us out in this manner among such a motley crowd. Look here! I have had six cards from as many different hotels put into my hand already."

"And how in the world are we to choose among them, my dear?" inquired Mr. Roberts. "I really should like to find myself in a comfortable hotel with as little delay as possible. Have you made up your mind as to which card you like best?"

"Trust to me, Mr. Roberts," replied his wife, with her usual air of knowing perfectly well what she was about. "I certainly shall not be decided in my choice by the appearance of the cards. But we will follow that well-looking young man, if you please, in the green coat and silver buttons. I perceive he speaks English perfectly. Oui, monsieur, vous, oui, vous," she continued, speaking very loud to assist the intelligence of the green-coated commissionaire. "I don't mind about the English myself, but it will be pleasant for you and Edward," she added, and then again addressing the man whom she had selected, she said, "It is votre hôtel you know that we are going to—and votre maître, I suppose, can tell us tout about our luggage and the *do—do*—What in the world is the name of a French custom-house, Agatha?"

"*Douane*, mamma," answered the young lady, whose recent French studies had gone considerably farther than her own; although Mrs. Roberts herself had not set out upon this important expedition without having very sedulously applied herself to the same study. "German and Italian," she had said, "I intend to learn when I get into the respective countries, but it is absolutely necessary to have a stock of French to set off with."

Her stock of French however, did not perhaps comprise all the words in the language, and it was also possible that both genders and tenses might produce some slight embarrassment in her colloquial in-

tercourse with the natives, but these were trifles by no means of sufficient importance to daunt such a spirit as that of Mrs. Roberts. During the domestic practising which had gone on for several weeks previous to their setting off, both her daughters, fresh from the grammatical discipline of a French teacher, had endeavoured to impress upon her the necessity of paying a little more attention both to verbs and genders, but her answer was characteristic and decisive. "My dear children, it is perfectly right and proper that you should study the grammar; it is a study properly befitting your years. All young people learn grammar; but scholars of my age must take a more enlarged and general view of the language. You know how steadily I have applied to reading dialogues and vocabularies, not to mention that I have transcribed whole columns from the dictionary, and I declare to you, girls, that I am often astonished at my own quickness in learning. I assure you that of late I hardly ever go into a shop without making use of French words without intending it. When I bought my last new bonnet I asked the woman, quite without thinking of it, to show me some '*bonnets de paille*.'"

"But *bonnet* means *cap*, mamma, i. e. French," had been Miss Agatha's reply; and, "nonsense, child," her resolute mother's rejoinder. "When the niceties of grammar are required," she added, "all the rules I mean, and the exceptions, and the rest of it, as in writing notes, for instance, of course I shall employ you and your sister, but in the matter of talking I don't expect to want your assistance at all. When there is anything to be *said*, I always feel as if I were inspired; words, thank God! never fail me, and I do believe I could soon talk in almost any language in the world except Greek and Latin." Such were the opinions and feelings of Mrs. Roberts on the subject of colloquial intercourse, and though uttered before this sketch of her adventures commences, it is as well to refer to it, in order to develop the system upon which she intended to proceed. Bet to return to the crowded spot on which we left her haranguing at Boulogne. Long before she could repeat the word *douane* after her daughter, the accomplished commissionaire from the Hôtel d'Angleterre had assured her, in very excellent English, that if she would be pleased to proceed to the *hôte* they should have their night bags in ten minutes, and the

rest of their baggage before they were up in the morning; provided madame would be pleased to give him all the keys. On hearing this demand the countenance of Mrs. Roberts displayed a world of acute intelligence, and with a nod and a smile she replied, "Thank you, *mon ami*. Mercy, mercy, my good friend. There is no occasion to put all that trouble upon you, *pas du tout*. *Voilà* that gentleman, my husband, he will go to the *douane* with the keys, and look after the baggage himself." Then turning to her son, she said, "That's a good lesson for you, Edward. Just observe, my dear, how necessary it is to be upon one's guard in such a country as this. I dare say now that if I had not been here your father would have given up the keys at once, and I should just like to know what would have become of all our trinkets if he had?" The commissionaire did not remonstrate, but with a civil smile desired that they would please to follow him. They did so, and having undergone the usual personal examination, a few minutes walking brought them to the hôtel. "I am as hungry as a hound," said Mr. Roberts, as he entered it; "and I hope, my dear, that you mean to order something more substantial than tea and bread and butter!"

"Oh! goodness, I hope so!"

"I am sure I shall die, if you don't."

"I could devour half-a-dozen pounds of beefsteaks," chimed in the two young ladies and their brother.

"I am quite in the same condition myself," replied the ruling spirit of the party. "*Il faut ordre du souper.*"

"Commander, mamma," whispered Agatha.

"Of course, child, I shall command whatever I want," replied Mrs. Roberts, rather impatiently, and then, having at last condescended to profit by the English of a waiter who came to receive her instructions, she ordered the most substantial repast that could be prepared in half an hour, the whole party declaring that they could not possibly exist without food for a longer time.

And then came a *filles de chambre* to inquire if the ladies would like to see their rooms. They followed her up stairs, complaining a good deal as they went, of the inferiority of the house in appearance to an English hôtel, and particularly in the want of stair-carpets. The colored petticoat, short jacket, and round-eared cap of their conductress, also elicited a good many ob-

servations and some laughter from the young ladies; upon which Mrs. Roberts said, "I don't wonder, girls, at your being amused by the queer look of every thing, and as long as you do nothing but laugh it is very well; but remember I shall be monstrous angry if I hear any of you grumble, because the real truth is, that one of the greatest advantages which English people are sure to find in coming abroad arises from their being themselves so every way superior. Depend upon it the natives are not altogether such fools as not to perceive this, and that, as I take it, is the principle reason why all the English that come abroad get up so much higher in society than those who stay at home. The only way, however, to make the most and the best of this advantage is to remember constantly that whatever you may have been at home, you are people of consequence *here*. You must never forget that, girls, I promise you."

The first examination of the sleeping accommodation was by no means satisfactory to the ladies of the Roberts family, for their inexperienced eyes did not discern in the pile of what they indignantly termed "nothing but mattresses," the most perfect sleeping apparatus in the world.

"Do ask her, Agatha, if they have no better rooms, with feather beds in them," said Mrs. Roberts, with such a frown upon her brow as might have frightened a chambermaid less used to the *exigence* of new English travellers than was their present black-eyed conductress.

"*Ces sont de fort bons lits*," she quietly replied to the remonstrance of Miss Agatha.

"Et vous n'avez pas des plus beaux chambres?" demanded Mrs. Roberts, still frowning.

"Non, madame," replied the girl, with that stoical indifference to her queer French, which seems so universally to preclude the possibility of a laugh among our polite neighbors.

"Il faut que vous sâit," resumed Mrs. Roberts, "que nous suis accoutumés à avoir la meilleur de tout les choses quand nous suis au logis."

"Oui, madame," replied the girl, without moving a muscle.

"It is no good, mamma, to talk any more to her—she's a fool," said Miss Maria. "But I wish you would tell me how long we are to be without our carpet-bags. Just look at my hair! I am in perfect misery for want of a comb! And, do you see, there is not a morsel of soap to wash our hands.

When are we to have our carpet-bags, mamma?"

"How in the world can I tell, Maria?" replied her mother. "The man that brought us here said ten minutes; but I fancy we must never believe a word they say to us. They are a horrible set of liars you may depend upon it."

"But we *must* get the carpet bags somehow or other, mamma, said Agatha. "Do let us go down stairs, will you, to inquire about them?"

And down stairs again they went, Mrs. Roberts talking exceedingly loud the whole time concerning the dreadful inferiority of the French to the English nation in all respects; which, considering that the language in which she spoke, was considerably more likely to be understood than her French had been, was both imprudent and uncivil, to say the least of it.

On entering the large *salle à manger*, where a servant was preparing a part of the table for their supper, Mrs. Roberts attacked him in her piebald jargon, with inquiries concerning the greatly-wanted carpet-bags. The man, with the uniform civility of his class, strained every faculty to understand her, and when at length she fortunately substituted the words "carpet-bags" for "*bags de tapis*," he caught her meaning, and replied that if she had left her bags with the commissionaire *à coup sur* she would have them in a few minutes.

"What does he say about *coosin*?" demanded Mrs. Roberts, addressing her eldest daughter. "Who is coosin? What stupid plagues they are!"

Miss Agatha explained very distinctly what the man had said, and then replied to it by telling him that they had *not* left their keys; upon which, with all possible civility, the man told her that there was not the slightest chance that their bags would be sent to them at all.

"Do you hear him, mamma?" exclaimed both the girls at once. "Good Heaven! what are we to do?"

"Do!" returned Mrs. Roberts, looking exceedingly angry. "Why, of course your father must go this moment to the custom-house with the keys. What a shame it is to keep one's things from one in such an abominable manner! Pretty sort of freedom, isn't it? But you must go, my dear, this very moment, you must, indeed, for I shall want to go to bed the very instant I have supped, and I leave you to guess if I

can go to bed without my night-bag, Mr. Roberts.

"No, my dear," replied her husband, "I dare say you can't—only I should be very glad if I could get a morsel to eat first, for I really do feel quite exhausted."

"Very well, Mr. Roberts, then you must eat of course, and I must go. I wonder if I shall find Stephen too much exhausted to go with me?"

"That's talking quite wild, my dear," returned her husband, taking up his hat and stick and preparing to depart; "I didn't mean, I am sure, to put any thing off upon you; but I must have some body to show me the way, and, after all, I am afraid I shall make but a bad hand of it, seeing that I don't understand one word of French."

"Good gracious, Mr. Roberts! How you do like to make difficulties! Of course the people will speak English at the custom house. All you have to do is just to take Stephen with you to bring the bags, and to get a lad to show you the way. Give your keys, girls—and yours, Edward—here's mine—I dare say you will be back before the supper is ready. Taking Stephen will make a difference, you may depend upon it; there was nobody on board that had such a stylish servant, and you may be sure that when they see he belongs to you, our business will be attended to first. It is the way of the world, my dear, take my word for it."

As she spoke, Mrs. Roberts rang the bell; Stephen was summoned, and a man found to show the way.

"Now then," said she, "make haste, there's a good man, and I'll take care you shall have a good supper when you come back again."

Either poor Mr. Roberts was unskilled in the performance of his task, or the appearance of Stephen produced a less imposing effect than his mistress expected, for the very last bags examined were those of the Roberts family. It is possible, indeed, that the circumstance of their being the only ones left to the care of the owners, without any patronizing assistance from an *hôtel commissionaire*, might be the cause of this; but certain it is, that instead of coming back directly, the unfortunate Mr. Roberts did not make his appearance for nearly two hours. The worthy man sighed when he found that his family had finished their repast, and the remnants of the supper which were brought back to him might have been eaten, perhaps, with more relish had not the weary ladies each seized upon a bag, the

instant they greeted their longing eyes, declaring that they could not remain up a moment longer to obtain the universe.

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Here is one fyfte of *Robert's* pilgrimage;
Ye who of him may further seek to know,
Shall find some tidings in a future page,
If he that writeth now may scribble mee.

TREATMENT OF JUVENILE OFFENDERS.

From the Spectator.

The *Birmingham Journal* gives an account of an interesting meeting which was held on the 8th Jan., at Dec's Hotel in Birmingham, to hear an address from Mr. Hill, the Recorder of the borough, on the treatment of juvenile offenders. Mr. Weston, the Mayor, presided; and Mr. Scholefield, the Member, Captain Moorson, Mr. J. B. Davies, the Coroner, the Reverend J. Garbett, Rural Dean, Alderman James, Alderman Van Wart, and other respectable inhabitants to the number of two or three hundred, including several ladies, attended.

Mr. Hill began by referring to the general state of crime in England and Wales: in 1805, the number of committals was 4,763; in 1842, it was 31,309, being an increase of sevenfold. In the same period the population had increased twofold. If the commitments were to increase at the same rate in the next forty years, they would amount to 200,000! There were, however, some circumstances that mitigated the frightful appearance of that statement. It included all offences classed as "crimes," from stealing a pocket handkerchief to murder; although there was no common measure between the two kinds: it would take many thousand cases of pocket-picking to produce so much misery to mankind as one murder. In the same period, crimes of violence had decreased in number, and those which load the calendars are chiefly crimes against property. It is a defect in such tables that they are founded altogether on commitments, and are only declared when made the subject of prosecution—

It was a defect in the jurisprudence of this country, that there was no record of crime but in connexion with prosecutions. In many countries, where they derive their laws from ancient civil code, it was the duty of certain officers to institute an inquiry relative to the existence and extent of such and such crimes; and by this means they obtained an accurate knowledge of the real state of society. In such a country they would be able to compare the state of crime at one period with another. At present, in this country, they might be led into

a great fallacy; for what they might consider an increase of crime might only be an increase of vigilance on the part of the police. He recollected that in two counties which he should not name, great praise had been bestowed on them for the absence of crime: the Judges found the gaols empty; and white gloves were presented to them in accordance with an ancient practice: but those who best knew the counties knew that it was not crime that was wanted, but that it was police to detect it that was wanted. It was not the harvest of crime, which, as a French writer had well observed, returned with greater certainty than the harvest of food, that was wanted. No, it was the reapers of that harvest; and accordingly, when the police was established in those two counties, it was found that the inhabitants were not better than their neighbors.

Thus, improvements in police had the effect of swelling the calendars and of increasing the appearance of crime. Allowing the expenses of prosecutions had a similar tendency. Formerly several offences, such as that of pocket-picking, were not punished at law, but were summarily disposed of by the people under a kind of Lynch-law—

Still, after every possible subtraction, it could not be doubted that there was moving in the midst of them, and round about, and encircling them, a criminal population of a very large amount in this country,—a population inflicting much pain upon all those around them, and suffering still greater evils themselves than they inflicted, and whose own state of wretchedness called for their sympathies and compassion far more than those against whom they had offended. Perhaps part of the explanation of this state of society might be accounted for by the rude mode of administering justice in former times, and by the state of the law itself, to which their forefathers, as humane men, felt a great aversion to subject their fellow-creatures, because their code was formerly a code of blood. But now that their feelings ceased to be outraged by spectacles so revolting to humanity as those formerly exhibited through legal punishment, they could only wonder that their forefathers, who were men of humanity, could endure to live among the infliction of such punishments, which they knew were not only useless, but which frustrated the ends for which they were intended.

Here Mr. Hill made some allusion to prison-abuses, and to the recently-disclosed "black hole" in the prison of the Birmingham Court of Requests. That is, however, an exception to the prisons of England, which has been overlooked because it forms no part of the system of local government. To return to the main subject—the "mitigating circumstances" still leave an enormous and perhaps increasing amount of crime unaccounted for—

There was a class who might be said to have alienated themselves from society. Their rights were not those of the community at large—their shame was not that felt by those

around him. Right with them was, to live by theft and robbery committed upon their neighbors; shame with them was, to be unable to evade detection, or to confess when detected, or to assist in bringing their companions to justice. Reputation with them was a long course of crime with impunity. That class was a large class, many of whom must be then walking about their streets, almost within their hearing. What was to be done with that class of the population? He could not tell. Their condition had occupied the attention of the best men, but it was a problem still unsolved. All they could hope was that the example of good men might diminish its numbers. But it was almost too much to hope that the class could be entirely extinguished. Perhaps, when they were inclined to boast of the superiority of their unbounded commerce, and when they pointed with so much pride to the zeal and energy of their missionaries abroad, it might be wholesome for them to reflect that there was a population at their own doors who refused to be enriched by their commerce, who despised all offers of kindness, and who had yet resisted the most devoted exertions of the ministers of religion.

The young are apt to fall from the right path, and to become amenable to the law. They are not yet entirely contaminated by evil associations; but the question occurs, what is to become of them when their term of imprisonment expires? To meet that difficulty, he had acted upon a plan, which he was now to explain—

When practising at Warwick, he learned the plan from a benevolent body of Magistrates, whose worth he could testify, and who had most humanely established an asylum for the benefit of these young persons who had been sent to gaol for offences, from which it was hoped they might be reclaimed: from one of these benevolent gentlemen the suggestion came, that the master should, if possible, be prevailed upon to take back the offender; and this humane plan was suggested by the consideration, that a disposition of forgiveness was by far the best for the master, where it would secure for the offender that protection which he had forfeited. He soon became impressed with the necessity of taking measures to ascertain precisely the working of the system, lest the natural impulse of the mind, in seeing a suffering child before one, should prevent him from inflicting that punishment which the justice of the country required. Every man who filled a situation such as he held would like, if possible to refrain from inflicting pain; but he knew that he was bound to repress crime, notwithstanding the pain to himself. At the end of the year 1841, he was enabled, by the zealous coöperation of the Police in Birmingham, to establish a regular plan by which every master and mistress who humanely took back an unfortunate servant, and every boy thus restored, should be visited, to ascertain at certain periods how the experi-

ment worked; and he was proud to lay before them the result of the experiment for the last two years. The results, if not satisfactory, were encouraging. He found that the number of youths who had been convicted at the Sessions before him, and who had been handed over to their employers, was forty-seven. He found, that out of that number, thirty-three had given proof of their contrition—proving more or less according to the time, that an evident improvement was going on in their regard. Of the remainder, three cases are doubtful: and he was sorry to say there was no doubt about the remaining eleven—they were lost: they had left their masters under circumstances which had brought them again either before the Quarter-sessions in this borough or before some other court. But here again he was able to say, that, comparing that relapsing class with those usually sent to prison, he found that the number that came back was very much smaller than those who suffered the punishment awarded. The fear was, lest this lenity should produce a feeling of impunity; but it should be recollected, that the object of this lenity was one in whose favor they could engage the master to undertake a great share of responsibility. They must recollect that he had invariably extended this leniency with the most solemn assurance, that if ever the person abused the favor, he need never expect the like again, and that he would unquestionably have to bear the infliction of the severest errors of the law. He had felt it his duty to act upon that principle, and had lately inflicted severe punishment where great mercy had been abused. On the whole, he called upon them, if they agreed with him, to try the experiment whenever they had an opportunity.

The Reverend J Garbett moved a resolution expressing entire concurrence in Mr. Hill's suggestion; which was seconded by Mr. William Wills, and carried unanimously.

In moving a vote of thanks to the Recorder, the Reverend J. A. James remarked, that Mr. Hill had provided for the offending youth who had been brought before him; but it would be well to anticipate his kindness, and not to be too hasty in bringing youthful offenders before a court of justice. He had himself tried that principle in the case of two youths—

One had committed a robbery upon his master by stealing his money. The fact was communicated to him, and he engaged to intercede with the master, who consented not to prosecute, but naturally refused then to repose further confidence in him. Silence, however, was observed. The youth was handed over to the kind treatment of a friend: and Mr. James's special advice to this friend was, "Keep it a secret, and we will watch him closely." They did so. He was patient; and soon the youth, thus rescued from inevitable destruction, gave convincing proofs of penitence; and he was at that moment in a place of trust, serving his master, with thousands of pounds under his

care. He was a respectable member of society, and the member of a Christian congregation. The second came under his notice with the same results; only in this case there had been many small peculations. He told the master to let no soul know it—to keep him under close inspection and moral training: and the result was, that he was now the servant of one of the public companies in the town.

Mr. Hill observed in returning thanks, that he never had any difficulty in getting employers in humble circumstances of life to extend forgiveness to their servants; but he *had* found some difficulty in prevailing upon those in higher stations of life to extend the same consideration to their erring brethren. He was aware that they had greater obstacles to the restoration of the offenders to their establishments; still those obstacles were not insurmountable, and he hoped he should see that the more wealthy employers and manufacturers would not be outdone by those below them.

Mr. Scholefield moved a vote of thanks to those humane individuals who had taken back their servants after conviction. The motion was seconded by Captain Moorsom, and supported by Alderman James; who remarked, that, as a Magistrate, he had often heard the question asked on the bench, when a young offender was brought up, "Why bring that little boy here? why not try to reclaim him?" At the request of the Recorder, one of the masters who had taken back his servant after punishment, now gave testimony of the happy result—

The first act of the boy, after his release, was to call on him and thank him for what he had done, and he then saw the seeds of reformation in him. He then gave the boy good advice, and took him into his service; since that, his conduct had been most exemplary, and he had no doubt he would make a very useful member of society.

The proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to Mr. Weston, the Chairman of the meeting.

"WHY DO THE FLOWERS BLOOM?"

BY MRS. J. E. CARPENTER.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

I.

"WHY do the flow'rets bloom, mother,
Why do the sweet flowers bloom,
And brightest those we rear'd, mother,
Around my brother's tomb?"

"To fill the world with gladness,
My child, were flow'rets given,—
To crown the Earth with beauty,
And show the road to Heaven!"

II.

"Then why do the flow'rets fade, mother,
Why do the sweet flowers fade,
When winter's dreary clouds, mother,
Earth's brighter scenes pervade?"
"My child, those flow'rs that wither,
Have seeds that still remain,
That sunshine and the summer
Restore to life again!"

III.

"And shall not those who die, mother,
Come back to live once more,
E'en as the rain and sun, mother,
Those beauteous flow'rs restore?"
"Yes—yes, my child, such powers
To human flow'rs are given,
Here earth's frail flow'rs may blossom,
But we may rise—in Heaven."

LYRIC LAMENT,

ON A DEFUNCT SPARROW.*

From the Metropolitan.

ALACK! alack the day when sped
The heedless stone,
That singled from its friends that fled,
And laid along with the cold dead,
This little one:
No longer through the live-long day,
On craggled trees
To flutter more from spray to spray,
Or bound on buoyant wing away
Upon the breeze.
By little, tuneful loves caress'd,
No more to reign
The pretty favorite of the nest,
Planting in many a feather'd breast
The pleasing pain.
Mute warbler!—ah! how cold and still
Thy mellow throat:
How songless now that merry bill,
At morn so blithely wont to thrill
Its carol-note!

Thy kindred oft,—a timid train,
Disconsolate,
Haunt the dark spot where thou wert ta'en;
But o'er the widow'd nest—in vain—
Mourns thy mate.
Peace to thee, Care unruffled now:—
(For thou *had'st* care,
Apportion'd cares we cannot know!)
The tyrant, Man,—the wither, Snow,
Touch thee not *there*:—
There in thy little shadowed grave,
Hung o'er the Deep,
Where, shelter'd from the wind and wave,
Tho' realms may rock and passion rave,
Thou wilt sleep.

If aught of thee to being clings—
Not mortal all—
To HIM it soared on sinless wings,
Who marks, amid the maze of things,
The Sparrow fall!

* The verdict was—"Killed by a random stone."

SOME NEW JOTTINGS IN MY NOTE-BOOK.

FIRST GATHERING.

BY A DREAMER.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

"I wish you saw me half starting out of my chair; with what confidence, as I grasp the elbow of it, I look up, catching the idea, even sometimes before it half-way reaches me!"

"I believe in my conscience, I intercept many a thought which Heaven intended for another man."—STERNA.

"They tell but dreams."—MRS. HEMANS.

ONE.

THERE is one wish my heart has always faltered in, nor could I bring myself to give it to my friends; and yet it is so commonly spoken, and so generally esteemed a kind one, that it may appear extraordinary to refuse one's assent to it. I allude to the custom, on new-year's days, and birth days, and the other little eras of a person's life, of wishing him many returns of them. I do not think the prayer a good one, and have always paused in uttering it. And wherefore? Because I may not recognize in old age a blessing. I remember the altered form, the failing memory, the palsied mind, the closed-up heart—and I ask myself, Are *these* the goods I would give my friend? And more than these; I call to mind that those who live long, die over and over again in losing their beloved ones; and that hope, and joy, and health, all perish, even while the poor body yet lives on. Thus the protracted life presents only the wider field for the sorrowful invasion of change and grief.

Schiller, with his wonted felicity, gives us a glimpse of the profound deep of desolation in this couplet:—

"Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,
Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunche nichts mehr."

And so, with the old man the world has truly become an empty place. His co-mates, who started with him in the same morning of life, are long since at rest in their dusty graves. Some died abroad, and some in their own land. Some lingered on through months, or even years, of pain; others were struck down in a passing moment. Some died happily, and at peace; others in want and misery unspeakable. At all events, they are gone, and his heart sinks within him as he feels he is alone; and he wonders when he thinks how strange all things have become, and how differently people speak and act now from what they did when he was a boy.

"Whom Heaven loves, dies early," was
JULY, 1844. 23

the sentiment of the old wise Greek; and I see nothing in it abhorrent to Christian feeling, or that would prevent one giving as their best wish—"A happy death, and—one in youth!"

TWO.

Might not a curious paper be written on the last verses of our poets, and an attempt made to show that in them those glorious spirits took, perhaps unconsciously, no unmeet farewell of the muse? The last lines written by Lord Byron were:—

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

Shelley's last poem, and perhaps the most mystical of any he wrote, is called "The Triumph of Life," and was in great part composed as he floated on that fatal sea which was so soon to engulf him. Its conclusion is:—

After a brief space
From every form the beauty slowly waned;
From every firmest limb and fairest face
The strength and freshness fell like dust, and left
The action and the shape, without the grace
Of life. . . . Thus on the way
Mask after mask fell from the countenance
And form of all; and long before the day
Was old, the joy which waked, like heaven's glance,
The sleepers in the oblivious valley, died;
And some grew weary of the ghastly dance,
And fell, as I have fallen, by the wayside;—
Those soonest from whose forms most shadows past,
And least of strength and beauty did abide.
Then, what is life? I cried.

The lingering sweetness of the last notes of the Hemans has not yet quitted our ears, and her "Sabbath Sonnet" was the tender adieu the daughter of music, with failing fingers, took of her harp. It followed—how fitly!—her magnificent lyric, "Despondency and Aspiration," and told that the restless longings of that lofty strain were all fulfilled, and oh, how abundantly! She died in early summer, and this was the broken melody of the poor sufferer on her last Sabbath morning. Memories of the sunshiny fields of her own England came across her soul, the peacefulness which seems pre-eminently cast over nature during the hallowed

hours, the happy groups wending their way alike from hall and from hamlet, towards the gray church-tower, whence the sweet jangling chimes are issuing—and then the touching allusion to her own feebleness :—

I may not tread
With them those pathways,—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound ;—yet, oh my God ! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

Another, and an altered, gust from the wind-harp ! Yes ; the breezy tones are changed, and the instrument obeys the unseen agent's ministration. Is not the human soul the instrument we speak of ; and feelings, do they not sweep its chords, and shake out responses, ay ! and to widely different vibrations ?

William Motherwell, whose Scottish ballads have brought tears to the eyes of many a snooded maiden of his own country, and whose wild Norse legends have yet more powerfully affected the men, is the next I shall refer to for illustration of my position. With a sense of coming mortality creeping over him, and a feeling as though the long grass were already waving above his head, and with the natural desire not wholly to pass away from men's memories, the poet passionately entreats, in his last lines, to be remembered. He asks himself, will there be any to visit his grave, and pace it round thinking of him, and sit down by his side, as he lies there cold and senseless, and name his name, now growing unfamiliar ? And then, while half hoping and half doubting, he calls to mind that the dead have no need of this tribute, even as they so rarely receive it ; and his conclusion is a kind of palinode of all his preceding wishes. I quote from memory, but I am sure I quote correctly :—

It may be so. But this is selfish sorrow
To ask such meed,
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow
From hearts that bleed,
The wailings of to-day for what to-morrow
Shall never need.

Lay me, then, gently in my narrow dwelling,
Thou sad heart !
And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
ing,

Let no tear start ;
It were in vain ; for time has long been knelling,
' Sad one, depart !'

I could extend this considerably ; but it is often pleasanter to suggest than to enlarge.

Three.

One thing you will learn fast enough in the world, for it is potent in such teaching—that is, to be suspicious. Oh ! cast from you for ever the hateful lesson. Men do not think how much of their innocence they are laying down, when they assume a clothing whose texture is guile. Beware of this mock protection ; for you can hardly use it without practising deceit. I do not ask you to trust always ; but I would have you think well of men until you find them otherwise. When you are once deceived, either by an acted or a spoken falsehood, trust that person no more.

I had it once laid down to me as an axiom by a very dear friend, (and I am so satisfied of the precept's truth as to make it a rule of my life,) that persons rarely suspect others except of things which they are capable of doing themselves. Yes ; these shadows of doubting are generally flung from some bad realities within. You are looking at your own image when you see so much vileness in your neighbor's face. How much better might not we ourselves become, if we used more largely to others that blessed charity which thinketh no evil !

Four.

There can be little doubt but that, with all its absurdities, heraldry is a most ancient science. The twelve Hebrew tribes bore on their banners insignia, under which the dying patriarch Jacob had typified them (Gen. xlix). The supporters of our own national arms were regal emblems, even in the days of Balaam. When that bold bad man would speak of the victories and power of Israel, he selects those two animals in illustration (Numbers xxiii. 22, 24 ; xxiv. 8, 9)—the lion, as the emblem of conquest ; the unicorn, of strength.

Five.

I am assured by the friend who has favored me with them, that the following spirited lines have never been printed. I do not think they will suffer from a comparison even with Shelley's, and only regret I cannot name the translator :—

TO THE LARK.

From the Welsh of Dafydd ab Gwilym, a bard of the fourteenth century.

I.

Sentinel of the morning light !
 Reveller of the spring !
 How sweetly, nobly, wild thy flight,
 Thy boundless journeying ;
 Far from thy brethren of the woods, alone,
 A hermit cloister before God's throne !

II.

Oh ! wilt thou climb the heavens for me,
 Yon rampart's starry height—
 Thou interlude of melody
 Twixt darkness and the light ;
 And seek, with heaven's first dawn upon thy crest,
 My lady love, the moonbeam of the west !

III.

No woodland caroller art thou :
 Far from the archer's eye,
 Thy course is o'er the mountain brow,
 Thy music in the sky ;
 Then fearless float thy path of cloud along,
 Thou earthly denizen of angel song !

Sir.

* * * With regard to friends. Our little being is so much wrapped up in our personal experience, and this experience so much constitutes our whole world, that any one who becomes dear to us, is invariably depreciated, as to his former life, when he was a stranger to us. This may be done unconsciously, but, I think, occurs almost assuredly. We never think that our friend's feelings were as warm, his thoughts as generous, his heart as open, long before we knew him ; and should any change divide us, how little do we deem he thinks as deeply, feels as sensibly, lives as completely as ever ! Self so much constitutes with us every thing, that where we are not present, there is a kind of annihilation of all things else. Let us take our departure from any place, and can we imagine then (at least with any degree of conviction) every thing happening as really as when we were there ? Let friendship exist between us and any one, however worthy of it, and can we from our heart feel the same sympathy in that friend's former life, which passed ere our intimacy began ? No ! our present love may teach us to hear of it with gladness ; but never can we dwell upon it with the same enduring pleasure as we do upon the scenes and incidents in which we have been ourselves sharers.

And truly may we become wise, if we thus

keep present with us the littleness of our share in worldly matters. How comparatively less than nothing is our busiest conduct ; and yet to us this little portion is every thing ! And then, on all sides of us, the vast mechanism of the world is going smoothly on, and hundreds of events hourly occurring, of which we know nothing, simply because we do not witness them. Neither do we recollect that what we have seen occurred just as independently ere we were present, and shall go on just as uninterruptedly when we have departed—that not with them cometh a change, but with us—and that man falsely charges upon nature the alterations he himself is made to undergo.

Seven.

Truly, the world is a lovely place. Not the minutest blade of grass, or the humblest flower, I pass by without a blessing ; or the perishing ephemeron, or the everlasting hills ; or the faint tinkling streamlet, or the full, far-sounding ocean—all alike in their perfections, though differing in their degrees—all these are glorious to my eye and senses. But man !—here is the rending of the divine link—man is the outcast, the spoiler, the doomed. He is no more what he once was, and what he ought to be ; and I seek no further proof of the necessity for a change in his nature and destinies.

The world—I mean the world of nature—is lovely. Tell me, dear reader, have you ever looked up straight into the clear heavens, when they were mirroring as soft a blue as your mistress's eye, and thought for an instant what Space was, without feeling a weight suddenly plucked off from your head, and a moving thrill which made your pulses leap within you, from the vague sense of habitation bearing the same relation to locality that eternity does to time ? And then, when you saw the smiling fields stretching far, far away on all sides of you, which led off your eye to rest at last on the distant hills, did you not pant to cast yourself abroad on that glorious scene, and involuntarily murmur—

“ Oh, that I were

The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
 A living voice, a breathing harmony,
 A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying
 With the blest tone which made me !”

Once more : is there not something inexpressibly awful in the solitary magnifi-

cence of the noon-day sun, as he pours down those ceaseless tides of glory on this lower world!—when you think that he is at one and the same moment shining for countless miles on the expanse of the glittering sea, and visiting the shady forest, the lonely country, the peopled city; the palace of the nobles, the hut of the beggar; the happy home of health, the heaped-up hospital; the rich, the proud, the rejoicing; the wretched, the dying, the dead, and the green graves. Yes, all these things, so widely differing, yet forming part of the same human life, that glorious eye takes in at once!

EIGHT.

I do not think we sufficiently sympathize with our juniors in years. That false pride, that dearly-bought experience, through which we maintain a superiority over them, dispose us too much to overlook their many beautiful traits of character. We do not remember that these little people, in their own selves, and so far as their unripened sensibilities carry them, are each of them the centre of a circle, the moving point round which revolves the whole world beside. Neither do we think often enough, that there is a freshness in these young souls which may profitably revive our jaded hearts, and an honesty of purpose like an atmosphere surrounding them, which it would be well for us sometimes to breathe; and that lastly, by “becoming as little children” we are getting taught by those who, of all instructors on earth, are nearest heaven; for they have come most recently from it, and its fragrance is still floating about them.

I envy not the man who can look on the open countenance of the true-hearted boy, or the fair and delicate face of girlhood, with those pensive eyes and long golden hair, and not call to mind his own by-gone years, nor seek to read for those untried spirits what is written for them in the book of daily life. Were I to try to feel like him, I should not succeed; for I regard the young with an intense sympathy. Remembering most vividly, as I do, when I was one of them, and recollecting the upward feeling wherewith I used to regard the full-grown, I cannot help now shaping my thoughts downwards, and becoming one with them again. It may be, that we do not give in this world sufficient individu-

ality to each with whom we mix. The selfish feeling of making the world one thing, and ourselves the other, closes up the heart against all the gentler sympathies; and the apprehension of childishness, and its imputation to us, prevent our entering into their little feelings, and giving them their due weight and importance.

Yet who remembers not the days of his boyhood? What traveller, even in the midst of toilsome and busy years, when manhood had hardened his heart, and disappointment taught him to rejoice no more on earth, did not turn his eye backward to his father's manly welcome, the tender reception from his mother, his young sisters' proud trusting in him, and his happy home, whither no care nor sorrow could pursue him—the family hearth was a sanctuary, and there he was safe.

The innocence of childhood, consisting, as it does, in the ignorance of evil, is for me the one charm which makes it so like what I dream of heaven. Alas! how often, when I gazed on the fair hair of the young, and eyes that looked no evil, have I in my heart shed tears that such whiteness of soul was no longer mine own—bitter tears of repentance, but ineffectual ones likewise, for they were the lament for what had long since departed. The fruit had been tasted, and the paradise of primeval harmlessness wandered from for ever. * * *

NINE.

O, the littleness of human knowledge! All that we know is, nothing can be known. Mystery of mysteries are we full often to ourselves; and if we know not what is in us—if when we cast the glance of anxious inquiry within, and ask individually, “What am I?” the hollowness of vacuity only reverberates the question—How can we hope to comprehend what is not of ourselves?

The world talk of “mental acquisitions.” Mental acquisitions! and what are they? The astronomer will tell you that Science has now, like the giants of old, scaled the heavens; yea, that he, even he, has in his wisdom meted out the stars—that he has computed their number, and discovered their positions—that he has observed their progress, and marked their varied revolutions. But turn, and ask the same wise man something further, and behold his emptiness! Ask him, What is any

one of those glowing orbs of which he so vaunteth his knowledge? Is it only

"A speck of tinsel fixed in heaven
To light the midnights of his native town;"

or, is it a world like unto our own? Are cares, and fears, and sorrows all there, enveloping it like a sky? and is it only its measureless distance which invests it with such lustre? Do its tenants contemplate this earth with feelings at all akin to ours, when we regard their world? Do they long to discover what beings people so glorious a fabric, and gazing, do they

"Wonder what is there,
So beautiful it seems?"

Ask him, then, any of these questions, and where is his knowledge?

Again, visit the physiologist, and inquire of him, where is that thinking portion of man, his true self, seated? He can tell you much of its divine functions, but nothing of its real nature; he can dilate on its mighty and mysterious powers, but what tangible idea can he afford you of *itself*? Bring him to the new-made corpse—the temple in ruins, from which the guardian deity is departed—the signet, whereon *Ichabod*, the word of wo, is engraven—and ask him, where in that tabernacle abode its inmate? whence arose that strange communion between earth and heaven? How came the worm and the god to be united in that weak frame? Alas, he can give you no reply; or should he try to reason out the question, he may lead you, apparently, a step or two further, and then will be compelled to desist.

The great Sanctuary of Knowledge mortal foot has never entered; the veil which separates it from our gaze, has not yet been uplifted; and though at times we fancy we have advanced beyond our fellows towards treading its unseen recesses, we in reality but touch the curtain which trembles in our hold; and the densest mist that beclouds us is—ourselves! Things alien to us we can fancy we understand; the world that is about us we can, in our hours of musing, contemplate and admire; but the world within passeth knowledge. The mind, though itself the seat of understanding, like the eye—so Locke compares it—cannot view itself; and thus remains in ignorance of its own true nature.

TEM.

All persons of a highly-wrought and imaginative disposition, must have found how much clearer they are able to think in the night season than during the garish hours of day. Some say, the passions are more awake then; it may be so, but I am sure the intellect is more awake also. Jean Paul has a pretty conceit, to explain to us why our thoughts are more vivid, more marked, more copious, while the material world is wrapped in gloom. He says something like this, if I do not wrong him:—

"The earth is every day overspread with the veil of night, for the same reason that the cages of birds are darkened, so that we may the more readily apprehend the higher harmonies of thought in the hush and stillness of darkness. Ideas, which the day converts into smoke and mist, during the night stand about us, light and flames; like the column which fluctuates above the crater of Vesuvius, and which seems in the daytime a pillar of cloud, but is by night a column of fire."

The superior claims of the ebony goddess are so well put forth here, that I need make no addition.

Eleven.

We speak of the treasures of affection in this world—has the spirit-land none such? Even from the millions of bursten hearts, who have hence travelled thitherwards, may not stores of it be gathered, richer, purer, more disinterested, (inasmuch as lacking the impulse of the passions,) than any this world can bestow? Have we dear ones dwelling with us above earth?—are there not some also beneath it?—and whose affection is the more unchanging? Which of them will love us on still without coldness or fretfulness—without caring for our imperfections—without heeding our unkindness—without blaming our injustice or wrong; but ever, ever, looking upon us with the same tender eyes, taking all wrong, giving none, and watching over us for good, untired, unwearied, undeparting!

Alas, alas! it is the living change, not the dead, in their affection and natures. I have read of the Arab city, in which the inhabitants were in one night changed to stone. Whatever had been the occupation of each at that particular moment, in that did the cold hand fix him—in that he remained for ever and ever. So is it with

the departed; in those silent mansions no change ever cometh; the condition of the soul, its affections, its impulses, are all the same—firmly fixed for eternity. But we! we who talk of the changes of death, put out of the way the incalculably greater changes of life.

Twelv.

How much is our dread of death—our shrinking from the pale shadow—increased by the bugbear mockeries with which the grave and burial are now encumbered! Men are not satisfied that their friends should die, but they must heap up in addition such idle pageantry as can only weary and disgust. Think over some of them!—the satellites of Death who make up the funeral, his triumphal hearse-car, his monumental trophy (to give durability to his conquest), and his badges of servitude, which the living weepers wear for the twelvemonth. And yet we may ask, why these sad and distressing symbols?—why add suffering to suffering—heap grief on grief, and tear on tear, by these cumbrous obsequies?

I will not, that friend however dear, or relation however nearly connected, place over me the graven work of the statuary. It is but making Death his trophy, as I have before said, and I acknowledge not the conquest of the great victor. Rather lay me in the grassy bed, wherein I may repose quietly and unmarked; and save me from the incumbrance of such unwieldy structures. The couch of turf speaks better things in its symbolic simplicity; says it not, that the one within is looking for an awakening, and is patiently expecting the welcome tones of that voice which will not call to him unanswered? The marvellous sweetness of those divine accents will be sooner heard through the light covering of a few earth-handsfull.

Memorial, to be sure, I would have, for who would be without one?—but one more desirable than effigy in brass or stone,

“A sweet haunting murmur of my name,
Where it would rest;”

a constant presence with those I love; a word of blessing when thought of; sometimes, but rarely, a longing wish or a ten-

der tear for me; and at all times an un-murmuring submission to His will who has given the weary rest, and glorified himself by the departure of one in His faith and fear.

Enough of this, and more than enough.
I pause in the midst of my vain dreamings.

LOVE, THE LIGHT OF THE MORAL WORLD.

From the Metropolitan.

Ἄσπερ ἀριζήλος, ἀλαβύρον
Ἀδρί φάγγος.

PINDAR.

O GLORY! seen afar, but seldom won
By weak mortality—Eternal Sun
Of Moral Nature! Thy bright beams on high
Diffuse glad rays of awful harmony:
Beyond the reach of Thought, ere Time was
known,
Time was the sceptre and the heavenly throne!

Oft in my youth thy light serene I saw,
While inward ardor wrapt my soul in awe;
And a deep calm subdued the fretful sense,—
A calm won from divine intelligence:
Thy smile the waters of Time's restless sea
Hush'd with the stillness of Eternity;
And gliding softly from the realms above,
“The wings of silence” bore thy words—O
LOVE!—

—Heed not the passions of the world below,
The empty phantoms of a passing show;
They shed their wrath, then swiftly faint away,
Like morning mists before the deeper day:
Know thou, Earth's vapor-stream of changeeful
strife,

The shadow only of thy coming Life;—
The shadow, not the substance,—Air and Earth,
And all, to which Time only renders birth,
In Time shall perish, and new worlds shall spring
Within the cycle of his restless wing:
My Throne shall never full, my Laws endure
Through all Eternity unchang'd and pure:
To all, in whom fair Charity is seen,
My smiles beam ever from the Far Serene,
Shadowing the Life to come, where sorrows
cease,
Where joy unfathom'd breathes the eternal
Peace:

Above the darkness of Earth's Moral Night,
Regard the Presence of the One True Light:
The brighter Sun of living Love decay—
The spiritual Sun of all Eternity!

G. W.

• Milton.

THE ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY.

From the British and Foreign Review.

THIS is the most complete view of this wonderful application of our common air to purposes of locomotion, which we have yet seen. It will be read with interest, and we hope will lead to an experiment in our own country. One great advantage of this mode of conveyance, not mentioned in any reports, will be exemption of eyes from cinders, and of dresses, barns, etc., from burning.—ED.

1. *Report of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Frederick Smith and Professor Barlow, to the Right Honorable the Earl of Ripon, President of the Board of Trade, on the Atmospheric Railway.* Presented to Parliament by command of Her Majesty. London, 1842.
2. *Rapport, adressé à M. le Ministre des Travaux Publics, sur le nouveau mode de locomotion, dit Système Atmosphérique.* Par M. Edmond Teisserenc. Paris, 1843.
3. *Report on the Railroad constructed from Kingstown to Dalkey, upon the Atmospheric System, and upon the Application of this System to Railroads in general.* By M. Mallet. London: John Weale, 1844.
4. *A Treatise on the Adaptation of Atmospheric Pressure to the purposes of Locomotion on Railways.* By J. D. A. Samuda. London: John Weale, 1841.
5. *The Atmospheric Railway.* A Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Ripon, President of the Board of Trade, etc. By James Pim, Jun., M.R.I.A. London, 1841.
6. *Observations on the Report of Lieut. Colonel Sir Frederick Smith, R.E., and Professor Barlow, on the Atmospheric Railway.* By T. F. Bergin, M.R.I.A. London, 1842.

AMONGST the inventions which within the last twenty years have rapidly followed one another, in the application of steam power to works of public utility, the most important is the Railway. Scarcely fifteen years have elapsed, since the practicability of this means of locomotion was untested even by experiment; and the astonishing rapidity with which, as soon as this point was ascertained, the invention was brought into general use, is itself a criterion of its vast importance.* During the last twelve

years, several thousand miles of railway have been laid down in the British empire; and above sixty millions sterling had in 1841 been embarked in railway speculation; independent of this, is the still greater projected extent of its adoption on the continent. When we consider all the difficulties to be overcome, the immense amount of labor to be encountered, and the enormous capital that has been so easily found and so readily embarked in this gigantic enterprise, we find cause for admiration, not less at the power, skill, and industry which have been brought to bear upon this Herculean task, than at the apparently limitless resources of our national wealth.

The invention and the successful application of such a power might appear sufficient for one age, were it not that the characteristic of power is to multiply itself, and that every new discovery proves only the incitement to fresh efforts of inventive genius. We are not content to look back upon what has been achieved, but press continually forward to what we are capable of accomplishing: new means beget fresh wants, and these again are the stimulus to those whose task it is to provide for them.

The history of the discovery which we shall sketch in the present article, presents an interesting chapter in the annals of invention, apart from its vast importance in reference to practical results; and we deem a subject of such universal concernment to be deserving of an historic record. With this view we shall, in the first place, relate briefly the origin and progress of the invention of the Atmospheric Railway, and shall reserve our remarks on its application to the conclusion of this article.

The first idea of employing the power of air in land-carriage* occurred to a gentleman at Manchester, Mr. Taylor, (the inventor of the first power-loom,) in 1805. In conversation with two friends, Mr. Duckworth and Mr. Clegg, the subject was discussed; and, although these gentlemen were all of opinion that the idea was capable of being realized, the means of accomplishing their object was so surrounded with difficulties, that the subject was ultimately dropped without any steps being taken or experiments made. The plan proposed was in principle the same as that which is now in successful operation in Ireland,—namely, the application of atmo-

* The Liverpool and Manchester line was opened to the public September 15, 1830.

* Mr. Papin originally suggested employing atmospheric pressure against a vacuum, but not for these purposes.

spheric pressure obtained by the exhausting power of the air-pump. Mr. Taylor's scheme only extended to the conveyance of letters and despatches; he suggested that a tube, large enough to contain a parcel, should be laid down from one town to another: at these places a stationary steam-engine should be erected, which should exhaust the tube. The parcels being placed in the tube at one end, and the latter exhausted by an engine at the other, the pressure of the air would carry the contents of the tube along with immense velocity; at each station or town the letters and parcels intended for that district would be taken out, and the rest forwarded to their destination. This ingenious suggestion was never published; we believe that it has remained to the present time wholly unknown: its interest will be seen as we proceed.

In 1810, Mr. George Medhurst, an engineer in London, published a pamphlet, in which he proposed "a new method of conveying goods and letters by air;" and in 1812 he published his calculations and remarks on the practicability of the scheme. "These publications," he says, "met with that indifference and contempt which usually attend all attempts to deviate so widely from established customs." His suggestions led however to no attempt to test their correctness; but in 1827 Mr. Medhurst printed another pamphlet,* in which the author suggests four applications of the principle of atmospheric pressure to purposes of travelling, which we will describe in his own words. The passages we select contain the whole account of what he purposed to accomplish, the rest of the pamphlet being filled with calculations and details of management, which it is unnecessary to quote.

"In order to apply this principle to the purpose of conveying goods and passengers from place to place, a hollow tube or archway must be constructed the whole distance, of iron, brick, timber, or any material that will confine the air, and of such dimensions as to admit a four-wheeled carriage to run through it, capable of carrying passengers, and of strength and capacity for large and heavy goods. The tube or aerial canal must be made air-tight, and of the same form and dimensions throughout, having a pair of cast-iron or stone wheel tracks securely laid all along the bottom, for the

wheels of the carriage to run upon; and the carriage must be nearly of the size and form of the canal, so as to prevent any considerable quantity of air from passing by it. If the air is forced into the mouth of the canal, behind the carriage, by an engine of sufficient power, it will be driven forward by the pressure of the air against it; and if the air is continually driven in, the pressure against the carriage, and consequently its motion, will be continually maintained."—Page 3.

"When the carriage is to go through the canal, from the engine, the air must be forced into the canal behind it; but when it is to go the contrary way, the same engine is to draw the air out of the canal, and rarely the air before the carriage, that the atmospheric air may press into the canal behind the carriage, and drive it the contrary way."—Page 15.

The next suggestion of Mr. Medhurst was as follows:—

"It is practicable, upon the same principle, to form a tube so as to leave a continual communication between the inside and the outside of it, without suffering any part of the impelling air to escape; and by this means to impel a carriage along upon an iron road, in the open air, with equal velocity, and in a great degree possessing the same advantages as in passing within the tube, with the additional satisfaction to passengers of being unconfined, and in view of the country. If a round iron tube, 24 inches in diameter, be made, with an opening of two inches wide in the circumference, and a flange 6 or 8 inches deep on each side of the opening, it will leave a channel between the flanges, and an opening into the tube. If such a tube is laid all along upon the ground, with the iron channel immersed in a channel of water, and a piston or box made to fit it loosely, and pass through it upon wheels or rollers, this box, driven through the tube by the air forced into it, may give motion to a carriage without, by a communication through the channel and the water. No air can pass out of the tube while the channel is immersed in water, unless the air is of such density as to force the water out of the channel, and then the air will follow it and escape; but there is an opening made for a bar of iron to pass from the running box, in the interior of the tube,.... to which a rod or crank may be brought from the carriage in the open air, and from that receive its motion."

A third plan was the following:—

"A plan to combine the two modes together, that the goods may be conveyed within the canal, and a communication made from the inside to the outside of it, so that a carriage may be impelled in the open air, to carry passengers, would be an improvement desirable and practicable. It must be effected without the aid of water, that it may rise and fall as the land lies; and it must give a continual impulse

* It was entitled "A new system of inland conveyance for goods and passengers, capable of being applied and extended throughout the country, and of conveying all kinds of goods, cattle, and passengers," etc.

to the outside carriage, without suffering the impelling air to escape. For this purpose there must be some machinery which will diminish the simplicity, make it more expensive, and more liable to be disordered, unless executed in the most substantial and perfect manner; but by skill, by experience, and sound workmanship, it may be accomplished in various ways."

Mr. Medhurst suggested a fourth idea:—

"The same principle and the same form, may be advantageously applied to convey goods and passengers in the open air, upon a common road, at the same rate of a mile in a minute, or sixty miles per hour; and without any obstruction, except, at times, contrary winds, which may retard its progress, and heavy snow, which may obstruct it. If a square iron tube be formed, two feet on each side, four feet in area, with three sides, and one half of the top, of cast iron, the other half of the top made of plate iron or copper, to lift up and shut down in a groove in the cast-iron semi-top plate, as before described; and if a strong and light box or frame be made to run upon wheels within the tube, and an iron arm made to pass out, through the opening made by lifting up the plate, as before described, this arm may give motion to a carriage in the open air, and upon the common road, without any railway, if the pressure within the tube is made strong enough for the purpose."

This pamphlet is now simply an interesting historical document: the suggestions of its author led at the time to no practical result, because, although he understood the principle, the point upon which its applicability entirely depended was unattained: the difficulty was, to find the means of rendering a tube sufficiently air-tight, and at the same time of allowing a piston, which should connect the motive power *within* the tube with the bodies to be propelled on its outside, to pass freely along an opening in this tube.

Previously, however, to the appearance of Mr. Medhurst's second tract, a patent was taken out by Mr. Vallance in 1824 for a plan of locomotion by atmospheric pressure. This was merely a modification of Mr. Medhurst's first scheme of exhausting a tunnel large enough to contain a train of carriages: a stationary engine was to be erected at one end of this tunnel, which, it was supposed, would create a sufficient vacuum for the pressure of the air acting on a piston attached to the first carriage to impel the whole train forward. It is astonishing that a plan, for many reasons so palpably impracticable, engaged the attention of any man of sense, or was made

the subject for a patent. A model of this railway was exhibited at Brighton, but this was the extent of its application.

We shall briefly notice a claim put forward by Mr. Pinkus to be the inventor of a pneumatic railway. He obtained a patent March 1st, 1834, for a contrivance precisely similar to that which Medhurst had published seven years before, excepting that he proposed to use a rope for the continuous valve, and substituted a cylinder for a square tube, which he describes as follows:—

"A flexible cord lies in the groove at the top of the cylinder, for the purpose of closing the longitudinal aperture; this cord is to be of the same length as the pneumatic railway, and to fit tightly into the groove or channel."

The failure of this scheme was shown by the fact, that Mr. Pinkus took out a new patent in 1836, in which he says,—

"The method of carrying it into practice consists in a method or in methods of constructing the pneumatic valve and the valvular cord, and in the manner of using the same, one of which methods hereinafter described, I design to substitute for and in lieu of the valve and cord described in the specification of my said former patent."

It is unnecessary to describe the specification of this contrivance, which proved a second failure; but we must note that it in no way anticipated or resembled the subsequent invention of Mr. Clegg. The difficulty had still to be conquered, and no approach to this had been made, since Mr. Medhurst first suggested the idea of making a continuous communication between the inside of the tube and the carriage without-side, sufficiently air-tight for the object required. On the 3d of January, 1839, Mr. Clegg took out his patent, which we shall presently describe, and on the third of August following Mr. Pinkus took out a third patent, in which he introduces a valve in every respect similar to that of Mr. Clegg, and further proposes to seal it with a composition to be alternately fluid and solid, as described in Mr. Clegg's patent, with the only difference that the composition was to be melted by a galvanic wire instead of a heater. This patent was enrolled eight months after the publication of Mr. Clegg's specification.

All the attempts hitherto made to overcome the difficulty we have mentioned had failed, until the invention of Mr. Clegg effected this, in a manner which, from subsequent experiments, removes any doubt as to the

practicability of the atmospheric railway, and opens a new prospect of advantages, the extent of which cannot at present be calculated. The principal feature of this invention consists in "a method of constructing and working valves in combination with machinery," to be applied to "railways or other purposes, by a line of partially exhausted pipes, for the purpose of obtaining a direct tractive force to move weights, either on the railway or otherwise." The following extract from Mr Clegg's specification explains this:—

"My improvements consist in a method of constructing and working valves in combination with machinery. These valves work on a hinge of leather, or other flexible material, which is practically air-tight (similar to the valves commonly used in air-pumps), the extremity or edge of these valves is caused to fall into a trough containing a composition of bees' wax and tallow, or bees' wax and oil, or any substance or composition of substances which is solid at the temperature of the atmosphere, and becomes fluid when heated a few degrees above it. After the valve is closed, and its extremity is laying in the trough, the tallow is heated sufficiently to seal up or cement together the fracture round the edge or edges of the valve, which the previous opening of the valve had caused; and then the heat being removed, the tallow again becomes hard, and forms an air-tight joint or cement between the extremity of the valve and the trough. When it is requisite to open the valve, it is done by lifting it out of the tallow, with or without the application of heat, and the before named process of sealing it, or rendering it air-tight, is repeated every time it is closed. This combination of valves, with machinery, is made in the application of these valves to railways, or other purposes, by a line of partially exhausted pipes for the purpose of obtaining a direct tractive force to move weights, either on the railway or otherwise."

In a pamphlet printed in 1841, Mr. Pim, the treasurer of the Dublin Railway Company, addressed a letter to the Earl of Ripon, then President of the Board of Trade, on the subject of the atmospheric railway. From this work we shall extract a simple description of the invention.

"On this system of working railways, the moving power is communicated to the trains by means of a continuous pipe or main, of suitable diameter, laid in the middle of the track, and supported by the same cross-sleepers to which the chairs and rails are attached. The internal surface of the pipe being properly prepared by a coating of tallow, a travelling piston made air-tight by leather packing, is introduced therein, and is connected to the leading carriage of each train by an iron plate or

coulter. In this position, if part of the air be withdrawn from that length of pipe in front of the piston by an air-pump, worked from a stationary engine or by other mechanical means, placed at a suitable distance, a certain amount of pressure on the back of the piston (being the locomotive force) will take place, proportioned to the power employed. In practice, and to work economically, it will be sufficient to produce an exhaustion of air in the pipe, equal to causing a pressure from the atmosphere, upon or behind the travelling piston, of 8 lbs. per square inch, which is only about one-half the pressure due to a vacuum. Supposing the main pipe to be of 18 inches internal diameter, it will receive a piston of 254 superficial inches area, on which, with the above pressure, a tractive force of 2,032 lbs. is consequently obtained; and this is capable of propelling a train weighing 45 tons (or eight to nine loaded carriages), at the rate of 30 miles an hour, up an acclivity of 1 in 100, or 53 feet per mile. The iron coulter being fixed to the travelling piston within the pipe, and also to the leading carriage of the train, connects them together, moving through an aperture formed in the top, and along the whole length of the pipe; while one set of vertical rollers attached to the piston rod, at some little distance behind the piston, progressively lift up for the space of a few feet, and another set of rollers attached to the carriage close down again, a portion of a continuous flexible valve or flap, of peculiar construction, covering the aperture; and it is the very simple, ingenious, and efficient mode of successively opening, and closing down and hermetically sealing this valve, as each train advances and moves on, that constitutes the merit of the invention, and the foundation of the patent; the operation consisting first, in opening the valve to admit the free admission of the external air, to press on the back of the piston, and produce motion; and then in effectually closing down and sealing the valve again, so as to leave the pipe in a fit state to receive the travelling piston of the next train, and ready to be again exhausted of its air. Stationary engines of sufficient power, proportioned to the amount of traffic and speed required, would, in practice, be placed at intervals of about three miles apart, and be arranged to work the railway to that length, alternately on either side of their position, as might be required."—Pages 6-8.

The means of stopping a train and passing from one section of pipe to another are as follows:—

"When it becomes necessary to stop or retard the carriages, in addition to the use of a common brake, a valve in the travelling piston may be opened by the guard or conductor of the train, whereby, the external air being admitted in advance of the piston into the exhausted portion of the pipe, the propelling power is at once destroyed. The separating valves, in the main or pipe between each sec-

tion or division of the line, being made self-acting, there will be no occasion for stopping, or even for retarding the movement of the train, in passing from one division of the pipe to another, as the air is successively exhausted by the stationary power placed at the proper intervals. The carriages may, therefore, pass continuously, at any required velocity, as if drawn by a locomotive engine; and it is necessary to keep this circumstance in mind, as by any other system of traction by stationary engines than the atmospheric, a stoppage and a change at each engine is unavoidable."—*Pages 8-10.*

It is difficult to appreciate fully the simplicity and beauty of this invention, and the facility and regularity with which the tube and valves act, without examining the apparatus or plans of its construction. The exhaustion of the main tube, and the propulsion of the piston and carriages attached, are easily comprehended; but the mode of passing from one section of the pipe to another, above alluded to, requires more attention: this is explained in the description given by M. Teisserenc in his Report to the French Government, to which we shall presently allude:

"Quand on sort de la sphère d'action d'une machine pneumatique, pour entrer dans la sphère d'action de l'appareil pneumatique suivant, il est donc convenable que l'air du tube dans lequel on entre soit déjà raréfié; mais alors le tube est fermé à ses deux extrémités. Nouvelle difficulté pour éviter le choc du piston arrivant avec toute sa vitesse acquise contre la soupape de clôture, pour ouvrir cette soupape avec un petit effort, de manière à donner passage au piston, sans donner passage à l'air extérieur, sans arrêter, sans ralentir seulement le convoi. Ici il a fallu encore recourir à une disposition fort ingénieuse. La soupape de MM. Clegg et Samuda s'ouvre au moment où le piston ferme déjà le tube, et par l'action même du piston; l'effort est presque nul, la rentrée de l'air n'en est pas augmentée. Quant à la sortie du piston d'un tube, elle ne donne lieu non plus à aucun choc, bien qu'une soupape de clôture se trouve aussi à l'extrémité du tuyau, et voici comment: l'appareil pneumatique placé sur le côté du chemin communique avec le tube de propulsion par un tube aspirateur. Il a suffi de placer ce tuyau aspirateur à quelques mètres en deçà de l'extrémité fermée par la soupape de sortie pour rendre toute rencontre entre le piston et cette soupape impossible. Dès que le piston a dépassé le tube aspirateur, l'air n'étant plus enlevé devant lui se comprime de plus en plus, augmente progressivement de densité jusqu'au moment où la pression intérieure étant supérieure à la pression atmosphérique, la soupape s'ouvre d'elle-même."—*M. Teisserenc's Report*, p. 112.

Soon after Mr. Clegg had taken out his patent, he exhibited a model 30 feet long at Paris; and a second model, 120 feet long, was erected in 1840, by Messrs. Samuda at their manufactory in Southwark, which excited much attention. In the autumn of the same year a space of ground at Wormholt Scrubs, half a mile long, was placed by the directors of the Thames Junction Railway Company at the disposal of Messrs. Clegg and Samuda, (who co-operated in carrying out the invention,) for the purpose of laying down a line of railway on the atmospheric principle; and in May, 1840, this experimental line was opened. An event so interesting attracted a large concourse of persons to the spot; and by the issue of the experiment then to be tried, would probably be shown the practicability or failure of the invention: several members of the Cabinet, and a large number of persons of rank and eminent engineers were present. The success which from the first attended these experiments realized the expectations of Messrs. Clegg and Samuda; they were repeated several times each week during a twelvemonth, and continued less frequently a second year. Engineers and persons connected with railway companies came from Paris, Petersburg, Vienna, Berlin and other parts of the continent, as well as from every part of the British dominions, to examine the apparatus and witness its operation. The results of these experiments appeared in a pamphlet in 1840, which was reprinted in an extended form in 1841. We shall refer to the points of chief interest.

The inclination of the line was 1 in 120; the vacuum-pipe half a mile long and 9 inches internal diameter; the exhausting-pump was 37½ inches diameter and 22½ inches stroke, worked by a steam-engine of 16-horse power.

"For the purpose of experiment, a series of posts were fixed along the half mile every two chains, and a barometric gauge was attached at each end of the pipe, for the purpose of ascertaining the degree to which the pipe was exhausted. A vacuum equal to a column of mercury eighteen inches high was obtained in about one minute, and both gauges indicated the same extent of vacuum at the same instant."

Following out the registered results obtained during six months, it was found that a main pipe of 18 inches diameter would be sufficiently large for a traffic of 5000 tons a day, viz. 2500 each way, supposing the in-

clination of the line to average 1 in 100.* But among the most important of the facts deduced from these experiments are the following, which refer to the effects of wear and tear on the apparatus :

..... "The workings of the system are equally perfect during all seasons,—through the height of summer and in the severest winter that we have known for many years : in no single instance during the whole time has any derangement of the machinery taken place, to prevent, or even to delay for one minute, the starting of the trains. The main pipe and valve have considerably improved by working; the composition for sealing the valve has become so much more firmly bedded in its place, that while in June last we were only able to obtain a vacuum equal to a column of mercury 19 to 20 inches high, we now obtain from 22 to 24 inches, and occasionally 25. The speed, originally from 20 to 30 miles per hour, now ranges from 30 to 45. The whole attendance the valve and main received during this period was that of a single laborer for about

* The Patentees give the following details :—
 "A main pipe, 18 inches diameter, will contain a piston of 254 inches area : the usual pressure on this piston, produced by exhausting the pipe, should be 8 lbs. per square inch (as this is the most economical degree of vacuum to work at, and a large margin is left for obtaining higher vacuums to draw trains heavier than usual on emergencies,—a tractive force of 2032 pounds is thus obtained, which will draw a train weighing 45 tons, at 30 miles per hour, up an incline rising 1 in 100. Two and a half miles of this pipe will contain 23,324 cubic feet of air, $\frac{1}{30}$ ths of which, or 12,439 cubic feet, must be pumped out to effect a vacuum equal to 8 lbs. per square inch; the air-pump for this purpose should be 5 feet 7 inches diameter, or 24.7 feet area, and its piston should move through 220 feet per minute, thus discharging at the rate of $24.7 \times 220 = 5434$ cubic feet per minute at first, and at the rate of 2536 cubic feet per minute when the vacuum has advanced to 16 inches mercury, or 8 lbs. per square inch, the mean quantity discharged being thus 3985 feet per minute: therefore $\frac{12439}{3985} = 3.1$ minutes, the time required to exhaust the pipe; and as the area of the pump-piston is 14 times as great as that in the pipe, so the velocity of the latter will be 14 times as great as that of the former, or 220 feet per minute $\times 14 = 3080$ feet per minute, or 35 miles per hour. But in consequence of the imperfect action of an air-pump, slight leakages, etc., this velocity will be reduced to 30 miles per hour, and the time requisite to make the vacuum increased to 4 minutes: the train will thus move over the 2 1-2 miles section in 5 minutes, and it can be prepared for the next train in 4 minutes more,—together 9 minutes; 15 minutes is therefore ample time to allow between each train, and supposing the working day to consist of 14 hours, 56 trains can be started in each direction, or 2520 tons, making a total of 5000 tons per day. The fixed engine to perform this duty will be 110 horses' power, equivalent to 22 horses' power per mile in each direction."

one hour every week; the composition now in the valve-groove has never been changed; and 56 lbs. weight only has been added to supply the waste; the cost of this composition, which consists of wax and tallow, is 1s. per lb.*
 —Page 11.

The success of these experiments, and the general attention which was drawn to the subject, forced it upon the notice of the Government. Mr. Pim, who took a warm interest in the promotion of so important an enterprise, printed a detailed description of the atmospheric railway, the great public advantages which its adoption held out, and urged the subject strongly on the attention of the Board of Trade. In consequence of this appeal, Sir Frederick Smith and Professor Barlow were appointed to examine the experimental works at Wormholt Scrubs, and to furnish a report upon the applicability of the system. This document, addressed to the Earl of Ripon, was presented to Parliament, and is dated February 15, 1842. Its contents consist chiefly of calculations on the details of working, too purely scientific for our examination here. We cannot, however, but notice the partiality of the general remarks, the evident desire to suggest every doubt and to minimize every advantage of the atmospheric system. Notwithstanding this bias, however, the admissions forced upon its authors are decisive. The chief points on which questions naturally present themselves, and to which we shall first confine our attention, are the following: we quote them from the Parliamentary Report :—

"It is no longer a question whether trains of carriages may be worked by means of atmospheric pressure; the points now to be decided are:

"1. Whether this principle admit of its being advantageously applied to greater distances than half a mile, which is the length of the present experimental line" [at Wormholt Scrubs].

"2. The probable expense of constructing a railway on this principle, and of supplying the locomotive power.

"3. The relative economy in working such a line, as compared with a railway worked by locomotive engines.

"4. The degree of safety which the atmospheric system affords, as compared with other locomotive means."

The first of these points appears to be decided, by the successful results obtained on the railway from Kingstown to Dalkey, extending nearly two miles, which has been

recently completed: these are still more satisfactory than the former experiments on a line of half a mile; but we shall have occasion to refer to them hereafter. We shall here quote the observations of Mr. Samuda on this point:—

"In answer to the first objection we would say, in every case where a train has been started, the pipe has first been exhausted to 18 inches of mercury or upwards. . . . From the barometric gauges fixed at both ends of the pipe, the vacuum is ascertained to be formed to an equal extent throughout the whole length without any appreciable difference of time. The pipe laid down is 9 inches diameter, and half a mile long, and a pressure equal to a column of mercury 18 inches high is obtained in one minute by an air-pump $37\frac{1}{4}$ inches diameter, moving through 165 feet per minute. Now it is obvious that, if the transverse section of the pipe be increased to any extent, and the area of the air-pump proportionately increased, the result will remain unaltered,—i. e. half a mile of pipe will be exhausted in one minute; and supposing the air-pump has to exhaust 3 miles, it will perform the operation in 6 minutes; it is also obvious that if the area of the air-pump be increased in a greater proportion than that of the pipe, the exhaustion will be performed more rapidly, or *vice versa*. These results are matters of absolute certainty, as convincingly clear as that the power of a steam-engine must be regulated by the area of the piston on which the steam acts. No person of scientific attainments will for one moment doubt that, if a steam-engine were made with a cylinder twice the area of the largest cylinder ever set to work, the power obtained would be in proportion to the increased area. And so with the air-pumps before alluded to; the excess of work is immediately arrived at, that an air-pump 6 feet 3 inches diameter will perform over another of 3 feet $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch diameter, the speed of the pistons being the same in both instances. So plain and self-evident is this result, that we believe the most skeptical will admit it to be correct; and this being granted, the applicability of the system to a line of any length must follow; for whatever the length of railroad be,—whether 3, or 30, or 300 miles,—no different effects have to be produced. The working a road 30 miles long would be the same thing as working 10 roads each 3 miles long. Every 3 miles an engine and air-pump is fixed, which exhausts its own portion of pipe before the train arrives; thus, as the train advances, it receives power from each succeeding engine in turn (and without any stoppage, unless required, until it arrives at its final destination), and the air-pumps continuing to work, after the train has passed, on the section they act upon, re-exhaust it in readiness for the next."

2. With respect to the cost of construc-

tion, we now possess satisfactory data upon which to form a calculation. In the first place, on the atmospheric system one line of rails is proved to be sufficient, and half the expense of rails is thus at once saved. But in addition to this, the weight of the rail may be reduced very considerably, in consequence of the weight of the locomotive engine (from fifteen to twenty tons) being got rid of.

M. Mallet, in his recent Report to the French Government, (to which we shall refer hereafter), makes another valuable suggestion, which will probably lead to a further saving:—"Could we not besides (as is done on the road from Kingstown to Dalkey, where the trains run more than 500 mètres by momentum, the piston out of the pipe) have long interruptions of the main pipes, at the ends of which the trains arriving at new mains should regain their lost speed. Great economy would follow such an arrangement. Of the different combinations which might thus be formed, much yet remains to be said."—Page 44.

Another considerable saving is effected in the expense of forming the road. Those who have studied the cost of constructing railways, know well how large an item this forms. A slight inclination in the course renders a succession of embankments, cuttings, viaducts, etc., necessary, which have not only to be made in the first instance, but to be maintained and repaired. The cost of this is too obvious, to any one who has travelled on our present lines of railway, to need indication.

M. Mallet, in speaking of the width of way required on the present system, says:—

"This width, more than quadruple that of the road, is rendered necessary by—First, the foundation of the slopes required by the cuttings and embankments. Secondly, the spoil banks. Thirdly, the side roads. Fourthly, the drains or ditches; and Fifthly and lastly, the sidings for stations on the line. Of these five causes the principal is the foundations for the slopes, which are often very considerable. The necessity of great radii of curvature, and especially that of small inclinations, leads inevitably to this. With the Atmospheric system, the earthworks, and consequently the extent of the slopes, will be much less considerable. To estimate the cost of compensation on this system at five-ninths of that on the ordinary railroads would be to overrate this part of the expense."—Page 40.

And again:—

"Passing now to works of art, I shall remark that a great number among them, as

bridges, under which the railroad passes, will be considerably reduced in their dimensions. Instead of a height of 5^m. 50 under the crown, these bridges will need to have no more than 3^m. 50 at most, since it will not be necessary to leave passage for the chimneys of the locomotives. The quantity of embankment at the approaches to these bridges will be proportionally less."—Page 41.

The fact has never been questioned, that the atmospheric railway admits of much steeper gradients; and, without entering on the wide field of calculations of economy and public advantage which this simple fact opens, we shall limit our remarks to one point of view, and leave our readers to follow out the deducible reasonings. A locomotive engine weighing 17 tons will only draw a load of about 30 tons up an inclined plane of 1 in 100 at the rate of 20 miles an hour. If required to draw any additional weight, at this small speed, another engine must be attached,—that is, the cost of working must be *doubled*. This is alluded to by M. Teisserenc:—

"Ne pouvant diviser les trains, ni créer à volonté des trains supplémentaires, aussitôt qu'un convoi est trop chargé, il faut atteler deux locomotives, c'est-à-dire doubler les frais de transport. Les accidents sur les trains menés à très-grande vitesse ont d'autant plus de gravité que le nombre des voitures attelées est plus considérable. Non seulement ils frappent un plus grand nombre de personnes, mais la masse en mouvement étant plus grande, les chocs, en cas d'arrêt brusque, sont plus difficiles à amortir, plus désastreux dans leurs conséquences."—Page 107.

We now turn to the atmospheric principle. The stationary engine of 100 horsepower, now at work on the Dalkey railway, draws 72 tons at 20 miles an hour, along a line of 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles upon a gradient of 1 in 100. The Parliamentary Reporters admit that, whilst "a great part of the power of the heavy locomotive engine is expended in overcoming its own gravity and resistance, it is equally true that, on the atmospheric principle, the whole additional force is exerted on the load itself." This advantage of the atmospheric principle consequently admits the power of working lines economically on a large range of gradients from which locomotive power is necessarily excluded; the question of limit is, in fact, one not of power, but of economical calculation. "The atmospheric system," says M. Mallet, "is, so to speak, master of the acclivities, and affords opportunities of mak-

ing calculations which the present system, with its stringent conditions, does not admit of." To overcome the resistance of a load up a steep hill, the power of the engine must be increased; and it is only a question, in each particular instance, whether this will be more expensive than tunnelling or embanking. The Parliamentary Reporters remark, that "to work steep inclines by means of larger tubes would involve the necessity of stopping the train at the foot of such planes, and of again overcoming the inertia of the load; in both instances causing a loss of time." This objection is answered by Mr. Bergin as follows:—

"Assume for a moment, which however I altogether deny, that it was necessary to vary the size of the main on every ascent, and to stop the train at the foot thereof, for the purpose of changing the piston, I should say the cases are very few indeed in which the engineer, when laying out a line of railway, could not so arrange his plans that these stopping places should be the most desirable for stations, and thus render the accommodation afforded to the public perfectly compatible with the efficient and economical working of the line. But I do not agree in supposing it necessary to change the dimensions of the main on every steep incline;.....the less the exhaustion in the main, the greater the quantity of air extracted at each stroke of the pump in proportion to the power expended; or, in other words, the less the exhaustion (within proper limits) the diameter of the main being proportionately increased, the greater the economy of the system; and in this assertion I am fully borne out by the Reporters' investigation. Further, this reduction of vacuum does not materially affect the velocity of travelling, which is essentially dependent on the *discharging power* of the air-pump. Such being the fact, an engineer, when looking out a line of railway, and starting with the knowledge that he is not restricted to levels or even to moderate gradients, would find few districts in which he would not be able to form the railway almost on the very surface of the country; for he would be at liberty to avail himself of almost any ascent; the only consequence of his doing so being an increased expenditure of power, precisely in the ratio of the increased resistance."

There are many other incidental advantages, of an importance scarcely yet appreciable, which are obtained by the simple command of steeper gradients. It will be seen that this opens at once a much wider and more free choice to the engineer in the course of his line, and the expenses of compensation for the value of property may fre-

quently be affected and considerably reduced or avoided.

Independent, however, of mere economical considerations, we remark the incalculable advantage of effecting the *possibility of railroads* in countries where locomotive power must ever remain inapplicable.—Mountains may be bored, valleys may be bridged with viaducts, or filled up with embankments, but the power to effect this does not depend merely upon skill and the command of capital; it is restricted within the limits of prudential economy, of that foresight in man which regulates expenditure by anticipated profit,—which plants the grain, that it may increase and multiply. These gigantic works will only be undertaken where the existing or anticipated traffic justifies the speculation; and we may hence estimate, in some degree, the value of an invention which offers so wide an extension of these advantages of communication, whilst it holds out increased inducements of profit to enterprising capitalists to promote the public benefit.

3. We now proceed to the relative expenses of working, on which point the Parliamentary Reporters make the following remarks:—

“This a question to which no general answer can be given, because it depends entirely on the daily amount of traffic. We have no doubt that a stationary engine properly proportioned, according to the rules we have indicated for a pipe three miles long, would be able to work trains on a line every quarter of an hour, or every half hour, each way, during the day (say of 12 hours), amounting to 144 miles. Now to work this distance by a locomotive engine, at the moderate estimate of 1s. 4d. per mile, would amount to 9l. 18s., say 10l. per day; whereas the stationary engine power would not cost one half that sum, and consequently a saving in working expenses would arise of 1800l. or 2000l. per annum. But if only half this duty were required, the expenses of the two ways of working would be much nearer equal; and again, if only half the latter duty were to be performed, that is, of trains starting only every two hours each way, the advantages would be on the side of the locomotive engine. The fact is, that in one case the expenses per diem will be nearly the same, whether working at intervals of an hour or at every quarter hour; whereas in the other the charge is nearly proportional to the work actually performed.”—*Report*, p. 5.

This we assume to be correct; at the same time it will be borne in mind that, by ascertained facts, the atmospheric railway is now shown to work as easily at the rate

of fifty to sixty miles an hour, upon an ordinary line, as at twenty miles,—with the remarkable advantage, that increase of speed does not increase the cost. In some respects, the tendency of increase of speed is even to lessen cost; for instance, it has been shown that the leakage is diminished in proportion to speed, and a saving is thus effected. Assuming, therefore, on the other hand, that the traffic on a line renders it desirable to start trains every quarter instead of every half hour, it is easily accomplished. The statement of the Parliamentary Reporters shows how the economy on the atmospheric system would increase in such cases. And here we must remark a singular advantage of employing stationary engines, alluded to by M. Teisserenc.* The cost of a locomotive engine, in action, is nearly the same whatever load it draws; and the cost of repairs is proportionably smaller upon an engine of large size and power; such a motive power can therefore be only profitably worked with large trains, and this very fact tends to limit considerably the number of daily trains, and consequently the advantages of railway travelling.† A necessary regard to public security leads to the same conclusion. The rapid succession of trains upon a line is a constant source of danger, and delays are therefore unavoidable. Upon an atmospheric railway, on the contrary, the greater the number of trains started in a day (without reference to their load), the more economical is the system of working. By the registered experiments on the Dalkey railway, a train with a load of seventy-two tons, takes five minutes and thirty-three seconds to perform the journey of a mile and three quarters. Now, as upon this system no two trains can possibly move at once on the same section of pipe, no delay is required in starting the trains, to avoid danger from their overtaking one another. As soon, therefore, as one train has passed off a section, the tube is ready to be exhausted again (which is effected in about three to five minutes), and to receive the next train immediately. Upon these facts it is easy to form any calculations; motives of economy would lead to the starting of as *many*, instead of as *few* trains as possible; and whilst no accident could by any chance occur from a rapid succession of trains, it is needless to remark that the public would be incalculably benefited.

* See his Report to the French Government, p. 107. † Ibid, p. 107.

An important point will be here observed,—that a considerable saving in the cost of working is effected by the very means which the public advantage requires—namely, by despatching trains as speedily as possible. Their weight is consequently diminished, and the piston, having less to draw, may be proportionably smaller in diameter. This reduces the cost of the pipe (which is the chief item in the first outlay of construction) in nearly the same proportion as the speed is increased, and as the rapid succession of trains is effected. In short, the economy of working and the advantage to the public are here identical.

Upon this subject we will only observe, that a consideration next in importance to that of security, is that of *velocity*—the power obtained by so much greater speed in carriage—and the manifold results which are connected, directly and indirectly, with this advantage. To these results we can only draw the reader's attention in a general way: the value to the Government of a double rate of speed (independently of a reduced rate of carriage) is incalculable, for the transmission of despatches, troops, etc., but above all for the service of the Post Office. We may imagine, but cannot estimate, the vast effect on the revenue and business of the Post Office, which must accrue from the following advantages:—as quick a succession of trains as might be desired,—a speed of transmission more than double the present,—a large reduction of the expenses of carriage,—besides opening the possibility of employing railways in lines where they are now wholly impracticable. Without considering the really most important gain to the nation—of the new facilities of correspondence—we limit our remark to the effects on the Post Office revenue.

Another source of economy in working on the atmospheric system is, that the power expended may be exactly regulated according to the power required. M. Mallet remarks on this point:—

“Whatever be the load of the trains, the Rouen Railway Company pay 1*l*. 10 per kilomètre for locomotive power; whilst on the atmospheric system the action of the engines might be diminished, and the power proportioned to the resistance, by making no more rarefaction than necessary. It would be possible, for instance, to use on ordinary occasions an exhaust, on of twelve or thirteen inches;—this could easily be obtained in two minutes. Thus, at each trip, three minutes' work of the engines would be saved.”—Page 52.

The Parliamentary Report states, that “in the cost of the maintenance of way, there would be a difference in favor of the atmospheric principle.”

An objection has been raised to the atmospheric system, on the ground of the expense of the stationary steam-engines and establishments, and the liability to accident. This is replied to by Mr. Samuda as follows:—

“The objection as to the complexity and outlay attendant on a number of fixed engines, may perhaps be better answered by taking a review of the number and expense of these engines and the duty they are required to perform. On a line 30 miles long, supposing the average distance between the engines to be 3 miles, there would be 10 engines and air-pumps with their engine-houses; and if the railroad were appointed for transporting 5000 tons per day over the whole distance (considerably more than double the amount carried daily on any railroad in England), the expense of one of these stationary engine establishments would cost complete £4,200, which, multiplied by 10, will give £42,000—total cost on the whole line. But it is a fact which probably must have escaped the notice of those urging this expense as a drawback to the atmospheric system, if they were ever acquainted with it, that to perform a traffic of only 1700 tons per day, upwards of one locomotive engine per mile is necessary; and as each locomotive costs £1500, the total capital required for locomotive power on a railroad 30 miles in length would be £45,000; in first cost, therefore, there would be a saving of £3000 in favor of the stationary power; but this is far from being the most important saving. Every mill-owner in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and any person connected with mining operations, will readily admit that this outlay being once incurred for a steam-engine to drive his machinery or drain his mine, and his engine being once fixed on *terra firma*, its deterioration, uncertainty of action, or annual expense of maintenance, is not a source of annoyance or anxiety to him.

Five per cent. per annum on the cost will more than cover all repairs necessary to be performed to it, and all oil, hemp, and tallow used in working it. It is the exception, and not the rule, if a stationary engine once fixed, meet with a derangement to render a stoppage necessary.

The annual expenses will be for repairs at 5 per cent on £42,000	£2100
For coal for these engines (when transporting 2000 tons per day), 6420 tons per year, at 20 <i>s</i> . per ton	6420
Wages to engine-men and stokers	1800
	<hr/>
	£10,320

“The Liverpool and Manchester Railway is 30 miles long, and is the only railway that transports as much as 1700 tons per day over

its whole distance; and the annual expense of its locomotive department, including coke, is about £50,000 a year. Need we make any further comment, when the annual expense of power for the atmospheric system is £10,320, and for performing the same traffic on the locomotive system upwards of £50,000 is found necessary? Great as the pecuniary advantages have been shown to be, we must not forget to correct the third objection; viz., the erroneous opinion that the system is faulty because an accident occurring at one of these stations would interrupt the traffic on the whole line. *Prima facie*, this argument is correct, but we have already shown how small the chance of accident is to a stationary steam-engine.....To make assurance doubly sure, a pair of engines and a pair of air pumps, each of half the requisite power, may be fixed at each station: should any thing cause one engine and pump to stop, the traffic would not be interrupted; the only delay would be the retardation of the train while passing over that section of pipe where only half the power was in action; and, until the cause of the stoppage were removed, the trains would be some five or six minutes more than usual performing the journey.—Page 17.

We must notice one more objection of a serious nature, connected with the employment of a single line of way,—viz. that an accident occurring at one of the stations, or any where along the pipe, may interrupt the traffic on the whole line. Upon this point Mr. Samuda remarks:—

“The next objection we have to meet is the interruption to the traffic from some derangement in the pipe. This comprehends, 1st, an accident to the pipe itself; and, 2nd, from the composition not being effectually sealed.—An accident to the pipe can only occur from breakage, and, unless designedly perpetrated, could never happen at all. But for the sake of argument, we will suppose a pipe has been broken—no matter how; the time of removing it and replacing it with another would be considerably less than the time now necessary to clear off the fragments of a broken engine and train after a collision; and supposing a length of valve to require replacing, it could be done in less time than replacing a rail when torn up by an engine running off the line. If, instead of one, there were one hundred places along the pipe where the heater had imperfectly performed its functions, the admission of atmospheric air through the composition in these places would only reduce the column of mercury a few inches: no stoppage or interruption of the traffic could possibly occur from this cause; and by comparing the quantity of air pumped out at each stroke of the pump with the quantity that will leak in at each imperfectly sealed spot, any such erroneous idea will be removed. Perhaps on this head an appeal to experience will be more satisfactory

than any argument, however strong. In the whole of our workings, the column of mercury has never varied in height more than two inches on the same day; and as it requires eight times the number of minutes to destroy the vacuum in the pipe, when the engine is at rest, than it takes to raise it when in action, it follows that one-eighth only of the power (two horses) is all that is employed to overcome leakage. Perhaps the necessity of stopping the traffic of a line in the event of an accident, until the damage is replaced or the obstacle cleared away, should be regarded upon all railways as a peculiar advantage: by this necessity all chance of “running into” is avoided; and where stationary power is employed the difficulties of communication which a locomotive line has to contend with are overcome. By means of an electric telegraph, every engine-station along 100 miles of road may be communicated with in half a minute, and thus the traffic may be suspended and resumed at pleasure.”—Page 17.

M. Mallet has examined this objection in the following passage:—

“It has been said, should any accident occur on your single way, the traffic is all stopped; whereas with the two lines of a locomotive road, if any thing happens to one you have the other remaining. I will not dispute the validity of this objection, neither will I destroy it; but I can greatly lessen it in stating that very many of the accidents which happen on the locomotive lines, become an impossibility upon the atmospheric. No collision, no probable running off the rails: from whence then will accidents arise? From evil disposed persons injuring the road? In that case, the lines of locomotives are as open to their attacks as the atmospheric, and they might as well injure two lines as one. I see not any chance of stoppage, except from the breaking of an axle or a wheel, and these are mishaps which occur but seldom; besides which, when they do, the road could speedily be cleared of one carriage rendered unfit for service. I will not for a moment deny that there may be occasions of interruption of the transits; so there are also upon the locomotive lines, in spite of their two lines of way.”

4. In the last place we have to consider the safety afforded by the atmospheric system, as compared with other locomotive means. This is a subject of such paramount importance, that, were any one system proved to afford increased security, purchased even by increased cost of construction and working, a proper regard to public safety of life and limb ought to preponderate over pecuniary motives. When however, on the contrary, an invention offers the means of reducing the expenses of travelling, and at the same time of ob-

viating the *possibility* of accident, such a benefit to mankind ought at least to be met with every attention and encouragement. If any one feature characterizes the principle of the atmospheric railway, it is the very element of safety which lies in its construction and in the mode of its working. On this point we shall first quote the opinion of M. Teisserenc:—

"Au point de vue de la Sécurité.—Il est facile de montrer que le système atmosphérique remédie à toutes les causes principales d'accident sur les chemins-de-fer en usage aujourd'hui. Quelles sont, en effet, ces causes: les collisions entre les trains, la sortie de la voie, la rupture des essieux des locomotives, les éboulements dans les grandes tranchées, les incendies. Avec l'appareil atmosphérique, pas de collisions, pas d'incendies, pas de rupture d'essieu; la voie modelée sur le niveau naturel du sol ne nécessite pas de grands mouvements de terre; le train tenu par un point fixe ne peut guère quitter les rails."—*Page 117.*

Mr. Samuda remarks upon this subject as follows:—

"Beside these advantages, this system possesses others of still more importance to the public. No collision between trains can take place; for as the power cannot be applied to more than one piston at a time in the same section of pipe, the trains must ever be the length of a section apart from each other; and if from any cause a train should be stopped in the middle of a section, the train which follows it will be obliged to stop also at the entrance of the pipe, as there will be no power to propel it until the first train is out. It is also impossible for two trains to run in opposite directions on the same line, as the power is only applied at one end of each section. A train cannot get off the rail, as the leading carriage is firmly attached to the piston, which travels in the pipe between the rails; and the luggage and carriages cannot be burnt, as no engines travel with the trains."

The opinion given by M. Mallet fully confirms this statement. "Firstly," he says, "this system, from not employing locomotives, is exempt from all the dangers to which accidents to them expose us.In the second place, the risk of collision entirely vanishes, and perfect security may be enjoyed on that head, two trains never being able to run in the same pipe at once." Again he says:—

"Upon an atmospheric railroad there is no possibility of running off the rails; or at least, if one carriage gets off the rails no accident can result from it. First, the leading carriage, firmly and closely attached to a pipe, which

may well be regarded as immovable, from its own weight and the strength with which it is fastened down, cannot run off the rail. Those which follow it, and are linked to each other, would have even more difficulty in getting off the rails. But on a railroad, whilst the guiding carriage maintains its way, it is of little consequence if one of those behind misses the rail; its wheels may plough up the soil beside the track, but as it cannot get away no danger is to be apprehended, and the worst that can happen will be a check in the speed. This is an important result for the construction of roads upon the atmospheric system. Curves, also, which on the locomotive system may not be made less than 800m radius, may by this system be taken much sharper. I do not think that it is wise to reduce them as far as those of the road of Kingstown to Dalkey; but I look upon radii of 300m to 400m as quite possible."—*Page 28.*

This point is of such singular importance to the public, that we deem it desirable to compare the opinions of all those engineers who have examined and reported upon the merits of the system, as it is essential that the fullest satisfaction should be afforded. We shall further quote a passage from Mr. Bergin's pamphlet, in which he notices a remark made in the Parliamentary Report,—that it is a great element of safety for the source of power to be present with the train.

"There remains but one other matter to which I think it necessary to advert; but that one is, in my judgment, of such paramount importance, that, more than any other, it characterizes the atmospheric system; I mean the safety of the passengers; not merely relatively to other modes of transit, but the highest attainable degree of absolute safety.Now what the locomotive system is in point of safety to the older modes of travelling, I believe the atmospheric to be to the locomotive: in a word, as free from hazard as it is possible for any human contrivance to be. What elements of danger are there?—collision is impossible, all recognized causes of fracture of parts are almost altogether absent.In speaking on this subject, the Reporters say, 'On railways, it is a great element of safety that the source of power is present with the train, and may be almost instantly turned off if any necessity shows itself for the stopping.'—The presence of the engine, it is too well known, has not always proved a source of safety, as no inconsiderable portion of the very worst of railway casualties have been solely occasioned by it. The latter part of the sentence is generally true; but in this respect there is no difference between the locomotive and the atmospheric systems; or if there be, it is in my opinion in favor of the latter, inasmuch as the means of turning off the power are still

more certain; the regulator or steam-cock of a locomotive-engine may stick fast, so that the engineman cannot move it; this I have more than once known to be the case. But there are abundance of contrivances in daily use, any one of which is adequate for uniting the travelling piston to the train, and in which no difficulty of separation, nor apprehension of any derangement, can possibly exist. Besides, even were this not the case, this separation or casting off is not the only means at the command of the conductor; in common with the locomotive-train he has the break, and in addition he has the power of instantly opening a communication between the exhausted main and the atmosphere; this latter of course is not so immediate in its action as shutting off the steam in a locomotive, but combined with the break, which from the much less weight and momentum of the atmospheric train, I know by frequent trials, (even at full speed, and with the full motive pressure in operation,) to be much more effective than with a locomotive engine. I believe it practicable to bring to rest a train moved by atmospheric pressure, *in as short a space as is consistent with the materials of the carriage holding together.*"

Thus, so far from its being a cause of insecurity for the source of power to be distant from the train, the very reverse is the case. "La locomotive porte avec elle," observes M. Teisserenc, "un élément terrible de destruction, le feu, dont le catastrophe du 8 Mai, les accidents arrivés sur le chemin de Liège, sur celui de Tsarkoé-Selo à St. Petersburg, ne font que trop ressortir le danger." Similar casualties of daily occurrence, attended with more or less mischief, might be quoted. The objection stated in the above extract has been carefully examined by M. Mallet, who says in conclusion:—"I must add, that it is not true to assert that there is no communication between the engine-man and the train. The barometer, which he has continually before his eyes, ever indicates the power he is exerting over the piston, and the increased or diminished velocity of the train is perfectly known to him by the rising and falling of the mercury. The barometer, also, is an instrument which it requires very little instruction to understand and make use of.

But independently of the removal of this source of danger, it is manifest that, in the very point in which the Parliamentary Reporters ascribe exclusive safety to the locomotive system, the atmospheric has the advantage of not only possessing *all* the means of safety attached to a locomotive

engine, unattended by any of its dangers, but others in addition. We may observe that the weight of the engine being dispensed with, the momentum of a train is reduced in proportion. The necessary weight in a train to convey 200 passengers upon the locomotive system amounts to 77 tons; whilst on the atmospheric system it is only 33 tons. So that the application of the break on the latter system will stop a train in half the time that it would with locomotive engines. Mr. Bergin has alluded to these in the above extract, but we may notice still another.

When the power is turned off in a locomotive engine, the momentum is checked by the break, and by reversing the action of the engines. Upon the atmospheric system, the required object is, as it were, also provided for in a beautiful manner by the natural action of the principle employed. The conductor no sooner opens the communication between the exhausted main and the atmosphere (which is accomplished by the simplest means), than the very power which had before served to impel the train, now, when it is required to act contrariwise, tends to retard it. As soon as the air is admitted *before* the piston, not only is the motive power stopped, but the very momentum of the train accelerates its own stoppage, by compressing the air before the piston; so that its density acts as a check *powerful in proportion to the speed*, and diminishes only as the train stops.

The action of this same principle meets another question. It has been asked whether, supposing any leakage or accident should happen in the tube before the piston, in ascending a steep incline, the train would not run backwards by its own force of gravity? Supposing any such accident to happen, the same principle of nature which we have noticed would act to prevent this result: the momentum is proportioned to the inclination, and the greater the speed from this cause, the greater would be the compression of the air,—in fact the power to resist it. This beautiful operation of a principle of nature, so simple and self-adjusting, will be intelligible to every one.

We have thus noticed the chief points alluded to in the Parliamentary Report. A reply to many of the statements contained in it was published in the pamphlet by Mr. Bergin, of Dublin, to which we have alluded: in this he examines at great length the result of the experiments instituted by the Parliamentary Reporters, and

their theoretical investigations, especially with respect to the estimated expenditure of engine-power required to maintain the exhaustion in the working main—the exhausting power of the air-pump, and the proportionate amount of leakage in the long valve and the piston in the main tube. Mr. Bergin examines, in a second class of observations, the remarks founded upon these calculations, which he considers as mere matters of opinion, and to which our attention has been more immediately directed. We shall proceed to notice the comparison of the merits of the two systems given by the Patentees:—

“We will first notice the principal defects in railways worked by locomotive power. These are, the expenses consequent upon their formation and working, in addition to the impossibility of obtaining a speed beyond 25 miles an hour, without incurring a more than proportionate additional expense. For an engine that would draw 61·29 tons on a level at the rate of 25 miles an hour, would,—if required to travel 30 miles an hour, only be able to draw 29·66 tons,—or, for the additional 5 miles in speed, a loss of more than one-half in power. These evils arise from the following causes: first, from the necessity of making the roads comparatively level, owing to the nature of the power employed. The whole power of the locomotive engine is not available to impel the train, because it has to drag itself and tender. Thus a great portion of its power is consumed even on a level; but that loss of power is greatly augmented when contending with the slightest ascent.”—*Samuda*, page 21.

Here we must observe, that the velocity of travelling offers a remarkable contrast

between the locomotive and atmospheric systems of railway. On an atmospheric line, increase of speed does not increase the cost of transit: the amount of discharging power expended during the transit of a given load, over a given distance, is the same, whatever the speed; and at the same time a saving in the loss from leakage is effected also in proportion to speed. On a line worked by locomotive engines it has been clearly proved that an increase in the velocity of the train from 25 to 30 miles per hour, is attended with a loss of more than half the effective power of the engine. This disadvantage is also attended by another serious one when an engine has to draw a train up an inclined plane,—a difficulty which augments in an increasing ratio to the inclination; an engine that would draw 269·87 tons at 10 miles an hour, on a level of 1 in 1000, can only draw 84·07 at the same speed on a gradient of 1 in 100. Thus, as Mr. Pym well observes, “the power is lost or absorbed in the inverse ratio in which it requires to be augmented, precisely at the moment when it is most important to obtain an increase.”

The following table, taken from Mr. Wood's ‘Practical Treatise on Railroads,’* shows the gross load which a locomotive engine, capable of evaporating sixty cubic feet of water per hour, will drag, exclusive of the tender, at the undermentioned rates of speed, on different inclinations of planes. This will enable the reader to estimate the advantage which the atmospheric railway possesses:—

Inclination of plane.	10 miles an hour.	12½ miles an hour.	15 miles an hour.	17½ miles an hour.	20 miles an hour.	22½ miles an hour.	25 miles an hour.	27½ miles an hour.	30 miles an hour.
level	tons. 346	tons. 251·10	tons. 187·84	tons. 142·64	tons. 108·75	tons. 82·38	tons. 61·29	tons. 44·04	tons. 29·66
1 in 4480	325·72	236·09	176·35	133·66	101·65	76·75	56·83	40·54	26·95
1 in 2240	307·58	222·67	166·06	125·62	95·30	71·71	52·84	37·40	24·54
1 in 1120	276·47	199·65	148·44	111·85	84·41	63·07	45·99	32·03	20·39
1 in 1000	269·87	194·76	144·70	108·93	82·11	61·24	44·54	30·69	19·51
1 in 900	264·59	190·85	141·70	106·58	80·25	59·77	43·38	29·98	18·80
1 in 800	255·56	184·17	136·59	102·5	77·09	57·25	41·40	28·42	17·60
1 in 700	246·17	177·22	131·27	98·43	73·81	54·65	39·33	26·79	16·35
1 in 600	234·68	168·72	124·75	93·34	69·78	51·46	36·80	24·81	14·82
1 in 500	220·02	157·87	116·45	86·85	64·65	47·38	33·58	22·28	12·86
1 in 400	201·04	143·82	105·69	78·44	58·01	42·11	29·40	19	10·33
1 in 300	175·39	124·55	91·16	67·09	49·03	34·99	23·76	14·57	6·91
1 in 200	138·48	97·54	70·24	50·74	36·12	24·74	15·64	8·20	1·99
1 in 100	84·07	55·30	37·89	25·46	16·14	8·88	3·09	—	—

Mr. Samuda states further disadvantages of the locomotive system:—

“Secondly, by the necessity of having great weight and strength of rails and foundation

consequent on the employment of locomotive engines. These engines (exclusive of tender) weigh generally from 14 to 15 tons each: and,

* Third edition, page 581.

in addition to the rigidity of road required to sustain this weight passing over it on one carriage, the motion transferred to the wheels by the engines alternately on each side, causes a continual displacement or forcing out of the rails.

"The third, and perhaps the greatest evil, is the heavy expense attendant on working a railway by the ordinary method; and this item is rendered more excessive by the necessity of having a large number of extra engines in store, to keep an adequate supply in working order. By reference to the half-yearly accounts of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, the annual expense for locomotive power and coke is found to be from 50,000*l.* to 60,000*l.* a year, nearly 2000*l.* a mile per annum, on a traffic of about 1700 tons a day. This amount is exclusive of first cost and interest on the original stock."—Page 22.

This item is one of serious importance. The Parliamentary Report states, that "in respect of locomotive outlay, a line worked by locomotive engines, in order to be well stocked, should have an engine per mile in addition; this mode of working requires water-stations, engine-houses, repairing-shops, etc." Thus the expense of all these engines, required to be constantly out of use, is exactly so much capital sunk, and yielding no interest. Nor is this a trifling matter, when we consider that each engine costs on an average above 1500*l.*, and that the expense of repairs on each in the year amounts to above fifty per cent. All this expense and loss upon capital invested is saved by the employment of a stationary engine, upon which the wear and tear is scarcely worth consideration. We recur to Mr. Samuda's statement:—

"The fourth evil is the large consumption of fuel in proportion to the power obtained; which arises, in part from the great velocity in the movement of the pistons, preventing the steam from acting on them with full force; which causes a back pressure on the pistons, reducing their force in proportion to the velocity at which they move. The power of the engine is thus constantly diminished as the velocity of the train is increased. To so great an extent is the combined action of these defects felt, that when travelling at 20 miles per hour, the effective power of the engine is reduced to half that which would be obtained from the same quantity of steam generated and fuel consumed with a stationary engine. When travelling at 30 miles per hour, it is reduced to less than one-fourth; and at a speed but little exceeding 45 miles, the power is so far destroyed that the engine will scarcely draw more than itself and tender. An additional waste of fuel, to an immense extent, is also occasioned by the loss of power (as al-

ready shown) on inclined planes. And, lastly, the chances of accident from collision, running off the rail, bursting of boilers, etc. From the foregoing remarks it will appear that the evils of the present system are entirely attributable to the use of locomotive power, and the remedy must be sought for in the employment of stationary power in its stead."—Page 24.

With these disadvantages are contrasted the anticipated results of the atmospheric system:—

"1st. The loss of power occasioned by the locomotive engines having to draw their own weight is entirely avoided; and steep hills may be ascended with no more additional power than that actually due to the acclivity, as there is no weight except the train. There is no other known power which can be applied to locomotion without carrying considerable weight and friction with it. The ill effects of locomotive-engines have been already pointed out, and the same disadvantages exist in the application of ropes, which must be drawn along with the train, and become an increased incumbrance on inclined planes. The defects of ropes in other respects are too generally known to need comment.

2nd. The weight of the rails and chairs on the new system may be less by one-third than where locomotive engines are employed, as the carriages of the train will be too light to injure them. The annual charge of maintenance of way, will, from the same cause, be reduced to a considerable extent.

3rd. The wear and tear of locomotive, compared with stationary engines, is as 18 to 1.

4th. By the new system the full power of the engines is always obtained; and on an incline, the additional quantity of fuel consumed in ascending will be saved in descending, as the trains run down by their own gravity. The expense of fuel will be further decreased, as the expense of using coal is only half that of coke.

On the new system the velocity depends entirely upon the velocity with which the air is withdrawn from the pipe; therefore, by simply increasing the air-pump, any speed may be attained; and with a fixed quantity of traffic per diem, no considerable increase in the fuel consumed or any other expense is incurred for improved speed, further than the small additional power required to overcome the increased atmospheric resistance. An actual saving in the first cost of a railway constructed for high velocities may be effected, because, by performing the journey in less time, a greater number of trains may be despatched each day, and their weight diminished; therefore the piston, having less to draw, may be smaller in diameter. The cost of the pipe (which forms the largest item in the first cost of this railway) will thus be reduced in nearly the same proportion as the speed is increased."—Page 26.

M. Mallet, in his report to the French Government, makes an important observation on the effect which a reduction of speed, in the passage of a train, exercises upon the motive force. In describing various experimental trips which he made on the Dalkey line, he says, that in one journey, when travelling at the rate of 45 miles per hour,—

“During our course the barometer sunk to 21 inches: this fall was caused by our going on quicker than the air could be withdrawn. The air which remained in the pipe caused a condensation which lowered the barometer. In the following experiment, made with the same train, a contrary effect was produced. Set off at 8 inches, viz. with a power of 704 lbs. We went on very slowly, and saw the mercury rise to 20 inches gradually. In this manner the air-pump produced a vacuum quicker than we proceeded, and this is a very important point of the atmospheric system. *If a slackness is produced by overloading a train, or if the train stops, the propulsive force instantly augments.*”—Page 16.

We shall not enter into further details of the probable saving to be effected by employing atmospheric pressure on rail-ways. The calculations of the Patentees show a large estimated reduction of cost in the construction and laying down of a line on their plan, and a saving of more than one-half in the annual cost of working; and we have some guarantee for the general accuracy of their calculations in a comparison of their estimates with the actual cost of construction of the line at Dalkey. This gives us ascertained data. The cost of the apparatus complete, and placed on the line, is 4390*l.* per mile; and that of the steam-engines, vacuum-pumps, engine-houses, etc., 1000*l.*: in all, 5390*l.* At the same time we must here mention the remark made by M. Mallet, in describing this apparatus, that the engine “is evidently more powerful than is required for working this road:” he adds,—“I am informed that it would make a vacuum in a pipe of six miles long: they rarely work this engine to more than half its power at present.”

In consequence of the success of the experiments at Wormholt Scrubs, the company of the Dublin and Kingstown Railway, backed by the opinion of Mr. Pim, expressed their desire to adopt the atmospheric principle in an extension of their line from Kingstown to Dalkey. In furtherance of this object they applied to Government

for a loan of money, on the security of their existing railway, to carry on the works. In the meanwhile, the Report above alluded to had been delivered to the Board of Trade, which fully admitted the accomplishment of the *principle* of the atmospheric railway, in the following words: “We consider the principle of atmospheric propulsion to be established, and that the economy of working increases with the length and diameter of the tube.” With a creditable public spirit, the Government consented to assist in the trial of this national undertaking, and granted a loan of £25,000 to the Dublin and Kingstown Company. The Company however could not obtain a line of road without applying for a bill to Parliament; and to obviate the delay and expense which this would occasion, the Board of Works granted them the use of ground in their possession, which had been used for conveying stone from the quarries near Killina to the harbor of Kingstown. The nature of this road presented every difficulty to the formation of a railway; nevertheless the Patentees felt such a confidence in their project, that they were glad to have it tried and tested for the first time under circumstances of such unusual difficulty. The accomplishment of the work may on this account be regarded as doubly important. From the nature of the line of road, a series of sharp and difficult curves was unavoidable, upon which no locomotive engine could run without the utmost risk, and at a slow pace. These are now passed with the greatest ease and smoothness at sixty miles an hour, and with loads attached of seventy-two tons at the rate of twenty miles. Another point has here been decided, upon which in fact the applicability of this railroad to extended lines of traffic in a great measure rests,—namely, the power of passing with facility from one section of pipe to another. At present, only one section of pipe is in operation, and consequently this experiment cannot be fully shown; its success however is ascertained by the fact, that the train has repeatedly passed *off* one section, with the greatest ease and regularity. The operation of the valve which divides the sections is simple and beautiful,—we have already quoted M. Tiesserenc’s description of this,—and the simple fact of the successful operation of this valve is conclusive. If a train can pass without stoppage off one section, it must necessarily enter at once upon the next, and there can be no question as to the facility of repeating this along a line of any

length: a hundred stations can as easily be passed as one.*

The excellent Report of M. Teisserenc, to which we have had occasion to refer, was founded on observations made upon the experimental line at Wormholt Scrubs. After detailing the difficulties and dangers attending the locomotive system, he thus compares it with the atmospheric:—

“Le système atmosphérique est exempt des défauts que nous venons de reprocher aussi bien aux locomotives qu'aux machines à câbles. Son application dispenserait à la fois et du poids inutile du moteur dans le premier système, et du poids inutile de l'intermédiaire dans le second; elle permettrait l'excessive division, l'excessive multiplicité des trains, sans accroître les chances de collision, comme cela a lieu dans le système locomotif; sans augmenter la dépense, résultat de l'emploi des locomotives ou des machines à câble, elle fournirait un moteur dont la puissance, bien loin de diminuer avec le poids des objets à traîner, avec la roideur des rampes à franchir, tendrait, au contraire, à croître dans le même sens. Elle rendrait possibles toutes les vitesses avec des charges utiles considérables, sur les chemins les plus planes comme sur les railways les plus inclinés. Bien loin de nécessiter une application lente de la puissance motrice au départ, un ralentissement progressif à l'arrivée, elle permettrait d'accumuler à l'avance la force motrice, de manière à imprimer rapidement aux trains leur maximum de vitesse. Avec elle seraient impossibles et les collisions et les accidents résultant de la présence du feu. Les sorties de rail deviendraient extrêmement difficiles; les effets de la force centrifuge très peu redoutables; puisque le train, composé au plus de deux voitures, serait étroitement lié à la voie. Enfin, construits pour recevoir des voitures trois et quatre fois moins lourdes que les locomotives, les chemins n'auraient plus besoin de rails aussi pesants, de points aussi résistants; les collisions n'étant plus à craindre, pas plus que les encombrements, puisque les marchandises voyageraient aussi vite que les voyageurs, une seule voie serait suffisante. Rien de plus simple, d'ailleurs, que la théorie de l'appareil au moyen duquel on réalise ces nombreux avantages.”—Page 108.

This Report awakened the attention of the French Government; and as soon as the works at Dalkey were in a sufficiently advanced state, they sent over another engineer, M. Mallet, Inspector General of Public Works, to furnish a second report. This recently appeared in the French journals, and we shall extract a few passages

* Great credit is due to the engineers, Messrs. Samuda, for the skill and talent displayed in constructing the Dalkey railway, and improving many of the details of working.

from it, containing the results of trials upon the Dalkey railway, which are of great interest:—

“Après avoir reconnu que le vide était obtenu d'une manière plus parfaite qu'on n'aurait osé l'espérer, je me suis occupé de la vitesse. Je rapporterai ici quatre expériences.

1. Avec un convoi pesant 38 tonnes (la tonne anglaise est de 2240 livres), le baromètre marquant 25 pouces. l'on a monté en 3 minutes 15 secondes. Par prudence, l'on a employé les freins pour franchir les courbes, ce qui a produit un ralentissement. Le maximum de vitesse, dans cette expérience, a été de 40 milles (16 lieues) à l'heure.

2. Avec le même convoi, l'on est monté en 3 minutes 7 secondes: maximum de vitesse, 45 milles (plus de 18 lieues).

3. On est parti, le baromètre marquant 8 pouces, avec le même convoi. Pendant le trajet, le baromètre est monté jusqu'à 20 pouces. Le voyage a été effectué en 4 minutes 30 secondes. Sur quelques points, l'on a marché à 30 milles (12 lieues).

4. Enfin, le baromètre marquant 25 pouces, l'on est parti avec un convoi de 69 tonnes. Le temps du trajet a été de 5 minutes 20 secondes.

Pour descendre, l'on a employé la gravité. A cet effet, l'on a rangé le piston de côté (ce que se fait avec la plus grande facilité), afin qu'il ne reconstrât pas de tube. Le temps de la descente a été d'environ 5 minutes. Le mouvement était ralenti par le frottement dans les courbes. Je n'ai rien à dire de ce moyen, usité par plusieurs chemins de fer.”

The following results of experiments subsequently made on the Kingstown and Dalkey line are extracted from the ‘Railway Times’ of December 2, 1843. Their importance justifies our inserting them at length.

“Without the slightest hesitation, we have to state that the result of very minute investigation on the spot has fully confirmed the opinions to which we had previously come, from the scientific discussion of the principle and from the operations of the very imperfect apparatus at Wormholt Scrubs.

“The line between Kingstown and Dalkey is 1½ miles in length, in which there is a rise of 71½ feet, making an average ascent of 1 in 115, towards Dalkey. The main pipe between the rails, which is 15 inches internal diameter, commences at the Kingstown station, and is continued to within 500 yards of Dalkey. The communication between the main pipe and the steam-engine (at Dalkey) is formed through the medium of a close pipe, laid outside the trackway, and attached at the lower end into the main and at the upper end into the vacuum pump. A branch valve is placed at the junction between the close and open main, which allows the vacuum pump to act on the

main, or be shut off from it, at pleasure. The dimensions of the engine are,—cylinder, 34½ inches diameter; stroke, 5 feet 6 inches; speed, 242 feet per minute. It works expansively, the steam being admitted in the cylinder at 40 lbs. above the atmosphere, and cut off at one-fourth stroke when the engine is at its full load; it is then expanded for the remaining portion of the stroke, and condensed in the usual way. The degree of cut-off is regulated by a cam worked by the governor, and is therefore proportionately shorter as the duty of the engine is less; but in no case is the steam admitted for a greater distance than one-fourth of the stroke. The vacuum-pump is double acting. The dimensions are,—diameter, 67 inches; stroke 5 feet 6 inches; speed, 242 feet per minute. With the above apparatus we saw a vacuum formed in the entire length from Kingstown to Dalkey—

Equal to a column of mer.	10 in. (or $\frac{1}{2}$ of an atm.)	in 0 56
"	15 " (or $\frac{3}{4}$ " "	" 1 51
"	20 " (or " "	" 3 30

For the purposes of observation, distance posts were placed along the line at intervals of two chains, every tenth post (or one-fourth mile) having a distinguishing mark; and the following was the result of some journeys made for us during our visit:—

"Journey A.—Gross load 62 tons; maximum speed during trip for 2 chains was = 24 miles per hour; total time of journey, 4 minutes 43 seconds.

"Journey B.—Gross load 72 tons; maximum speed during trip for 2 chains was = 20 miles per hour; total time of journey, 5 min. 33 sec.

"Journey C.—Gross load 75 tons; maximum speed during trip for 2 chains = 21·17 miles per hour; total time of journey, 6 min. 2 sec.

"Journey D.—Gross load 30 tons; maximum speed during trip for 2 chains was = 51·5 miles per hour; time at passing 1 1·2 mile post 2 min. 57 sec.; total time of journey, 3 min. 24 sec."

In the same journal of December 16th appeared the following additional details:—

"In following up the investigation, it should be observed that local circumstances, amount of traffic, and steepness of gradients, will to a certain extent influence this consideration; but with the view of rendering it as generally applicable as possible, we have made the calculations on a similar scale to that in use on the Kingstown and Dalkey line, and have deduced such of the working expenses therefrom as the time it has been in operation will allow. We apprehend that this scale will never have to be exceeded on lines of the largest traffic. Where it is decreased the cost will be proportionately lessened, so far as regards construction. The decreased scale will only influence the weight of trains. The speed can be preserved on the smaller as on the larger scale, by maintaining the same relative proportions between the vacuum-pump and the main.

"The scale employed on the Dalkey line is—Vacuum tube, 15 inches diameter; vacuum pump, 67 inches diameter; engine, 100-horse power. It will be well to notice the duty such an apparatus will perform on a level and up various rates of inclination. This proportion between the pump and the tube enables trains to be propelled 50 to 60 miles per hour, and will draw a train of 200 tons on a level.

Will draw 80 tons up an incline rising 1 in 160.

"	72 "	"	"	"	1 in 140.
"	65 "	"	"	"	1 in 120.
"	58 "	"	"	"	1 in 100.
"	53 "	"	"	"	1 in 90.
"	48 "	"	"	"	1 in 80.
"	44 "	"	"	"	1 in 70.
"	39 "	"	"	"	1 in 60.
"	33 "	"	"	"	1 in 50.

"The cost of the atmospheric apparatus complete, and placed on the line, is £4300 per mile; and of the steam-engines, vacuum-pumps, engine-houses, etc. £1000; total, £5300. It would scarcely be useful to notice the other items that are necessary to complete a railway on this system, as the earthwork will vary materially according to the nature of the country through which it passes. In a difficult country the saving from adopting such gradients as would be suitable for the atmospheric instead of the locomotive, would considerably more than equal the entire £5300, while on a level or easy country a balance of expense would remain against the atmospheric system up to this point. In all cases the smaller quantity of land that would be required, the diminished size of the bridges, the lighter rails, the absence of all coke and water-stations, workshops, and stock of locomotives, will have to go to the credit of the atmospheric system against the cost of vacuum tube and engines."

"Among some interesting experiments made at Dalkey are the following. The first series shows the uniformity of the sealing process. During the same day, and after the running of each train, observations were taken of the time required to re-form the vacuum to the height of 15 inches, which was as follows:—

After the 4th trip the barometer rose to	15 inches in 1' 45"
" 5th "	15 " in 1 40
" 6th "	15 " in 1 42
" 7th "	15 " in 1 40
" 8th "	15 " in 1 45
" 9th "	15 " in 1 40
" 18th "	15 " in 1 42
" 19th "	15 " in 1 45
" 21st "	15 " in 1 45
" 22nd "	15 " in 1 43

"The second series shows the amount of leakage due to the longitudinal valve, as separated from that due to the air-pump, travelling piston and station valves. In the following experiments the vacuum was in every instance

raised to 22 inches; the engine was then stopped and the tube was allowed to fill with air by the leakage (from all sources) into it.

With the train at Kingstown,
the gauge fell 18 inches, *i. e.*

from 22 inches to 4 inches,	in 11 33-100th,
Advanced 1-4 mile	“ in 10 88-100th,
Advanced 1-2 mile	“ in 10 76-100th,

the leakage being at the rate of *one inch* in 36·83 sec. in the first instance, *one inch* in 36 sec. in the second instance, *one inch* in 35·91 sec. in the third instance,—showing the additional leakage from the long valve to be only so much as was represented by the gauge falling per inch $\frac{80}{100}$ of a second quicker in the first instance and $\frac{10}{100}$ of a second in the last, and the additional power to compensate this being all the increased haulage power required per half mile. This is an experiment of no ordinary interest, inasmuch as it confirms the notion that the advocates of the system have long urged for it, namely, that every extension of the length is attended with increased advantages, and that while the Atmospheric Railway is equally applicable to short as to long lines, it is by no means applicable only to the former, which its successful application on a short line has induced many to imagine.”

We had cited the above experiments, before the appearance of M. Mallet's Report; they however give substantially the same results and figures, but in a more condensed form. Subsequently to the appearance of M. Mallet's first report in the French journals, a second and more detailed one, addressed by him to the French government, has been published in Paris, and an English translation in London. That gentleman states, that “the fame of the success of this second experiment, made on a scale far greater than that at Wormholt Scrubs, spread itself into France. Immediately M. Teste, the minister, and M. Le Grand, Under Secretary of State of the Public Works, whose attention had been roused by the previous report of M. Teisserenc, desirous to know all the improvements and advantages of a system which might exercise so great an influence on the future prospects of rail-roads in France, gave me an order to embark for Ireland.”

This Report is divided into four chapters: the first contains a description of the line from Kingstown to Dalkey, of the apparatus, and details of experiments; the second chapter treats of the application of the atmospheric system to railroads in general: the third gives the comparative expense of laying down a locomotive railway and one on the atmospheric plan; and the

fourth gives the comparative cost of working on the two systems. We have had occasion to cite many remarks contained in this Report, regarding the general merits of the atmospheric railway; and it is unnecessary to review it critically. It is the most valuable document that has yet appeared on the subject: the chief part is occupied with a minute and careful detail of the experiments which M. Mallet instituted on the Dalkey railway, and upon which his opinions are founded. These merit a close examination, and will be peculiarly valuable to scientific men interested in the subject of railways. M. Mallet examines every advantage and disadvantage of the atmospheric system,—its applicability to existing and new lines, and under every circumstance attending construction. The English translation of this Report is of much less value than it might have been, had the French measures and values been reduced to the English equivalents; but a point of still greater importance (and which we are surprised not to see noticed by the translator) is, that all the calculations of M. Mallet are founded upon the French prices of iron and of labor—naturally so in a report addressed to the French government; but unless this fact is borne in mind, throughout the calculations, and the difference noted between the English and French prices of iron, the reader is liable to be seriously misled. Premising this remark, we observe that M. Mallet calculates that, in the cost of construction, the atmospheric system would effect a saving of one-seventh, and in the cost of working a saving of two-fifths. The same calculation, made upon the value of iron in England, would show of course a much greater reduction. M. Mallet examines carefully and impartially every objection which has been, or is likely to be, raised to the atmospheric system; and in concluding this part of his Report he says:—

“I do not think I have omitted any of the objections which have been pointed out to me. Several are worthy of being taken into consideration. But do any of them present insurmountable difficulties? Are they of a nature to induce us to abandon the invention? I do not think so, and therefore I advocate a trial. If the system had already arrived at perfection no trial would be necessary; we should have but to lay down the works, certain of success; but in spite of the enormous step shown to have been gained in Ireland, much yet remains to be done. Let its judges remember what the locomotives were at their commence-

ment, and the enormous amount of improvement they have experienced during the last twenty years."—Page 32.

There are many other points, connected with the construction and working, examined by M. Mallet, to which we should have referred, did our space allow,—with respect to the crossings, for instance, which we shall give in M. Mallet's words, with a suggestion he offers :—

"They are done precisely as on the locomotive roads; for this they divide the pipe; but not to destroy the continuity of the aspiration, the two divided pipes are connected by means of another pipe sunk in the ground, which curves back at a right angle at its two ends, to branch into their lower portion. The points of junction are above the valves of entrance and exit, which the interruption of the pipes compels them to put at their extremity. When in a proper state for use, the valve at the extremity of the pipe at the side by which the train would arrive is closed, as well as the entrance-valve of the other pipe. When the leading carriage appears, the first will be opened as usual by the compressed air driven forwards by the piston. Another valve, placed in the pipe of communication, will be closed at the same time by the effect of the passage of the train. That at the entrance of the next pipe will be opened, when the piston shall have entered this pipe, by the valve-man, or, what is better still, by the train itself. Another means which might be employed consists in not dividing the pipe, but making two inclined planes at 0-05° of slope, per meter, for the passage of carriages. In this case three openings are required, two for the wheels of the carriages, and the third for the piston-rod, the wheel which presses the valve and the cylinder which compresses the composition. The openings would be too large and too deep to allow of their being left uncovered. It would be easy to adapt thick planks of deal, with a counterpoise for this purpose."—Page 29.

In having occasion to consider attentively and to cite from the official reports presented to the English and French governments, we regret to have a comparison forced upon us disadvantageous to the former. The object of a government, in appointing competent judges to report upon any scientific subject, is not merely to have objections raised and difficulties suggested, but to have every advantage as well as every defect of the system explained intelligibly and impartially. This is the view which M. Teisserenc and M. Mallet have taken of their duty; they have given precisely the information, fully and candidly, which might enable the French government to form their opinion on the merits of the

invention, and their Reports contain a large body of valuable information and remarks. In the English Report, whilst the applicability of the atmospheric principle and its advantages, in point both of economy and safety, are distinctly admitted, these admissions appear to be unwillingly extorted, and every advantage is reduced to its minimum of computation. In the French Reports, the importance of trying the merits of the invention is pressed upon the government, and an earnest desire is manifested to promote the investigation of a great work of national importance.

The historical sketch of the invention and application of the atmospheric railway here terminates; it is no longer an experiment, but an established means of transit, tested and proved by fair and repeated trials, and by the opinions of the most eminent engineers,* English and continental, who have witnessed and watched its success, and expressed their opinions satisfactorily upon the subject. Indeed it is this testimony that has induced us to offer the present article to our readers: we waited until practical results had been obtained, and the merits of the invention had been placed beyond a doubt, before we felt it right to express an opinion. It had ceased to be a question limited to the circle of purely scientific inquiry, and now comes to be regarded in the results of its application; the power being once obtained, it remains only for enterprise to accomplish the rest, and to render it available to the service of man. The subject of the atmospheric railway has, since the opening of the Dalkey line, excited a daily growing interest, and the attention of governments and companies is drawn more and more to the adoption of the system.

In the course of a recent discussion in

* Amongst the opinions expressed by the most eminent of our Engineers is that of Mr. Brunel. The prospectus of the Gravesend and Chatham Company, which has recently appeared, contains a recommendation of the Committee, founded upon the opinion of their engineer, I. K. Brunel, Esq., to adopt the atmospheric system. The prospectus states that—"The Committee, having made a satisfactory inquiry as to the decided economy with which the Dublin and Kingstown Extension Railway is now being worked as an Atmospheric Line, and their Engineer having satisfied himself as to the advantages this plan of motive power affords, recommends its adoption on the proposed line of communication, both as a means of keeping the capital within a very moderate compass and increasing the profits by a reduced charge of working."

the House of Commons, on the appointment of a select committee to consider the standing-orders relating to railways, Sir Robert Peel stated that he concurred in the opinion,—

“That the public and the government are not to be precluded from availing themselves of any suggested improvement or invention of science, which may probably affect the present railway property; as also in the remark that we are not to be called on to compensate a company for its choosing a line upon which it may have been found necessary to expend £60,000 per mile. Far from it; if you can successfully compete, by means of any invention, upon a turnpike-road with such a railway company, you are perfectly at liberty to do so. If new discoveries are made applicable to rapid conveyances, the public will avail itself of them, and those improvements will always be the best security and check against imposition or exaction. What may be attempted by means of the atmospheric railroad it is difficult to conjecture; but I know that those who have witnessed its exhibition near Dublin, have returned to this country with changed opinions as to its applicability to longer lines than one or two miles. The proprietors of railways must soon find out that they are deceiving themselves if they neglect to provide third-class carriages. But the true interests of society will best be protected by holding over them the checks of competition, and of the improvements that may take place in science, rather than by attempting forcibly to control these companies, by attempting to reduce their profits or take the management of their property out of their own hands.”*

This is the sound and only safe course of legislation,—to encourage competition, is an indirect and proper means of checking monopoly.

In consequence of the determination of the Government to continue the mail-packet station at Holyhead, a line of railroad is projected from that place to join the Chester line. With a view to ascertain the practicability of adopting the atmospheric principle on this line, (chiefly as a means of obtaining for the mails a considerable increase of speed,) Mr. Robert Stephenson has been desired to examine the works on the Dalkey railway, and to furnish a report to the Government.

We shall, in conclusion of this article, briefly allude to some of the advantages which may be derived from the adoption of the atmospheric railway, in a social, industrial, and commercial point of view. We have

here a new and astonishing application of power opened to us, and it is impossible to anticipate all the important results to which this may lead. Success has silenced the questionings and hostility of interested opponents to the system; and if men are wise, they will at least pause before they rush into new speculations on a system which will probably soon be superseded.

The introduction of the atmospheric railway opens a new era in the means of transit, because, from the great reduction in the cost of construction and working, it is clear that we must enter upon an entirely new scale of economical calculations. This will operate in manifold ways: it will enable railway companies to lower their rates, whilst deriving even greater profits than at present, and thus to open means of travelling to larger classes of the community. Again: one great feature in the atmospheric railway is, that it is practicable on lines of road where the locomotive system is wholly inapplicable and useless. Let any one take a map of England and trace the net of railroads which have come into active operation within a few years: let him imagine this immense benefit, which at present is restricted by the cost attending it to traffic between large towns, extended over the whole country, carrying passengers and produce from one little market-town to another, bringing all this advantage to every man's door, and placing it within every man's enjoyment. The benefits to the nation, in calling out her industrial powers, assisting her commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural interests, form too large a subject for us to enter upon here, but too obvious and important a consideration to escape attention. In a moral point of view, likewise, the result would be to extend largely the advantages of social intercourse and of education in every shape, which are now only to be found in large communities,—in fact, of centralizing the power and raising the moral character of the nation.

We have uniformly urged the importance of calling into action, by multiplying facilities, all the sources of our national wealth; and we have pointed this out as one great means of substantially benefiting Ireland. To unfold the resources of a country, is to teach a people their value,—the most important lesson of national politics and national economy conveyed in the most practicable and intelligible form. It is impossible to estimate the change which a

* See Debate of February 6, 1844.

large system of railroads intersecting Ireland in every direction, stimulating production and exciting the energies of her population, would produce; and if that country, whose interests we are bound to promote, not less from motives of policy than of justice, has a claim to share in any great work of national benefit, it has an especial claim in the present instance, where Irishmen have been foremost to second the efforts of English skill and talent, and to overcome the obstacles opposed to the public good by private interests and monopoly. If the atmospheric railway should prove, as we anticipate, a new source of benefit to mankind, it will be remembered, not ungratefully in this country, that to Ireland we owe its first encouragement and adoption.

Extending our view to the Continent, some idea may be formed of the extent to which the nations of Europe will be benefited by this invention of Mr. Clegg, from the length of the lines of railways now constructing in central Europe.*

In Austria the line from Trieste to Vienna is progressing. The atmospheric pressure removes the grand difficulty presented within a short distance of the capital, at the traverse of the chain of Alps which forms the boundary of Styria. Without such aid it would be a most costly work to carry a railroad over the Noric and Carnian Alps to the sea, even if the plan of inclined planes were resorted to. From Vienna the line passes to Olmütz, where it branches off westward through Prague to Dresden and Hamburg. From Olmütz a second line goes northward to the Riesen mountains, and through Silesia to Stettin. A third line, which runs to the salt mines of Galicia, will join the Russian railroad from Cracow to the Baltic, by the valley of the Vistula. In mountainous countries, the momentum acquired from descents is available for succeeding ascents, and the difficulties in the one system become facilities in the other.

The prosperity of Hungary is indissolubly linked with a good communication between the valley of the Save and the Adriatic Sea. A road of sufficient width, and of splendid construction—a monument

of the public spirit of the Hungarian nobles—runs over the Julian Alps from Carlstadt to Vienna; its length is ninety English miles. The atmospheric apparatus could profitably be adapted to that road, whose gradients, although moderate, no locomotive engine could overcome. In this manner, the energies of twenty millions of Austrian and Turkish subjects would be made available in the markets of Europe, and the products of some of the finest countries of this quarter of the globe would be added to the general stock.

Berlin is to be connected with Hamburg by a direct line, and with the Rhine by two lines of railways. One will pass through Minden to Düsseldorf and Cologne, and there unite with the Belgic-Rhenish net. A second will pass through Cassel to Frankfort, and join the Taunus railway. To the east, a line to Königsberg is projected. From Frankfort, Hesse Darmstadt is continuing the Taunus line to Heidelberg and Mannheim, where the Baden net will take it up, and carry the communication on to the Swiss frontier. A railway is now constructing from Basle to Zurich. The Württemberg net of railways will connect the Baden and Hessian nets with the lake of Constance and with Bavaria: they cross the heights that separate the Rhine and its tributaries from the Danube. One line of this net, which has been considered scarcely practicable, is that from the Rhine by the way of Pforzheim and Stuttgart to Ulm, in which the ascent at Geisslingen is looked upon as insurmountable. By the aid of the atmospheric pressure this obstacle can be overcome, and the Rhine be connected with the Danube at the shortest interval. The Bavarian net is to consist of a central line running from the foot of the Alps to Saxony, which is to be traversed at right angles by a line from the Austrian to the Württemberg frontier, passing through Munich to Augsburg.

A most important decision has been made in Bavaria, to commence the line that is to connect Bamberg with Frankfort immediately. The country between these two towns is so mountainous, that it would require an immense outlay to construct a locomotive railroad. The atmospheric railroad, by availing itself of the principle of gravity, might perhaps be even more economically adapted to such a line than to a level.

Of the immense advantages which these vast countries will derive from the adop-

* At the end of last year there were twenty-one lines of railroad open in Germany, the total length of which was 1083 miles. The railways then in progress would extend to nearly 1000 miles. Since that period many others have been projected.

tion of the atmospheric pressure to railway carriages, it is therefore needless to say much. The anxiety entertained in all these countries to be released from the necessity of providing coals for these lines, has been proved by the reward of 100,000 florins voted by the Germanic Diet to the inventor of a galvanic machine at Frankfort. It is true that the machine has not been finished, and the money is consequently not yet paid. No machine depending upon a moving principle scarcely less costly than coals, can pretend to vie with the beautiful simplicity of the atmospheric pressure.

It is not merely the difficulty of providing coals that is an obstacle to railways on the continent. The cost of carriage of such a bulky article, in a country where the communications are indifferent, is a serious inconvenience, and one that, on the large net of railways we have described, would form an enormous drain upon the industrial resources of the country. A similar difficulty presents itself in central India, where railroads connecting the capitals have become almost indispensable, both in a military and in a political point of view. With the atmospheric system, the difficulty of collecting depôts of coal is obviated, and we may soon expect to see a railway connecting Bombay and Calcutta.

In this article we have endeavored to give our readers, first, an historical sketch of an invention which promises to realize such important benefits; secondly, an intelligible description of the construction and working of the apparatus; and thirdly, an examination of the merits of the system. We have consequently deemed it necessary to extract largely from all the reports and documents hitherto published, in separate and detached forms,—to cite the opinions of those eminent engineers who have instituted experiments and carefully examined the system in all its bearings, and lastly, to give the results obtained on the trials that have been made: these are of a peculiar value at this stage of the invention, as affording facts upon which calculations and reasoning may be grounded. We have carefully considered what might be most serviceable to the public to know; and in conclusion must express a hope, that the recommendation urged upon the French Government by M. Mallet, to give the system a fair and full trial, will not be thrown away upon the Government of our own country.

LINES.

BY MRS. C. J. PARKERSON.

From the Metropolitan.

- "HENCE, dull reality,
Hence, for a while,
Airy-built visions
Thy cares can beguile;
Leave free this bower
From sorrow and strife,
And the stern nothings
Of every-day life.
- "Fancy, conduct me,
With wide-spreading pinions,
Together we'll visit
Thy fairy dominions;
We'll roam through the regions
Of beauty to-day—
Spirit creative,
Away and away!
- "Weave me a garland
Of rainbow-dyed flowers,
Lotus and amaranth
Bloom in thy bowers;
O'er woodland, o'er mountain,
O'er ocean, we'll stray—
Spirit unbounded,
Away and away!
- "Lead where the waters gush,
Under the willow;
Lead where the rose's blush
Tinges the billow.
Lead where through verdure gleams
Light's softened ray,
When the sun's quivering beams
Dart through the spray.
- "Here would I wander
In spirit beside thee,
In the soul's intercourse
Fate has denied me.
The orange is bringing
Its scent-burdened air,
And fountains are flinging
Their pearl showers there.
- "The eglantine's canopy
Waves o'er our head,
Green turf is our carpet,
With violets o'erspread.
Bright flow'rets are wreathing
In myrtle's dark spray;
The bulbul is breathing
Her soul-thrilling lay.
- "Pictured enchantments
Unclouded by care,
Fairy-bright fabrics
Upraised in the air;
How quickly ye vanish,
Fond spirits can tell—
Beautiful vision,
Farewell—oh, farewell!"

CONFESSIONS OF AN ILLEGIBLE WRITER.

BY MRS. ARDY.

From the Metropolitan.

"My good fellow," said my school-fellow George Gordon to me one morning in the play-ground of Somerton Academy, "why do you not pay a little attention to your hand-writing? Your characters appear to be traced rather with a skewer than a pen; your i's are guiltless of a dot, and I only wish I may go through the world as free from a cross as your t's. Your capital M's are a decided failure, your H's are below criticism, and no one, even with the aid of a microscope, could detect the difference between your a's and your u's."

Now I considered this speech of George Gordon's to be rather vain-glorious, inasmuch as he had just completed that elaborate and laborious performance denominated "a school piece," which had not only gained him the prize for writing, but had elicited a sovereign from his maiden aunt, accompanied by an observation that "one could hardly tell it from copperplate;" in fact, Mrs. Ronald Gordon evidently considered it the finest work of art that had ever astonished the world since the completion of her own school sampler, forty years ago.

"Perhaps, Gordon," I replied, "you will remember how carried off the prizes for classics and mathematics; I am not without a few laurels to rest upon, and need not very much covet that skill in penmanship in which I may be rivalled by a charity boy."

"True," he replied mildly; "I submit to your superior genius, Seyton; but remember, the elephant, which can lift a heavy weight with its trunk, does not disdain to pick up a pin. I do not want you to excel in penmanship, but only to write a legible hand; depend upon it, if you do not improve, your scrawl will involve you in serious difficulties all through your life."

"What kind of difficulties?"

"Suppose you write for the press; how curiously your effusions may be misrepresented."

"O, I can correct the press."

"Would it not be easier to correct your own bad habit, while you have yet time to do it?"

"It is a mark of a little mind to affix so much importance to the hand-writing."

"Such opinions are not confined to little minds; Hannah More says that 'to speak so low that nobody can hear, and to write a hand which nobody can read, may be classed among the minor immoralities.'"

"Now you come to quotation, I must put an end to the conversation; it is bad enough to listen to your own wisdom, but I cannot be overwhelmed with lectures at second hand."

George Gordon, although only a school-boy, had attained a command over himself which many men pass through life without acquiring; he could occasionally allow an antagonist to have the "last word;" he did so to me in the present instance, and the conversation dropped. I was fifteen at that time, and am now thirty, and had George Gordon possessed the power of predicting future events boasted by some of his second-sighted countrymen, he could not more correctly have prophesied the evils in store for me from my atrocious handwriting.

I might fill a novel, containing the prescribed allowance of a thousand pages, were I to recount all my disasters;—but alas! why do I talk of writing a novel of a thousand pages—how should I ever get it brought before the public? Even if the bookseller's "reader" were in so peculiarly beneficent and amiable a mood as to recommend what he was unable to decipher, it could never go through the press—there would be a general strike and mutiny in the printing office! I will therefore confine myself to three leading events of my life, and as I know that every body likes love stories, especially when they have an unfortunate termination, I will relate the manner in which I thrice lost the lady of my love by the bad management, not of my suit, but of my pen.

Most young men fall foolishly in love for the first time, and I believe I might once have entertained a slight predilection for my sister's drawing mistress, but it soon passed off, and my first real love was chosen with such prudence, that admiring fathers held me up as an example to their sons, and wary uncles told their nephews to follow in my steps.

Miss Hartopp was an orphan heiress, very pretty, and twenty years of age; she lived with a guardian, and he, like the guardians in comedies and farces, had a son whom he wished her to marry; but I had engaged the affections of the lady, and purchased the good will of the Abigail; a

year, at all events, would soon pass away, and I had already settled how delightful a country villa I would procure, and how stylish a curricie I would drive, when I became a happy Benedict. The guardian, Mr. Crofton, had a country house at Richmond, and removed thither with his ward in the middle of May. The day after their departure, I received a note from a friend residing at the same place, asking me to dine with him on the ensuing Thursday. I accepted the invitation, determined to quit him at an early hour, and wrote to Miss Hartopp, under cover to Davison, the Abigail, imploring her, at ten o'clock on the ensuing Thursday evening, to contrive to meet me on a smooth grass walk upon which the garden-gate of her guardian opened. She returned a favorable answer to me, assuring me that she would meet me on the appointed evening, and I considered my fortune made for life. Now, one of the atrocities of my handwriting was, that I always wrote Thursday in a way that looked exactly like Tuesday, and this mistake led to the events afterwards detailed to me by Davison, and which I will immediately lay before my readers.

At ten o'clock on Tuesday night, Miss Hartopp, accompanied by the faithful Davison, stole down the garden, unlocked the gate, and emerged on the grass walk, which happened to be exceedingly damp and dewy. Poets are accused of telling many untruths; they never tell more than when they write about the delightful month of May. Its bright warm mornings and soft balmy evenings are generally visions of the imagination. May is, no doubt, very charming in Italy; but in England, I constantly associate an evening ramble in that month with a tooth-ache and a flannel wrapper!

The wind blew coldly; Miss Hartopp was picturesquely arrayed after the fashion of Lucy Bertram, in the opera of Guy Mannering, in a hat and feathers, and a floating scarf; she arrived at the spot just two minutes after the clock had struck ten, and fully expected to find me in waiting for her. She was doomed, however, to be disappointed; and wrapping her scarf closely round her, paced up and down the green walk as rapidly as she could, hoping to warm herself by exercise; but alas! at every turn, the thick dew of the grass saturated more thoroughly the sole of her delicate satin slipper. It was now a quarter past ten, and a small drizzling rain began to fall; neither Miss Hartopp nor Davison

had thought of providing against such a casualty: nobody requires parasols at ten o'clock at night, and who would think of conveying an umbrella to an assignation? The feathers in Miss Hartopp's hat began gradually to droop and bend, and the bows of ribbon in Davison's straw bonnet assumed a sympathetic depression; no lover appeared on the walk, but in his stead came several large frogs, visitants for whom both mistress and maid felt the most unqualified terror and detestation. After waiting half an hour longer, they returned home, cold, wet, and desponding, Davison entertaining the belief that I had fallen into the river, and been drowned for want of assistance; and Miss Hartopp leaning to the opinion that James Crofton had way-laid and murdered me.

The next morning Miss Hartopp had a severe cold, and was not able to leave her bed till the middle of the day; she found her guardian's son, who had just arrived from London, alone in the drawing-room. Her first impulse was to shrink from him in horror; her second to elicit confession from him by a sudden question, or at all events to entrap him into some sort of demonstration of his guilt; she entered the room, leaning on Davison's arm, and kept tight hold of her, that she might cite her hereafter as a witness in a court of justice.

"When did you see William Seyton last?" interrogated the heiress in a deep tone.

"Last night," replied young Crofton, very readily.

"At what hour?" pursued Miss Hartopp, fixing her eyes on him with searching earnestness.

"About half-past nine," returned the supposed assassin.

"How guilt betrays itself!" mentally moralized the heiress.

"Name the spot on which you encountered him," she continued, in a Siddonian accent.

"My dear Anne," said the young man, looking up with some surprise, "do you imagine that I have been fighting a duel with Seyton?"

"No, I do not," she answered in measured and mysterious tones.

"I will give you every particular of our interview most willingly," said James Crofton. "Yesterday evening I was caught, in a shower of rain in the Strand; and as at that moment I rested my eyes on a bill announcing that a celebrated conjurer (or il-

lusionist, I believe, is the fashionable term) was exhibiting his trickeries, I was tempted to walk in, principally to procure shelter, but was really very well amused. I had not been long there when Seyton arrived, and took a vacant place by my side; he told me, that having an idle evening on his hands, he thought that he would come and see if he could penetrate into the mysteries of legerdemain; we conversed together very amicably and pleasantly, and even held a piece of tape between us, which the man of magic, after cutting through the middle, succeeded in re-uniting. I never saw Seyton in better spirits; and I assure you that I neither said nor did any thing to depress them."

The frank good-natured openness of the young man carried conviction with it: Miss Hartopp's fear was converted into indignation; in her "mind's eye" she saw on one side her own blighted hopes, slighted affections, ruined feathers, and soaked slippers; and on the other the conjuror, the crowded audience, and the laughing false one who had so cruelly sported with her feelings.

"I do not take the slightest interest in Mr. Seyton," she said, tossing her head; "I think him the least agreeable young man I ever saw in my life."

"Not quite so bad as that," said James Crofton, smiling with infinite delight; "but upon my word, you show great judgment in your opinion of him; he is not at all deserving of the attention of so fair a lady."

"Davison, you may go," said Miss Hartopp, sinking languidly on a sofa.

The conversation between the young people lasted for an hour; when Mr. Crofton entered the drawing-room, his handsome son advanced to meet him, looking, as the Persians say, "as brilliant as the sun, and as placid as the moon;" and Miss Hartopp ran up stairs, and communicated to Davison that she had just accepted James Crofton. Davison instantly wrote to me an account of the affair; she put her letter in the post that evening, and it reached me on Thursday, in sufficient time to prevent me from feeling any inclination to go and dine with my friend at Richmond.

I wrote to Miss Hartopp under cover to Davison, explaining the circumstances, and (forgetting for the time my bad writing) imploring her to refer to my letter, when she would find that I had requested her to meet me two evenings later than the one which she had concluded me to name. She *did* refer to my letter, found what any jury

in the world would have unanimously decided to be an unquestionable Tuesday, and enclosed it to me in a blank cover with the word scored under! A month afterwards she was Mrs. James Crofton.

Two years elapsed before I fell in love again. Emily Brooks was, like my first love, an orphan, but she was three-and-twenty, and emancipated from the control of guardians; her fortune was ten thousand pounds, and she resided with a family of friends in a country town, where I first became acquainted with her while staying on a visit in the neighborhood. She received my attentions favorably. Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, her friends, had fortunately no unmarried son; and although the young doctor of the town was evidently much smitten with herself or her ten thousand pounds, she decidedly gave the preference to me.

I was suddenly called up to London on business, but promised to return in a fortnight. I felt anxious to write to Emily, but was afraid she would deem it a liberty; fortunately, however, she was a subscriber to a public charity, and I resolved to write to her to solicit her vote for a *protégé* of my friend George Gordon's. I bought some beautiful French paper and a box of silver wafers for the purpose: took a newly-made pen, and achieved a much more decently written letter than usual. Before I put it in the post, I resolved to call on Emily's uncle, Mr. Drewett, a wealthy merchant in the city, with whom I had some acquaintance. I met him, however, in St. Paul's Churchyard; he stopped and accosted me in a very friendly manner, and was evidently in high spirits.

Mr. Drewett was one of those men who seem born to good luck; he had a handsome wife, pretty children, pleasant friends, and a flourishing business; he had only one ungratified wish, and this he had for years had sense enough to bury in his own bosom, and never revealed it to any one till the time of its fulfilment. That time had now come,—Mr. Drewett was a baronet,—and when he informed me of his new honors, I was quite delighted to think that I should be able to send the news to Emily, who was much attached to her uncle. Before I reached home, I met at least a dozen people, all of whom had seen the new baronet that morning, and been informed by him of his dignities: and, with the exception of a few sarcastic inuendoes respecting "the restless ambition of some people,"

they really bore it better than people generally bear the good fortune of a neighbor.

I found that I was later than I imagined, and had scarcely time to save the post, consequently I only added in a postscript—"have you heard of the baronetcy of your uncle Drewett? it has created quite a sensation in the city;" and remembering George Gordon's remark that it was impossible to distinguish my *a*'s from my *u*'s, I took especial care, for the first time in my life, that the *a* following the *b* in baronetcy should be exceedingly distinct and clear.

I will now, as I did on a former occasion, acquaint my reader immediately with circumstances that only came to my own knowledge at a subsequent period. Emily received and read my communication; the substance of a lady's letter is said to be contained in the postscript; how truly did that observation apply in the present instance to the postscript of a gentleman! What was the horror of Emily to read an inquiry whether she had heard of the *bankruptcy* of her uncle Drewett! She gave one loud shriek, which brought the whole house to her assistance, and then went into violent hysterics. Lest Emily's sensibility should be thought by my readers to be rather greater than the occasion demanded, I will explain to them the reason which made her peculiarly sensitive in regard to the commercial prosperity of her uncle. When she came of age, she took possession of her property of ten thousand pounds, but on consulting Mr. Drewett respecting the permanent investment of it, he advised her to intrust it to him to employ in his business, promising to pay her much better interest than she would gain in the funds; the ruin of her uncle, therefore, involved her own. Mrs. Williamson called for burnt feathers, hartshorn, and *eau de cologne*, sent for the young doctor, and then took up the letter, no doubt imputing the hysterics of her young friend to a disappointment in love. She found, however, that the case was much worse than she had surmised; Emily had confided to her, (and through her means the whole town had become aware of it,) that she had placed her fortune in the hands of her uncle, and when the poor girl revived to consciousness, she found her affectionate friend sitting by her with the letter in her hand, and kindly advising her "not to give way so, but to remember that she had received an excellent education, and that it was no disgrace to any body to earn their own maintenance!"

July, 1844.

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Just then the young doctor hastened into the room on the wings of love, having preferred trusting to his own speed, rather than wait till an elderly, wheezing, ragged-looking horse, who could not walk half so fast as himself, was harnessed to his gig. He entered the room while Mrs. Williamson was expressing her fears that Mr. Drewett must have been very speculative and improvident, and a few questions put him in possession of the facts of the case.

"Miss Brooks must not agitate herself," he said, "nothing is so bad for the health as depression of the spirits."

Mrs. Williamson rejoined that it was extremely wrong in any one to suffer their spirits to be depressed, related some anecdotes of the cheerfulness with which the French emigrants bore their misfortunes, and instanced the case of a fascinating countess in particular, who had been reduced from a magnificent château at Versailles, to live upon fifteen pounds a-year in an attic in St. Martin's Lane, and was always the life of every society in which she moved!

Just then the young doctor jumped up, vehemently struck his forehead, and declared he had that moment remembered that Mrs. Goodwin, who lived five miles off, and was the most anxious nervous mother in the world, had feared the day before that her six children were sickening with scarlatina, and, no doubt, was accusing him of great neglect and unkindness in not calling to inquire after them; therefore, as his friend Miss Brooks was doing so exceedingly well, he must run home without delay, and order his horse to be harnessed. Accordingly he disappeared, not having, as was his wont, ordered three pale pink draughts a day for his patient, probably because he thought that the means of payment for needless luxuries might not in future be very abundant in the exchequer of his beloved.

Poor Emily was completely overcome by the coolness and *nonchalance* of her friends, who, although born and bred in a little third-rate country-town, exhibited, it must be admitted, all the worldliness of St. James's; she requested that a postchaise might be immediately sent for, as she was anxious to go to London, and mingle her tears with those of her uncle and his family. Mrs. Williamson paused for a moment, but remembering that Emily had asked for change for a twenty-pound note the day before, and that her quarter's board was

always paid in advance, could not foresee any ill consequences from indulging her desire, and even graciously commended her for it.

"Perhaps something may yet be saved out of the wreck, my dear," she said, "and it is well to be on the spot, to see what is doing; besides, people in trouble always get on best in the society of each other."

"They indeed seem to be very unwelcome inmates in the abodes of the happy," sighed Emily, as alone, unprotected, and sorrowful, she ascended the steps of the postchaise which was to bear her to London.

She was a kind, warm-hearted girl, and although deeply deploring her own misfortune, she also acutely felt for her honorable and respectable uncle, no longer able to take his station among the good and safe men of commerce, and likewise for her aunt, losing the luxuries which long habit must have made her regard as necessities, and for the poor children, some of whom were old enough to value the advantages of affluence, and to feel the deprivations of poverty. A few hours brought Emily to London, and the chaise drove up to her uncle's house, in Russell Square, at about half-past six o'clock. Sir David and Lady Drewett were on that day entertaining a party of friends, whom the baronet had invited to dinner for the purpose of celebrating his new honors; they were all assembled in the drawing-room, and waiting the announcement of dinner, when Emily, pale, weeping, and wearied, rushed into the room, disregarding all the efforts of one servant to announce her, and of another to disencumber her of her cloak. About a dozen portly, comfortable-looking lords of the creation, and the same number of gaily-dressed, perhaps rather over-dressed ladies, occupied the drawing room; the lights were blazing brilliantly. Lady Drewett, in a new corn-flower blue satin dress, and an elaborate cap with long blonde streamers, sat placidly smiling on her visitors, the picture of good-humor, health, and affluence. Her children were arrayed in all the perfection of crisp book-muslin frocks, and exquisitely shining hair, and the new baronet was talking to a little knot of friends, and laughing louder and looking happier than he had ever done in his life. Emily's appearance excited great astonishment. Lady Drewett advanced to meet her, perfectly horrified at her dusty travelling dress and straw cottage bonnet.

"My dear Emily, what has happened?" she asked.

"O my dear aunt!" replied Emily, "you know too well what has happened. How can you bear the restraint of company in your present unhappy situation?"

"What are you talking about, Emily?" said her uncle, who had broken from his companions as soon as he recognized her. "All my good friends have met at my house to-day to congratulate me on my good fortune."

"Good fortune!" sighed the mystified, bewildered girl, thinking of the wreck of her ten thousand pounds. "I am acquainted with every thing, uncle; I have come not to reproach, but to console you. This morning I was made aware of your failure in business."

Sir David burst into a loud laugh, and repeated the words of his niece to several of his friends; in a moment, however, he knit his brows, and looked very angry. "Some rascal has been spreading slanderous rumors about me, to injure my credit," he exclaimed; "you will, doubtless, give me up his name, Emily?"

"Willingly," replied his niece.

She had deposited my letter in a black velvet reticule, which, unlike the generality of ladies, she had not left by mistake on the seat of the postchaise; it was hanging over her arm, and she speedily presented her uncle with the "document," as a lawyer in company called it, which identified the "slanderous rascal" in question with my unfortunate self!

Dinner was just then announced, Emily retired to another room, to compose her spirits and arrange her curls, and my letter was handed round at the dessert, in company with the sliced pine-apple and preserved ginger.

"It is the clearest case of defamation I ever knew in my life," said the lawyer. "Here is the signature and address of the slandering party, and also the date of the month and year; the letter is addressed to Miss Brooks, and you are characterized as her uncle Drewett. There is not a mere obscure insinuation as to any possible involvement of your circumstances, but there is a distinct statement of your bankruptcy, with the accompanying comment that it makes quite a sensation in the city. The matter *must* be taken up; it is a duty to society to do so."

"To be sure, to be sure," chorused three or four of the "fat friends" of the

master of the house; "such a thing might happen to any of ourselves; an example ought to be made of this young fellow."

"May not Mr. Seyton's assertion be what the aristocracy call a hoax?" asked a little quiet man, who sat deliberately peeling an orange, and had not hitherto spoken.

"Sir," replied the new baronet, "there is no intermediate path, in my opinion, between truth and falsehood, and I shall always hold it the true aristocracy to hold to the first, and despise the last."

So excellent a sentiment, from a gentleman in his own house, could not be allowed to pass unnoticed, and there was a great knocking of hands upon the table, and shuffling of feet beneath it, accompanied by sundry exclamations of "Well done, Sir David—spoken like a man and a Briton."

The next day, instead of being favored, as I had hoped, with an answer from Emily, I received, to my great surprise and annoyance, a lawyer's letter, informing me that an action for defamation was to be instituted against me at the suit of Sir David Drewett, I having asserted his bankruptcy in a written communication to his niece, Emily Brooks. I saw in a moment the source of the mistake, and determined to call on Sir David Drewett without delay, and explain the circumstances to him. I took with me George Gordon, who I felt would be a valuable witness in my favor on two accounts; first, because he could depose to the early and hopeless wretchedness of my hand-writing, and, secondly, because he had passed the preceding evening at my house, and I had told him that I had written to Miss Brooks, to ask her vote for the child in whose case he was interested, and that I had informed her of the baronetcy of her uncle, with which I had that morning become acquainted. Sir David received my explanation, and acquitted me of all evil intentions, but told me, with some stiffness and sternness, that my mistake might have occasioned the most disastrous consequences, and that he considered my want of skill in one of the most necessary and important attainments for a young man, who had his way to make in the world, as a serious calamity. I wrote to Emily the next day, apologizing for the uneasiness I had unwarily caused her, and entreating her permission to call upon her. She never answered my letter. She did not return to Mrs. Williamson's, but staid with her uncle till she could select another home. Nor was

she long in making that selection. The lawyer to whom I have before alluded was intimate at the house of Sir David, and as he was neither fat nor elderly, appeared to some advantage by the side of the other friends of the family; he was disappointed in not being permitted to conduct an action for defamation against me, but recompensed himself by making love to Emily. In three months after her melo-dramatic entrance into the drawing-room of Russell Square, she became the bride of her Chancery Lane adorer. My affections were not speedily transferred to another. I remained heart-whole for two years and a half, when I became enamored with my third love, who was far more dear to me than either of her predecessors had been.

EARTH A GRAVE-YARD.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT, AUTHOR OF "THE PRICE OF FAME."

From the Metropolitan.

"Hearts are tombs
Where secret loves are buried out of sight."
J. WESTLAND MARSTON.

If human hearts indeed are tombs
Where secret loves are buried out of sight,
O! then I wist the earth one grave-yard is,
All fill'd with sepulchres, pale, cold, and
white;
And not less sad, because conceal'd by flowers
bright!

Low, sweet laughter haunted every place,
And beauty meets the eye where'er it turns.
Spell-bound we view earth's glittering coronals,
Nor dream that they can hide sad funeral urns,
Wherein a life-consuming fire for ever burns.

But oh! a loving faith shall still be ours—
That nowhere all is gloom!
Each pining heart a rest shall surely find,—
The sunshine gild the tomb!
And hopes, kept green by tears, more brightly
bloom!

THE ROYAL LIBRARY AT COPENHAGEN.—The Conservators have just completed the catalogue of its contents, a work upon which they have been engaged for eleven years. It comprises 463,332 volumes, without the pamphlets and single sheets. It is to be printed and published at the expense of the government. The manuscripts in this library amount to about 22,000, of which only between 4,000 and 5,000 are yet catalogued.—*Athenæum*.

ADMIRAL LORD ST. VINCENT.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Memoirs of Admiral the Right Honorable the Earl of St. Vincent.* By Jedediah Stephens Tucker, Esq. Two volumes 8vo. London: 1844.
2. *The Life and Correspondence, Naval and Military, of John Earl of St. Vincent.* By Edward Pelham Brenton, Captain in Her Majesty's Navy. Two volumes 8vo. London: 1838.

THE name of St. Vincent will justly be enrolled in the first rank of the many eminent characters, that have spread a lustre over the annals of the British Empire during the course of the last three hundred years. As a great Naval Commander, viewed under all the aspects of his professional career, even from his first entrance into the service until he arrived at the highest step, there is something remarkable in his whole conduct peculiarly his own. It was this conduct that made him Commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean, and twice Commander-in-chief of the Channel fleet; being ordered, on the second occasion, to carry the Union flag at the main, having previously held the office of First Lord of the Admiralty, and been advanced to the prominent situation of Admiral of the Fleet; and by this conduct was the successful battle fought with the enemy's fleet, nearly double the force of his own, for which he received from his sovereign the high dignity of an Earldom of the United Kingdom; and, towards the close of his distinguished career, was honored by George IV. with a Field-marshal's baton, in testimony of his eminent services.

Under the guidance, and by the example of such a man, were the most distinguished officers of the time educated and promoted—Collingwood, Saumarez, Troubridge, Hallowell, and Nelson, with many others. 'He was the master and instructor,' says Dr. Parr, 'of Nelson, whom he formed and made a greater man than himself, and then did not envy him.' The Doctor was not far wrong. Lord St. Vincent knew not what envy was: when he found himself so unwell as to be obliged to give up the Mediterranean command, Lord Nelson, on his own behalf and that of his gallant comrades above mentioned, thus writes to him:—'For the sake of the country, do not quit us at this moment. . . . We look up to you, as we have always found you, as to

our father, under whose fostering care we have been led to fame.' And, two days after, he again writes—'We all love you. Come, then, to your sincere friends; let us get you well; it will be such a happiness to us all—amongst the foremost, to your attached, faithful, and affectionate

'NELSON.'

When we find a boy of thirteen, self-taught, self-dependent, and self-denying, tearing himself away from his family with a scanty pittance, unequal even to the provision of common necessities, and of so marked a character and mind as to have advanced himself to the highest professional ranks and honors; the narrative of the progressive steps of such a life cannot fail to afford a useful, entertaining, and highly instructive example, more particularly to every young midshipman who embarks in the naval service of his country. We shall therefore endeavor, as far as our space will admit, to trace the progress of this illustrious seaman through the whole period of his service.

The two authors named at the head of this article have drawn a portion of their materials from the same source—the old Earl's letter-books; and pretty well have they ransacked their contents—having, between them, extracted and printed not fewer than a thousand letters written by him and his correspondents; of which about six hundred are stuffed into Mr. Tucker's volumes, (three hundred would have been ample for every purpose,) and the other four hundred are huddled pell-mell into Mr. Brenton's, without the least order, and many of them having no relation to the life of Lord St. Vincent.

Mr. Tucker's father was Lord St. Vincent's private and confidential Secretary, afterwards a Commissioner of the Navy, and lastly the second Secretary of the Admiralty, under the naval administrations of Lord Howick (Earl Grey) and Mr. Thomas Grenville. This author had the additional advantage of whatever authentic materials, and we believe they were not few nor unimportant, were left to him by his father, with others from the Earl's family.

Nor was Captain Brenton without pretensions to become the biographer of Lord St. Vincent. His brother, Sir Jaleel Brenton, had served with his lordship, and by his excellent and gallant conduct had gained his friendship; and when the noble Earl, after the death of his lady, made an excursion

sion on the continent, he took with him, as his companions, the captain and his sister, Miss Brenton, the latter of whom continued to manage his household affairs.

Our notices will be chiefly drawn from the 'Memoirs' of the civilian; out of which we shall gather such materials as will best convey a true portrait of the character, conduct, and feelings of this great man. To depict him in his early youth we must, however, have recourse to Captain Brenton's work, where we have a curious piece of autobiography, dictated by the noble lord himself to the captain. One day, this author tells us, he took the opportunity of reminding the old Earl of his promise to relate to him part of his early history. 'His lordship, with his characteristic kindness and frankness, immediately replied—"Come, then, take your pen and sit down, and I will talk while you write." He then dictated to me what follows:—

"I was born at Menford, in Staffordshire, on the 9th January, 1734, old style. My father was counsellor and solicitor to the Admiralty, and treasurer' (Mr. Tucker says auditor) 'of Greenwich Hospital. At a very early age I was sent to a grammar-school at Barton-upon-Trent, where I remained long enough to be considered a very capital Latin and Greek scholar for my years; and I was often selected by the master to show what proficiency his boys had attained. At the same time, I frankly own to you that I know very little about the matter now. At the age of twelve years I was removed to a school at Greenwich, kept by a Mr. Swinton, and where I was to have remained until fitted for college, being destined for the law. This favorite plan of my father's was, however, frustrated by his own coachman, whose name I have now forgotten. I only remember that I gained his confidence, always sitting by his side on the coach-box when we drove out. He often asked what profession I intended to choose. I told him I was to be a lawyer. "Oh, don't be a lawyer, Mister Jackey," said the old man; "all lawyers are rogues!"

"About this time Strachan (father of the late Admiral Sir Richard Strachan) came to the same school, and we became great friends. He told me such stories of the happiness of a sea life, into which he had lately been initiated, that he easily persuaded me to quit the school and go with him. We set out accordingly, and concealed ourselves on board of a ship at Woolwich. My father was at that time absent on the Northern Circuit. My mother and sisters were in a state of distraction at learning our absence from school, fearing that some disaster had happened to us. But after keeping them three days in the utmost anxiety, and suffering ourselves much privation and misery,

we thought it best to return home. I went in at night, and made myself known to my sisters, who remonstrated with me rather warmly on the impropriety of my conduct, and assured me that Mr. Swinton would chastise me severely for it; to which I replied that he certainly would not, for that I did not intend to go to school any more, and that I was resolved to be a sailor.

"The next day my mother spoke to me on the subject; and I still repeated that I would be a sailor. This threw her into much perplexity; and, in the absence of her husband, she made known her grief, in a flood of tears, to Lady Archibald Hamilton, mother of the late Sir William Hamilton, and wife of the governor of Greenwich Hospital. Her ladyship said she did not see the matter in the same light as my mother did; that she thought the sea a very honorable and a very good profession, and said she would undertake to procure me a situation in some ship of war.

"In the mean time my mother sent for her brother, Mr. John Parker, who, on being made acquainted with my determination, expostulated with me, but to no purpose. I was resolved I would not be a lawyer, and that I would be a sailor. Shortly afterwards, Lady A. Hamilton introduced me to Lady Burlington, and she to Commodore Townshend, who was at that time going out in the Gloucester, as Commander-in-chief, to Jamaica. She requested that he would take me on his quarter-deck, to which the commodore readily consented; and I was forthwith to be prepared for a sea life.

"My equipment was rather what would now be called grotesque. My coat was made for me to grow up to; it reached down to my heels, and was fully large in the sleeves. I had a dirk and a gold-laced hat; and in this costume my uncle caused me to be introduced to my patroness, Lady Burlington. Here I acquitted myself but badly. I lagged behind my uncle, and held by the skirt of his coat. Her ladyship, however, insisted on my coming forward, shook hands with me, and told me I had chosen a very honorable profession. She then gave Mr. Parker a note to Commodore Townshend, desiring that we should call on him early the next morning. This we did; and, after waiting some time, the commodore made his appearance in his nightcap and slippers, and in a very rough and uncouth voice asked me, how soon I would be ready to join my ship? I replied, "Directly." "Then you may go to-morrow morning," said he, "and I will give you a letter to the first lieutenant."

Captain Brenton here interrupts the narrative by informing us, that the manner and circumstances of young Jervis's introduction to the first lieutenant are too gross to be described; that, in point of immorality and vice, it equalled or outdid any thing described in Roderick Random.

'This was in the year 1745. As soon as the ship was ready for sea, we proceeded to Jamaica; and, as I was always fond of active life, I volunteered to go into small vessels, and saw a good deal of what was going on.

'My father had a very large family, with limited means. He gave me twenty pounds at starting, and that was all he ever gave me. After I had been a considerable time at the station, I drew for twenty more, but the bill came back protested. I was mortified at this rebuke, and made a promise, which I have ever kept, that I would never draw another bill without a certainty of its being paid. I immediately changed my mode of living, quitted my mess, lived alone, and took up the ship's allowance, which I found quite sufficient; washed and mended my own clothes; made a pair of trowsers out of the ticking of my bed; and having by these means saved as much money as would redeem my honor, I took up my bill; and from that time to this [and he said this with great energy] I have taken care to keep within my means.'—(*Brenton*, vol. i. pp. 19, 20.)

Mr. Tucker's statement does not materially differ from this, but it wants the freshness of the original. However limited the means may have been of Mr. Swynfen Jervis with his double offices, or whatever his intention in subjecting his son to pecuniary distress and mortified feelings, it took with the latter the right turn;—kindled in his breast a lofty spirit of independence, which never afterwards was quenched; it first taught him to rely upon himself, and how securely, though not without a sacrifice, he might do so; it originated in him that confidence in his own resources, which, in the constantly occurring transactions of his eventful life, was one of his chief superiorities over the run of mankind.

It was, however, a dangerous, and to many a youth would have proved a fatal, experiment, though it succeeded with young Jervis. But it succeeded, not so much from the wisdom of the parent, as from the natural and determined character of the boy. It was that innate and inherent character, more than the difficulties he had to encounter on his first entrance into the service, that made him what he afterwards became; for we are by no means sure that a young man, entering the service under wholly different circumstances—to whom his friends allow some £50 or £60 a-year for his mess, in order to enable him to live like a gentleman among his colleagues—would not turn out as distinguished an officer as one doomed to share the poverty of

Jervis, to sell his own bedding, and to sleep on the bare deck.

At an early period after his joining the Gloucester and arriving on the West Indian station, finding he had no means of partaking in the mess of his colleagues in that ship on account of the expenses, he prevailed on the captain to transfer him into one of the small cruisers, where he could adapt his scanty means to his absolute necessities; and, being utterly unable to indulge in expenses on shore, he was always ready to volunteer for such small craft as were proceeding to sea. The dishonored bill being the greatest weight upon his mind, he resolved to submit to the endurance of pinching privation, in order to relieve himself from the burden. In one of these cruisers it happened that, in the cable tier, was an old quarter-master named Drysdale, who had been mate of a merchant vessel: this old seaman afforded the midshipman the only assistance he ever received, towards the perfect acquirement, which he afterwards attained, of navigation.

Thus did this youth contrive to rub on, for six years, till the autumn of 1754, when he had nearly served his time as midshipman, and then returned in the *Sphinx* to England; was transferred to the *William* and *Mary* yacht, and there completed the few months required to make him eligible for a lieutenant's commission. This he received in the early part of January 1755, and joined the *Prince*, of ninety guns, intended for the flag of Lord Anson. She was commanded by Captain Saunders, 'the pattern of steady bravery combined with the most unaffected modesty.' In February he was transferred, as the junior lieutenant, to the *Royal George*, and the following month to the *Nottingham*, one of the fleet under Admiral Boscawen.

When Sir Edward Hawke was sent out to the Mediterranean to repair the misfortunes connected with Admiral Byng's command, Captain Saunders was promoted to the flag, and appointed second in command; and it speaks volumes in favor of Jervis, that his short acquaintance had impressed that excellent officer with so good an opinion, that, unsolicited, he was selected as one of his followers. He placed him in the *Dorchester*, whence he was soon afterwards removed to the *Prince*, in which the Admiral's flag was then flying; and when in 1757 it was shifted to the *Culloden*, he took Mr. Jervis with him as his second lieutenant.

The illness of Strachan, who commanded a small sloop, the *Experiment*, placed Lieutenant Jervis, for the first time, in the command of a ship; and being sent out on a cruise, he fell in with and engaged the French privateer *Xebeque*, much superior in force and sailing. In a running fight, which lasted above two hours, the *Experiment* had a midshipman killed and several of the crew wounded; the sloop was much damaged in her hull and rigging, and her main-mast shot through. The *Xebeque* made off; but her speed was so superior that the pursuit was soon decided to be hopeless.

The expedition against Canada being decided on, and the renowned Wolfe appointed to the command of the military forces, Admiral, now Sir Charles Saunders, who was recalled from the Mediterranean for the express purpose of taking the command of the fleet to be employed on this expedition, again hoisted his flag in the *Prince*, and selected Mr. Jervis to be his first lieutenant. The military Commander-in-chief, and his aide-de-camp, Captain (afterwards Colonel) Barré, were among Sir Charles Saunders's guests. Wolfe and Jervis had been at school together, 'when the generous acquaintance of youthful hours' had been formed, now in a maturer age to be renewed;* and such was the confidence the soldier here placed in the sailor, that, 'when on the eve of battle, that gallant young hero sought for a friend to whom he might unbosom the fondest secret of his heart, Jervis was the chosen depositary.'

By the time the forces had arrived at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, Sir Charles had appointed Jervis to command the *Porcupine* sloop, with which, by his alertness on all occasions, he was judged to be of material service to the army. The *Porcupine* was ordered to lead, and the General was embarked in the leading ship. When under the guns of Quebec, it fell a dead calm. The stream of the river set the *Porcupine* rapidly towards the flats, and within the reach of the guns of Fort Louis, from whence she was cannonaded. But, by the judicious exertions of Jervis and his crew, she was towed off, and the fleet conducted to a landing-place; and here Commander Jervis's participation ceased.

The exploits and the result of this expe-

dition are matters of history, in which the name of Wolfe is emblazoned in imperishable characters.

'In England,' says Lord Orford, 'the people despaired, they triumphed, they wept, for Wolfe had fallen in the hour of victory; joy, grief, curiosity, astonishment, were painted in every countenance; the more they inquired, the higher their admiration rose; not an incident but was heroic and affecting.'—'Still, however,' says Mr. Tucker, 'does one incident remain, which, it is believed, is not generally known, and which, as Commander Jervis participated in it, should be related. On the night previous to the battle, after all the orders for the assault were given, Wolfe requested a private interview with his friend; at which, saying he had the strongest presentiment that he should be killed in the fight of to-morrow, but he was sure he should die on the field of glory, Wolfe unbuttoned his waistcoat, and taking from his bosom the miniature of a young lady with whose heart his own "blended," he delivered it to Commander Jervis, entreating that, if the foreboding came to pass, he would himself return it to her on his arrival in England. Wolfe's presages were too completely fulfilled, and Commander Jervis had the most painful duty of delivering the pledge to Miss Lowther.'

In 1769 he was appointed to the *Alarm* frigate, and sent to the Mediterranean. When at Genoa, (not at Tunis, as Captain Brenton says,) two African slaves, sauntering in their galley near the mole, jumped into the *Alarm's* boat, enfolded themselves in the British colors, and shouted out, 'We are free!' The Genoese officer, hearing this, caused them to be taken forcibly from their place of refuge, one of the slaves carrying away with him the piece of the flag torn off. This being reported to Captain Jervis, he at once decided it was an insult to the British flag; and 'accordingly,' he says, 'I demanded of both the Doge and Senate that both the slaves should be brought on board the *Alarm*, with the part of the torn color which the slave carried off with him, the officer of the guard punished, and an apology made on the quarterdeck of the *Alarm*, under the king's colors, for the outrage offered to the British nation;' and he carried every point of his demand. Mr. Tucker, rather unnecessarily, here introduces Jervis's opinions in after life as decidedly averse from the abolition of negro slavery; and we notice this the rather because we think Captain Brenton has been led into a mistake. He says that Sir George Naylor waited on Lord St. Vincent for some historical anecdotes to grace the

* Is not this doubtful? Wolfe was born in 1726, Jervis in 1734, making a difference of eight years in their ages.

history of his peerage; that his lordship expressed his dissent, being utterly averse from such nonsense and vanity; but that, after a short silence, he said, 'Yes, there is one anecdote which I will give you, and one at which I am more proud than of any other event of my life;'—and he tells the story of the two slaves. This is not exactly what we should expect from one, who was not only indifferent, but invariably hostile, to slave emancipation; and we think, moreover, that some little 'vanity' was displayed (but could any one blame it!) in the emblazonment of his arms with an historical anecdote that no one can mistake;—his supporters bearing the Thunderer's eagle and the winged horse of Helicon, in direct allusion to the capture of the *Pegasus* by the *Foudroyant*.

After a severe storm, and the shipwreck of the *Alarm*, at Marseilles, it required the most extraordinary exertions, together with the valuable assistance of M. Pleville de Peltier, the port officer, to make her again seaworthy; after which Jervis, by his representations to the Admiralty, had the gratification of presenting to M. de Peltier a valuable piece of plate. A few months after the accident, he writes to his sister—'The *Alarm* is the completest thing I ever saw on the water:'—having previously described her as 'a miserable sunken wreck.'

He also wrote to his father on this occasion; but nothing appears in reply either then or thereafter. 'I have the happiness to inform my dearest father that my prospects brighten, and I hope to be at sea in a month. I have had a severe lesson of submission to the Divine will, gained some experience, and, I have the vanity to think, lost no reputation, although other losses I have sustained enough; but that is not to be named.'

His Royal Highness Prince William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, being in a weak state of health, it was the King's pleasure that a winter's sojourn in Italy should take place, and that a frigate should convey him from port to port—and the *Alarm* was ordered on that service. On this occasion Jervis proved, in one respect, that as the boy had been, so was the man. Alive to the advantages of visiting the several courts of Italy under such favorable auspices, and in the society in which he was compelled, as it were, to move, he thus informs his friends how he supported himself: 'Throughout such an expensive em-

ploy, by great economy my own pocket supported myself, and maintained my independence, though it was *hard work*; but I could not afford to purchase any thing in this land of tempting curiosities and arts.' The Duke quitted in May, with a heart overflowing with thankfulness for the unalloyed pleasure he had received from his trip with Jervis.

The *Alarm*, after this, went home, was paid off, and Jervis, with his friend Captain Barrington, the former having first for some time studied the French language, set off on a tour of inspection of the European naval arsenals—chiefly those of France. They then proceeded to St. Petersburg by the Baltic; and Jervis gives a concise and spirited account of the Empress Catharine, and the noted characters who were then found in the Russian capital. Stockholm, Carlscrona, Copenhagen, and the harbors of Norway, were also visited; as were Hamburg, Lubeck, and the ports of Holland, together with the northern ports of France; and in the autumn of the second year of their travels, they returned to Plymouth.

Soon after his arrival, Jervis was appointed to the *Foudroyant*, the finest two-deck ship in the British navy. She was annexed to the Channel fleet under Admiral Keppel, and was stationed immediately astern of the Commander-in-chief's ship, the *Victory*. In our review of the Life of Keppel, by the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Keppel, we adverted to the straightforward evidence of Captain Jervis on the court-martial called for by Palliser against Keppel. Mr. Tucker has reprinted, at full length, the evidence of Jervis, which occupied two days, and which consists of ninety-one questions and cross-questions, with the answers. All of these were clear, concise, decided, and consistent; and that evidence alone left not a doubt as to the conduct of Keppel.

In 1779 the *Foudroyant* was still attached to the Channel fleet, then under the command of Sir Charles Hardy, who made so dignified a retreat before the immensely superior Spanish and French fleets, that Lord Howe and his Board of Admiralty expressed their high 'approbation' of the Admiral's wise and prudent conduct.

It would appear, however, that Jervis considered it in a different light. Writing to his sister he says—'I am in the most humbled state of mind I ever experienced, from the retreat we have made before the

combined fleets all yesterday and this morning.' Fortune, however, ere long cheered him up. In 1782, his friend Admiral Barrington was sent to sea with twelve sail of the line, and one of them was the *Foudroyant*. The Brest fleet came out; the signal was made for a general chase, and the *Foudroyant*, being the best sailer, soon walked by the fleet, and, towards the evening, saw the French, six ships of war, and eighteen sail of convoy. About ten P. M., Jervis, observing they were separating, and selecting the largest for pursuit, ordered Bowen, a favorite midshipman, to the fore-castle, to keep sight of her by his night-glass. In the mean time every thing was made ready for action; and to the repeated questions to young Bowen, if he saw the chase? the reply being always in the affirmative, Jervis was so delighted with the boy's attention, that at last he called out, 'That's right, Bowen; do you only keep sight of her, and rely upon it I will never lose sight of you.—A promise—most faithfully kept.*' Young Bowen, now seeing a close action at hand, took his station, as aide-de-camp, by the side of his captain on the quarter deck. The *Foudroyant*, running at the rate of eleven miles an hour, was speedily within hail of the adversary, when the officer on the fore-castle called out—'She has put her helm up to rake us, sir.' When Jervis was on the point of putting the *Foudroyant's* helm a-starboard, in order to give her a broadside from her starboard guns, young Bowen was so forcibly struck with the advantage that might be taken by a contrary proceeding, that he could not help exclaiming—'Then, if we put our helm to port we shall rake her.' Jervis, instantly feeling the force of the observation, in his turn exclaimed, 'You are right, Bowen—helm a-port!' Passing close under the enemy's stern, the *Foudroyant* poured in, and continued for some time, a raking fire. The enemy being thrown into confusion, her sails in the greatest disorder, Jervis determined on boarding, and laid the *Foudroyant* on the enemy's larboard side. Headed by young Bowen, the

boarders were soon in possession of the enemy's deck, struck her colors with cheers, and thus in about three quarters of an hour the action ceased.

The prize was the *Pegase* of seventy-four guns, commanded by Le Chevalier Cillart, who by the fortune of war became a prisoner to an old acquaintance, to whom, of course, Jervis was delighted to pay the most marked attention; giving positive injunctions that every article of furniture, clothing, books, and papers, belonging to the captain and the officers, should be carefully collected and brought on board the *Foudroyant*. Captain Brenton tells a very different story, which he says he had from Sir John Jervis himself. The French captain showed him a letter he had written to the minister of marine, giving an account of his capture, and he asked Jervis his opinion of it. 'I read it,' said the latter, 'and returned it to him, saying I had but one objection, namely, that not one word of it was true—"Mais comment pas vrai?" No, sir, not one word of it is true; but you can send it if you please. He did send it, sir, and, when he was tried for the loss of his ship, the letter was produced; he was dismissed the service, and his sword broken over his head.' Sir John Jervis, we venture to say, never would use so insulting and brutal a phrase to any one, much less to a friend in misfortune, his prisoner and his guest. The loss of life, and the damage to the masts and yards, were great in the *Pegase*; in the *Foudroyant* not a man was killed, and only five wounded—of whom Jervis was one, being struck between the eyes, both of which were blackened. Admiral Barrington, in a private letter to Mr. Rose, after due praise of Jervis, says—'He, poor fellow, has got an honorable mark above his eye, which I conceive will be of no bad consequence, rather the reverse; for, as a man of middle age, it may make his fortune. The fair honor the brave, and, as we suppose delight in kissing the honorable mark.' In submitting to the King what reward should be conferred on Jervis, his Majesty at once said to Lord Keppel—'Let him be made Knight Commander of the Bath;' but no baronetcy, as Mr. Tucker has stated.

In 1782, the *Foudroyant* was attached to the fleet under Lord Howe for the relief of Gibraltar, where Sir John Jervis got great credit for the able manner in which he conducted safely into port the fleet of

* At the close of the year, at the relief of Gibraltar, he appointed Bowen acting lieutenant of the *Foudroyant*, and he was confirmed to the Prince in 1790. In 1792, following his patron to the West Indies, he obtained the rank of commander, then of post-captain into the *Terpsichore*, in which ship he so often and brilliantly distinguished himself; and while captain of her at Teneriffe, he there gallantly fell.

virtualers and powder ships, in the face of the Spanish fleet, and amid the acclamations of the garrison. On the passage out to Gibraltar, Lord Howe one day assembled the flag-officers and captains, to know their opinions with regard to the prudence, or otherwise, of an inferior fleet engaging a superior one by night. Jervis was the only captain who decided against it, assigning various reasons for giving preference to a battle by day; in which he was supported by Admiral Barrington, who observed, 'that he could not contemplate that any ship would be found wanting in the day of battle; yet, should there unfortunately be a shy cock among them, daylight would expose him.*'

On her return from Gibraltar, at the close of 1782, the *Foudroyant* was paid off, after being eight years in commission: a more perfect man-of-war, or a more beautiful model, the British navy had then never seen—superior alike for her sailing and fighting qualities. Yet when in the French service, this fine ship, of 84 guns and 800 men, was captured by the *Monmouth*, a small 64, after an action of four hours, in which Captain Gardiner was first wounded in the arm, then shot dead by a ball striking his forehead; but the action was nobly continued by the first lieutenant, Carket. The enemy had 100 men killed and 90 wounded; the *Monmouth*, 28 killed and 79 wounded. Splendid as the *Foudroyant* was, we believe that no model or lines of her beautiful figure have been preserved; but one of her name was built at Plymouth, in 1798, by Sir John Henslove.

On a conjoint expedition projected by the Government against the Spanish West Indies, Sir John Jervis accepted a command, on the principle that he never solicited or refused any particular service, and his broad pendant was hoisted in the *Salisbury*; but on the armed neutrality being settled, the project was abandoned, and Sir John struck his broad pendant, and remained on shore about six or seven years. A person, however, of such an active mind was not likely to continue idle; and, on the general election of 1784, he was returned for N. Yarmouth. In politics he was a decided Whig; but, as Mr. Tucker says, he should be called 'a Whig Royalist; for although upon all other constitu-

tional questions the strong inclination of his opinion was toward the liberal side, yet, of the necessary and lawful prerogatives of the crown, and of its consequence and grandeur, he was at all times the eager defender.' His name is to be found in all the great struggles of the Whigs for liberty, and at all their meetings in favor of religious Toleration and of Parliamentary Reform.

In 1787 Sir John Jervis was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral; and in 1790, when the Nootka Sound quarrel occurred, he hoisted his flag in the *Prince*, of 93 guns, under Lord Howe, and was placed in command of a division of the fleet. Spain having applied to the National Assembly of France for assistance, the latter, as usual, ever ready to show her hatred of England, assembled a fleet at Brest; but licentiousness and insubordination having usurped the place of discipline, the inevitable consequence, mutiny, followed; officers were appointed and removed at the pleasure of the crews; and nothing was, or could be, attempted by such a disorganized fleet. A convention was made by England with Spain, hostilities were avoided, the fleet paid off, and each flag-officer was indulged with the remuneration of a midshipman for promotion. The quarter-deck of the *Prince* was full of young gentlemen of the first families in the kingdom. Many were the candidates, and overpowering the interest made, for the highly connected aspirants; but when the day came for nomination, surprise and disappointment arrived with it. The unsolicited recommendation of Sir John Jervis was in favor of a friendless, retiring, but well-behaved son of an old and poor, but well-conducted, lieutenant. In answer to the youth's overflowings of gratitude and astonishment at his good fortune, Sir John said—'Sir, I named you for the lieutenant I was allowed to promote, because you had merited the good opinion of your superiors, and that you were the son of an old officer and worthy man in no great affluence. A steady perseverance in that conduct which has now caused you to be thus distinguished, is the most likely means to carry you forward in your profession; for I trust that other officers of my rank will observe the maxim that I do—to prefer the son of a brother officer, *when deserving*, before any other.'

That Sir John's correspondence was well suited to its subject, the following, forming

* Sir John Barrow gives this anecdote in his life of Howe, as he tells us, on living authority.

a striking contrast with the preceding, will furnish an example:—‘I enclose —’s letter as a testimony of his effrontery; no consideration will ever induce me to countenance any officer who slights the good opinion of his captain, or presumes to attempt to pay me a compliment at the expense of him.’

In 1793, the Government decided on a joint expedition against the French West India islands, when Sir John Jervis was selected to command the naval part, and Sir Charles Grey the troops. A combined expedition is not always a cordial or a successful one; but in the present instance a good feeling and harmony prevailed, not only between the respective commanders, but on every occasion between the soldiers and sailors—each vying with the others which should outdo their fellow warriors in the same cause. In no instance was there the slightest misunderstanding between the Commanders-in-chief; it is on record that neither of them had occasion even to write a single letter on service to the other, during the whole campaign. The result was, that although the French were well prepared, and fought desperately, every island fell in succession into our hands; so that, in a campaign of scarcely more than three months, when all the main objects of the expedition had been accomplished, Sir John Jervis was enabled to inform the Admiralty, ‘that all the French islands in those seas were reduced.’

There was, however, a single instance, and but one, of foolish feeling, originating probably in weakness of intellect, but explained into a misunderstanding, on the part of a general officer. The following order was given out by General Prescott:—‘Whereas Vice-Admiral Sir John Jervis has given orders frequently on shore here, and particularly in a note dated Boyne, June 11th, which must have arisen either from great ignorance, or great presumption and arrogance—if from ignorance, poor man, he is to be pitied; but if from great presumption and arrogance, to be checked. It is therefore Lieutenant-General Prescott’s orders, that in future no attention is to be given to such notes or orders, and his signature to be as little regarded as those of John Nokes and Peter Styles.’ The cause of this peevish and foolish order was owing to the Admiral having seen a few soldiers in a state of intoxication, and *requested* the officer on guard to hand them over to his boat, to be sent on board, which the officer

reported he had been *commanded* to do. We can well imagine the fierce look from the all-piercing eye which Sir John cast on first sight of this impudent order; and with what ineffable scorn he treated ‘the ignorance, the presumption, and the arrogance’ of the silly writer. It appears, however, that the general soon recovered his senses, as he says in the *Gazette*—‘I cannot help acknowledging the great obligations I lie under to Sir John Jervis, for the many and essential services which he rendered me and my garrison while he continued in the command, and which were always offered with the utmost alacrity, and performed with equal diligence.’

To recount the operations of the besieging forces is beyond the scope of this article; but we cannot withhold a few words on the eminently gallant conduct of Commander Faulknor, of the *Zebra*, before Fort Bourbon. The *Zebra*, with bamboo scaling ladders triced up to the shrouds, was ordered to lead in; made sail straight to the fort; laid his little sloop as close under the guns as the water allowed, to within fifteen feet of the wall; and Faulknor headed his boarders over the parapet into the fort. On the covered way a whole regiment waited their approach; a tremendous discharge of musketry thinned the ranks of the seamen; but the enemy was charged so fiercely that nothing could withstand it, and the whole regiment laid down their arms. Faulknor forced his way through the iron gates, gained the summit of the citadel, and struck the French and hoisted the English colors, amidst shouts of triumph from the armed boats, from the squadron, and from the army on the outside. ‘No language of mine,’ says the Commander-in-chief, ‘can express the merit of Captain Faulknor upon the occasion; but as every officer and man in the army and squadron bears testimony to it, this incomparable achievement cannot fail of being recorded in history.’

On a signal being made for the Commander of the *Zebra*, Sir John ordered the Boyne’s hands to be turned up, and placing himself at the head of his officers, he thus greeted the hero—‘Captain Faulknor, by your daring courage this day, a French frigate has fallen into our hands. I have ordered her to be taken into our service, and here is your commission to command her, in which I have named her, after yourself, sir, the Undaunted.’

But this brave officer did not long sur-

vive this honorable testimony of his gallant conduct. In the following year, when he commanded the *Blanche*, he fought a desperate battle with the French frigate *La Pique*, of 38 guns, in which he fell, while he himself was in the very act of *lashing the bowsprit of the enemy to the capstan of his own ship!* which it was said he hinted beforehand his intention of doing. The action continued for five hours, when *La Pique* called out she had struck. The boats of the *Blanche* being all stove in, Sir David Milne, the present Commander-in-chief at Plymouth, then her second lieutenant, with a few men, swam on board and took possession of the prize. She had about 76 men killed and 110 wounded. The *Blanche* lost her captain, and had 2 killed and 21 wounded. Such is, and ever has been, the triumphant result of English courage, coolness, and superior seamanship.

But, alas! for the mutability of human affairs, and the wonderful changes effected by human invention! A boiler of water, converted into steam, impels a ship through the sea with a greater and more constant velocity than the winds can do; and the ship so impelled requires few or no seamen. She is navigated by engineers, gunners, blacksmiths, and coal-stokers, who usurp the place of seamen. What then is to become of our brave sailors? and what is to become of our superiority of seamanship, of the glorious result of which we have just given so splendid an instance? It may be said, we too can steam *equally* with others; true—but the naval superiority of England, which has been asserted and maintained for the last three hundred years, admits not of *equality*. Let us but imagine, what may well happen, one of our three-deckers becalmed, and a steamer with those long guns which throw heavy shot or shells to the distance of three miles, taking up or shifting her position as best suits her, while the other thrice-powerful ship is compelled to remain immovable, and must submit to be 'pestered by a popinjay,' and stung, as it were, by a smoking musquito, which, like that animal, can neither be hit, nor caught, nor crushed. The only resource we have, and it is the imperative duty of the authorities to apply it, is to supply every ship of the line and frigate, with as many of these long guns as each can conveniently be armed with.

Though Sir John Jervis was by nature, and from circumstances, frequently blunt

in his manner, and not over polished in his language, yet he would, with the greatest good-humor and tact, convey a censure or reproof with the desired effect. For instance, Commodore Thompson being frequently careless in his dress, was one day in his boat clad in a purser's duck frock and a common straw hat, and passing near the stern of the flag-ship, was recognized by the Admiral, who hailed the boat—'In the barge there! go and assist in towing that transport.' The Commodore received the gentle rebuke as his chief intended it: standing up in his boat, and taking off his hat, he answered the hail in proper style, 'Ay, ay, sir!' and proceeded to execute the order.

It was generally supposed that Sir John Jervis had brought home enormous wealth from the West Indies, but he declared in print that it was a very great mistake; for he says, 'my expenses in entertaining the whole staff of the army on the passage out, and in going from island to island, exceeded my gains.' Then the Boyne, while his flag was still flying, caught fire at Spithead, was entirely consumed, and every thing in her belonging to him destroyed.

The admiral was not long permitted to remain on shore. Near the close of the same year (1795) he was sent for by Lord Spencer, and informed by him that his name had been submitted to and approved by the King, to command the Mediterranean fleet; which he at once accepted, and prepared forthwith to set out. On his arrival at Corsica he hoisted his flag in the *Victory*. His fleet consisted of 2 ships of 100 guns; 5 of 98; 2 of 80; 14 of 74; 2 of 64; 24 frigates; 20 sloops, and other smaller vessels. Under his command were three Vice-Admirals and one Rear-Admiral; and here, for the first time, Sir John Jervis made the acquaintance of Hallowell, Troubridge, Collingwood, Hood, Nelson, and Cockburn—names very soon prominently brought forward under his auspices, and destined to hold the most distinguished rank and to attain the highest honors in the British Navy. One only of these memorable seamen survives—Admiral Sir George Cockburn; and long may he survive for the benefit of his country!

The blockade of Toulon was immediately decided on. A detached squadron from the blockading fleet was placed under the orders of Captain (then made Commodore) Nelson, of the *Agamemnon*, for the purpose of cruising along the coast to support the

Allies; and seven sail of the line were left before Cadiz under the command of Rear-Admiral Mann.

Excepting the in-shore squadron, in which were Troubridge, Hood, and Hallowell, who were constantly engaged with the batteries, no occasion offered for the fleet to come into action with the enemy; but it required all the attention and the vigorous exertions of the Commander-in-chief, to obtain supplies of provisions and water, and other necessities for so large a fleet, after the scandalous defection of Corsica—to economize the reduced state of the stores—to keep up discipline, as well in the officers as in the men, by the exercise of the great guns—by desiring the captains to be on deck when a signal was made to tack or wear by night—and by a due regard to all the evolutions of the fleet. A general memorandum says—‘The Commander-in-chief has too exalted an opinion of the respective captains of the squadron to doubt their being upon deck when the signal is made to tack or wear in the night.’

The progress of the French army in Italy made it probable that their fleet would attempt to enter the Mediterranean; and in this view the Commander-in-chief sent an order to Admiral Mann forthwith to join him—a similar order, it afterwards appeared, having gone to him from the Admiralty. The receipt of the former he acknowledged; but, instead of obeying his orders, he thought fit to proceed to Spithead. The Admiralty told him they felt the greatest regret at his proceedings, and that orders would be forthwith sent to him to ‘strike his flag and come on shore;’ yet the same Board of Admiralty appointed him one of its members not long after!

In October 1796, Sir John Jervis received information from Sir Gilbert Elliot, the Viceroy of Corsica, that the government was wrested from him, and that the island must be evacuated. The Admiral writes with great indignation to Lord Spencer. ‘The Viceroy,’ he says, ‘had many thousand men in pay, as free companies; these, with almost the whole of the Members of Parliament in the interest of the British Government, and other pensioners, were the first to show enmity to us. In short, I do not believe the page of history can produce an instance of such rascally baseness and ingratitude; for the whole island has been enriched by the generosity of our Government.’

The Spanish fleet had left Cadiz and entered the Mediterranean, and the Admiral

says, ‘had Admiral Mann sailed from Gibraltar when he received my orders, and obeyed them, I have every reason to believe they would have been cut to pieces.’

On the 2d of December he arrived at Gibraltar, and was gratified by receiving an account of his young friend Bowen, now Captain of the *Terpsichore*, having captured the Spanish frigate *Mahoneza*. ‘Bowen,’ said he, ‘is of my school.’ On the 15th of this month we find him cruising off Cape St. Vincent. Three days afterwards he received orders to ‘proceed immediately to the *Tagus*.’ Here within a week his squadron was refitted, replenished, and ready for sea, and he went out with it forthwith, writing to the Admiralty, ‘Inactivity in the *Tagus* will make cowards of us all.’ By the loss of the *Bombay Castle*, and the grounding of the *St. George*, the Admiral’s fleet was reduced to eight sail of the line. Fortunately, however, on the 6th of February, he was reinforced with six sail of the line under Sir William Parker, and next day the Culloden rejoined him, by whom he learned that the Spanish fleet had passed Cadiz. On the 13th, Commodore Nelson, with his broad pendant in the *Minerve*, joined him, and shifted his pendant into the Captain. The morning of the 14th of February was foggy, but very soon the Culloden’s signal guns announced the enemy. A little after nine six ships of the line were ordered to chase. The Commander-in-chief walked the quarter-deck, while the hostile numbers were duly reported to him as they appeared, by signal. ‘There are eight sail of the line, Sir John,’—‘Very well, sir.’—‘There are twenty sail of the line, Sir John,’—‘Very well, sir.’—‘There are twenty-five sail of the line,’—‘Very well, sir.’—‘There are twenty-seven sail, Sir John,’ and this was accompanied by some remark on the great disparity of the forces—‘Enough, sir, no more of that: the die is cast; and if there were fifty sail I will go through them.’ This determined answer so delighted Captain Hallowell, who was walking beside him, that, in the ecstasy of the moment, he could not resist patting the old Admiral’s back, exclaiming, ‘That’s right, Sir John, that’s right; by G—d, we shall give them a d—d good licking!’—and so they certainly did.

The glorious battle of St. Vincent is matter of history. Every one knows that it was won by fifteen to twenty-seven; and that four large ships were taken by that portion of the fleet which attacked the

Spanish division separated from the main body. The Captain, the *Blenheim*, the *Excellent*, and the *Irresistible*, under the respective commands of Commodore Nelson, Captains Frederick, Troubridge, Collingwood, and Martin, were the ships that dashed into the midst of them. The *Orion*, Sir James Saumarez, the *Prince George*, Vice-Admiral Parker, and the *Colossus*, Murray, were also in the thickest of the fight. The rest of the fleet were partially engaged in preventing the larger portion of the Spaniards from joining and assisting the division from which the captures were made. Captain Calder, the flag captain, was sent off with the account of the action; but talking over the events of the day, Calder hinted, whether the spontaneous manœuvre that carried Commodore Nelson and Collingwood into the brunt of the battle, was not an unauthorized departure, by the Commodore, from the prescribed mode of attack? 'It certainly was so,' replied the magnanimous Commander; 'and if ever *you* commit such a breach of your orders, I will forgive *you* also.'

Captain Cockburn, (now Sir George,) of the *Minerve*, towed out the damaged Captain, and carried Nelson in his boat to the flag-ship, when the Admiral received him on the quarterdeck, took him into his arms, and kissed him. Much nonsense was talked about Nelson's name not being mentioned in the public despatch. The treatment Lord Howe received, but three years before, for selecting names contrary to his own wish and intention, but by *command*, was alone sufficient for Sir John to avoid a similar dilemma; but he had three Vice-Admirals, Thompson, Parker, and Waldegrave, one of whom, Parker, in the *Prince George*, behaved most gallantly. Was he to leave them out, and Nelson to stand alone? In his letter, however, to Lord Spencer of the same date, he makes honorable mention of all who had an opportunity of distinguishing themselves. He thus begins his letter:— 'The correct conduct of every officer and man in the squadron on the 14th instant, made it improper to distinguish one more than another in my public letter; because I am confident that, had those who were least in the action been in the situation of the fortunate few, their behavior would not have been less meritorious.'

Votes of thanks were given by the two Houses of Parliament, and by a message from the Crown to the House of Commons, a pension of £3000 a-year was settled on

the Admiral; a Peerage was also granted intended at first as that of a Viscount, but afterwards changed to an Earldom. The title he wished to be Orford, as originally belonging to the navy, having been conferred on Admiral Russell after the battle of La Hogue; but the King fixed on that of St. Vincent. The Vice-Admirals, Thompson and Parker, were created Baronets; and Nelson, Knight-Commander of the Bath. The fleet with the prizes proceeded to the Tagus to refit, where, by the end of the month, they were ready and reinforced to twenty-one sail of the line; when, receiving a signal from a frigate off the bar— 'The enemy at sea!'—such was the promptitude exhibited, that by daybreak some of the ships reported themselves ready for sea; and at the close of the day the whole squadron, thirteen sail of the line, sailed in pursuit of the enemy.

Enough has been written and said on the subject of the mutiny in the fleet at the Nore and Spithead; but after so glorious a victory off Cape St. Vincent, it could have been little expected that a mutinous spirit would make its appearance in the triumphant fleet before Cadiz. A Portuguese priest, the confessor of the Catholics in the fleet, and in the pay and confidence of Sir Isaac Coffin, showed to that Admiral a letter he had received from two seamen of the *Ville de Paris*, acquainting him of their intention to assassinate the Commander-in-chief, as soon as the expected resistance should have broken out. In the *Ville de Paris* too, the villain Bott, the Corresponding Society's delegate on the Cadiz station, confessed, in dying, that the intention was to hang Lord St. Vincent, and transfer the command of the fleet to one Davidson, another delegate, and of course a rebel.

The first practical outbreak of the mutiny was on the Kingfisher's deck, where Captain Maitland, by a thrust of his sword, slew one of the rebels and wounded some others: he was tried at his own request, and acquitted. And here we cannot forbear noticing a most reprehensible passage in Captain Brenton's work, the improbability of which, acquainted as he was with Lord St. Vincent's character, ought alone to have prevented the insertion of it. He says, 'Lord St. Vincent did not certainly participate in the feeling which dictated the *admonition*, (there was none);* for I

* The sentence only says, 'that the means taken by Captain Maitland were spirited and successful, but hasty, and not tempered with that

am *credibly* informed, that he invited the members of the court-martial to dinner, and after the cloth was removed gave as a toast, '*Maitland's radical cure.*' Invited the members to insult them! He should have known that Lord St. Vincent was incapable of uttering so brutal a sentiment; nor is it likely he ever invited the members of the Court-martial, in a body, to dine.

But it was on the arrival of Sir Roger Curtis's squadron, and in it, that the crisis of disaffection raged. Applications for Courts-martial on mutineers came from three of his ships, the Marlborough, the Lion, and the Centaur. We shall select only the first, as sufficient to show the Admiral's determination to crush the evil. Lord St. Vincent had been apprised that the Marlborough was among the most disorganized at Spithead; and she was therefore ordered, on her approach, to take her berth in the centre, at a small distance from the rest of the fleet. A mutiny had broken out in her at Bearhaven, and again on her passage out, which was suppressed by the officers, but chiefly by the first lieutenant: the ostensible object of the mutiny was the protection of the life of a seaman, who had forfeited it by a capital crime. A Court-martial was now ordered on the mutineers, and one being sentenced to die, the Commander-in-chief ordered the execution to take place the following morning, 'by the crew of the Marlborough alone; no part of the boat's crews from the other ships, as had been usual on similar occasions, to assist in the punishment.' The Captain of the Marlborough, Ellison, waited on the Commander-in-chief, reminded him that the crew would not suffer capital punishment of a condemned criminal, and expressed his conviction that they would never permit the man to be hung on board that ship. The Captain had been received on the quarterdeck of the *Ville de Paris*, before the officers and ship's company—all listening in breathless suspense; and Lord St. Vincent having himself listened attentively until he had ceased to speak, after a short pause thus addressed him:—'What! do you mean to tell me, Captain Ellison, that you cannot *command* his Majesty's ship the Marlborough? If that is the case, sir, I will immediately send on board an officer who can.' The Captain requested that, at all events, the boats' crews from the rest of

the fleet might, as usual, attend at this, to haul the man up; for he did not expect the Marlborough's would do it. Lord St. Vincent sternly replied—'Captain Ellison, you are an old officer, sir; have served long; suffered severely in the service, and have lost an arm in action; and I should be very sorry that any advantage should be taken of your advanced years. That *man shall* be hanged at eight o'clock to-morrow morning *and by his own ship's company*; for not a hand from any other ship in the fleet shall touch the rope. You will now return on board, sir; and, lest you should not prove able to command your ship, an officer will be at hand who can.'

Captain Ellison retired, and was followed by an order to cause the ship's guns to be housed and secured, and that at daybreak her ports should be lowered. All launches of the fleet were then ordered to rendezvous under the Prince at seven o'clock the following morning, armed with carronades and twelve rounds of ammunition, each commanded by a lieutenant—the whole under the orders of Captain Campbell, of the *Blenheim*. On presenting his orders, Lord St. Vincent told him, 'he was to attend the execution, and if any symptoms of mutiny appeared in the Marlborough, any attempt to open her ports, or any resistance to the hanging of the prisoner, he was to proceed close, touching the ship, and to fire into her, and to continue his fire until all mutiny or resistance should cease; and that, should it become absolutely necessary, he should sink the ship in the face of the fleet.'

It is almost unnecessary to add, that at the signal gun the man was hauled up to the yard-arm with a run. 'Thus,' says Mr. Tucker, 'the law was satisfied;' and at the moment, perhaps one of the greatest of his life, Lord St. Vincent said, 'Discipline is preserved, sir.' He might well say so; for this firm determination gave a fatal blow to the mutiny in the fleet before Cadiz, but not a final one, as scarcely a ship arrived from England that was not infected with mutineers, and again and again the dreadful sentence was inflicted—the crews of such ships being invariably the executioners of their own rebels. When the St. George joined from England with some mutineers in irons, a Court-martial sat on Saturday and pronounced sentence, which Lord St. Vincent ordered to be carried into effect the following morning, though it was *Sunday*, for which he was fully aware he

discretion which the serious nature of the case required.

would incur the censure of the sanctimonious; but he was also aware that the instant punishment of death on one man, might be the means of preserving the lives of thousands. 'I hope,' he writes to Lord Spencer—'I hope I shall not be censured by the bench of Bishops, as I have been by Vice-Admiral ———* for profaning the Sabbath.' The criminals asked five days to prepare, in which they would have hatched five hundred treasons. His conduct on this urgent occasion was highly approved by the Board of Admiralty; and Nelson writes to Sir R. Calder, 'I am sorry that you should have to differ with ———, (Q. St. Vincent;) but had it been Christmas-day instead of Sunday, I would have executed them—we know not what might have been hatched by a Sunday's grog; now, your discipline is safe. I talked to our people, and I hope with good effect: indeed they seem a very quiet set.'

After a few more executions of rebels, imported into the Cadiz fleet from Spithead, the chief of whom were delegates of the Corresponding Society, or United Irishmen, one of them, in the Princess-Royal, pointed out to his colleagues *Cadiz as their future country*. Fortunate was it for England that a man of such perspicacity, and unbending firmness of mind as Lord St. Vincent, was sent to command on this distant station; and that the disaffected ships were placed under his stern orders, to restore them, as he succeeded in doing, to loyalty and discipline. Here, indeed, this great Commander showed that he possessed all the chief mental qualities necessary to greatness, on great emergencies. Others then, as before, showed a courage equally intrepid; but no man that ever held command in the British Navy, ever showed in a higher degree that force of mind, that steadiness of purpose, and that undoubting reliance on native resources, by which alone can great successes, in perilous times, be achieved. It is not too much to say, that a Commander-in-chief with less nerve would have endangered the loss of the whole fleet. Nelson, from a sense of duty to his country, would have pursued similar steps, with all the milk of human kindness in his bosom, and so would Troubridge; but having named them, we pause.

It now (1795) became necessary to watch the French force in Toulon, and su-

perintend their proceedings in the Mediterranean. In Lord St. Vincent's fleet before Cadiz were three subordinate flag officers, of whom Nelson was the junior; and by a simultaneous coincidence of opinion (not at all surprising) between Lord St. Vincent and Lord Spencer, they severally decided that it was a duty owing to the country to place this important command under 'her choicest though younger son.' Lord St. Vincent was fully aware that he would incur 'a world of enmity, vexation, and annoyance' by this selection. Among the most disappointed and intemperate was Sir John Orde, who wrote an accusatory and fretful letter to Lord Spencer, and sent a copy of it to Lord St. Vincent; to which his Lordship thus replied:—'The letter you have done me the honor to communicate, expresses precisely what I should have done under similar circumstances, for I never was blessed with *prudence and forbearance*. At the same time, it must be acknowledged that those who are responsible for measures, have an undoubted right to appoint the men they prefer to carry them into execution.' Seeing the necessity of getting rid of so troublesome an officer as Sir John Orde, he took occasion to send him home in the *Blenheim*, with the following short note:—'I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated off Cadiz, 3d August, expressed in terms of insubordination, that even in these times I did not expect to receive from an officer of your rank.' On Sir John's arrival in England, he applied for a Court-martial on the Commander-in-chief, which was of course refused; but some time afterwards, when Lord St. Vincent returned to England, he received a challenge from Sir John, which his Majesty laid his commands upon him not to accept; and here the affair ended.

The Mediterranean having now become the scene of active operations, Lord St. Vincent proceeded to Gibraltar, from whence he could not only more conveniently carry on the correspondence, but also make arrangements for repairing the defects of the Mediterranean squadron, of which he anticipated a speedy occasion. The splendid victory of the Nile, the operations against Minorca, and other minor affairs, were the objects he contemplated, and which very soon called for assistance. The actions of Nelson belong to himself, and have been recorded in the annals of the British Navy; but they belong not immediately to the life of Lord St. Vincent. On his hearing the

* Calder, as would appear by the following letter.

result of the battle of the Nile, he wrote to Nelson,—‘God be praised! and you and your gallant band rewarded by a grateful country, for the greatest achievement the history of the world can produce!’

Despatches were shortly received that Minorca was taken without the loss of a single man; and Sir James Saumarez, having arrived with the disabled ships and prizes taken at the battle of the Nile, the indefatigable Admiral, defying the accumulation of arrears, set about the immediate repair of the ships, attending in person the whole day, though up generally till two in the morning reading and writing his letters. The prizes were patched up for Lisbon, but he announced his determination that the battered ships of his fleet should be made sea-worthy at Gibraltar; and by his unceasing exertions and mental resources, the Nile squadron was repaired without a single ship quitting the station. But the excessive fatigue, both of mind and body, preyed so much upon his health, that the Admiralty, having received notice of his apprehensions ‘that he must retire or sink,’ sent out Lord Keith with reinforcements to the fleet before Cadiz.

Shortly after this his lordship returned to Cadiz bay; but found himself so ill and worn down as to be obliged to go back to Gibraltar. During his illness, which confined him to his bed, he was informed that a powerful French fleet, twenty-six sail of the line, with frigates, was passing the Rock into the Mediterranean. Invalid as he was, he superintended the equipment in person, hoisted his flag in the *Ville de Paris*, and the entire fleet was watered, provisioned, stored, and got ready for sea in two days. His illness, however, increasing, he transferred the entire command to Lord Keith, and repaired in the *Argo* to Gibraltar, and thence to England.

Information had been conveyed to Lord Spencer, that all was not right in the Channel fleet; that the deep-rooted sedition among the crews, so far from being exterminated, afforded but too serious grounds for apprehending another mutiny in that fleet, if speedy and efficient measures were not taken to subdue the insubordination of the men, and correct the laxity of discipline in the officers; that, in short, none but a Commander-in-chief of the highest reputation, of a bold, firm, and decisive character, could hope to succeed in restoring a proper degree of obedience and subordination. Lord St. Vincent was at once looked

up to as being that officer; but his health was still in a precarious state. The Admiralty caused frequent inquiries to be made of Dr. Baird, his lordship’s confidential medical adviser, who reported his case to be one of doubtful issue. A change of weather, however, produced a fortunate turn; and Baird thought it probable that, as the genial season was advancing, a favorable result might be expected.

Lord St. Vincent was then at Bath. One morning when the doctor paid his customary visit, his lordship said, ‘Baird, I am going afloat.’ ‘Surely, my lord, you are not’—‘Stop, Baird,’ his lordship replied, ‘I anticipate all you are going to say; but the King and the Government require it, and the discipline of the British Navy demands it. It is of no consequence to me whether I die afloat or ashore: the die is cast.’ He then informed Baird that Lord Spencer had come to him from London for the purpose of requiring his services, and that all was settled. His Secretary was sent for, and in a few days his flag was flying in the *Namur* at Portsmouth. Sir George Grey was appointed flag captain, and Sir Thomas Troubridge captain of the fleet.

It was a noble fleet that was ready to receive him—his flag in the *Ville de Paris*, of 110 guns; two of 100 guns; five of 98; two of 90; one of 80; twenty-nine of 74 guns—in all, forty sail. Two Admirals with flags at the main, and four Rear-Admirals. His Lordship, however, was very speedily given to understand, that the proud distinction conferred by the command of such a fleet, was not to be unaccompanied with vexation. Immediately after the general salute to the flag, when the Admirals and Captains repaired to the *Ville de Paris* to pay their respects to the new Commander-in-chief—at that moment he was apprised by the Admiral next to him in command, of the disaffection he felt at being superseded from a command which he considered his ‘birthright, having always served in the Channel fleet.’ Lord St. Vincent, out of respect for that Admiral, who was an old acquaintance, took no notice of his ill-timed observation, but contented himself with submitting the circumstance of the encounter to Lord Spencer.

This commencement of a grievance was speedily followed up by an act of indiscretion, which carried with it, unintentionally perhaps, its own correction. One of the captains gave as a toast, at the table of the same Admiral, the second in command,

(who, it is said, had the forgetfulness to permit it to be drunk in his presence,) '*May the discipline of the Mediterranean never be introduced into the Channel fleet.*' Lord St. Vincent could not hear of this without its exciting in his mind great surprise and regret. He considered it as a daring attempt to establish a system of insubordination among the principal officers, and to create a feeling of unpopularity in the minds of the inferior officers and men. He saw at once that the emergency had arisen which required something to be done, and done immediately; and he felt that, although his strength was not recovered, he had nerve enough to go through it. 'Lord St. Vincent,' says Mr. Tucker, 'again came forth with the utmost composure, and, before he had even quitted his chair—"Bring me the Mediterranean Order Books, Mr. Tucker;"' and he then directed that every single order tending to enforce the discipline and general good management of the ships, and every regulation imposing those restrictions which had been productive, in the Mediterranean fleet, of such good effect, should be copied and circulated in the Channel fleet. At the same time, he addressed a courteous but firm circular to all Admirals and Captains, desiring their co-operation. In short, he gave them distinctly to understand, that the stigmatized '*discipline of the Mediterranean*' was to be introduced and rigidly enforced in the Channel fleet.

So great had been the relaxation of discipline under the late Commander-in-chief, (Lord Bridport, who was mostly absent in town,) that the officers were constantly on shore—many who had families slept on shore; the men, of course, obtained leave in shoals, and the consequence was, and could not be otherwise, immense desertion—not fewer than seventy or eighty in a single ship. Lord St. Vincent saw that not a moment was to be lost in putting a stop to an evil of such portentous magnitude; and that this could only be done by forbidding the Captains and all the Officers from sleeping on shore. Desertion ceased: and the order, as if by magic, re-manned the ships. But 'to save his fleet, Lord St. Vincent took upon himself,' to use the words of Mr. Tucker, 'frowns afloat and maledictions on shore.' Of the latter he gives an illustration, by relating that one lady, in full coterie, gave as a bumper toast—"May his next glass of wine choke the wretch!" It may be doubted whether the husband of this virago did not find himself more comfortable afloat than at home.

The fleet encountered a tremendous gale. The *Ville de Paris* having weathered Ushant, scudded, pitched, and rolled most fearfully. An enormous sea struck her, stove in her stern windows, flooding the Admiral's cabin. As the great three-decker was staggering awfully under the blow, our author tells us—"The Commander-in-chief was on the quarterdeck, sitting in the bight of the main-topsail, in which a seat to windward had been formed for him; two quartermasters were stationed beside him, to assist his infirm and aged frame; and from thence he gave his orders to his fleet. When this sea struck the *Ville de Paris*, it literally deluged the quarterdeck; and, on one of the quartermasters shaking the water out of his neck, "Pooh, pooh, man!" said the old Admiral: "stand still, and do as I do—let it alone—don't you see it will run off you?"

On returning to the blockade of Brest, means were effectually adopted to keep up a supply of provisions—fresh meat and vegetables—and also of water. The Captains were indignant at being compelled to mount guard at the watering-place, to prevent confusion and desertion; and it was proposed to make a representation on the subject. Lord St. Vincent hearing of this intention, stopped it by intimating to them, that when in command of the *Foudroyant* he had always taken his turn of this duty; 'and that think or do, write or say, what they might or choose, he was determined that, while he commanded the Channel fleet, his captains should perform their duty.'

Lord St. Vincent was never wanting in expedients to convey a well-timed rebuke to an officer, without passing a direct censure upon him; and at the same time in such a way as to make him feel the rebuke more keenly. A certain Rear-Admiral in command of the in-shore squadron, not much liking his position, occasioned his Commander-in-chief some annoyance by frequent complaints about the shoalness of the water so near to the coast. In order to convince the Rear-Admiral how groundless his remonstrances were, he made use of a practical demonstration, by leading the main body of the fleet considerably within him, sailing round him, and standing out again. Very soon afterwards, the Rear-Admiral was 'advised to go home and recruit his health.'

* It appears very unnecessary in Mr. Tucker to suppress his name, as every body knows it was

Lord St. Vincent caused it to be understood, that no Captain or Commander in his fleet was to be off the quarterdeck or poop when any movement of the ship was made, night or day; and he generally set them his own example. One dark, cold, blowing November night, with much rain, the Secretary having heard the signal ordered for 'the fleet to tack in succession,' hastened to prevent the Commander-in-chief from going upon deck in such a night, he being unwell. Finding his cot empty, he took up his cloak and ran upon deck. He was not there, and no one had seen him: he had not passed the sentries; the windows were closed; his clothes were on the chair. At last he threw up the galley window and stepped out; and there, sure enough, at the further end of the galley was the old Admiral, in his flannel dressing-gown and cocked hat, watching the movements of his fleet. The Secretary put on his cloak, and entreated him to return into the cabin. 'Hush, sir, hush,' said the Admiral; 'I want to see how the evolution is performed in *such* a night as this, and to know whether *Jemmy*' (Captain James Vashon, second astern of the flag-ship) 'is on deck.' This was soon certified by *Jemmy's* shrill voice giving the usual warning—'Are you all ready, forward there?' 'Ay,' said the old chief; 'that will do;' and then he accompanied the Secretary into the cabin.

Stern disciplinarian as was St. Vincent, and suffering none of his orders and regulations to be disobeyed with impunity, there never was a more considerate, humane, and kind-hearted man, when a deserving object was brought before him. An instance or two may here be mentioned. Mr. Coghlan, in the *Viper* cutter, captured the *Cerbère* by a dashing feat of gallantry. Lord St. Vincent, in writing to the Secretary of the Admiralty says—'I did not think the gallantry of Sir Edward Hamilton and Captain Patrick Campbell could have been rivalled, until I read the enclosed letter from Sir Edward Pellew, relating the desperate service performed by acting Lieutenant Coghlan of the *Viper* cutter, which has filled me with pride and admiration.' . . . 'I am persuaded the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty will do all in their power to console him under his severe wounds, and make a minute for his promotion the moment he is in a capacity to receive it.'

Rear-Admiral the Honorable G. Berkeley, whose flag was in the *Mars*.

They did so; and this promising officer, in the progress of his service, became Sir Jeremiah Coghlan, a post-captain.

But Lord St. Vincent did not stop here; he thus wrote to Lord Spencer:—

'My Dear Lord,

'I shall not trouble your lordship with a word more than is contained in the enclosed private letter from Sir Edward Pellew, on the subject of the intrepid Coghlan, except to say (not out of ostentation, but to prevent the city, or any body of merchants, making him a present of the same sort) that I gave him a sword of one hundred guineas' value.

'Yours most faithfully,

'ST. VINCENT.'

Having occasion to shift his flag into the *Royal George*, his attention was drawn to a remarkably fine boy, who, as he learned from Captain Domett, wrote in the Secretary's office, and was a nephew of Captain Wilmot, who was promoted by his lordship for his gallant conduct when first lieutenant of the *Seahorse*, and who afterwards nobly fell in the breach at Acre. He called the boy before him, asked whether his present employment was his own choice, or whether he would prefer a more active life? The boy said his own wish was to be a midshipman; but his friends had no influence, nor means to enable him to join a midshipman's mess. The Secretary was instantly sent for. 'Good Heavens, Tucker! here is the nephew of poor David Wilmot, a common boy, and his parents cannot afford to clothe him as a petty officer! Do you *immediately* send into port, and equip him in every respect for the quarterdeck.' No sooner said than done; and when the flag returned to the *Ville de Paris*, the boy was most agreeably surprised to find himself rated a midshipman, with uniforms and a well stored chest. Mr. Tucker need not have apologized to this gallant officer for saying, that his whole life has been one of high credit to his patron; that he has since behaved so gallantly upon every occasion, as to have promoted himself to the honor and rank of a very distinguished post-captain. The apology should have been for concealing his name.

When Lord St. Vincent promoted Captain Hill to the *Megara*, the Captain had to pay £50 for necessaries as valued by survey, which he thought were not worth £10. On going on board the flag-ship, the Chief accosted him thus: 'Hill, Bower says you decline taking his necessaries.' 'Yes, my lord, they are valued at £50, and not worth

£10; I must certainly provide a fresh supply.' 'But, poor Bover!' replied his lordship, 'poor Bover! Hill you must take them from him.' He then ordered his Secretary to draw a check for £100, and give it to the Captain to pay for them, whispering in his ear—'Hill, your father and I were such friends that we once shared the same purse;' this was a command admitting of no reply. One day the ship's company were ordered to bathe. On returning to their duty, Lord St. Vincent observed a favorite seaman in tears, surrounded by a group of his comrades. He called his Secretary and said—'There's my delight, Roger Odell, in tears; go, see what's the matter.' It turned out that Roger had jumped off the fore-yard with his trousers on; and had forgotten that all he possessed in the world consisted of bank-notes, in one of the pockets. The water reduced them to a useless pulp. The Admiral went into his cabin, but presently returned, and ordered all hands to be turned up. Odell was summoned, and the Admiral assuming one of his angry looks, thus addressed him, 'Roger Odell, you are convicted, sir, by your own appearance, of tarnishing the British oak with tears! What have you to say?' The poor fellow, overpowered by his distress, could only plead—'That he had lost all he had in the world, that he had been many years saving it, and that he could not help crying a little.' The Admiral, still preserving his look of displeasure, said—'The loss of money, sir, can never be an excuse to a British seaman for tears.' Then softening down his tones, he proceeded—'Roger Odell, you are one of the best men in this ship; in my life I never saw a man behave better in battle than you, in the Victory, did in the action with the Spanish fleet. To show, therefore, that your commander-in-chief will never pass over merit wheresoever he may find it—there is your money, sir,' (giving him £70)—'but no more tears, mind; no more tears.' The poor fellow, holding the notes in his hands, astonished and confused, but becoming sensible of the reality, said, in a hurried manner—'Thank ye, my lord, thank ye!'—and dived down below to conceal a fresh gush of tears of gratitude.

The merits of a commander of a small brig, who, from unavoidable circumstances, had been kept out on a most trying service longer than usual, without starting a difficulty or allowing a murmur to escape him, were not unobserved by Lord St. Vincent;

who had been made aware that, with very slender means, he was, by great personal privations, nobly struggling to support a wife and a numerous young family. The brig came in to be repaired, and was found in bad condition. His lordship observed—'If I send him to England now, he'll be paid off, and he has not wherewith to buy a gown for his wife and daughters.' He therefore ordered that, when repaired, the brig should receive a complete refit and be well stored—and, to shorten the story, this worthy officer found in the parcel containing his orders for a cruise, £100, to provide for his private outfit.

On opening one of the letters from London, brought in the cutter, Lord St. Vincent rang his bell violently for Mr. Tucker, who, on entering, was asked whether a good dinner for forty or fifty could be managed for that day. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he ordered signals for the fleet to lie-to, and to invite all the Admirals and Captains to dine, 'for,' he added, 'the cutter *must* return this evening.' When dinner was ended, he produced the letter, and apologizing for the short notice he had given, said he was anxious to take the earliest opportunity of communicating to them its subject-matter. A Mr. Thomson wrote to inform him that, 'he had an establishment at Paddington for the orphan children of seamen who had fallen in their country's service; that it had hitherto been supported by voluntary contribution, but that the funds being nearly exhausted, he was compelled to solicit his lordship for a little assistance.' He then reminded them that they all owed their honors, their fortunes, and their rank to the devoted gallantry of the brave men whose children were left destitute orphans. That, as he himself had benefited most by these brave fellows, his own contribution ought to be the largest, but not regarded as any example for others, each giving only what he could without inconvenience afford. The youngest, as is the practice in Courts-martial, gave his name for the first contribution; and, when the paper came to Lord St. Vincent, he wrote upon it *one thousand pounds*. After this well-spent evening, every one left the ship in good-humor, pleased with themselves and with the old Commander-in-chief's deportment throughout. The establishment continued to go on under the humane superintendence of Mr. Thomson, till it attracted the attention and support of Government, and became, what it now is, the Naval Asylum.

Such was Lord St. Vincent—a stern and rigorous disciplinarian—but one who, on all occasions, showed that he possessed a most kind and generous disposition—ever ready and anxious to relieve distress, and to promote, to the utmost of his power, a friendless and deserving officer.

To the young Captains he was indulgent, and always ready to offer them advice. In a letter to ——— (Mr. Tucker very provokingly and unnecessarily leaves all the names *blank*) his lordship says—‘You are a young man, and rather overhasty in applying for an investigation or trial;’ and he admonishes him, that the mere sound of court-martial has the same pestilential effects as a suspicion of female chastity.’

He was not overpleased with some of the Lords of Admiralty. In a letter to Mr. Nepean, he ‘desires he will state to Lord Spencer the impossibility of governing a large fleet in times like these, while the subordinate officers are encouraged by patrons of the Admiralty Board, whom I can compare to nothing else but the orators in ancient Rome, who took up the cause of every discontented and factious person who presented himself at the forum.’ Again, in writing to the same, he says—‘I have no objection to the correspondence of the whole world being conveyed under cover to me, with the exception of that which passes between puisne lords of the Admiralty and subordinates of the fleet under my command.’ And he carries his objections into practical effect, by returning a letter to Sir Evan Nepean, saying—‘He has forbidden surreptitious correspondence between members of the Board of Admiralty and the officers of the fleet, so derogatory from the discipline and subordination thereof.’ This was certainly taking high ground.

In one of his letters he says—‘First Lords of the Admiralty, on their entrance into office, resemble princes, are surrounded by flatterers, and seldom learn the true character of their subordinates. I have, to the utmost of my power, endeavored to put Lord Spencer in possession of every knowledge I have of men and things; and I have gone further with him than I ever did with any other man in office.’ Little did the noble lord dream, when he penned this sentence, that he was himself on the threshold of that envied station of ‘Princes;’ but so it was. On the dissolution of Mr. Pitt’s Government, Mr. Addington, who succeeded him, communica-

ted to Lord St. Vincent the King’s command, that the appointment of the first Lord of the Admiralty should be offered to him—a proposal which his lordship did not hesitate to entertain, having no objection to join the administration of ‘all the talents.’ What he said to the King, and what the King said to him, Mr. Tucker no doubt found recorded among his father’s papers. He told the King, ‘that he should make but a bad return for all the honors and favors which his majesty had most graciously bestowed upon him, and very ill discharge his duty, if he did not frankly and honestly tell his majesty, that, having served nearly half a century with the Roman Catholics, and seen them tried in all situations, it was his decided and conscientious opinion, that they were entitled to be placed upon the same footing in every respect as his majesty’s Protestant subjects.’ And more to this effect, adding—‘That having discharged his duty to his majesty and to himself, he would also add, that his life and his utmost services were at his majesty’s disposal, and that he was ready to return to the fleet, or to serve his majesty on shore, or to retire into private life, as his majesty might think proper to command.’ When he had finished, the King replied—‘Lord St. Vincent, you have in this instance, as you have in every other, behaved like an honest, honorable man. Upon the question of Catholic emancipation, my mind is made up, from which I *never*’ (with great energy) ‘will depart; and, therefore, as it is not likely that it will be a matter agitated or discussed between us, I can see no reason why you should not take the Admiralty, where I very much wish to see you, and to place the navy entirely in your hands.’

Thus was the lofty-minded and uncompromising Whig, for once in his life, thrown amongst a combination of Whigs and Tories. Mr. Grey’s motion on the state of the nation, and Mr. Fox’s denunciation of the inefficiency of Mr. Addington and his colleagues, must have been rather awkward; but then from the latter was excepted the first Lord of the Admiralty. ‘I do not think,’ said Fox, ‘it would be easy, if possible, to find a man in the whole community better suited, or more capable of the high office he fills, than the distinguished person at the head of the Admiralty—I mean the Earl St. Vincent.’ Thus, it appears, that notwithstanding all the handsome things said of him, Lord St. Vincent was early convinced, that ‘first Lords of

the Admiralty, on entrance into office, do not exactly resemble princes, nor are they surrounded by flatterers, even among some of their own friends, as he experienced on his first entrance, and also in the sequel.' He soon, in fact, discovered what his new position really was; that it was by no means an easy one, but, on the contrary, one that required greater temper and circumspection, to avoid giving umbrage to the multitude of applicants of all descriptions. Some of the duties and qualifications of first Lords are thus stated by one who has had considerable experience: 'He should possess a sound judgment and great discretion—a patient and placid temper—a courteous deportment and civil demeanor to all—an easy access to officers of every rank—and a ready and obliging acknowledgment of all applications addressed to him in writing; for a kind manner of receiving and replying to them, personally or by letter, goes a great way towards softening the bitter pangs of disappointment, the unavoidable result of a non-compliance with what is requested.*'

How far Lord St. Vincent's demeanor corresponded with this, in his reception of officers, we have no means of knowing; but his letters of refusal are generally expressed in courteous terms, and with much tact. His Board, however, was certainly unpopular in the naval service, both ashore and afloat; more so, it would appear, from the temper of the two professional lords, (the other three being ciphers,) than from any conduct of his own. With Sir Thomas Troubridge he had no acquaintance but what was gained from their professional intercourse in the Mediterranean; but he very soon proved his eminent qualities, and the beautiful description he gave of them fully warranted his nomination as a senior or advising lord of the Chief—'He is the ablest adviser, and best executive officer in the British navy, *with honor and courage bright as his sword.*' Of Markham he could not have known much professionally, but speaks highly of him. 'Lord St. Vincent,' Mr. Marsden says, 'during the course of his naval administration, behaved to me with uniform attention and politeness; but my colleague Nepean could not say the same thing, although he had been an old connexion (*follower* as the naval term is) of Sir John Jervis, and had taken a zealous part with the minister in nego-

tiating for him the rank of "earl," instead of "viscount," as was intended after his victory of 14th February. My colleague,' he adds, 'having long found his official situation irksome, in consequence of the footing on which he stood with some of the members of the Board, obtained from Mr. Addington the appointment of Chief Secretary in Ireland, with the rank of baronet.'* Mr. Marsden succeeded Nepean, though he at first declined the Secretaryship; and, he says, opened his mind to Lord St. Vincent. He told him he was convinced, from experience, of the tempers, ideas, and conduct of the professional members of the Board, (Troubridge and Markham;) that he could not carry on the public business with them, with the least chance of satisfaction to his own feelings;† and he frankly expressed to his lordship his conviction, that it was not in his lordship's power to remedy it, as he could not change their natures, or do without them.‡ Marsden contrived, however, to keep on good terms with them, though Nepean could not.

Lord St. Vincent soon discovered that the Admiralty presented no 'bed of roses' to repose upon. It was not a situation he had sought, or one that he ever appeared anxious to retain. Perhaps he did not find himself exactly suited for it. 'What sort of figure I shall make,' (he writes to Lord Keith,) 'will be seen. I have known many a good admiral make a wretched first Lord of the Admiralty. I will, however, support the Commander-in-chief upon all occasions, and prohibit any intrigue against them in this office.' He had long conceived a most unfavorable opinion of the Navy Board, and of the abuses committed in the dockyards. 'I hope,' he says to Mr. Thomas Grenville, 'you will be able to brush these *spiders* from the Navy Board.' This, if meant personally to the members of the board, is too strongly expressed; the system undoubtedly was bad, but there were among the Commissioners many excellent, intelligent, and honest men. Need we mention the name of Sir Andrew Hammond, or of Admiral Sir Byam Martin, than whom a better officer or a more correct man does not exist?

Whether Lord St. Vincent was, in this respect, right or wrong, he had scarcely got into his seat when he determined to

* *Brief Memoir of the Life and Writings of Mr. Marsden*—written by himself, and printed by his widow.

† *Ibidem.*

‡ *Marsden's Memoirs.*

* Sir John Barrow's *Life of Earl Howe.*

probe the alleged abuses to the quick; and for this purpose he brought before the Cabinet the plan of a searching investigation, by means of a commission, which he named 'The Commission of Naval Inquiry,' but which his opponents called the 'Naval Inquisition.' Mr. Addington from the first opposed it, and then rejected it altogether. His Lordship, however, was firm, and declared, 'No power short of what I demand can search such abuses as I denounce; and no honest or faithful servant can have aught to fear;' and he made it the *sine qua non* of his remaining in the Cabinet. They at length yielded, and the 'Commission of Naval Inquiry,' with certain modifications, was instituted by act of Parliament. Mr. Secretary Tucker dined with Lord St. Vincent the day it had been submitted to the Cabinet; and when the dinner party was breaking up, Lord St. Vincent said, 'Tucker, stay!' and then added, 'excepting my Lord Chancellor, the whole Cabinet has mutinied to-day. My Commission is rejected; but,' bending his fist, while his countenance personified his invincible firmness, 'we'll read them a lesson out of the articles of war to-morrow, sir!' He then declared that he would not again sit on the ministerial bench in the House of Lords, till he had carried his point.

Fourteen or fifteen large folio volumes being published at the time, it was hardly necessary or expedient for our biographers to go into lengthened details of a measure productive of little or no interest or importance, unless a harassing and expensive state prosecution of the late Lord Melville may have been so considered; which, though it failed of conviction, yet succeeded in utterly destroying his utility as a statesman, while it deprived Mr. Pitt of an able coadjutor.

The next step taken by his lordship was a personal visitation, by himself and his Board, to the dockyards; the main object being, as Marsden says, 'to find grounds for delinquencies presumed in the first instance.'—'At Deptford,' he says, 'we experienced much abuse from the enraged families of the workmen discharged, or reduced in their allowances, and with some difficulty escaped from worse treatment.' In point of fact they did not escape; for we know, from the same authority, that the whole Board was pelted along the street of Deptford with mud and stones, from the moment they passed the dock gates.

No murmurs were heard at the visitation

of Plymouth dockyard. The mutinous spirit of the shipwrights there he had previously subdued. They had sent up to the Admiralty a set of delegates, (a name synonymous, in his lordship's opinion, with rebels or mutineers,) who were expected to extort from the Board, just then pressed for an increase of ships, a compliance with several exorbitant demands—such as Lord St. Vincent denounced as not merely remonstrances, but insubordination, which he determined, with his usual firmness, at once to punish. These gentlemen delegates were thunderstruck on being informed that the Board had ordered they should be turned out of the Admiralty yard into the street, and that every man of them was discharged from the service.

But these proceedings, however expedient, must have been most annoying to Lord St. Vincent, and must have proved to him how very unlike 'Princes' were first Lords of the Admiralty. All the naval departments, from the Navy Board (the highest) to the lowest, were in hostility to his Board; and it was not appeased by the Earl's appointing his private Secretary a commissioner of the navy, with a seat at the board in Somerset House—a very proper appointment of a fit and able man, had it proceeded from any other quarter.

The Board was much censured by the public for the kind of preparation made against the threatened invasion of England from Boulogne, and for appointing that 'bravest of the brave,' Nelson, to the command of a service so unworthy of him;—for establishing the sea fencibles; building Martello towers; sinking stone vessels, &c.; and Mr. Pitt brought forward, in the House of Commons, various charges of mismanagement in the naval service. His motion was negatived; but Mr. Addington's administration had become so unpopular, that the Whigs united with Mr. Pitt against it; and Mr. Fox's motion on the national defence being lost only by a small minority, Mr. Addington's Cabinet resigned.

On the whole, Lord St. Vincent's administration was not popular. We are strongly disposed to believe that it was mainly owing to two circumstances;—the one an honest and ardent desire to put an end to those gross and avowed abuses, which pervaded the whole *civil* departments of the naval service—an attempt which brought upon him a violent hostility, not only from the parties themselves, but from their friends and connexions; the other, a de-

cided dislike of a great portion of the naval officers to the managing officers of his Board. Lord Howick (Earl Grey) had the same feelings with Lord St. Vincent as to the naval department; but his short stay at the head of the Admiralty, did not permit him to enter upon any efficient steps for a reformation. He did not, however, forget the lesson he had learned at the Admiralty, or the principles inculcated by Lord St. Vincent; and from the moment (as Lord Grey) he became Prime Minister, his first instruction to Sir James Graham, as first Lord of the Admiralty, was, to take immediate steps for an act of Parliament to cancel the Patents of every Commissioner of the Navy, both at Somerset House and at the ports, whether at home or abroad. Thus, as appears by the *Imperial Calendar*, twenty-seven commissioners of the Navy, Victualling, and Transport Boards, were deprived of their Patents on the same day; of whom nine belonged to the Navy Board, and seven to the Victualling and other departments: and in lieu of those sixteen, were substituted five responsible officers, one to each of the five departments into which the new establishment was divided—the Surveyor, the Accountant-General, the Comptroller of Victualling, the Store-keeper, and the Inspector of Hospitals and Fleets—and each of these was under the supervision of a Lord of the Admiralty. Eight or nine superintendents at the ports supply the remainder of the twenty-seven.

This new system, we believe, works well, though at first it met with a determined opposition. It is now twelve years since it was established, and we are not aware that any changes have been found necessary in the plan, though a succession of Whigs and Tories have formed the several Boards of Admiralty; but we may observe that, whether it works well or ill, Lord St. Vincent was, in fact, the *primum mobile* that impelled Lord Grey to adopt it, and Sir James Graham boldly and manfully to carry it into execution.

We have thought it necessary to enter briefly into this discussion as part and parcel, or, at any rate, the result, of Lord St. Vincent's administration of the navy. The space we have allotted for this article will not admit of transcribing any portion of his very voluminous correspondence. Suffice it to say, that it was always to the point in question—briefly and clearly expressed, and free from all ambiguity. When obliged to refuse a request, it was generally couch-

ed in kind and courteous terms, whether his refusals were addressed to the Princes of the Royal Family, the first Nobles of the land, or to a poor Lieutenant.

On the death of Mr. Pitt, and the accession of Lord Grenville as Prime Minister in 1806, and Lord Grey as first Lord of the Admiralty, Lord St. Vincent a second time accepted the command of the Channel fleet; and being promoted to the high rank of Admiral of the fleet, he hoisted the Union flag at the main in the *Hibernia*. Just then intelligence arrived of the renowned victory of Trafalgar; on which occasion the old Earl wrote thus to his Secretary:—‘Lord Collingwood has done himself immortal honor by his conclusion of the battle, which Nelson so nobly began. Writing to you privately, I suppose I may confess that I do feel a pride in this great victory beyond the general enthusiasm. *I was prepared for every thing great from Nelson, but not for his loss.*’ No wonder that the news of this immortal achievement, and of the loss of the unsurpassable hero by whose sublime genius it had been planned, and who had hailed him as ‘the father’ of a numerous contemporary group of England’s most illustrious seamen, should have occasioned a glow of enthusiasm, attempered with a severe pang to a nature which, though strong and stern, was yet as tender and feeling as it was warmly patriotic!

About this time Lisbon was threatened with the presence of a French army; on which it was deemed expedient to send an embassy to negotiate with the house of Braganza, supported by a strong squadron and a large body of troops, which were immediately to be dispatched to the Tagus. Lord St. Vincent was nominated for this service, as being considered the most fit for such an occasion. The object was to defend the country, if that should be found practicable; and if not, the Court should resolve to remove itself with the ships, forces, and stores to the Brazils—in either case his lordship was to lend his co-operation. The storm, however, did not break over Portugal quite so soon as was anticipated; and before the end of the year Lord St. Vincent was ordered to resume his command before Brest.

Almost immediately after this, Mr. Fox died, and Mr. Thomas Grenville took the place of Lord Howick (Earl Grey) in the Admiralty, where he remained only a few months; George III. being anxious to get rid of a ministry, ‘many of whom,’ says

Mr. Tucker, 'he personally disliked, and the political principles of whom he detested.' On the change of administration, Lord St. Vincent immediately resigned his command; and was ordered to strike his flag and come on shore—an order 'to which,' as he wrote to his Secretary, 'he meant to be very prompt in paying obedience.'

During this short command we see little to call for any remark. There is, however, an observation his lordship makes in a letter to his former Secretary, who was now the second Secretary to the Admiralty, which rather surprised us. 'I pity,' he says, 'the exposure of the weakness of some of your lords, whose dulness I have long been acquainted with.' Now these weak and dull lords were his old colleague John Markham, and the other naval lords were Sir Charles Pole and Sir Harry Neale. In another letter to Lord Howick he thus expresses himself—'I am sorry to say there are few flags at the main or the fore I have any respect for;' and farther—'If you will, my good lord, bring a bill into Parliament to disqualify any officer under the rank of Rear-Admiral to sit in the House of Commons, the Navy may be preserved; but while a little, drunken, worthless, jackanapes is permitted to hold the seditious language he has done, in the presence of flag-officers of rank, you will require a man of greater health and vigor than I possess to command your fleets.'

In answer to another letter of Lord Howick, who had asked his opinion of Clerk's system of Naval Tactics, he says—'If it had any merit in the battles of the 1st June, of Camperdown, and Trafalgar, that fought off Cape St. Vincent is totally out of the question.' That Lord Rodney passed through the enemy's line *by accident*, not by design—that Lord Howe's attack upon the fleet of the enemy was at variance with the tactics of Mr. Clerk—that Lord Duncan's action was fought pell-mell, without plan or system—that the attack of Aboukir furnishes no argument for, or against, these tactics—that a fleet to windward bearing down at right angles upon the fleet of an enemy must be crippled, if not totally disabled, before it can reach the enemy, (Clerk's position,) has been disproved by the more recent action, under Lord Nelson, bearing down in two columns at Trafalgar.' He adds—'Mr. Clerk is most correct in his statement of the advantages to be derived from being to leeward of the

fleet of the enemy.' On the whole, he admits that the work is ingenious, and worthy the study of all young and inexperienced officers; adding, however, that he perceives signs of compilation from *Père le Hoste* down to *Viscount de Grenier*. The question as to the originality and merits of our distinguished countryman's system, we have long since fully discussed; and shall only now add, as we are bound in fairness to do, that the latter tendencies of opinion are rather adverse to that which we upheld.

Lord St. Vincent having now struck his flag for the last time, received a summons to a private audience of the King. After a few preliminaries, the King said—

'Well, Lord St. Vincent, you have now quitted active service, as you say, for ever—tell me, do you think the naval service is better or worse than when you first entered it?'

'Lord St. Vincent—'Very much worse, please your Majesty.'

'The King (quickly)—'How so, how so?'

'Lord St. Vincent—'Sire, I have always thought that a sprinkling of nobility was very desirable in the navy, as it gives some sort of consequence to the service; but at present the navy is so overrun by the younger branches of nobility, and the sons of members of Parliament, and they so swallow up all the patronage, and so choke the channel to promotion, that the son of an old officer, however meritorious his services may have been, has little or no chance of getting on.'

'The King—'Pray, who was serving captain of the fleet under your lordship?'

'Lord St. Vincent—'Rear-Admiral Osborne, Sir.'

'The King—'Osborne, Osborne! I think there are more than one of that name admirals.'

'Lord St. Vincent—'Yes, Sir, there are three brothers, all admirals.'

'The King—'That's pretty well for democracy, I think.'

How cleverly and adroitly was the fact as to the Osbornes drawn forth by the King! The old lord proceeded to explain it in detail, and ended thus :—

'Sire, I hope your majesty will pardon me for saying, I would rather promote the son of an old deserving officer than of any noble in the land.' The king mused for a minute or two, and then said—'I think you are right, Lord St. Vincent—quite right.'

Lord St. Vincent now retired into private life, bearing with him, as Sheridan happily said, 'a triple laurel—over the enemy, the mutineer, and the corrupt.' The state of his health did not allow him

to reside long at his house in London, and his small retreat of Rochetts, therefore, became his principal abode; but he occasionally came up to attend the House of Lords, and sometimes, on particular subjects, he spoke, and with biting severity.

He opposed Lord Grenville's bill for the abolition of the slave trade. He doubted the humanity of the measure, as 'from his own experience he was enabled to state, that the West Indies was paradise itself to the negroes, compared with their native country;' and he could only account for the noble proposer bringing it forward 'by supposing that some *obi-man* had cast his spell upon him.' He was a steady advocate for Catholic Emancipation. 'God forbid,' he said, 'that any the smallest alteration should be made in the bill to enable the Catholics to serve in the navy and army;' and he expressed his indignation on hearing that Sir John Cox Hoppesley had gone to the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle to obtain a decree for the extinction of the Jesuits;—an Order to whom we were obliged, not only 'for the most useful learning and discoveries of every description, and necessary for the instruction of the Catholic youth throughout the civilized world.' With the same feeling of toleration and liberality, he is said to have subscribed £100 towards building a chapel for the Jews, and also to their hospital.

It appears, indeed, that he was generous and charitable, even to profusion; of which several marked instances have been mentioned in the course of our remarks. But he had no commiseration for the exigencies of a spendthrift; and a gambler was his detestation. To an officer who had contracted debt he says—'Having fought my way up to where I now stand, without the smallest pecuniary aid from any one, even when I was a mid, I cannot possibly entertain an opinion that officers of this day, whose half-pay is considerably more than formerly, cannot practice the same necessary economy which marked the character of mine.' His Lordship, in the plenitude of his pecuniary circumstances, never lost sight of a prudent economy; but his generosity was liberally and extensively manifested. 'The charity to the poor,' says Mr. Tucker, 'from Lord St. Vincent's establishment, was equal to that of any mansion in England; and the delightful drives with him to inspect the erection of the cottages he built for some industrious

laborers, can never be forgotten. Throughout his whole command, indeed, we constantly meet with instances of his generosity. 'Let but a case of real misfortune be brought before him, especially of an officer who had deserved well, and whose necessity was not occasioned by his own imprudence, it would be sure to meet relief, promptly, liberally, and with an exquisite delicacy of feeling still more admirable.' There can be no greater or more exalted praise! A private soldier at Gibraltar fell into a deep pit, so filled with mud, and exhaling noxious vapors, that no one would venture down to help him. One Joaquim, who had been boatswain of Nelson's ship, and now in the dockyard, let himself down by a rope, and rescued the poor fellow. Lord St. Vincent presented his deliverer with a piece of plate, value £28, with this inscription—'For preserving a soldier's life at the risk of his own.' Hearing by chance that poor Dibdin, to whose happy genius such excellent nautical songs are due, was in distressed circumstances, Lord St. Vincent immediately sent him £100, and desired an inquiry into the real state of his case to be made; 'for it would indeed be a shame, Mr. Tucker,' he said, 'that the man who has *whiled away the mid-watch, and softened the hardships of war*, should be in need, while a seaman enjoys an abundance.' What a tribute to the Muse of Dibdin, and how noble, generous, and kindly the sentiment which it embodies!

Never, indeed, was there a more compassionate or a more kind-hearted man than Lord St. Vincent. A domestic affliction had greatly depressed his old confidential Secretary's health and spirits. To divert his thoughts, and with no other motive, his lordship said to him that he had long wished to visit the Scilly islands to look at a spot for a lighthouse, and also Cornwall to inquire into the rapid deterioration of copper, and he desired the Secretary's attendance at these inspections; and his humane and now aged Chief actually took that long and fatiguing journey ostensibly with these objects, but really to assuage the grief of an old and attached servant.

The loss of Sir Thomas Troubridge sank deeply into his heart. In a postscript to a letter are these words—'Oh, Blenheim! Blenheim! where are you?' After the receipt of every letter he would exclaim—'Where is the Blenheim? What can have become of the Blenheim? I shall never

see Troubridge's like again.' He called him 'the Bayard of the British navy.'

In 1816, when in his 81st year, Lady St. Vincent died. On her monument, by Chantrey, in the church of Stone, is the following short but classically simple inscription by his lordship:—

'Sacred to the memory of
MARTHA, COUNTESS ST. VINCENT,
who was eminently pious, virtuous, and
charitable.'

Her age is not given, but she could not be much less than seventy. No mention is made of her domestic life. It is only stated that she was a lady of kindly feelings; that the state of her health had made her very infirm; and that, as a wife, her adoration of her lord was very ardent. They lived together thirty-four years.

In answer to a note from Captain Tower, accompanied by a bust of Napoleon, in which the Captain says—'I feel a gratification in presenting it to one who knows how to respect a great and fallen enemy,' Lord St. Vincent replies—'You do me justice in attributing the feelings you so well describe to my character; and I blush for those who trample upon a man many of them feared, and all allowed, in the career of his military glory, to be an astonishing character.' And shortly before his death he took occasion to observe—'That it had often been a matter of satisfaction to him, that Bonaparte saw such specimens of our naval officers as Sir Henry Hotham, Sir George Cockburn, and Sir Frederick Maitland.' When reminded that they all had risen from his own school—'No,' he nobly replied, 'that is too much. They would have been as great any where; it was *with* such men that I formed a school.'

He was much pleased when the present Lord Melville appointed him General of Marines; and took this opportunity, as he had done on a former occasion, of testifying his sense 'of the justice which Lord Melville did to the services of sea-officers'—a compliment most justly due to every part of the administration of that amiable and excellent nobleman, who came into office and left it, twice as first Lord of the Admiralty, with an unblemished reputation.

Lord St. Vincent's great desire, in the declining years of his life, plainly for the sake of his profession, was the Garter. He cherished a hope of it, Mr. Tucker says,

to the day of his death, frequently observing, 'that when so many were worn by the soldiers, the sailors should at least have one; that surely England's naval merit must be equal to that; and that the navy never should be without one.' When the Prince Regent increased the order of the Bath, and created Knights' Grand Crosses, his lordship said, he 'did not care whose name they placed on the list, if they had only done him the favor to strike his out; that when he was created a K.B., it was an honorable distinction; but that now he saw names on the list which he thought disgraced it, and all classes with them.' The Duke of Wellington, according to Colonel Gurwood, was pretty much of the same opinion as regarded the Army.

In 1818, then in his eighty-third year, the decay of his health was so perceptible, and his cough so distressing, that he was advised to winter in a milder climate. Captain and Miss Brenton, and a medical attendant, accompanied him to the south of France. Every honorable reception and attention were paid to him in passing through France. He continued at Hyeres until the spring of 1819, and then returned. An anecdote is told by Mr. Tucker, which the writer of this article heard from the noble Earl himself, at his own table at Rochetts. He had been walking in his grounds, and looking at a green-house then building, when his bailiff suggested that a venerable old oak should be felled, as it was rapidly decaying. 'I command you to do no such thing,' said his lordship; 'that tree and I have long been contemporaries; we have flourished together, and together we will fall.' He was then exceedingly cheerful and agreeable, but occasionally distressed with his cough; yet even at this time, Miss Brenton, who remained in the house, said he came down stairs about five every morning.

In 1821, Lord Melville appointed him to the rank of Admiral of the Fleet; and shortly afterwards the King honored him with a naval baton, accompanied by an expression of 'his Majesty's warmest regards, as a testimony of his Majesty's personal esteem, and of the high sense he entertained of the eminent services which his lordship has rendered to his country, by his distinguished talents and brilliant achievements.'

When George IV. was about to embark on his visit to Scotland, Lord St. Vincent proceeded to Greenwich, and slept at the house of Sir George Keats, governor of the

hospital, in order to pay his respects to his Majesty on board his own yacht. Long before six in the morning, the old Earl was seen on the terrace with four old pensioners, who had served under him, walking in his wake, and in frequent conversation with them. Their only object was an interview with their old Commander-in-chief, now in his eighty-eighth year. On his return to breakfast he appeared in more than usual spirits, related the interview, and said, 'We all in our day were smart fellows.' On this occasion he wore, for the first time, the repudiated Star of the Grand Cross of the Bath, that of the Knights Commanders being usually worn by him. It is stated, as a trait of his kind attention to children, that one day being asked by a child what that star was, and where he found it—'I found it,' he replied, 'upon the sea; and if you become a sailor, and search diligently, perhaps you may find just such another.' The interview with his Majesty was long and gracious; it was also the last time that his lordship was on the water, and the last officer who, on duty, had the honor of attending him, was the present Commander M'Clietock, whose arm assisted his lordship's tottering step on shore from the boat; and then taking off his hat to the youthful midshipman, 'Thank ye, sir—thank ye!' said the old admiral, in his last adieu to the naval service.

From this day, August 1822, to March 1823, Lord St. Vincent's robust frame was approaching its last functions; old age, debility, and convulsive fits of coughing, had all but worn it out. Yet, on the 13th of that month, while the hand of death was just upon him, he was still alive to the great passing events of the day; and about eight in the evening, after lying in silent exhaustion for two hours, he departed without a sigh or a groan, in the presence of his affectionate friends, Sir George Grey, Doctor Baird, and his faithful old Secretary. It is stated he did not die wealthy. He was succeeded in the Peerage by his nephew, Mr. Edward Jervis Ricketts, inheriting the Viscounty only. His remains were interred at Stone in Staffordshire, quite privately, as his will directed. A public monument is erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral.

We shall here extract Mr. Tucker's synopsis of the Earl's public character and services:—

'To the ardent admirers of the great admiral, nothing could be more easy or gratifying

than to eulogize his naval career, which would not be more glowing than just. To repeat his inexhaustible expedients to overcome difficulties; the reformation, the instruction, the rapid advance of his school; the spirit which he infused of enterprise; the omnipresence which he enforced of obedience; the perfect discipline of his energetic command; the distinguished officers whom he educated; the boldness with which he attacked and defeated an enemy's fleet nearly doubling his own in numbers; the grandeur of his conduct in the mutiny; the wonderful skill with which he drew forth the powers and resources of all ranks of subordinates, and then combined them to work together for the country; his fearless opposition to injurious prejudices and usages, of however long standing, however high abode; and, what crowns his course, the ulterior and lasting excellences which have emanated from his system—on all this it would be delightful to indulge.'

To this not very felicitous summary we may add a few words, though we have already touched on most of the transactions in which, throughout his public life, he bore a principal part. It cannot be supposed that, during his long and active career, Lord St. Vincent escaped censure;—proceeding mostly, however, from those civil servants of the naval department whose irregularities—to call them by no harsher name—had provoked his ire, and induced him to the adoption of measures for their correction, which seriously affected the reputation of some, and the interests of many. Neither can it be expected that he passed through the various stages of public life altogether free of blame. But if he had faults, they were so much neutralized by great and eminent virtues—charity, generosity, and magnanimity—as to prevent their assuming any general or prominent character. Nor was there in his disposition any thing sullen or morose, whatever the provocation might be. His anger was never smothered, but readily appeased by giving it full vent. He was undoubtedly severe; but the occasions which called for its exercise fully justified it. These were chiefly two. The first, his prompt measures for the complete extinction of the mutiny in the fleet before Cadiz, augmented as it frequently was by mutinous ships sent to him from England. What the consequences must have been of an organized mutiny in a fleet close to an enemy's port, on a foreign station, cannot be unknown to any, and is fearful to contemplate; but by a stern and uncompromising severity—by sending the criminals to immediate exe-

cution, after a legal conviction, can be so called—he saved the fleet, and rescued the country from the dreadful recurrence of a second general mutiny, the first of which had recently, but imperfectly, been subdued at home. The second instance was, his conduct to the officers of the Channel fleet. Here, too, he was not only fully justified, but imperatively called upon, to put in force a rigid system of discipline, which had been unaccountably neglected. On taking the command of this fleet, he found an extraordinary laxity of duty, and disregard of all discipline;—the Captains sleeping on shore; boats constantly employed for them; the men deserting by hundreds; the Commander-in-chief very much in London; the other flag-officers, good easy men, letting things go on quietly; and all this while the fleet was supposed to be watching that of the enemy, ready to start from Brest! What a difference of conduct must the Admiral have here found, from that of the active and gallant officers he had been accustomed to command in the Mediterranean, where mutual affection and respect prevailed. But he soon brought these other officers to a sense of their duty and obedience;—by rigid and decisive measures, at first, and by subsequent indulgences to all whom he found deserving of them. He thus succeeded in converting their displeasure into regard and good will. In fact, they soon discovered that, whatever discomfort the exigencies of the service demanded from them, their Commander-in-chief was the first to make the sacrifice and show the example.

The liberality of his political opinions was another fault with many; but though a decided Whig in principle, his political feelings and opinions were displayed only in Parliament, or on public occasions. On service he never suffered them to appear. Throughout the whole course of his professional career, his conduct proved him to be far removed from the influence of party considerations. In the multitude of applications which he received for promotions, from Princes of the Blood, the highest Nobles, and Members of Parliament, of his own party, he invariably told them, as appears from his own Letters,* that deserving

young men, who were sons of old and meritorious officers, always had, and always should continue to have, the first claim on his patronage. In this and all other respects, he was not more steady to his purpose than prompt in decision.

Of great mental and bodily powers, he was never disconcerted by difficulties, and never deficient in means to overcome them. His vigilance was extreme. Nothing passed in the fleet without his observation; and he is described to have had an eye so quick and piercing, that it was often said he appeared to look through one. On shore he was cheerful, lively, and fond of a joke. The account of his calling up Captain Darby at Gibraltar, and detaining him at a bedroom window to listen to a pretended dream he had just awakened from, is more like a story in a novel than an incident of real life, (Tucker, vol. i. 371.) With children he was always playful, though he had none of his own. The two portraits in Mr. Tucker's volumes are good; that given by Captain Brenton is a perfect satyr—a Silenus. In his countenance was a strong expression of intelligence; in his figure, and manners, and speech, he was the picture of a true Englishman.

We have little to say generally on Mr. Tucker's volumes. Though he had every motive to paint the character and conduct of Lord St. Vincent, as regards the public service of the State, in the brightest colors, we must do him the justice to say, that the portrait he has drawn appears to be a faithful and accurate likeness, free from flattery and exaggeration. But, throughout the work, the execution is far from faultless. In point of taste, correctness of construction, and purity of expression, it is eminently defective. His long sentences are sometimes so involved, inflated, and inverted, as not easily to be intelligible. In this latter particular we have seldom, indeed, seen a work so obnoxious to censure. In the use made of the Earl's Letters, there is an utter want of literary resource. Had one half of the six hundred he has given been omitted, and the other half dovetailed into the narrative, instead of being huddled together at the end of each chapter, it would have been a great improvement, and a relief to the reader. Every name almost, in these Letters, is a blank; in most cases

did before I came into office; and I have refused to promote at the request of four Princes of the blood."—These were, the Prince of Wales, and the Dukes of Clarence, Kent, and Cumberland.

* In one to Mrs. Montague, who had solicited the promotion of -----, he says, 'The officers of the Ville de Paris remain as they did when I left her; and my own nephew, commander of the Stork sloop, who is respected as an officer of uncommon merit and acquirements, stands as he

unnecessarily so. These great blemishes and faults will, we hope, be at least partly removed, should another edition be called for.

ESSAYS. BY AN INVALID.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Life in the Sick-Room. Essays. By an Invalid.
London: Edward Moxon. 1844.

THIS is a wise and thoughtful book—the offspring of a lofty mind—and, coming to us with its pleading motto,

“For they breathe truth that breathe their words
in pain,”

cannot fail in finding a welcome. Its tone is healthy; and the subjects with which it deals are of the highest kind. We have seldom opened a volume more pregnant in noble thought; and throughout are the traces of a disciplined spirit—a spirit raised and exalted by suffering, which finds “good in every thing” it encounters by the way to its rest.

The writer is evidently a woman. Were we without the half acknowledgment that it is so, we should have surmised the fact from the tone and temper of the work. There is the characteristic fortitude of the sex under great privation and trial manifest; the silent endurance; the patient hope; the weakness where man would be strong, and the power where man would be weak; and, above all, the deep religion of the heart, and its inner devotion, which we find so difficult—and sometimes impossible—to attain to. Moreover, the style betrays the practised hand; it is simple, yet eloquent, never deficient in power, and always unaffected and chaste; its beauty is not marred by false ornament. We were constantly reminded by it of what the old Spectator quaintly termed “thinking aloud”—the highest praise that can be given to the essay form of composition.

But we hear some of our own readers turning impatiently from the title of our review. “‘Essays; by an Invalid!’—pooh, pooh! what does the sick man or woman—whichever it be—mean by chronicling his, or her, pains and griefs!—cataloguing, I suppose, the physician’s visits, and copying

out the apothecary’s bills. I’ll none of it, and pass on.” Be not so hasty, good friend, for we know you are not in general so thoughtless. Have you never looked upon sickness in its true light, as a course of moral probation, which it is a blessed thing to pass through, albeit the journey itself be wearisome? Have you never experimentally felt the new ideas it gives one—beheld the new light it floods this world in—and found in your own breast such revelations of present and future good as more than atoned for whatever of trial it brought you? We know well that health and sickness are two states so different, that there can exist—naturally—but little sympathy between them; and now we are not going to bring you into the gloom of a sick chamber, but into bright light. In examining the work before us, we shall show you trains of thought which the healthful are too giddy to seek after, and which perhaps they are not constituted to experience, even were their search most diligently conducted.

In truth, the daily life of the mind is a thing too generally neglected. No doubt metaphysical studies are more followed now than at any previous time, and the progress we have made in them is as pleasing as it has been unexpected; but in these we have more of the mind’s history than the record of its daily experiences. They rather lay before us the development of its marvellous powers, than reach and touch us by a sense of personal engagement. Thus they want *individuality*; and relate to the common possessions of the species, chiefly if not altogether. It is far different to know these things ourselves, to learn them from our inner thoughts, and form our philosophy less on books than on the *γνώσις αἰσθητή*. When laid aside from the busier scenes of life, we are in a manner constrained to this wise self-searching. The period of invalidism, which unfits us for the turmoil of active existence, seems peculiarly adapted for the acquirement of this hallowing wisdom. We breathe a purer air. When worldly hope dies, a better hope is born; and in a few days or hours of sickness, we acquire experiences which the long years of previous health had failed to impart.

The measure of time is not the years we live, but the feelings we have present with us during their progress. Thus, some hours are longer with us than as many days; and some days seem as though they would never end. We speak of seasons of agony,

whether of mind or body. Byron says to the purpose—

"A slumbering thought is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour."

Pain or joy become, in their several ways, the gauges of duration—the former lengthening it out into an apparently interminable existence—the latter causing even years to pass away in rapid and unmarked flight. The experience of every one will confirm our statement. But these antagonistic principles (and not less so in their nature, than in their present effects) leave behind them, with the heart that receives them aright, one abiding influence of good. Pain passes away, and is forgotten; good subsists, and immortally survives. This is the subject our author first handles:—

"The sick-room becomes the scene of intense convictions; and among these, none, it seems to me, is more distinct than that of the permanent nature of good, and the transient nature of evil. At times I could almost believe that long sickness or other trouble is ordained to prove to us this very point—a point worth any costliness of proof.

"The truth may pass across the mind of one who has suffered briefly—may occur to him when glancing back over his experience of a short sharp illness or adversity. He may say to himself that his temporary suffering brought him lasting good, in revealing to him the sympathy of his friends, and the close connexion of human happiness with things unseen; but this occasional recognition of the truth is a very different thing from the abiding and unspeakably vivid conviction of it, which arises out of a condition of protracted suffering. It may look like a paradox to say that a condition of permanent pain is that which, above all, proves to one the transient nature of pain; but this is what I do affirm, and can testify.

"The apparent contradiction lies in the words 'permanent pain'—that condition being made up of a series of pains, each of which is annihilated as it departs; whereas, all real good has an existence beyond the moment, and is indeed indestructible.

"A day's illness may teach something of this to a thoughtful mind; but the most inconsiderate can scarcely fail to learn the lesson, when the proof is drawn over a succession of months and seasons. With me, it has now included several New Year's days; and what have they taught me? what any future New Year's retrospect cannot possibly contradict, and must confirm; though it can scarcely illustrate further what is already as clear as its moon and stars."

Then, in reference to the past year's experiences, our invalid proceeds:—

"During the year looked back upon, all the

days, and most hours of the day, have had their portion of pain—usually mild—now and then, for a few marked hours of a few marked weeks, severe and engrossing; while perhaps, some dozen evenings, and half-dozen mornings, are remembered as being times of almost entire ease. So much for the body. The mind, meantime, though clear and active, has been so far affected by the bodily state as to lose all its gaiety, and, by disuse, almost to forget its sense of enjoyment. During the year, perhaps, there may have been two surprises of light-heartedness, for four hours in June, and two hours and a half in October, with a few shining flashes of joy in the intermediate seasons, on the occurrence of some rousing idea, or the revival of some ancient association. Over all the rest has brooded a thick heavy cloud of care, apparently causeless, but not for that the less real. This is the sum of the pains of the year, in relation to illness. Where are the pains now? Not only gone, but annihilated. They are destroyed so utterly, that even memory can lay no hold upon them. The fact of their occurrence is all that even memory can preserve. The sensations themselves cannot be retained, nor recalled, nor revived; they are the most absolutely evanescent, the most essentially and completely destructible of all things. Sensations are unimaginable to those who are most familiar with them. Their concomitants may be remembered, and so vividly conceived of, as to excite emotions at a future time; but the sensations themselves cannot be conceived of when absent. This pain, which I feel now as I write, I have felt innumerable times before; yet, accustomed as I am to entertain and manage it, the sensation itself is new every time; and a few hours hence I shall be as unable to represent it to myself as to the healthiest person in the house. Thus are all the pains of the year annihilated. What remains?

"All the good remains.

"And how is this? whence this wide difference between the good and the evil?

"Because the good is indissolubly connected with ideas—with the unseen realities which are indestructible. This is true, even of those pleasures of sense which of themselves would be as evanescent as bodily pains. The flowers sent to me by kind neighbors have not perished—that is, the idea and pleasure of them remain, though every blossom was withered months ago. The game and fruit, eaten in their season, remain as comforts and luxuries, preserved in the love that sent them. Every letter and conversation abide—every new idea is mine for ever; all the knowledge, all the experience of the year is so much gain. Even the courses of the planets, and the changes of the moon, and the hay-making and harvest, are so much immortal wealth—as real a possession as all the pain of the year was a passing apparition. Yes; even the quick bursts of sunshine are still mine. For one instance, which will illustrate what I mean, let us look back so far as the

spring, and take one particular night of severe pain, which made all rest impossible. A short intermission, which enabled me to send my servant to rest, having ended in pain, I was unwilling to give further disturbance, and wandered, from mere misery, from my bed and my dim room, which seemed full of pain, to the next apartment, where some glimmer through the thick window-curtain showed that there was light abroad. Light, indeed! as I found on looking forth. The sun, resting on the edge of the sea, was hidden from me by the walls of the old priory; but a flood of rays poured through the windows of the ruin, and gushed over the waters, strewing them with diamonds, and then across the green down before my windows, gilding its furrows, and then lighting up the yellow sands on the opposite shore of the harbor, while the market-garden below was glittering with dew, and busy with early bees and butterflies. Besides these bees and butterflies, nothing seemed stirring, except the earliest riser of the neighborhood, to whom the garden belongs. At the moment, she was passing down to feed the pigs, and let run her cows; and her easy pace, arms a-kimbo, and complacent survey of her early greens, presented me with a picture of ease so opposite to my own state, as to impress me ineffaceably. I was suffering too much to enjoy this picture at the moment: but how was it at the end of the year? The pains of all those hours were annihilated—as completely vanished as if they had never been; while the momentary peep behind the window-curtain made me the possessor of this radiant picture for evermore. This is an illustration of the universal fact. That brief instant of good has swallowed up long weary hours of pain. An inexperienced observer might, at the moment, have thought the conditions of my gain heavy enough; but the conditions being not only discharged, but annihilated long ago, and the treasure remaining forever, would not my best friend congratulate me on that sunrise? Suppose it shining on, now and for ever, in the souls of a hundred other invalids or mourners, who may have marked it in the same manner, and who shall estimate its glory and its good?"

We trust that there are hundreds whose experiences are of a like nature; but clearly it is not every sufferer who possesses equal strength of mind. To recognize in pain a chastisement whose tendency is unmixed good—"a mere disguise of blessings otherwise unattainable"—a holy medium through which the soul must pass to a higher life—one must feel that it is sent us from a divine hand. Imperfectly as we frame our ideas now, calling very often evil good, and good evil, when we acknowledge that we are at present in a state of moral discipline, we come of necessity to this happy conclusion. We look not so much on the narrow pres-

ent, as "before and after" with the eyes of memory and hope, and see light gradually evolving from the darkness, and heavenly intentions of good wrought out by means apparently the most adverse. And so our invalid is enabled to speak, at the twelve-month's end, of all

—"the richness of my wealth, as I lie, on New Year's eve, surrounded by the treasures of the departing year—the kindly year which has utterly destroyed for me so much that is terrible and grievous, while he leaves with me all the new knowledge and power, all the teachings from on high, and the love from far and near, and even the frailest-seeming blossom of pleasure that, in any moment, he has cast into my lap."

The closing of the essay is very beautiful:—

"True and consoling as it may be, to find thus that 'trouble may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning,' they have not fully learned the lessons of the sick room if they are not aware that, while the troubles of that night-season are thus sure to pass away, its product of thoughts and experiences must endure, till the stars which looked down upon the scene have dissolved in their courses. The constellations formed in the human soul, out of the chaos of pain, must have a duration, compared with which, those of the firmament are but as the sparkles shivered over the sea by the rising sun. To one still in this chaos—if he do but see the creative process advancing—it can be no reasonable matter of complaint, that his course is laid the while through such a region; and he will feel almost ashamed of even the most passing anxiety as to how he may be permitted to emerge."

We have next the subject, sympathy to the invalid, discussed. How difficult to sympathize aright! Good-nature will not do this; it is too often as repulsive as it is kindly-intentioned. Friendship itself here at times fails; it has no plummet for the depths of hidden sorrow. But when this nearness of identification is reached, what boon on earth beside could compensate for it?

"The manifestations of sympathetic feeling are as various as of other feelings; but the differences are marked by those whom they concern with a keenness proportioned to the hunger of their heart. The rich man has even sometimes to assure himself of the grief of his friends, by their silence to him, as circumstances which he cannot but feel most important. Their letters, extending over months and years, perhaps contain no mention of his trial, no reference to his condition, not a line which will show to his executors that the years over which they spread were years of illness.

Though he can account for this suppression in the very love of his friends, yet it brings no particular consolation to him. Others, perhaps, administer praise—praise, which is the last thing an humbled sufferer can appropriate—praise of his patience or fortitude, which perhaps arrives at the moment when his resolution has wholly given way, and tears may be streaming from his eyes, and exclamations of anguish bursting from his lips. Such consolations require forbearance, however it may be mingled with gratitude. Far different were my emotions when one said to me, with the force like the force of an angel, 'Why should we be bent upon your being better, and make up a bright prospect for you? I see no brightness in it; and the time seems past for expecting you ever to be well.' How my spirit rose in a moment at this recognition of the truth!

"And again, when I was weakly dwelling on a consideration which troubled me much for some time, that many of my friends gave me credit for far severer pain than I was enduring, and that I thus felt myself a sort of impostor, encroaching unwarrantably on their sympathies. 'Oh, never mind,' was the reply; 'that may be more balanced hereafter. You will suffer more with time, or you will seem to yourself to suffer more; and then you will have less sympathy. We grow tired of despairing, and think less and less of such cases, whether reasonably or not; and you may have less sympathy when you need it more. Meantime, you are not answerable for what your friends feel; and it is good for them, natural and right, whether you think it accurate or not.'

"These words put a new heart into me, dismissed my scruples about the over-wealth of the present hour, and strengthened my soul for future need—the hour of which has not, however, yet arrived. It is a comfortable season, if it may be last, when one's friends have ceased to hope unreasonably, and not 'grown tired of despairing.'

"Another friend, endowed both by nature and experience with the power I speak of, gave me strength for months, for my whole probation, by a brave utterance of one word—'Yes:' in answer to a hoping consoler, I told a truth of fact, which sounded dismal, though because it was fact I spoke it in no dismal mood; and the genius at my side in a confirmatory 'yes,' opened to my view a whole world of aid in prospect from a soul so penetrating and so true."

Yes; the fitting habitant of the sick-room is truth, simple truth; yet, in no other place is deception, in all its hollowness, so often found; and false hopes are excited by well-meaning friends, who with cruel mocking promises bid the sufferer look forward to reviving health, even when it has wholly departed. The true friend is he who tells the truth.

JULY, 1844.

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"If it be asked, after all this, 'Who can console? how is it possible to please and soothe the sufferer?' I answer that nothing is more easy, nothing is more common, nothing more natural, to simple-minded people. Never creature had more title than I to speak confidently of this, from experience which melts my heart day by day. 'Speaking the truth in love' is the way. One who does this cannot but be an angel of consolation. Every thing but truth becomes loathed in a sick room. The restless can repose on nothing but this; the sharpened intellectual appetite can be satisfied with nothing less substantial; the susceptible spiritual taste can be gratified with nothing less genuine, noble and fair. Then the question arises, what sort of truth? Why, that which is appropriate to the one who administers. To each a separate gift may be appointed. Only let all avoid every shadow of falsehood. Let the nurse avow that the medicine is nauseous. Let the physicians declare that the treatment will be painful. Let sister, or brother, or friend tell me that I must never look to be well. When the time approaches that I am to die, let me be told that I am to die, and when. If I encroach thoughtlessly on the time or strength of those about me, let me be reminded; if selfishly, let me be remonstrated with. Thus, to speak the truth, is in the power of all. Higher service is a talent in the hands of those who have a genius for sympathy—a genius less rare, thank God, than other kinds."

Of the false kinds of consolation, that which sends us back to our former lives to meditate on what we have done, and draw comfort from it, is the very vainest; and we truly agree with our author, that the function of conscience is not that of a comforter. The stern rebuker of all that we do amiss, how can it rejoice beings whose lives are so many multiplied wanderings? Oh, little at any time can it do other than chasten; but, when crowding in its images upon the heart weakened by sickness, what can it else do than irrevocably condemn? And yet men speak of the "happiness of an approving conscience!"

"I strongly doubt whether conscience was ever appointed to the function of consoler. I more than doubt: I disbelieve it. According to my own experience, the utmost enjoyment that conscience is capable of is a negative state, that of ease. The power of suffering is strong, and its natural and best condition I take to be one of simple ease; but for enjoyment and consolation, I believe we must look to other powers and susceptibilities of our nature. It is inconceivable to me that our moral sense can ever be gratified by any thing in our own moral state. It must be more offended by our own sins and weaknesses than by all the other sins and weaknesses in the world, in proportion as the evil is more profoundly known

to it, and more nakedly disgusting; because it is stripped of all the allowances and palliations which are admissible in all other cases. And this disgust is not compensated for by a corresponding satisfaction in our own good; for the very best good we can ever recognize in ourselves falls so far short of our own conceptions, so fails to satisfy the requisitions of the moral sense, that it can afford no gratification.

. . . If it is thus in the season of vigor, health, and self-command, how inexpressibly absurd is the mistake of bringing such a topic as consolation to the sick and sequestered!—to the sick, whose whole heart is faint, and the mental frame disordered more or less, in proportion as the body is jaded and the nerves unstrung; and to the sequestered, who perforce devour their own hearts, and find them the bitterest food! . . . If the consoler could but see the invisible array which comes thronging into the sick room from the deep regions of the past, brought by every sound of nature without, by every movement of the spirit within—the pale lips of dead friends whispering one's hard or careless words, spoken in childhood or youth—the upbraiding gaze of duties slighted and opportunities neglected—the horrible apparition of old selfishness and pusillanimities—the disgusting foolery of idiotic vanities: if the consoler could catch a momentary glimpse of this phantasmagoria of the sick room, he would turn with fear and loathing from the past, and shudder, while the injured invalid smiles, at such a choice of topics for solace. Then it might become the turn of the invalid to console—to explain how these are but phantoms—how solace does abound, though it comes from every region rather than the kingdom of conscience—and how, while the past is dry and dreary enough, there are streams descending from the heaven-bright mountain-tops of the future, for ever flowing down to our retreat, pure enough for the most fastidious longing, abundant enough for the thirstiest soul. The consoler may then learn for life how easily all personal complacencies may be dispensed with; while the sufferer can tell of a true 'refuge and strength,' and 'present help,' and of this 'river that gladdens the city of God,' and flows to meet us as we journey towards it."

There are next some touching allusions to those "marked days"—anniversaries—so joyous with us in early youth, so mournful when time's finger inscribes them upon tombs. These commemorative seasons, and, above all, that day of olden merriment, Christmas, our invalid recommends should be passed alone. With her sprigs of holly over the fire-place, she can flit away, fancy-plumed, to a thousand hearths, enter "rooms full of young eyes," or gaze for a moment on "the cozy little party of elderly folk round the fire or tea-table, and make her

memories her companions during the live-long day. But these subjects are lightly touched on, as though the heart within her failed in giving them utterance; and the sorrowful now was, we fear, victorious in the end. A birth-day spent—we can hardly say kept—in a sick room is sufficient to make the most heedless think; but she draws her comfort from the reflection—"If with every year of contemplation of the world appears a more astonishing fact, and life a more noble mystery, we cannot but be re-animating by the recurrence of every birth-day, which draws us up higher into the regions of contemplation, and nearer to the gate within which lies the disclosure of all mysteries which worthily occupy us now, and doubtless a new series of others, adapted to our then ennobled powers." A sublime imagining, and no less true than solemn; yet declaring too well that mere human help was insufficient on such occasions.

The subject of the third Essay is nature to the invalid; it is admirably considered. We need not dilate on the theme, in introducing it, for its power and beauty are sufficient recommendation. All who have seen the look of rapture with which the eyes of the dying are lighted up on beholding fresh and living flowers, remember that sight for ever. It is wonderful, that power of nature over sick and wasted forms, acting upon them like an enchanter's spell, and calling back life to beat strongly about the heart, as in better days! The sights and sounds about us, at such a time should be well-chosen; they will vary with different dispositions—some are satisfied if they can lie all day long, with eyes beholding heaven—others look lower to the green earth or the sea expanse.

"When an invalid is under sentence of disease for life, it becomes a duty of first-rate importance to select a proper place of abode. This is often overlooked; and a sick prisoner goes on to where he lived before, for no other reason than because he lived there before. Many a sufferer languishes amidst street noises, or passes year after year in a room whose windows command dead walls, or paved courts, or some such objects; so that he sees nothing of nature but such sky and stars as show themselves above the chimney-tops. I remember the heart-ache it gave me to see a youth, confined to a recumbent position for two or three years, lying in a room whence he could see nothing, and dependent therefore on the cage of birds by his bed-side, and the flowers his friends sent him, for the only notices of nature that reached him, except the summer's heat and the winter's cold. There was no sufficient

reason why he should not have been placed where he could overlook fields, or even the sea."

To the latter our friend inclines, and assigns her reasons for its choice in her own case :—

"What is the best kind of view for a sick prisoner's windows to command? I have chosen the sea, and am satisfied with my choice. We should have the widest expanse of land or water, for the sake of a sense of liberty, yet more than for variety; and also because then the inestimable help of a telescope may be called in. Think of the difference to us between seeing from our sofas the width of a street, even if it be Sackville-street, Dublin, or Portland-place in London, and thirty miles of sea view, with its long boundary of rocks, and the power of sweeping our glance over half a county, by means of a telescope! But the chief ground of preference of the sea is less its space than its motion, and the perpetual shifting of objects caused by it. There can be nothing in inland scenery which can give the sense of life and motion and connexion with the world like sea changes. The motion of a waterfall is too continuous, too little varied, as the breaking of the waves would be, if that were all the sea could afford. The fitful action of a windmill, the waving of trees, the ever-changing aspects of mountains are good and beautiful; but there is something more life-like in the going forth and return of ships, in the passage of fleets, and in the never-ending variety of a fishery."

In the writer's description of her own retreat, we recognise that pleasant little watering place, Tynemouth, in Northumberland. What a faithful *daguerreotype* painting is the following!—

"But then, there must not be too much sea. The strongest eyes and nerves could not support the glare and oppressive vastness of an unrelieved expanse of waters. I was aware of this in time, and fixed myself where the view of the sea was inferior to what I should have preferred, if I had come to the coast for a summer visit. Between my window and the sea is a green down—as green as any field in Ireland; and on the nearer half of this down, hay-making goes forward in its season. It slopes down to a hollow, where the prior of old preserved his fish, there being sluices formerly at either end; the one opening upon the river, and the other upon the little haven below the priory, whose ruins still crown the rock. From the prior's fish-pond the green down slopes upwards again to a ridge; and on the slope are cows grazing all summer, and half way into the winter. Over the ridge, I survey the harbor, and all its traffic; the view extending from the light-houses far to the right, to a horizon of the sea to the left. Beyond the harbor lies another county, with, first,

its sandy beach, where there are frequent wrecks—too interesting to an invalid—and a fine stretch of rocky shore to the left; and above the rocks, a spreading heath, where I watch troops of boys flying their kites; lovers and friends taking their breezy walk on Sundays; the sportsman with his gun and dog; and the washerwomen converging from the farm-houses on Saturday evenings, to carry their loads, in company, to the village on the yet further height. I see them, now talking in a cluster, as they walk, each with her white burden on her head, and now in file, as they pass through the narrow lane; and finally, they part off on the village green, each to some neighboring house of the gentry. Behind the village and the heath stretches the railroad; and I watch the train triumphantly careering along the level road, and puffing forth its steam above hedges and groups of trees, and then laboring and panting up the ascent, till it is lost between the two heights, which at last bound my view. But on these heights are more objects;—a windmill, now in motion and now at rest; a lime-kiln, in a picturesque rocky field; an ancient church-tower, barely visible in the morning, but conspicuous when the setting sun shines upon it; a colliery, with its lofty wagon-way, and the self-moving wagons running hither and thither, as if in pure wilfulness; and three or four farms, at various degrees of ascent, whose yards, paddocks, and dairies I am better acquainted with than their inhabitants would deem possible. I know every stack of the one on the heights. Against the sky I see the stacking of corn and hay in the season, and can detect the slicing away of the provender, with an accurate eye, at the distance of several miles. I can follow the sociable farmer in his summer-evening ride, pricking on in the lanes where he is alone, in order to have more time for the unconscionable gossip at the gate of the next farm-house, and for the second talk over the paddock fence of the next, or for the third or fourth before the porch, or over the wall, when the resident farmer comes out, pipe in mouth, and puffs away amidst his chat, till the wife appears, with a shawl over her cap, to see what can detain him so long; and the daughter follows, with her gown turned over her head, (for it is now chill evening,) and at last the sociable horseman finds he must be going, looks at his watch, and, with a gesture of surprise, turns his steed down a steep broken way to the beach, and canters home over the sands, left hard and wet by the ebbing tide, the white horse making his progress visible to me through the dusk. Then, if the question arises, which has most of the gossip spirit, he or I, there is no shame in the answer. Any such small amusement is better than harmless—is salutary—which carries the spirit of the sick prisoner abroad into the open air, and among country people. When I shut down my window, I feel that my mind has had an airing."

We are less inclined to agree with the writer's speculations on Life, than with any other portion of the volume. The world's amelioration, and the consequent increase of human happiness, are her fond dreams; and she grounds their now probable nearness upon the growing influence of the popular classes. We are old-fashioned enough to regard the movements of the present day with fear, rather than hope. We do not think we have strengthened our political building by knocking away the buttresses and carefully picking out the corner-stones; nor do we see that we have wisely legislated for the masses, by giving them, through our new enactments, fifty masters where they had formerly one. We are stupid enough also to discredit the people's advancement in virtue, since the era of reforms began. Neither increased power, nor increased knowledge, imply of necessity augmented goodness. A sword in a child's hand is most dangerous to the weak wielder of it; perhaps it had better for ever rested in its sheath. We want faith, moreover, in the world's improving itself; and we shall continue to hold such a thing as of impossible occurrence so long as we perceive man deficient alike in the power and in the will to effect the change. We are sure that when such an advancement comes, it will not be from the operations of the human mind, but from a change in the human heart.

The essay "Death to the Invalid," though eminently beautiful, appears to us over full of shadowy mysticism. There is too much of philosophy in it—too little of religion. Here, if any where, on account of our utter ignorance, speculation should have little place. None but they who tasted of it, can tell what it really is; yet the living love to color it with their own fancings, and according to different dispositions or different emotions, to invest it at one time with terrors, at another time with surpassing beauty. To the invalid, and chiefly to the one who is so permanently, it is of course a constant thought; he turns to it without alarm as the natural exodus from captivity; and as the star brightens on which the eye fastens for a while, he sees in it hour by hour an added glory. We must give an extract:—

"Those who speculate outside on the experience of the sick room, are eager to know whether this solitary transit is often gone over in the imagination, and whether with more or

less relish and success than by those at ease and in full vigor. In my childhood, I attended, as an observer, one fine morning, at the funeral of a person with whom I was well acquainted, without feeling any strong affection. I was somewhat moved by the solemnity, and by the tears of the family; but the most powerful feeling of the day was excited when the evening closed in, gusty and rainy, and I thought of the form I knew so well, left alone in the cold and darkness, while every body else was warm and sheltered. I felt that, if I had been one of the family, I could not have neglectfully and selfishly gone to bed that night, but must have passed the hours till daylight by the grave. Every child has felt this: and every child longs to know whether a sick friend contemplates that first night in the cold grave, and whether the prospect excites any emotions.

"Surely;—we do not contemplate it—frequently—eagerly. In the dark night, we picture the whole scene, under every condition the imagination can originate. By day, we hold up before our eyes that most wondrous piece of our worldly wealth—our own right hand: examine its curious texture and mechanism, and call up the image of its sure deadness and decay. And with what emotions? Each must answer for himself. As for me, it is with mere curiosity, and without any concern about the lonely, cold grave. I doubt whether any one's imagination rests there; whether there is ever any panic about the darkness and the worm of the narrow house.

"As for our future home—the scene where our living selves are to be—how is it possible that we should not be often resorting thither in imagination, when it is to be our next excursion from our little abode of sickness and helplessness—when it is so certain that we cannot be disappointed of it, however wearily long it may be before we go—when all that has been best in our lives, our sabbaths, all sunset evenings and starry nights, all our reverence and love that are sanctified by death,—when all these things have always pointed to our future life, and been associated with it, how is it possible that we should not be ever looking forward to it now when our days are low and weary, and our pleasures few? The liability is to too great familiarity with the subject. When our words make children look abashed, and call a constraint over the manners of those we are conversing with, and cause even the most familiar eyes to be averted, we find ourselves reminded that the subject of a person's death is one usually thought not easy to discuss with him. In our retirement, we are apt to forget, till expressly reminded, the importance of distinctions of rank and property in society, so nearly as they vanish in our survey of life, in comparison with moral differences; and, in like manner, we have to recall an almost lost idea, that death is an awkward topic, except in the abstract, when

our casual mention of a will, or of some transaction to follow our death, introduces an awe and constraint into conversation."

And again, in reference to dear friends who have felt with her all her feelings, and have now gone before her to rest, what beautiful thoughts are these! If such departures form, for the healthful, a link with the Unseen, how much more do they heighten the invalid's anticipations of future things:

"Perhaps the familiarity of the idea of death is by nothing so much enhanced to us as by the departure before us of those who have sympathized in our prospect. The close domestic interest thus imparted to that other life is such as I certainly never conceived of when in health, and such as I observe people in health do not conceive of now. It seems but the other day that I was receiving letters of sympathy and solace, and also of religious and philosophical investigation as to how life here and hereafter appeared to me; letters which told of activity, of labors, and journeyings, which humbled me by a sense of idleness and uselessness, while *they* spoke of humbling feelings as regarding the privileges of my seclusion. All this is as if it were yesterday; and now, these correspondents have been gone for years. For years we have thought of them as knowing 'the grand secret,' as familiarized with those scenes we are for ever prying into, while I lie no wiser (in such a comparison) than when they endeavoured to learn somewhat of these matters from me. And besides these close and dear companions, what departures are continually taking place! Every new year there are several—friends, acquaintances, or strangers—who shake their heads when I am mentioned, in friendly regret at another year opening before me without prospect of health—who send me comforts or luxuries, or words of sympathy, amidst the pauses of their busy lives; and before another year comes round, they have dropped out of the world—have learned quickly far more than I can acquire by my leisure—and from being merely outside my little spot of life, have passed to above and beyond it. Little ones who speculated on me with awe—youthful ones who ministered to me with pity—busy and important persons, who gave a cordial but passing sigh to the lot of the idle and helpless; some of these have outstripped me, and left me looking wistfully after them. Such incidents make the future at least as real and familiar to me as the outside world; and every permanent invalid will say the same, and we must not be wondered at if we speak of that great Interest of ours oftener, and with more familiarity than others use."

In the inquiry on temper, the writer searchingly examines the causes and modifications of the irritability produced by

sickness, whether in relation to one's self, or to others; in the former case, as conducting to self-contempt, if not self-despair, and in the latter, as debarring one especially from the visits of children, "the brightest, if not the tenderest, angels of the sick-room." She shows well, how widely friends in health may err in the estimation of the sufferer's fortitude—at one time imagining that all power of endurance has passed away, because, through intense agony the soul is made to "cleave to the dust;" and at another time giving him credit for sublime patience, when he had really no cause or temptation to feel otherwise. She denies, from deep experience, the possibility of becoming inured to pain, so as to disregard it; but she would have it encountered by antagonistic forces, and thus subdued by the power of ideas. An omnipotent host of these she can call up at will, by her books and pictures, and their associations. From her couch she has but to turn her eyes to the wall above, and behold "the consolations of eighteen centuries," in one portrait—the CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR of Scheffer; and the fullness of her varied emotions she gives us in this, our last, extract:

"See what force this is, in comparison with others that are tendered for our solace! One and another, and another of our friends comes to us with an earnest pressing upon us of the 'hope of relief,' that talisman which looks so well till its virtues are tried! They tell us of renewed health and activity—of what it will be to enjoy ease again—to be useful again—to shake off our troubles, and be as we once were. We sigh, and say, it may be so; but they see that we are neither roused nor soothed by it. Then one speaks differently, tells us that we shall never be better—that we shall continue for long years as we are, or shall sink into deeper disease and death; adding, that pain, and disturbance, and death are indissolubly linked with the indestructible life of the soul, and supposing that we are willing to be conducted on in this eternal course by Him whose thoughts and ways are not as ours—but whose tenderness Then how we burst in, and take up the word! What have we not to say, from the abundance of our hearts, of that benignity—that transcendent wisdom—our willingness—our eagerness—our sweet serenity—till we are silenced by our unutterable joy."

Our failing space constrains us to pass over the two remaining essays, with but a brief allusion. They relate to the perils and pains of invalidism, and its gains and privileges, respectively; and are fully equal

to any of the preceding papers. Our readers will gather from our quotations the character of the work, which is of the purest kind. It is not a volume to be read through hastily, and then laid aside; but one at once requiring, and repaying, the severest study. The mind of the writer is plainly of that stamp, which Bacon calls "full;" and her sentences are weighty in thoughts—thoughts which create thoughts. It was a notion of Shelley's, that feeling so lengthens out life, that the man of talent who dies at thirty is immeasurably older than the dullard who drags on his unmarked existence to threescore. He has, emphatically, lived more. If we might reason similarly, the writer of these essays has lived centuries. Each hour has brought its thought-life with it, and emotions sufficient for years; and hours upon hours have gone over thus with her in her solitary chamber, and she has lived them all. In the present volume we have the records of a few. She possesses, almost in intensity, that lovely, yet how fearful, gift, the capability of suffering; and she has largely used it. Yet her experiences have ever brought some good with them, vivifying the heart, not hardening it; and when they depart, she invariably discovers that they have left a blessing behind them.

We have thought for many a day—and the book before us revives the impression—that more true heroism is needed for a severe sickness, than for mingling in the terrors of a battle-field. With life beating strong in his pulses, and health careering in his veins, and now half-maddened by the braying of pibroch or clarion, the soldier rushes against his foeman—determined to "do or die." If he possesses a minute to think, his memories are thronged with the *recas* of his countrymen, and the undying remembrances of generations to come; and danger, and wounds, and death are disregarded, when he feels that his name shall yet be a household word. But oh, how changed is every thing, when with nerves unstrung, and health—that life of life—departed, we have to encounter the enemy amidst the heart-depressing silence of the sick-room! The trial to be undergone is not a whit the less fiery, while the power and stimulant to endure it are wanting. Blessed be God for it, a new series of helps then comes in; and when the sun of this world has gone down, it is not darkness rules omnipotent, but the moon and stars arise in heaven to guide the wanderer.

We reluctantly close this beautiful volume, only to make it the frequent companion of our own leisure hours. It needs no further exposition, and what we have extracted will sufficiently plead its cause. We have only to add that the gifted writer is, we understand, Harriet Martineau.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HUMMING-BIRDS.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

WHEN Saint Patrick preached in the Emerald Isle,
The Fairies that haunted the green,
And their revels had held, in olden time,
Were filled with envy and spleen.

So they went where the water-lilies float,
On the edge of the shallow bay,
And they chose themselves each a little boat,
To carry them far away.

Merrily now that little fleet
Bounds o'er the waters blue;
Boldly the fairies have taken their seat,
Each in her light canoe.

They gave to their Queen the largest flower,
Their perilous course to guide;
And after her, like a snowy shower,
The tiny vessels glide.

The eddying ripples that bore them along,
A murmuring melody played;
And the fairies, who knew the words of its song,
A whispering answer made.

The waters are hurrying away to the south,
And bear them on with their tide,
Till safely they reach the river's mouth,
And float on the ocean wide.

Though many a day and night they sailed,
Warmly the sunshine fell,
For the might of the winds and waves was stayed
By the power of their magic spell.

That magic spell has banished the night,
While their westward course they take,
For a glorious trail of burnished light
Is following in their wake.

The fairies have reached the coral strand,
And left the lily-flowers;
They fly away in a merry band
To the pleasant citron bowers.

And the humming-birds seen in that sunny clime,
Sparkling with rainbow hues,
Are the Fairies who left the Emerald Isle,
In their lily-white canoes.

H. B.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM: PREVISION.

From the Spectator.

[Skeptical as we are on this subject, we have no hesitation in printing, without comment, the following case; which proceeds from a gentleman well known to us for habits of careful observation and for scrupulous veracity. We admit it as a record of a singular fact, whatever may be the explanation of which it is susceptible.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

Clapham New Park, 18th January, 1844.

DEAR SIR:—Puzzled by the conflicting statements put forward on all sides regarding Animal Magnetism, I resolved a year or two back, to seek by personal experiment a solution which I had in vain endeavored to arrive at from the opinions of others. The result convinced me, not only that Animal Magnetism is a truth, but that it is one which, although productive of danger in the hands of inexperienced persons, may be turned to the happiest account as a remedy for many human ills.

Have you courage to give insertion to the following case? It is so singular that I can hardly expect any one to receive it without considerable hesitation; and yet, as I am able to pledge myself to the strict accuracy of its details, and to the respectability of station and high moral worth of the parties to whom it refers, I feel desirous that it should be widely known.

On Monday the 25th December, I magnetized Mrs. H—, a married lady, twenty-eight years of age. She had been magnetized at intervals during the preceding year, altogether about six times. Upon each occasion she had manifested some degree of lucidity; and in the only instance when the experiment was tried, she had answered readily to the action of my hand upon the various phrenological organs. On the present occasion I magnetized her solely for the improvement of her health, as she was suffering from weakness and a pain in the breast, the result of a confinement eight weeks back. In other respects her health was good.

In less than two minutes from the commencement of the magnetizing process, she passed into a state of somnambulism. I then addressed her—"How do you feel?" She made no answer. I repeated the question two or three times, without success; but in a few moments she exclaimed, with an expression of great anguish—"Oh, pretty well; but I shall soon be dreadfully ill."

"When shall you be ill? now, while you are being magnetized?"—"No, in two days time."

"At what hour?"—"Three in the afternoon."

"Can nothing be done to avert it?"—"Nothing."

"What will it result from? an accident, or natural causes?"—"Natural causes."

"Can you tell me any thing that should be

done? Will magnetism afford you service?"—"Yes: it cannot avert the attack, but it may do much good. It will be a spasmodic attack, and after a little while it will extend to the heart. The heart will not be originally affected; but the violence of the suffering will cause it to be affected sympathetically, and there will then be danger. Magnetism may remove this."

"And will it not remove the other sufferings?"—"No." Then, after a pause, she added—"it cannot remove them entirely; but I think it may mitigate them."

"At what time after the attack should I commence the magnetic passes?"—"In about half an hour."

"How long will the attack last?"—"From an hour to an hour and a quarter. It will be dreadfully severe; but it will not prove fatal. I shall have more of them. I have much suffering to undergo."

"When will the next attack take place?"—"I cannot see."

"What description of passes should I make on Wednesday, in order to relieve the heart?"

"Commence just under the heart, and make long passes to the feet."

"During what time am I to continue them?"

"About five minutes. You must also make passes across my back, if possible."

"How long will it be before you cease to suffer from these attacks?"—"About eight months."

"Will magnetism benefit you during that time?"—"Materially."

She still manifested much apprehension and anguish. "Come," I said, "you must not be sad. I am sure that you can bear pain with patience; and, as it will all end well, you must not give way to despondency."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "I think of my children, and my husband—I know what he will feel."

I now ceased speaking to her for a minute or two: afterwards I said, "You must tell me if you desire to say any thing more, or if you would rather sleep?"—"I think you had better awaken me."

I demagnetized her accordingly. She awoke instantly, and (as on all former occasions) totally unconscious of having uttered a single word. She said, however, that she was not so much refreshed as usual, and that her head felt as if she had been engaged in the most intense thought. To relieve this, I magnetized her again for a few minutes; and when she was again awakened, she stated herself perfectly restored. I then took my leave; previously agreeing with Mr. H— that no intimation should be given to his wife of what had passed.

On the following day, I saw Mr. H—; when he stated, that during the preceding evening his wife had enjoyed excellent spirits, and that she still continued in a satisfactory state. On the Wednesday morning, he told me that he had left her in apparently good

health, excepting that she seemed in a state of depression which almost caused him to apprehend that her prediction would be verified. She was herself, however, free from any anticipation of evil.

In the afternoon I proceeded to her house, intending to reach it about half-past three, which according to her prediction would be half an hour after the commencement of the attack, the time at which she had stated that magnetism should be resorted to. Having, however, little expectation that my services would be required, (since I was inclined to regard her forebodings merely as the result of a momentary sadness,) I did not pay any particular attention to punctuality, and it was twenty-two minutes to four when I arrived.

I found her extended upon a sofa, in the severest agony. Her pain drew from her repeated cries, and I learned that she had been seized with a violent spasmodic affection.

I immediately commenced making the passes below the heart, which she had directed during her somnambulism on the preceding Monday.

"Does that give you relief?"—"Oh yes; it greatly relieves the heart."

I then raised her to a sitting posture, and commenced the passes across her back.

"Oh! that gives still more relief—it takes it entirely away from the left side; but the general pain remains the same."

She sank, apparently still suffering most severely from attacks of pain in the epigastric region, which seemed to threaten suffocation. She began, however, after I had made a few passes, to experience some short intervals of ease. During one of them I asked, "At what time were you attacked?"—"Half an hour or three-quarters of an hour before you came; nearer three-quarters of an hour."

"Was it sudden?"—"Quite. I was in the passage, and was obliged to call one of the servants to help me to this room. It seemed to suspend animation. In about twenty minutes, or more, it attacked my heart; the blood seemed to fill my head, and I was much alarmed. It continued till you came; my sufferings were dreadful: but now the pains seem no longer to affect the heart."

She still continued to experience paroxysms, which I was only able partially to relieve. At intervals she exclaimed, "Oh, how fortunate you happened to call. I feel as if you had saved me."

She complained of fulness of the head, and directed me to make two or three passes over her forehead; which gave her instant relief. At length, at about six or seven minutes past four, the pains seemed rapidly to subside. She fell into a calm sleep, her countenance assuming an expression of perfect composure; and from this, at about twenty minutes past four, she awakened in good spirits, and, although greatly exhausted, perfectly free from pain.

She continued to dwell on the "fortunate"

circumstance of my having called; and I left her in the full belief that the visit had been an accidental one.

Since the above occasion she has been magnetized several times; and she now predicts with rigid accuracy the state of her health for several consecutive days. On the 7th of this month, she announced a slight attack to occur at eleven o'clock in the morning of the 11th, which would not extend to the heart, and another severe attack at three P. M. on the 15th, in which that organ would again be compromised. On both occasions the prediction was fulfilled even in its minutest particulars.

I may mention, in conclusion, that until the attack above described, she had never experienced any indisposition in which the heart was supposed to be in the slightest degree affected.

I am, dear Sir, very faithfully yours, S.

HYMN TO THE SEA.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

ROLL on, roll on, thou "melancholy sea,"
That bearest on thy breast my love from me;
I stand beside thee, and I gaze upon
The fading vessel that will soon be gone.
Oh! bear him safely, though away from me;
Rage not in storms, but murmur tranquilly;
Make him remember her who thinks on him,
And weeps, and watches, till her eyes grow dim—
Thou melancholy sea!

Blue sea, I chide thee not, though I am sad,
And all in mournful hues thy waves seem clad;
But once I loved the surging billows' spray,
And thought their music ever blithe and gay;
Now I am sorrowful, and in thy moan
I think I hear a drowning sailor's groan;
Thy waters leap on high, but seem to me
To sing of shipwrecks with a fiendish glee—
Thou melancholy sea!

Roll on, roll on, ye light and sportive waves,
Ye look not as ye roll'd o'er sailors' graves:—
And I do smile, and jest, and gayly sing,
To hide the deep-felt pang my heart doth wring.
Like thee, blue sea, beneath a smiling face,
I bear deep anguish none may haply trace;
A careless mien, and jesting tongue may hide
Griefs, like sunk rocks beneath thy swelling tide—
Thou melancholy sea!

Bear on that barque, and take her safe to port,
Change not to rudeness thy now graceful sport:
In fervent prayer I kneel upon thy shore,
For blessings on the form I see no more.
Blue ocean! parting those who love so well,
What wonder if thy roar should seem a knell?
Too oft thou rollest o'er a cherish'd head,
Too oft our lov'd ones find an ocean bed—
Thou melancholy sea!

MISCELLANY.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF THE AMERICAN STATES.—Maine was so called as early as 1638, from Maine in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at that time proprietor. New Hampshire was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth Company to Capt. John Mason, by patent, November 7, 1639, with reference to the patentee, who was Governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England. Vermont was so called by the inhabitants in their declaration of independence, January 16, 1777, from the French *cerd*, green, and *mont*, mountain. Massachusetts from a tribe of Indians in the neighborhood of Boston. "I have learned," says Roger Williams, "that Massachusetts was so called from the Blue Hills." Rhode Island was named in 1644, in reference to the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean. Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of its principal river; New York in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom this territory was granted. Pennsylvania was named in 1681, after William Penn. Delaware, in 1703, from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord De la War, who died in this bay. Maryland, in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30, 1632. Virginia was named in 1584, after Elizabeth, the virgin Queen of England. Carolina, by the French in 1564, in honor of King Charles IX. of France. Georgia, in 1772, in honor of King George III. Alabama, in 1817, from its principal river. Mississippi, in 1800, from its western boundary. Mississippi is said to denote Kie, whole river, that is, the river formed by the union of many. Louisiana, so called in honor of Louis XVI. of France. Tennessee, in 1796, from its principal river; the word Tennessee is said to signify a curved spoon. Kentucky, in 1782, from its principal river. Illinois, in 1809, from its principal river. The word is said to signify the river of men. Indiana, in 1802, from the American Indians. Ohio, in 1802, from its southern boundary. Missouri, in 1821, from its principal river. Michigan, named in 1805, from the lake on its borders. Arkansas, in 1819, from its principal river. Florida was so called by Juan Ponce de Leon, in 1572, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday; in Spanish, *Pascua Florida*.—*Simmonds's Colonial Magazine*.

AN EXPLOSION OF SUBTERRANEAN WATER took place lately in the district of Vizeu, in Portugal, by which the soil was torn up, and earth and stones flung to a great height into the air, for the distance of more than a league, between the small river Oloiros and the Douro. All the cultivated land over which the water flowed was destroyed, and in many places it created ravines forty feet in depth, and thirty fathoms wide. It carried away and shattered to fragments in its course, which was of extreme rapidity, no fewer than fifty wind and water mills, choked the Douro with rubbish, and caused the death of nine persons, including one entire family. On the same day a similar explosion took place in the mountain of Marcelim, in the same district, arising from the same source, but branching off in the direction of the river Bastanza.—*Correspondent of the Times*.

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J. FLAXMAN, R. A.—An advertisement in our usual columns intimates the contemplation of a somewhat tardy act of national justice and gratitude, by the erection of a portrait-statue to the memory of one of our greatest sculptors, John Flaxman. Like all the men of the highest genius, though to a certain degree appreciated in his lifetime, far inferior artists carried off the more sterling proofs of public consideration, and he existed to produce works which give him immortality. His designs and reliefs were too far above the bust or figure, or fanciful trifle, to meet with the applause of the million, and the few who could judge of their worth were too few to reward their creator as he deserved. At last, however, a memorial is proposed for him, and we cannot doubt will be sufficiently supported. It is true the fine, pale, intellectual-looking man did not want for bread, but wealth was not his, and it is full time that we offered him a stone, hallowed by our feelings and admiration.—*Lit. Gaz.*

ANCIENT MONEY.—A treasure of old silver coinage of Edward I. of England, and Roberts and Davids of Scotland, has been found in a piece of ground near Closeburn, Dumfriesshire. It is reported to amount to 10,000 coins, and the cannie folks around to have made a pleasant harvest in collecting it.—*Lit. Gaz.*

M. GUIZOT.—M. Guizot's facility for going to sleep after extreme excitement and mental exertion is prodigious, and it is fortunate for him he is so constituted, otherwise his health would materially suffer. A minister in France ought not to be a nervous man; it is fatal to him if he is. After the most boisterous and tumultuous sittings at the Chamber, after being baited by the Opposition in the most savage manner—there is no milder expression for their excessive violence—he arrives home, throws himself upon a couch, and sinks immediately into a profound sleep, from which he is undisturbed till midnight, when proofs of the *Moniteur* are brought to him for inspection. Madame Guizot, who lives with her son, is upwards of 80 years of age; never was there a more vigilant, tender, nervous mother. Her husband lost his life upon the scaffold of the Revolution, and nothing can divest her of the idea but that her son will undergo the same fate. This keeps her in perpetual alarm, and whenever she hears there is to be one of those violent discussions which but too often disgrace the French Chambre des Deputés, she watches for the return of her son with the greatest anxiety and misgiving.—*Court Journal*.

BRITISH GUIANA.—From a prospectus published at the Royal Gazette office, Demerara, and forwarded to us, we learn that a society for the promotion of agriculture and commerce in that important colony is now being formed. Public rooms are to be established in Georgetown, with library, museum, and models; and premiums and grants of money are to be awarded for the advancement of every branch of agriculture, manufactures, and trade. So excellent an institution cannot fail to produce great benefits, and the wealth of the colony will enable its members to carry it on with liberality and spirit.—*Lit. Gaz.*

ROYAL BIRTHDAYS IN APRIL.—It is remarkable how many Royal personages now living date their births in the month of April. The 25th ult., the day on which her Majesty celebrated her birthday, is the anniversary of the births of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Gloucester and the Princess Alice. In other Royal families of Europe, several birthdays occur during the month of April—viz., her Majesty the Queen of the French was born on the 26th of April, 1782; the Queen of the Belgians on the 3d of April, 1812; Queen Christina of Spain on the 27th of April, 1806; the Emperor of Austria on the 17th of April, 1793; the Queen of Portugal on the 14th of April, 1819; and the Sultan on the 19th of April, 1823.—*Court Journal*.

SOMNAMBULIST.—We give the following almost incredible account of a somnambule exhibition from the *Paris Globe*. After noticing some previous exhibitions of the same nature by M. Marcellet with the somnambulist, the "young Alexis," the *Globe* says:—"We will now speak of the exhibition at the hotel of the Viscountess de Saint-Mars. M. Victor Hugo, who was present, had prepared at home a sealed packet, in the centre of which he had placed a single word, printed in large characters. The somnambulist, after turning over the packet every way, spelled slowly—p—o—l—i, *poli*, and then exclaimed, 'I do not see the letter that immediately follows, but I perceive those which come afterwards,—i—q—u—e; eight letters;—no, I now see nine; it is a—t, *politique*, and the word is printed on light green paper. M. Hugo cut it out of a pamphlet, which I now see at his house.' Similar experiments were frequently repeated, and always with the same success, at the house of M. Charles Ledru, where they took place especially, in order that Lord Brougham might witness them. His Lordship was quite astounded at seeing Alexis playing at cards with his eyes bandaged, and reading through several sheets of paper. But the last experiment was of a nature to remove all doubt. 'What word have I written there?' said Lord Brougham, presenting his closed hand. 'Chester,' replied the somnambulist. The Hon. Mrs. Dawson Damar then said, 'Can you tell me what I placed on the guéridon of my salon before I left home?' 'Yes, madam, I see there a medalion.' 'What does it contain?' 'Hair.' 'Whose hair?' 'That of three personages—the Emperor Napoleon, Wellington—as to the third, I cannot tell his name, but he died before Napoleon, and was an Englishman—a sailor.' The Hon. Mrs. Damar then named Lord Nelson. Some days afterwards, Viscount Jocelyn having presented a box well wrapped up to the young Alexis, the latter instantly said that it contained only one object, that it was red, and came from a distant country. He ended by saying that it was a piece of coral cut into a death's head.—*Court Journal*.

STREAM ASCENT OF THE FIRST CATARACT OF THE NILE.—We have mentioned the accomplishment of this great feat, an epoch in science and its African power. It seems to have been effected principally through the energy and presence of mind of Achmet Menikli Pasha, the new governor of Soudan, who was ascending the river to the seat of his rule. In six days from Cairo the

boat reached the group of granite rocks near Assouan, which form the cataract. The first gate was easily passed; but in the second, owing to the violence of the current, it hung for ten minutes, vibrating, but almost stationary, and in danger every moment of being dashed on the rocks, only four paces distant. It was a fearful struggle: but at last, by carrying out rope in a small boat, the pasha himself and three sailors obtained a purchase on an island, and succeeded in bringing the laboring vessel through. Three hundred Nubians witnessed, and some of them with poles assisted in this triumph. The third gate (as these narrow passes are called) was surmounted, and the anchor dropped off the village of Messid, within sight of the famous island of Philæ. The exploit was attempted in 1838 by Mahomed Ali, but defeated at the second gate; and now the passage is shown to be practicable it will often be repeated, and produce important effects in this part of the world.—*Lit. Gaz.*

RAFFAELLE TAPESTRIES.—Of the two sets of tapestries from the Cartoons, wrought under the inspection of the artist and his pupils Von Orlay and Coxie, one is in the Vatican; and that now before the public is the second, sold from England into Spain after the martyrdom of Charles I., and now happily restored to us, at least for a season. Mr. Tupper, the British consul, obtained the series from the Alva family twenty years ago, and from him they became the property of their present exhibitor.

They are in wonderfully fine preservation, faithful to the originals, fresh in color, and spirited in every thread and stitch. Of the nine in existence, there are here seven corresponding to the Cartoons at Hampton Court, and two others, viz. the Stoning of St. Stephen and the Conversion of St. Paul, of which the Cartoons are lost; but as the death of Ananias and Paul preaching at Athens could not find room, we have the former novelties in their stead, and to these we would direct the marked attention of visitors.

The Stoning of St. Stephen is the smallest of these productions, being only 13 feet wide and 12 feet 10 inches high. The martyr is on his knees, and his earthly suffering radiated with the hope of immortal glory. One of his barbarous executioners stooping to lift a large stone is a grand piece of drawing; and another figure casting a rock at his devoted head is equally a splendid anatomical and expressive study. Other parts are almost as remarkable for skill, beauty, and contrast.

The Conversion of St. Paul ranks among the six largest tapestries, being 15 feet 3 inches in width, by 13 feet in height. It is a glorious composition, full of stirring life, passion, and energy. The supernatural light from heaven, the prostrate Roman leader, the amazement of his soldiery, the confusion of man and horse, the antique architectural forms of Damascus, the variety and richness of Oriental costume, and the angelic group over all, render this representation admirable even among those wonderful works its companions, with whose astonishing mastery over every difficulty and perfection of art we have become familiar. Of itself it would be a great exhibition for every lover of the fine arts.—*Lit. Gaz.*



SCIENCE AND ART.

HERSCHEL OBELISK AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—"An Account of the Erection of the Herschel Obelisk at the Cape of Good Hope, accompanied by the Report of Colonel Lewis, and a Plan of the same," by Thomas Maclear, Esq. The following is an abstract. Sir John Herschel, during his residence at the Cape, was President of the South African Literary and Scientific Institution. When he was about to leave the colony, the members expressed a desire to present him with some token of remembrance; and, at a full meeting, a few days before his departure, a gold medal was presented, with the impress of the institution on one side and a suitable inscription on the reverse. The feelings excited on that interesting occasion strongly evinced how much the members regretted the loss of their president and their admiration of one whose talents place him so far above ordinary men, and whose private life was a pattern of every domestic virtue. The sum subscribed having exceeded the expense of the medal, another subscription-list was opened with the intention of raising a fund for the purpose of placing a substantial structure on the site of the 20-feet reflector in the garden of Sir John's late residence at Feldhausen. The proposal was accordingly laid before Sir George Napier, who entered warmly into the project, and placed his name at the head of the list annexed to a handsome subscription. In the course of a few days the sum subscribed amounted to £190. At a general meeting, held on the 29th of November, 1833, the erection of the obelisk was finally determined on; and a committee was appointed to carry its erection into effect. A fruitless attempt to procure a granite column at the cape, of proper workmanship and within the resources of the Committee, led to the adoption of a suggestion that one of Craigleith stone, from the quarry near Edinburgh, might be obtained without difficulty, and of superior finish. A resolution was accordingly passed by the Committee, which, together with a plan of the proposed obelisk, was forwarded to Professors Forbes and Henderson, of Edinburgh,

with a request that those gentlemen would kindly undertake the necessary superintendence of the work; a request to which they acceded with alacrity; and the obelisk, in packing cases, arrived in Table Bay in the month of August, 1841, where it was safely landed under the guidance of Colonel Lewis.

The following is the report of Colonel Lewis on the erection:—"In excavating the foundation, which was of black sand, it was found necessary to go down 4 feet 10 inches to arrive at the iron-stone gravelly bed, the substratum of the country about Feldhausen. The masonry foundation was formed of concrete, built up in courses of 12 or 14 inches, and composed of iron-stone gravel, and lime-mortar, well grouted together. On this masonry bed a granite platform 9 feet 6 inches square was laid, and the small column fixed by Sir John Herschel on the site of the 20-feet reflector. This mark was removed for a few days, in order to bring the masonry foundation to a proper height, but the mark was relaid with mathematical correctness by Lieut. Laffau, Royal Engineers. Previously, however, to relaying the Herschel mark, the suggestion of the Committee of Construction was adopted of placing under it several silver and copper coins, a few inscription medals, and medals of the South African Institution, struck in silver for the occasion; and on the obverse were engraved some notices, statistical and geographical, of the colony; the discoveries of Capt. Ross in the South Polar Regions in 1841; and the operation of remeasuring the arc of the meridian in 1842. These subjects were beautifully executed by Mr. Piazza Smyth, assistant-astronomer, and hermetically sealed in glass bottles. Also there were deposited a map of the colony and engravings of nebulae observed at Slough from 1825 to 1833, by Sir John Herschel, and a plan of Mr. Maclear's triangulation connecting the site of Feldhausen with the Royal Observatory, and the site of La Caille's observatory, in Strand-street, Cape Town. The bottle was carefully fixed in a block of teak-wood, scooped out on purpose. When the

granite platform was brought to its level, and the Herschel mark refixed and filled in with cement, it was necessary to erect heavy shears of large spars, to place the stones of the obelisk, composed of large blocks of Craigleith stone, some weighing two tons. This was accomplished with some trouble and expense, and the base of the obelisk was laid with the faces corresponding with the four cardinal points. The whole was completed on the 15th of February, 1842, in presence of some of the Committee and several of the subscribers and friends of Sir John Herschel, who attended on the occasion of placing the top stone of the obelisk. The obelisk has the base 6 feet square by 6 feet in height, and the pyramidal part stands 12 feet above the base. On the east face is an opening showing the Herschel mark, designating the site of the 20-foot reflector. The opening will be closed with a bronze plate, containing the inscription of the purpose for which the obelisk is erected."—*Athenæum*.

"ON LOUD BEATS OF CLOCKS USED IN OBSERVATORIES.—A simple and easily applied method of obtaining very loud beats for the astronomical clock. The mode of constructing the apparatus is as follows:—Two pieces of thin brass are placed at the sides of the frame-work of the clock, in length the same as the space between the pillars; in width, about two inches or more at pleasure; these pieces of brass are placed horizontally, at about the same altitude from the base as the axis of the escape-wheel pinion; and at the right angles to it, or nearly so. They should be made of such a size as would insure a sound, distinct, sharp, and short. The little tables can be made to any size. Upon these tables or plates two hammers ply, supported by arbors at the same elevation as all the others. The pivots should be made small for easy motion. The hammers are intended to beat upon the middle of each brass table simultaneously with the drop proper of the escape-wheel: through the agency of the pendulum, they are lifted alternately by the heels of the anchors of the pallets, assisted by a passing spring similar to that used in the chronometer escapement. It has just been observed, that the arbors which support those little hammers are placed at the same elevation from the base of the brass frame-work of the clock as the escape-wheel arbor, but at the sides, and as near to the edge as possible. About the centre, or midway between them, are affixed brass collets, about 1-8 of an inch in thickness, and 1-4 of an inch in diameter. Two slender pieces of spring are secured to the collets by screws passing through square holes formed longitudinally, to secure power of adjustment for bringing the arms into proper contact with the anchor of the pallets. The little hammers beat upon the plates or tables at one end, and at the other the lifting action takes place, assisted by the passing spring. The strokes upon these brass tables have a peculiar sharpness of tone, which can be accounted for in some measure, when it is considered that they are very different from the sounds produced by the teeth of the wheel itself; in the dead-beat escapement the teeth have a sliding motion in the moment of drop, but not impulse, for it is well known that that is subsequent to the sound. By such application it is proposed to obtain sound, so loud as to

be distinct in the stormiest night; but as the constant connexion of such apparatus would neither be desirable as concerns the action of the clock, nor pleasant to the ear as a companion, a mode has been introduced of readily detaching it altogether. By a certain method, which shall be explained, the hammers are raised from the tables at one end, and the arms at the other entirely disengaged from the anchor at the pallets, without inconvenience or disturbing action to the clock itself. The apparatus within is immediately, and at pleasure, acted upon through the agency of a bolt, which is placed vertically, immediately over the 60 minutes, or about two inches back, sufficiently long to reach a spring of hard brass, which is about half an inch wide, and which passes transversely over the frame-work of the clock, and is fixed securely to the backboard of the clock-case. Now the mode in which the spring unites its action with the rest of the apparatus is by slight cross-bars, which extend to the extremities of the sides of the frame, so that the ends are immediately over the hammers, with which they are connected by silk threads. Therefore, by pressing down the bolt before named, the hammers are allowed to fall into action, and do their duty simultaneously with the teeth of the wheel upon the pallets. While the little hammers are in action, the teeth of the wheel are no longer heard.

The Astronomer Royal declares by letter, that he has examined the plan, and is enabled to say that it answers completely for its proposed purpose; and that it appears likely to be very useful. Moreover, that the rate of the clock will not necessarily be disturbed during the time of its connexion—though that will greatly depend on certain conditions."—*Athenæum*.

MICROSCOPE IN GEOLOGICAL RESEARCH.—'On the application of the Microscope to Geological Research,' by Dr. Carpenter, F.R.S. Dr. Carpenter pointed out how much the progress of science depends upon the perfection of the instruments employed in the observation of its phenomena; and that even to geology, whose facts are for the most part obvious to the unassisted senses, the achromatic microscope has afforded, of late years, the most efficient aid. He noticed the researches of Messrs Witham, Nicol, and others, on the structure of fossil woods, and the light which these had thrown on the origin of coal. The investigations of Prof. Owen on the structure of teeth were next glanced at, and illustrations of their application to the determination of fossils were given. The identification of the Labyrinthodon as the gigantic Batrachian, whose foot-steps are preserved to us in the sandstone of the Stourton quarries, was noticed as one of the most interesting results of this kind of investigation; and a sketch was given of the train of reasoning by which Prof. Owen has established the true character and habits of the Megatheroid quadrupeds. Dr. Carpenter then gave a summary of the researches, on which he has been himself engaged, on the structure of the shells of the Mollusca, Crustacea, and Echinodermata. With the aid of highly-magnified delineations, he explained the cellular organization of the shells of Pinna, and other allied genera belonging to the family Margaritaceæ, by which the fossil forms of that group are at once distinguished (even by the examination of the minutest fragment) from all

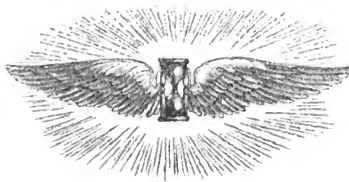
others;—the very curious *plicated membranous* structure, which is characteristic of *Terebratula* and its allies, and distinguishes them from all others;—the true character of the lines upon *nacre*, to which its iridescence is due;—and the *tubular* structure, analogous to the dentine or ivory teeth, which is found in certain other genera, and is distinctive of them. After describing the peculiar *cancellated* structure of the shells of the *Rudistes*, and stating that, by his microscopic test, the perplexing *Cardium hibernicum* should be referred to that group, he briefly explained the structure of the shells of the *Crustacea*, the inner portion of which is tubular, and strongly resembles dentine, whilst its surface (beneath the horny structureless epidermis) is covered with a layer of cells, in which the coloring-matter is deposited; and gave a brief account of the structure of the shells, spines, &c. of the *Echinodermata*, pointing out the difference of pattern between the stems of different species of *Pentacrinus*, which rendered the microscope a very easy means of distinguishing them. The lecture concluded with a notice of the researches of Ehrenberg on Fossil Animalcules; of which the *siliceous* remains form a large proportion of the chalk-marls of Southern Europe, besides abounding in other deposits; whilst the *calcareous* species make up a great portion of the chalk itself in many localities. Of these species, whose minuteness is almost inconceivable, many of those now living appear to be identical with those which existed at the early part of the tertiary epoch.—*Athenæum*.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—M. Blondeau de Carolles gave an account of an experiment at which he was present, and in which he saw the sugar of the cane transform itself into acetic acid, under the influence of caseum, without change of volume either by loss or absorption.—M. Cochaux, civil engineer, presented to the Academy a large and well-executed model of a drag-machine, which, having been long and successfully used in foreign countries, he recommends for adoption in France, for the harbors, rivers, and canals. The machine differs from those in ordinary use by the judicious combination of all its parts and the comparative ease and rapidity with which it acts. A communication was made by M. Daguerre, relative to some improvements in the Daguerreotype process, chiefly for the purpose of taking portraits, the ordinary mode of preparing the plates not being found sufficient to enable the operator to obtain good impressions. The improvement made by M. Daguerre requires a rather complicated process, but it is a very regular one, and has one decided advantage, for the artist is now enabled to have a good stock of plates on hand, as the new preparation will remain for a very long time in a perfectly fit state for use. The new substances of which M. Daguerre makes use are an aqueous solution of bi-chlorure of mercury, an aqueous solution of cyanure of mercury, oil of white petroleum, acidulated with nitric acid, and a solution of platina and chlorure of gold. The process is as follows:—the plate is polished with sublimate and tripoli, and then red oxide of iron, until a fine black is obtained; it is now placed in the horizontal plane, and the solution of cyanure previously made hot by the lamp is poured over it. The mercury deposits itself,

and forms a white covering. The plate is allowed to cool a little, and after having poured off the liquid, it is dried by the usual process of cotton and rouge. The white coating deposited by the mercury is now to be polished. With a ball (*tampon*) of cotton and saturated with oil and rouge, this coating is rubbed just sufficiently for the plate to be of a fine black. This being done, the plate is again placed upon the horizontal plane, and the solution of gold and platina is poured over it. The plate is to be heated, and then left to cool, and the liquid having been poured off, the plate is dried by means of cotton and rouge. In doing this, care must be had that the plate be merely dried, not polished. On this metallic varnish, M. Daguerre has succeeded in taking some very fine impressions of the human figure, which were exhibited.—*Athenæum*.

METHOD OF INCREASING ELECTROMOTIVE FORCE.—In No. 538 of the Institute is a paper by Mr. Poggendorf, in which he proposes a method of increasing the electromotive force of a voltaic pair, or which in the old phraseology would be termed a method of converting the quantitative effects into those of intensity. He ranges a certain number of pairs of platinum electrodes, so that one half are united with the zinc, and the other with the platinum of a Grove's battery. He then, by an arrangement which he does not particularly describe, detaches them from the battery, and unites them in series; they thus form a secondary pile, whereby the intensity of the reacting currents arising from the polarization is increased, with reference to that of a single pair, as the sum of the pairs of electrodes employed. We believe analogous experiments have been made in England soon after the publication of Mr. Grove's gas-battery, by Mr. Grove and others; in which, for convenience of charging, a number of cells were united in a quantitative arrangement to a small battery, and then detached and arranged in series. The point offers no economy of material, as the same amount of zinc is consumed by this method of producing intensity as would be if an ordinary battery of the like intensity were arranged and charged in the ordinary way; but it may, in certain cases, add to convenience of manipulation.—*Lit. Gaz.*

ORIENTAL MSS.—A letter from Mr. N. Blaud was read before the Royal Asiatic Society, on the subject of a valuable collection of Oriental Mss. in the library of Eton College, which appears almost entirely to have escaped the notice of Orientalists. This collection was presented to the College above fifty years ago, by Mr. E. Pote, who had been a scholar on the foundation, and who afterwards went to India. It reached England in 1790, together with another collection, of equal value, which was presented by the same gentleman to King's College library, Cambridge, where his education was completed. The Eton collection is rich in historical and lexicographical works, both Persian and Arabic; and contains also many writings on the jurisprudence, theology, traditions, and ecclesiastical history of the Mohammedans, and a few poems. The whole number of volumes is above 200, and altogether constitutes a very valuable Oriental library.—*Lit. Gaz.*



OBITUARY.

DON AUGUSTIN ARGUELLES.—*March 23.* Aged 68, Don Augustin Arguelles.

This most eminent personage of the Spanish Revolution was born in the Asturias in 1775, the younger son of a noble family. He was educated in the university of Oviedo, and proceeded to practise in the provincial court: but, finding this sphere too narrow, he betook himself to Madrid. Too young for legal functions, he became employed in the secretary's office for the interpretation of foreign languages, from which post he was taken and sent on a mission to Lisbon. He afterwards went to London on a diplomatic mission of a similar nature.

He was at Cadiz on the French invasion in 1808, and was appointed member of the first Cortes; and he was unanimously selected as the person to draw up the Constitution. This document, with his report preceding it, are both too famous to need being characterized. He was rewarded, like other patriots in 1814, by a condemnation to the galleys at Cádiz. The tribunal indeed refused to sentence him, but Ferdinand VII. volunteered to inscribe the sentence with his own hand. During six years the illustrious Arguelles partook of the labor of the galley-slave. When a statue is erected by his countrymen to their great name, the fetters of Arguelles will prove the fittest decoration.

The revolution of 1820 liberated Arguelles, and opened a scene for his eloquence. He became Home Minister, and, as such, took that position which he ever since maintained, of a moderate and practical statesman of the thoroughly liberal or *Exaltado* party. But the French Bourbons stepped in to crush those liberties which the Spanish Bourbons were not alone able to stifle; and Arguelles became an exile in England. The death of Ferdinand again opened to him a return to his country, and the voice of Arguelles was once more heard in his native Cortes. Age and events had now still more tempered his youthful ardor; and though a stern opponent of *Zen's despotismo ilustrado*, as well as of Toreno's aping of and leaning upon France, the views of Arguelles were as far removed from wild republicanism as from the servile and impracticable aim of setting up a constitution in the likeness of absolutism.

His principles and party prevailed, attained power, enforced its views of internal government in the constitution of 1837, and persevered in those efforts which finally expelled Don Carlos and his party from Spain. But it is seldom that the party which conquers and establishes freedom is allowed to profit by it. The minority of the

Queen gave insecurity to the head of the government, and the Queen-mother, who had adopted a line of government not liberal enough to please the citizen class, though too liberal to suit the Legitimists, fell from want of any support in any class or party. The Liberals triumphed, and, in want of better, chose Espartero to be Regent.

His elevation displeased the more ambitious and younger men of the Liberal party, who were anxious for a regency of three, and for thereby leaving open many avenues to ambition. Arguelles was one of those who opposed this repetition of the French triple Consulate. When the Duke of Victory became Regent, the care of the young Queen's person and education was entrusted to Arguelles, who dismissed the mere courtier tribe, and endeavored to accustom the infant ear of Royalty to some other language than the whispers of flattery and intrigue. These arrangements, more than all else, offended the court of the Tuileries, and the overthrow of Arguelles and Espartero became the great aim and effort of that court and its agents. Nearly three years were taken to effect it. An attempt to carry the palace by a *coup de main*, under the patronage of the French *Chargé d'Affaires*, Pageot, failed. Slower modes of operation were adopted. More than a score journals were founded by the French in Madrid and in the provinces, all uttering the most nefarious calumnies against England and the Regent. French emissaries circulated them in every garrison town, and insinuated themselves into every officer's mess. The republican party at Barcelona and elsewhere were taken into pay; the political rivals of the Regent were ejected, and won over in Paris and in Madrid; and, when all was ripe for execution, the batteries were unmasked. Barcelona again rose in insurrection. Committees were formed at Perpignan and Bayonne. Money in great abundance was forwarded from Paris, whilst the funds which the Regent expected from bankers there were cut off. In short, the conspiracy succeeded. The Duke of Victory was driven from the kingdom, and Arguelles, appointed tutor by a decree of the Cortes, was deprived of his office by the simple order of General Narvaez. In the few months which have since elapsed Arguelles lived retired; he saw the interment of the constitution by Narvaez; and might say, with Gratton, he had watched over the cradle of his country's liberties, and had followed them to the grave.—*Morning Chronicle.*

The funeral of Arguelles took place at Madrid on the 25th of March. The multitudes that assembled and accompanied his remains in solemn

procession to the tomb, have no parallel in the annals of that capital. It was an almost universal tribute to the memory of a man whose name had never been sullied with intrigues for place, power, or wealth. As guardian to the royal children, during the regency of Espartero, he was entitled to above 14,000*l.* a year. Of this he would only accept the tenth part, and at his death just 22 dollars were found in his house, and old claims on the Government for 7,000 dollars. All that the *Heraldo* could find as matter of reproach against Arguelles was, that, being a bachelor, he was unfit to exercise a fatherly care over the royal orphans; and, further, that he had no merit in refusing nine-tenths of his salary, 'for he cleaned his own boots and had no wants.' Would that Spain had left a few more honest shoe-blacks, to put to the blush the hordes of adventurers, political and military, who degrade her in the eyes of Europe! As the Queen-Mother was making her triumphal entry into the capital, a partisan rode up to her carriage with the 'joyful news—the happy coincidence—the hand of Providence displayed in the death of her enemy, Arguelles.' 'Hush!' said Maria Christina, 'do not let the children hear it, for they loved him!'—*Gent's Mag.*

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Great Britain.

Catherwood's Views in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan. Large folio.

THE frontispiece executed by Owen Jones in "chromolith," and the rest on stone by several efficient hands, these views of the ancient monuments in Central America remind us of the beauty and splendor of Lord Kingsborough's *Mexico*, or Vyse's *Egypt*. They are the fruits of Mr. Catherwood's two expeditions into the country, the majority of them belonging to his second journey, in 1841. Referring to Stephens, Prescott, and other authors, for general information relative to these extraordinary remains, the artist gives a particular description of each plate. All bears out the fact of an early civilization, and a splendor which could only spring up amongst a powerful people. We may take to the *Literary Gazette* the merit of having first brought this interesting subject into European notice, by publishing the correspondence of Colonel Galindo, describing the ruins of Copan and Palenque in Chiapas, many years ago; and we were glad to find that Messrs. Stephens and Catherwood had taken their cue from him, and opened their campaign on the field he pointed out. Their course of exploration further embraced Quirigua, Uxmal, and other immense remains: which are figured with truly artistic skill and ability both in their broader features and their remarkable details. Pyramids, idols, palaces, courts, fragments, ornaments, doorways, arches, mighty temples, wells, castles, &c. &c., all admirably displayed, fill the space of this splendid work; to which a clear useful map, marking out their sites, is a valuable addition and key. Turning the first leaves, the tinted pictures of the great idol at Copan, with

the surrounding scenery, are beautiful pieces of art, as worthy the praise of the amateur in painting as of the antiquary. The general view of Palenque is also a most artistic performance, and gives a perfect idea of the country. Los Monjas at Uxmal* is another superb panorama, but more architectural. But where every example is either so rich, characteristic, picturesque, or singular, it is vain to speak of them separately. It is by the eye only that the excellence and value of Mr. Catherwood's labors can be appreciated; and we shall only repeat, that they make us intimately acquainted with the antiquities, present appearance, scenery, and native habits and looks, in Central America.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann, his Britannic Majesty's Resident at the Court of Florence, from 1760 to 1785. Now first published from the Original MSS. Volumes III and IV. Bentley.

THE letters in these concluding volumes of the series commence in 1776, when WALPOLE was about sixty, and beginning to talk of old age, and end in 1786, the year of Sir HORACE MANN'S death. The Bentleian edition of WALPOLE is rendered more complete by various addenda: some epistles to GEORGE SELWYN from the late publication of the *Selwyn Correspondence*; a few miscellaneous letters; a paper of suggestions to the Duke of GLOUCESTER, (who had offended GEORGE the Third by marrying WALPOLE'S niece,) pointing out the best course to be pursued in appealing to Parliament for an income and protection without further offence to the King; a memoir by WALPOLE touching his sinecures, written at a time when the financial distress of the American War induced a call for their abolition; an autobiography, to 1779, under the title of "Short Notes of my Life," confined to mere facts, and principally about his writings; together with WALPOLE'S own description of Strawberry Hill and its curiosities.

The time of these letters embraces great political events: the full-blown corruption and misgovernment of India, on which WALPOLE falls into the common cry; the middle and close of the American War; the first appearance of the young PITT, both as orator and statesman; the coalition of Fox and NORTH, with its downfall and the destruction of the family Whig oligarchy. The leading incidents of these topics are touched upon in the volumes before us, and at varying lengths; but more in the character of observer than actor. At an earlier period of life WALPOLE mingled in the world of politics, and his accounts had the narrative air which is derived from first-hand knowledge. More confined to the house by gout and advancing years, and dependent upon the information of others, his present notice of events has rather the character of a commentary, and of a commentator not uninfected by the "lauditor temporis acti."—*Spectator.*

* Plate XV. here is one of the most striking illustrations of the natives. They are delightfully grouped in this drawing; but still more so in Plates XVIII., XIX., and XX., the wonderful Well of Bolouchen.—*Ed. L. G.*

North British Review, No. 1 *A new Quarterly Review*. Edinburgh, Kennedy; London, Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

It may seem like a contradiction, but it is nevertheless a truth, that mere authorship, however excellent, will not suffice for a literary periodical. Its first purpose is to supply a want or create a desire; and this purpose does not seem to be attainable in practice by men of letters and nothing else. BYRON, BULWER, CAMPBELL, and MOORE, have failed egregiously, and others of lesser note in the present and former times have not succeeded particularly well. On the other hand, the most successful periodicals have been planned and produced by men whose first or only vocation was not letters. CAVE started the original *Monthly*, the *Gentlemen's Magazine*; GRIFFITH projected the *Monthly Review*, PHILLIPS the *New Monthly Magazine*; BLACKWOOD the work which bears his name; JEFFREY, BROGHAM, and SYDNEY SMITH, two lawyers and a divine, established the *Edinburgh*; the *Quarterly*, though urged by SCOTT out of soreness for JEFFREY's criticisms, was published as the organ of a party, to be supported by their ablest official men. Even the *Westminster*, though inferior both in ability and influence to the two great organs of Whigs and Tories, was intended as a channel for the circulation of certain views in politics and philosophy, and received its color from minds deeply imbued with the opinions it advocated, (though they might be assisted by mere literary men,) and whose main object was to give utterance to a full mind.

From this impulsive character arises much of the originality of influential and very successful periodicals. No matter whether it be an observing caterer for the public supplying avowed or latent longings, or men impressed with new principles to which they are impelled to give utterance: in either case vitality and novelty of spirit are the consequence; and they guide and stimulate their more professional collaborators. In many cases this living and social character impresses novelty upon the style and form of their publications. The original *Monthly Magazine*, the original *Monthly Review*, and the original *Quarterly Review*, were all new in form as well as substance: even their style of typography and getting-up was novel. Some of the *Magazines* and *Reviews* of the last century, as well as the *Quarterly*, were imitations of periodicals existing, so far as form was concerned; but they appeared for the most part as opponents in principles as well as rivals in trade.

Something of this is visible in the *North British Review*. Having a theological object in opposing Puseyism, with a general design of infusing a religious tone into literature and politics, it has so far a living principle; but the general form is imitative or common. There is a good enough selection of topics so far as variety is concerned; they are handled with good although not striking ability; but they have no distinctive marks, except an occasional want of cultivated skill in some of them. Beyond this peculiarity, which is not an advantage, the papers might be placed in any periodical without attracting particular attention unless for an occasional religious strain.—*Ibid.*

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

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A History of the Church, in Seven Books, from 306 to 445. By Socrates, surnamed Scholasticus or the Advocate. Translated from the Greek, with some Account of the Life and Writings of the Author.

History of Holland, from the beginning of the Tenth to the end of the Eighteenth Century. By C. M. Davies.

Historical Collections of the State of Pennsylvania. By Sherman Day.

Narrative of the late Victorious Campaign in Afghanistan, under General Pollock; with Recollections of Seven Years' Service in India. By Lieut. Greenwood, H. M. 31st Regiment.

The Progress of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in France, Belgium, and England. Illustrated by 100 Engravings.

Factories and the Factory System, from Parliamentary Documents and personal Examination. By W. Cooke Taylor, L.L.D.

Black's General Atlas; comprehending Sixty-one Maps from the latest and most authentic sources. Engraved on steel, by Sidney Hall Hughes, &c.

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The Idolatry of the Church of Rome. By the Rev. A. S. Thelwall, A. M., of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Hebrew-English Lexicon; containing all the Hebrew and Chaldee Words in the Old Testament Scriptures, with their Meanings in English.

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THE QUEEN OF SHEETS. BY J. M. W. TURNER. 1845.



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available*

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

AUGUST, 1844.

TRIAL OF QUEEN KATHERINE.

From Shakespeare's Henry VIII.

ACT II. SCENE IV. A HALL IN BLACKFRIARS.

—King Henry, Queen Katherine, the two cardinals Wolsey and Campeius, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Ely, Rochester, and St. Asaph, Lords, Priests, Officers of the Court, &c.

* * * Cam. His Grace

Hath spoken well and justly; therefore, madam, It's fit this royal session do proceed; And that, without delay, their arguments Be now produced, and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord Cardinal,—

To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir, I am about to weep; but, thinking that We are a queen (or long have dream'd so,) certain, The daughter of a king, my drops of tears I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will when you are humble; nay, before,

Or God will punish me. I do believe, Induced by potent circumstances, that You are mine enemy; and make my challenge, You shall not be my judge; for it is you Hath blown this coal between my lord and me,—

Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul, Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more I hold my most malicious foe, and think not At all a friend to truth.

Wol. * * * I do beseech

You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking. And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,

I am a simple woman, much too weak To oppose your cunning. You are meek and humble-mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming, With meekness and humility: but your heart Is cramm'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride. You have, by fortune and his highness' favors, Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted

Where powers are your retainers, and your words Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please

Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you, You tender more your person's honor, than Your high profession spiritual: that again I do refuse you for my judge: and here, Before you all, appeal unto the pope, To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness, And to be judged by him.

Cam. The Queen is obstinate, Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and Disdainful to be try'd by it, 'tis not well.— She's going away!

King H. Call her again.

POPULAR POETRY OF THE BRETONS.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Barzas-Breiz. *Chants Populaires de la Bretagne, recueillis et publiés, avec une Traduction Française, des Eclaircissements, des Notes, et les Mélodies originales.* (Popular Songs of Brittany, &c.) Par M. de la Villemarqué. 2 tom. Paris. 1839.

In a recent article on the habits and superstitions of the Bretons,* we prepared

* The Sept. No. 1843, of Ec. M.

our readers for the subject upon which we now propose to enter. In that article we depicted the social and moral characteristics of the Bretons; their 'way of life,' primitive, antique, and uniform, presenting in the midst of the refinements and transitions of modern civilization, a sort of petrified specimen of the middle ages; their religious enthusiasm, their aboriginal hospitality, and their superstition. An inquiry into the Popular Poetry of the Bretons will form a proper pendant to that picture. The poetry that exists familiarly amongst a

people, giving a voice to their domestic affections and national usages, is generally the safest, as it is always the most confidential, exponent of their history and character.

It would carry us out of the line which, for the sake of clearness, we have prescribed to ourselves in this paper, were we to venture at large into the general subject of Breton poetry. It will be as much as we can now accomplish to lay before the reader a complete view of the ballad poetry of Brittany; which, however, like ballad poetry in general, amongst races who continue to preserve their early simplicity, embraces in its various forms nearly every aspect of their poetical genius. By this strict limitation of our design, we escape the half-historical problems which lie on the borders of the old Breton romances, and reserve for future and separate consideration the longer, but intrinsically less interesting poems of a still earlier age, and which, in fact exercise very little present influence over the tastes or feelings of the people. It is more true of the Bretons, perhaps, than of any other distinct race in Europe, that their ballad poetry—comprising the songs of every class, serious and humorous, religious, festive, and mournful—presents a perfect epitome of their whole literature. Indeed the Bretons possess no other living literature. All the rest is ancient and traditional, while this alone goes on receiving occasional accessions, but without undergoing the slightest modification in style or spirit.

Before we touch upon the collection of ballads, to which in the volumes of M. Villemarqué, we shall presently refer in detail, it will be desirable to say a few words about the popular poetry of the Bretons generally, by way of introduction to the examples we shall adopt from his pages.

When Brittany was united to France, she lost much of her peculiar physiognomy by the change. With her independence went something of her individuality as a separate people; and, although, to this hour, Brittany is so essentially different from the rest of France, that the moment the traveller crosses the bridge of Pontorson, which separates Brittany from Normandy, he becomes as conscious of a new race as if he had passed into a new atmosphere, yet the Bretons themselves are sensible of the influence of altered institutions, increased intercourse outwards, and the rush of a strange moving population, with

unfamiliar costumes and ever-shifting fashions, through the very core of their territory. This influence has not been without its visible effect upon the people in the immediate neighborhood of the great highways; while in the remote interior very little external modification of the primitive manners can be detected, notwithstanding that some movement of decay or progress must have set in every where over the country.

But whatever changes may take place, or may possibly be fermenting in a nation, its poetry is always the last to forsake the soil. It even lingers long after the sources of its inspiration have perished, long after its allusions have ceased to be understood, or its peculiar forms preserved; and when it is no longer a living principle, it continues to haunt the old place in the shape of a tradition. Thus it was, and is, with the poetry of Brittany. The higher classes had abandoned their nationality, sold it, bartered it for places or for honors, for they are always the first to be reached or corrupted by foreign influences:—the poor cherished their nationality still. With their old national rights and usages the rich gave up also their old poetry. What business had they with a Muse who could only remind them of the associations they had relinquished, of the reverend customs and traditional faith they had renounced? Turned out of doors at the châteaux, like an acquaintance of former days who had all of a sudden gone out of fashion, or out at elbows, and of whom people of rank and station had grown ashamed, this discarded Muse knocked at the doors of the cabins, and was received with joy and enthusiasm. There she has lingered ever since, lovingly protected in the hearts of the peasantry, the companion of their solitary thoughts, and the intimate participator in their woes and pleasures.

Surviving thus, however, in the domestic affections of the people, it still became necessary to change something of her habits or style. She was still the same Muse as ever, faithful to her nationality, but she was now placed in a new state of society, and surrounded by new forms and new classes of men. She had no longer to speak to chevaliers about the historical glories of their houses, the prowess of their ancestors, their loves, their feats of arms,—or to fine ladies about their vows or their beauty—but to the common people, in a common language they could universally understand. Instead of being the muse of

princesses and knights in arms, this poor fallen Muse of Brittany was compelled to be satisfied with being simply the Muse of men and women; she was obliged to lay aside her fine spangled court suit, and to go work in a blouse with real nature. It is needless to say how much she gained by her fall, by the loss of all that fictitious splendor in which she was wont to bask, how much more natural and truthful she became, how much healthier and sounder, how much more vigorous and elastic. Hence all the Breton poems that have descended from that period, are distinguished by their freedom from artifice, their naked truth, and bold simplicity. Here and there a few traces of the old *lais* may be detected—just as a broken light may seem to linger on the summits of hills long after the sun is actually set—but their traces are nothing more than reminiscences of the antique spirit breathed unconsciously into the comparatively modern verse.

The ballads which grew up under those circumstances, and which, consequently, do not date farther back than the close of the fifteenth century, still survive amongst the people in all their early purity, and in such numbers, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to form any thing like an estimate of their extent. They exhibit great propriety of diction, perfect regularity in the stanza, and a metrical elegance that could scarcely have been expected from such sources. Those which are written in the Celtic language (and which, of course, refer to a very ancient period) are almost invariably found in association with some well-known national air; the music in such cases forming so completely an integral part, or original element, so to speak, of the composition, that it is never to be traced in a separate state of existence from the words, nor could the words be recovered by the singer except by the help of the music. These pieces are always sung throughout, from the commencement to the end, which frequently involves a very laborious operation, as they are sometimes of a most extravagant length. Souvestre confidently asserts that, in some cases, a man could not finish one of these songs in a day. The only circumstance which can possibly entitle such productions as these to the name and functions of song is the shape, musical and metrical, in which they are written.

Of the more modern ballads, the great majority are composed without much system, and sung, as birds sing, out of a kind of

impulse, with a remarkably melodious instinct, but, at the same time, an entire independence of all rules. The singer is, in most cases, the composer; generally a young candidate for the priesthood, under the influence of a love-melancholy,—a village schoolmaster, taking advantage of his superior attainments to astonish the natives—some forlorn, dreamy country youth, inspired by the wild and desolate scenery amidst which he is bred up—or, as very frequently happens, a poor sailor, who superadds to his land-crosses the hazy superstitions of the sea. It is a remarkable feature in these songs, that the last stanza usually announces the name and profession of the singer or composer, with such family particulars as he may consider desirable for general circulation. The simplicity of all this is abundantly apparent.

The best way to judge of these quaint old ballads, is to listen to one of them on a still summer evening, as they are sung with responses from rock to rock, in the presence of old Druidical ruins, and feudal monuments massed into deep shadow, and recalling to mind, by their dark and broken outlines, their cumbrous forms and dismal grandeur, the modes of the antique life to which they refer. It is like a dream, conjured up in the imagination out of Ossian.

Metre and rhyme form the basis of Breton prosody. The songs are written generally in distiches or quatrains of equal measure: indeed, the uniformity of the measure is very striking. The most popular form is that of couplets, consisting of seven-syllabled lines; but sometimes the lines consist of six, and sometimes of eight or nine syllables; occasionally extending even to twelve, thirteen, and fifteen. The cesura is observed with as much distinctness in these Breton lyrics as in legitimate French verse, with which they are in some instances identical in this particular. In lines of twelve syllables, the cesura falls on the sixth—in those of fifteen, on the eighth. There is another peculiarity worth noticing in these poems—that every stanza, line, and even hemistich, is perfect in itself, so far as the sense is concerned, very rarely trespassing, for the completion of its meaning, upon the stanza, line, or hemistich, which follows. The object of this scrupulous exactitude in the structure of this species of poetry, seems to be the attainment of such an accurate balance of sound and sense, as may be most easily seized upon by the ear and committed to memory. Every incident

that enters into the formation of the Breton songs, favors the final purpose of the composers; and it is, no doubt, with an especial view to this end, that the rhymes are invariably consecutive, there not being, we believe, a single instance—at least M. Villemarqué, who is an unexceptionable authority, never met with one—in which the rhymes are alternate, or, to use the French expression, in which they cross each other.

Amongst some of the ancient ballads there are other peculiarities, which seem to have been engrafted upon them, such as alliterations in the body of the verse, and the employment of tercets, instead of couplets and quatrains, artificial forms which are certainly irreconcilable with the simple character of popular poetry. These strange introductions are of rare occurrence, and would be scarcely worth noting, if they did not indicate something like a correspondence with other literatures, which might, possibly, afford the historical student some help in his arduous investigation into the chronology of these compositions.

But investigations of this kind are not now likely to be attended with very satisfactory results. One writer asserts that the Bretons have had a regular literature, containing three distinct species of popular poetry, the historical, the amatory, and the religious, since the sixth century:—this is M. Villemarqué. Another says that, with the exception of some of the religious pieces, which he throws back as far as the third century, the great bulk of the poetry is not more than from two to four hundred years old:—this is M. Souvestre. Both these gentlemen are Bretons; both have mixed largely with the people, are familiar with their habits, dialects, and literature: and both are credible witnesses. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

The method of investigation is by no means determined in questions of this nature. Every historical antiquary thinks he has laid down an infallible mode of testing the age of literary productions; yet when we come to compare the results of these infallible standards, we find them totally irreconcilable with each other. Now, as it is quite clear that only one can be right, it is equally certain that all the rest must be wrong. But the difficulty is to know, not which are those that are wrong, but which is the one that is right. M. Villemarqué's mode of proceeding is excellent, as far as it goes. The objection to it is,

that it is applicable only in special cases. Like certain poison tests, it will detect the presence of the element it seeks, if the element be there; but if it be not, the test is useless. He founds his method of investigation into the age of popular poems upon his own definition of the character and attributes of popular poetry. The principle of this poetry, he thinks, is the soul, unsophisticated in its good faith and native candor: destitute of the resources of knowledge, and stimulated by an instinctive want to confide to some traditional monument the records of contemporaneous events, of religious dogmas, or the adventures of heroes. If this definition be correct (and we have no desire to say any thing against it, except that it is *very* French), then it follows that popular poetry in general must be contemporaneous with the facts, or the sentiment, or the tradition of religious belief of which it is the organ; and that, consequently, the date of such compositions may be determined by the age to which their allusions apply. There is no gainsaying this. The same rule may be addressed with equal propriety to every work of art, in which any such allusions can be traced. But what is to be done where there are no such allusions? M. Villemarqué's method is evidently unavailable in such cases. It is fortunate, however, that the Breton poetry contains numerous local and historical references, by the aid of which the industrious antiquary is enabled to speculate with some confidence on the age of the composition. In some instances the date is actually fixed by the poet himself in that declaratory stanza, in which he confides the secret of his birth, parentage, education, and calling, to his intimate friend, the reader. Satisfied, then, that M. Villemarqué has applied to the Breton poetry a test peculiarly applicable to a large portion of it, and convinced, moreover, that he is ably qualified in all other respects for his task, we are disposed to accept his estimate of the antiquity of some of these ballads in preference to that of M. Souvestre.

It is hardly necessary to observe, however, that the age of each song is determined by its own internal evidences; and that all we can here be considered to concede or admit is, that M. Villemarqué makes out a good case for the existence of this class of poetry, in its different forms, thirteen centuries ago. We have never, ourselves, had any doubt whatever upon that point—independently of the proofs

of it we find scattered through the works of native writers; but how much of this ancient literature has been preserved in its original purity, how far it has been interpolated and tricked out in its progress down the stream of time, and to what extent the existing traditional ballads, in which no direct vouchers of antiquity can be traced, may be taken upon trust, or by analogy, are questions with which we must not, at present, venture to meddle.

To a people like the Bretons, lyrical poetry must at all times have been an absolute necessary of life. How could such a people—ignorant of art, utterly unrefined, living in a state of the rudest simplicity, and cowering down under the shadows of the darkest superstitions—how could such a people, in the absence of all other means of giving a current language to their sympathies and wants, exist without a locomotive poetry? To such a people, the song is as essential as the crop of buckwheat; it sustains their spiritual vitality just as their animal vitality is nourished by their black bread—and they could almost as easily dispense with one as the other. The Breton of to-day is, in this matter of song-necessity, much the same man he was at the earliest date of his musical budget. There are somewhere about 1,200,000 of this singing, buckwheat cultivating race, thinly dispersed over the face of the province once known as Brittany (earlier still as Armorica), but better known to the mere traveller, *en route*, by the departmental names of the Côtes du Nord, Finistère, Ile et Vilaine, Loire Inferieure, and Morbihan. Of this 1,200,000 people, it is tolerably certain that, with a very insignificant exception, there is scarcely one who knows how to read or write. Throughout all Christendom, at this hour, there is not another race, we suspect, so entirely dependent upon traditional lore for such intellectual pleasure as they are able to obtain. To them the popular ballad is every thing—it represents the consolations of religion, the delights of the fête, the communication of the affections: it carries love messages from commune to commune; it warns, exhorts, and rewards; it even supersedes the laws themselves, than which, amongst this primitive people, it is ten thousand times stronger.

Here, then, are 1,200,000 living and thinking beings, speaking no language but the old, uncouth Breton tongue, wholly uneducated, having no other cultivation than the oral instruction they receive from

their clergy, and no other wealth than their legends and their lyrics; and who are unavoidably thrown upon the singers for all the leisurely mental pleasure within their reach. It is not surprising, therefore, that this class of persons—the wandering singers—should occupy at this day in Brittany a position really as important, although, in this altered age of the world, not so formal and imposing, as that which, in the elder times, was held by the bards. These singers, or poets, for they are generally both, discharge for the Breton population the complicated offices of historian, novelist, story-teller, poet, and singer. This very circumstance stamps upon their productions the fresh and immediate impress of popular feeling. He who lives to please, must please to live. The travelling rhymers select for his theme such subjects of recent or fugitive interest as happen to be familiar to every body. The multitude, in fact, indicate to him the subject he is to illuminate with his happy genius: it is to their tastes, their instincts, their passions, he must address himself—he expresses their ideas, translates their opinions, identifies himself completely with them throughout. This condition of adaptation to surrounding circumstances is imperative, and not to be trifled with. He must please the people at any price—it is a question of life and death with him. If he select a topic remote from the manners, or epoch, or tastes of the people, he may as well sing to the mountain torrents. He will not have a single listener, instead of undergoing a greater squeeze than one may find any night in the season in the crush-room of the Opera. He must either write for the people, or not write at all. His audiences are not only critical in their tastes, but inexorable in their decisions. Hence all really popular songs are destined to a long existence, because they are born under circumstances peculiarly favorable to traditional preservation, having their roots literally laid in the popular mind and affections. They are very appropriately compared by M. Villemarqué to those delicate plants, which are crowned with flowers only when they have been sown in ground previously prepared for them.

We adverted, in a former article already mentioned, to the rather curious custom in Brittany, by which this art of popular song is universally identified with particular classes of the population—almost with particular crafts, only that the pleasant rogues who profit by this identification, seem to

profess certain crafts without practising them. Thus the tailors and millers, *par excellence*, the collectors of old rags, and the beggars are generally recognized as the authors of the current ballads, although in many instances it is not unlikely that they are only the singers and retailers of them. Notwithstanding, however, their nominal classification, these poetical vagrants all lead the same sort of wandering life, making the tour of the whole country, visiting cities, towns, and villages, calling at manors and farm-houses, resting alike with the poor and the rich, attending at all the fairs and markets and festivals, collecting news and gossip which they put into doggerel, and sing as they go along from place to place; and this song, thus composed, and thus cast like seed upon the winds, is carried on the wings of the jingling *refrain* from one end of Brittany to the other. The beggars appear to confine their humbler labors to the accumulation and repetition of these songs, for there is no evidence that they ever ascend to the loftier ambition of composing rhymes of their own. Yet, humble as their ministry of poetical delight undoubtedly is, they are regarded with universal honor and affection. Villemarqué tells us that the most *naïve* and tender expressions are habitually lavished upon them; such as '*bons pauvres*,' '*chers pauvres*,' '*pauvrets*,' '*pauvres chéris*,' or simply '*chéris*;' and sometimes a more elaborate phrase, which we may venture to put into English, 'friends or brothers of the good God.' They are always sure of an asylum wherever they go—at the largest mansion on the hill side, or the pettiest cabin buried in the wintry depths of the pine wood. When their well-known voice of prayer and entreaty is heard at the door, or their approach is announced by the bark of their dog—for they are frequently blind, and come guided in this way—the inmates run out, and bring the venerable man into the house, relieve him of his stick and wallet, and, placing him snugly in the chimney nook, set before him the best repast they can afford. When he has appeased his hunger and had a little rest, he repays all their kind offices by long gossiping stories and snatches of the last new songs. Looking closely into the working of this system, as a thing of every day and every hour occurrence in Brittany, and as occupying a conspicuous space in the social life of the people, it cannot fail to be regarded as a

singularly expressive and deeply interesting trait in the national manners.

But it must not be supposed that these vagrant rhymers engross the whole field to themselves, and that there are no real ambulant poets to be found in this weird land of modern antiquity. On the contrary, there is a distinct class of poets who are always on the tramp, who are emphatically called the *barz*, and upon whom, in short, the mantle of the bardic order has distinctly fallen. As far as the changed habits of the country will permit, these ambulant poets perform precisely the same offices as their ancient namesakes, going about in like manner to ceremonies and public festivals, and recording the loves and misfortunes, heroic deeds, sacrifices, and penances of their contemporaries in suitable bursts of wild lyrical verse. Like the bards of old, also, they sometimes relieve their rather monotonous voices by striking a rude instrument of three cords, called a *rebek*, with a sort of fiddlestick, or bow. This instrument is said to be exactly the same as one which was in use in the sixth century. Indeed, the resemblance between the *barz* and the bard is so strong in every essential point, that a sketch which M. Villemarqué gives of their position to-day might, with the greatest propriety, and without altering a single word, be inserted bodily into the history of the bards who flourished in Wales or in Ireland some twelve or thirteen centuries past. "In fine," he says, "like the ancient bards domesticated amongst the Welsh, they are the ornament of all the popular fetes; they sit and sing at the table of the farmers; they figure in the marriages of the people; they give away the future bride in virtue of their art, according to immemorial usage, and that even before the religious ceremony has taken place; the priest seems to be only the consecrator of the nuptial benediction which the bard has already bestowed. They have their share, also, in the marriage gifts. They enjoy unlimited liberty of speech, and great moral authority; they are beloved, sought after, and honored, almost as much as were their predecessors, whom, in a less elevated sphere, they so nearly resemble." And this, too, in the nineteenth century, amongst a people embraced in the girdle of the most artificial and inconstant nation in Europe, and occupying a territory within a few hours' sail of the shores of England!

The consequence of all this is the pre-

dominance of song, as a great social agent, over all other means of inter-communication amongst the Bretons. Like all primitive people, they are enthusiastically fond of music. With them it is the language of the passions, and the whole of their literature is, more or less, under the influence of this musical spirit. Songs perform for them all the functions of the journal and the telegraph; and passing from hill to hill, from valley to valley, they diffuse intelligence with incredible rapidity. Innumerable instances might be related in illustration of the extraordinary sway they exercise over the minds of the population, on matters in which the decrees of the established authorities produce no effect whatever. A case of this kind occurred when the cholera was raging throughout Brittany. Official instructions how to deal with the dreadful malady were industriously distributed in the shape of circulars, and affixed in all directions on the doors of churches and cemeteries, but in vain. The peasant passed on with his hat slouched over his eyes, paying no more attention to the official warning than if it were a notice to the gendarmier of the *arrondissement*. In the meanwhile, the plague ravaged the country side, the peasantry taking no heed to prevent its approaches, or to subdue it when it came. At last a travelling poet bethought him of putting the official instructions into the shape of a song. In one week, the ballad might be heard in every farm, hamlet, and town, chanted to one of the well-known national airs. The best of it was, that the foolish *prefet*, feeling the dignity of his office insulted, refused to circulate the song by means of the communal mayors, because it was not signed by a physician. The public health was, therefore, confided to the mendicants, who hawked the death-sickness from village to village, while the *prefet* continued to write his circulars. In the same way, the vice of drunkenness, common to the whole Celtic stock, and to which the Breton, habitually sober, abandons himself on his fête days, has been sensibly diminished in a particular canton by a ballad, wherein the poet confesses himself to have been once addicted to that habit, the evil effects of which he energetically points out, exhorting the people to follow his example, and abjure the destructive indulgence. The Breton song is, in short, the condensed expression of public opinion. Where the law fails in its office, the song supplies the

penalty; where the law exceeds the strict measure of justice, the song is at hand with its compensation. It not only expresses public opinion, but frequently creates it.

Let us now glance at the divisions into which the lyrical poetry of the Bretons may be properly distributed. In this arrangement we shall not follow the order of M. Villemarqué, who satisfies himself with the simpler, but less distinctive divisions of historical, amatory, and religious.

There are four classes sufficiently distinguished from each other by style and subject to demand separate enumeration. These are, 1, Canticles; 2, Guers; 3, Sonets; and 4, Chansons, as the miscellaneous popular songs may be called for distinction. We will give a brief description of each.

1. The Canticle is an exceedingly popular form of song. It relates exclusively to heaven and hell—rewards and punishments—sin and expiation—the hope of pardon and the fear of condemnation. These Canticles are always written by the priests. They present a curious combination of the more ecstatic and spiritual elements of the hymn and the love-song, and a strange mixture of the ballad and the legend. Without wholly losing the dramatic feeling of the ballad, they are more grave in manner, and more imposing in structure. The narrative predominates over the action, and from the constant presence of the poet, moralizing and reasoning in the verse, they acquire something of a clerical and didactic character, while they still retain for the populace all the fascinations of music and saintly story.

2. The Guers might be correctly described as the historical ballads of the Bretons, were it not that they also include in their wide range, other and different, although not dissimilar, subjects. Some of them are the oldest of all the poems extant in the lyrical form in Brittany. Even M. Souvestre thinks that a few of them may be traced to the third century. Many belong to the sixteenth century, but the great bulk of them are scarcely more than two hundred years old. These Armorican Guers are of various kinds, and relate legends of saints and old chronicles; stories of apparitions and miracles; the *fabliaux* of the middle ages, which are quaintly called the *guers plaisant*; and historical events. They offer no material contrast to the old ballads of most other countries, ex-

cept in that remarkable regularity of form, which imparts, indeed, to all these productions so peculiar a character.

3. The sonnets are unquestionably the most interesting and extraordinary of all the popular shapes into which the minstrelsy of the Bretons throws itself. They are lyrical dirges generally composed by the young candidates for the priesthood, in which the writers confess their human weaknesses, the disappointments of the heart they have met, and the final dismissal from their thoughts of the women who used to haunt and torture their souls. In fact, these pieces are their leave-takings of society, and are frequently inspired with a charming simplicity, and full of touching poetical images. They form a sort of eternal and continuous memory of cloistered love, to which each abbé adds his page before he breaks for ever with the world.

The young ecclesiastical students who compose these sonnets are called in the Breton *kloers* or *clerics*—corresponding exactly with the *kler* of the Welch. In order to enter truly into the spirit of such compositions, it is necessary that we should bring before us the peculiar circumstances of the authors, and the influences, often painful and conflicting, which surround them, and which constantly communicates so trivial a spirit to their poetical legacies. They belong for the most part to the class of the peasantry or of the small tradespeople of the cities and villages; and come up in bands from the remotest parts of the country to the episcopal towns, where they enter upon their studies. The appearance of these uncouth youths is singularly striking in the streets of the, comparatively, civilized cities, with their strange costume, long hair, and unfamiliar dialects. The majority of them are not less than from eighteen to twenty years of age. They live together in the faubourgs; the same garret (says Villemarque, who drew the picture from personal observation) serves them for bedroom, kitchen, dining-room, and study. It is a very different sort of existence from that to which they had been accustomed in the open fields! A complete revolution has taken place in them; and in proportion as their bodies grow enervated and their hands white, their intelligence becomes developed, and their imagination takes new liberties with life. At last, summer and the holidays come, and they return to their villages: it is the season of fêtes and pleasures, 'when the flowers open with the

hearts of the young!' Seldom does the poor *kloer* go back to the city without carrying with him the germ of a first passion. Then the storm rises in his soul, and the struggle begins to take place between love and religion. Every thing contributes to heighten the rebellious feeling—the contrast between present servitude and the freedom of the woods—his isolation—his regrets—the *mal du pays*. Sometimes love triumphs, and then the scholar throws his books into the fire, swears against the city and the college, renounces the ecclesiastical state for ever, and returns to his village. But more frequently the church secures the victory; in which case the misery of the young priest finds a congenial vent in poetry; the muse becomes the confidant of his tears and his memories; and he pours into the melancholy sonnet the story of his sacrifice. The intimate sincerity of these elegies gives them the attraction of truth; and the fresh and incipient scholarship of their authors inspires them with something of a refined and finished air. Sometimes, indeed, they rise into classical grandeur, and the tenderness of the young priest becomes oppressed under the weight of the whole Roman mythology.

It is a curious trait in the popular history of the Bretons, showing how closely their religious sentiments are identified with the lives of the priesthood, that these sonnets are the universal love elegies of the country. There is not a village, nor a farm-house that has not its sone, the work of a friend or a relative, transmitted by tradition from generation to generation. It is the romance of Bretagne—the passionate inspiration of her poets—the literature of the youth of the country.

4. The peculiarity of the chansons consists principally in this, that, unlike French songs in general, they are rarely of a lively turn. Their mirth, when there is any, is heavy and cumbrous. In this, however, they only reflect the humor of the people, who are, constitutionally, too grave for the sparkling points and trivial pleasantries of the vaudeville—which, by the way, oddly enough, had its origin in the neighboring province of Normandy. Even in their most exciting compositions, there is always a piece of seriousness lurking at the bottom, and dragging down the sluggish merriment. The Bretons, like other people, have their varieties of temperament, but they are never gay, *sans y songer*, as we see other Frenchmen. When they laugh they must know

the reason why. They have had their popular chansons for at least three hundred years, yet it would puzzle a conjuror to find a verbal joke, or a flash of heedless vivacity of any kind in any one of them. The fact is there is no such thing. They do condescend sometimes, however, to be merry after their own fashion; but it is a fashion not very likely to find favor elsewhere, nor is it always intelligible out of the immediate district to which it especially applies. This merriment, if it may be called so, consists in quaint philosophical quibbles, broad jokes, often of the coarsest kind, adroitly addressed to the actual mode of living and direct experiences of the people, and allusions that are sure to *tell* amongst the hearers, although, lacking the universality of wit, they are little else than conundrums to every body else. It is doubtful whether the Bretons could give expression to more aerial pleasantries, even if they had them in their songs. Their style of delivery is heavy and solemn; they are too grave and ponderous for the light and rapid passages of the ordinary French chanson.

Such are the principal characteristics of the popular poetry of the Bretons. From this general introductory view, the reader will be better prepared for a few selections from the volumes of M. Villemarqué, which we shall now introduce without further commentary.

Perhaps we ought to explain to the English reader the meaning of the title adopted by M. Villemarqué. Barzas-Breiz is pure Breton, and may be rendered into a 'Poetical History of Bretagne.' Now the work is certainly not a poetical history of Brittany, and the title is therefore a misnomer. But it contains a valuable collection of Breton popular lyrical poems, and may be accepted as something better than a history. Well-selected specimens of a national literature, with such judicious notes as our author has industriously supplied, will be found more acceptable to most readers, as they are unquestionably more curious and instructive, than an elaborate historical disquisition on speculative questions, frequently founded in error, and generally ending in smoke.

This collection had its origin upwards of thirty years ago, and has been accumulating ever since. M. Villemarqué's mother had her attention drawn to the subject by a poor mendicant singer who had received some kindnesses from her, and who desired to express her gratitude in a song. Mad-

ame Villemarqué was so struck by the beauty of the poetry, that she cultivated a closer acquaintance with these wild lyrics; the collection rapidly increased, but she died in the midst of her labors. Thus this anthology was born. M. Villemarqué succeeded to the treasures and the enthusiasm of his mother, and embarked in the design with a larger ambition and greater means of execution. For many years he traversed every corner of Brittany, entered thoroughly into the pastimes and re-unions of the people—their fêtes, religious and festive, *pardons*, fairs, and wakes:—the bards, beggars, millers, laborers, were his most active *collaborateurs*; and he frequently consulted with advantage old women, nurses, and young girls; even the children, in their plays, sometimes revealed information unconsciously to him; and he adds the curious fact, already referred to, that while the degrees of intelligence varied amongst his informants, he confidently affirms that *not one of them knew how to read*.

The quantity of ballads he thus gathered was immense. He obtained enough of matter to fill twenty volumes—all oral traditions of the country, collected from the lips of the peasantry. From this vast mass he has made the selection which occupies the two volumes before us—a selection distinguished by excellent judgment and good taste. A glance at a few of the more remarkable will convey a tolerably correct notion of the predominant features of the whole.

There are four distinct dialects in Brittany—the dialects of Treguiér, Leon, Cornouaille, and Vannes. The songs are all composed in one or other of these dialects (some of which have close affinities), and are given by M. Villemarqué on one page in their original words, and on the opposite page in modern French. Here is a specimen from the dialect of Leon. The piece, of which these are the opening lines, is called 'Ann Eostik,' 'Le Rossignol,' or the nightingale:

Ar greg iacouank a Zant-Malo,
Toull hé fenestr deac'h o wélo:
—Sioaz! sioaz! me-d'ounn fallet!
Ma éostik paour a zo lazet!

La jeune épouse de Saint-Malo pleurait hier
à sa fenêtre:

—Hélas! hélas! je suis perdue! mon pauvre
rossignol est tué!

This specimen will be enough to show the essential difference between these dialects and modern French; a difference which

will be found to be much greater in other cases. The extraordinary metrical precision of the original is, also, worthy of observation. We have not found an instance throughout the whole work in which these songs violate this structural regularity.

As might be expected, Merlin, the famous enchanter, is celebrated among these songs; but he does not make a very conspicuous figure after all, and is by no means so distinguished a personage in Armorica as he is in Wales. It has been remarked by a German critic* as rather a suspicious circumstance, calculated to throw a doubt upon the antiquity of the Round Table legends, that Arthur and his companions are nowhere alluded to in the Breton popular poems. This is a mistake, and we may, probably, avail ourselves of another opportunity to discuss the question involved in the doubt of the German critic. But we may observe, *en passant*, that the inference he draws from his assumed fact,—namely, that the Round Table must therefore be a fiction of the middle ages,—is curiously fallacious, seeing that most of these very poems are themselves of a still later date.

Merlin does not seem to have much credit as a sorcerer in Brittany; but to be remembered rather as a sage and a bard, with a sort of vague reverence, hinting rather than avowing a faith in his superhumanity. There were, in fact, two Merlins, and the Breton traditions seemed to have confounded them, so that it is not very easy to distinguish which of them is intended to be embalmed in the ballads. One of them lived about the tenth century, and was the son of a vestal and a Roman consul, and became distinguished as one of the greatest soothsayers of his time; the other, who lived in the sixth century, had the misfortune to kill his nephew in battle, lost his reason in consequence, and buried himself for the rest of his life in a wood, passing in history under the name of Merlin the Savage. The Welsh possess fragments of the poetry of Merlin, but the Bretons know him only by the ballads in which he is commemorated, and these are not numerous. M. Villemarqué gives us two. From one of them called 'Merlin the Bard,' we will give one or two passages, rendered into the metres of the original with as much verbal fidelity as the different genius of the language will admit. The poem opens with an appeal from a

young man to his mother, to let him visit a fête about to be given by the king:

"Oh! listen, mother dear! to me—
The fête I long to go and see:
"The fête, and then the races new,—
By grace of our good sovereign too."
—Now neither to the rare show,
Nor to the races shall you go.
"You shall not see the foolish sight,
For you have wept the live-long night.
"You shall not go—I have my fears;
Why, even your dreams were full of tears!"
"Nay, mother, if you love me, hear—
Ah! let me go, sweet mother dear!"
—You'll go with songs of merry strain—
But tears will bring you back again!"

The youth springs on his red filley, and flies off to the festival. The horn sounds just as he arrives at the field, and the herald announces, that whoever clears the barrier at a single leap, shall have the daughter of the king in marriage. Of course the red filley performs this feat to admiration, and the youth claims his bride. The king is indignant, thinking that a filley could not make such a leap except by sorcery; but his royal word is pledged, and so, throwing what he believes an insurmountable difficulty in the way, he tells the youth that he shall have the princess if he will bring him the harp of Merlin, which is suspended over the head of the bard's bed by four chains of fine gold. The love-stricken boy goes back to his mother in despair.

"Dear mother, if you love me, speak,
For my poor heart is nigh to break!"
"If thou hadst bent thee to my will,
Your heart would be untroubled still.
"But weep not, my poor child, behold
This hammer—'tis of molten gold—
"Its blow is dumb—no living ear
Its noiseless stroke shall ever hear!"

Armed with this hammer he succeeds in obtaining the harp, and returns in triumph to the court. But the king is not satisfied yet. He requires also the ring which Merlin wears on his right hand. It will be remembered that the heart and ring were the emblems of the bards of old, the harp being the gift of the king, and the ring that of the queen. This still more difficult task the old lady enables the youth to accomplish, with the help of a palm branch with twelve leaves, which she declares she had been seven nights to seek in seven woods, in seven years. At the crowing of the cock at midnight, the bold feat is accomplished, and the youth goes back again to

* 'Wiener Jahrbücher der Literatur,' 1843.

court, pretty confident this time, at least, that he shall have his bride. The king, however, is inexorable. Nothing will satisfy him now, but that Merlin himself shall consecrate the marriage in person. One would think it was all over with the youth now; but there are endless lucky contrivances for lovers in ballads.

"Oh! Merlin, whither dost thou go,
With dress and air disordered so?"

"Where go you thus, 'tis all unmeet,
With naked head and naked feet?"

"Old Merlin, whither dost thou wend,
Thy stick of holly in thy hand?"

He is searching for his lost harp and ring; and thus he is hospitably waylaid by the youth, who prevails upon him to enter his cottage, and finally he is carried to the court. His approach is announced by loud cries of joy that awaken the royal household; and the king, finding it useless to contend any longer, runs out himself and calls up the crier to summon the people to the wedding.

"Get up, good crier, from thy bed,
And quickly clear thy sleepy head—

"Let every one be welcome guest,
Invited to the bridal feast.

"The bridal of the princess—she
In eight fair days shall wedded be.

"Bid to the bridal, to a man,
All gentlemen throughout Bretagne,

"All gentlemen and ministers,
And priests and knightly chevaliers,

"And counts imperial—rich and poor—
The lord, the merchant, and the boor!

"Quick, scour the land o'er wood and lea,
And swiftly hasten back to me."

The crier accordingly goes forth, summons all the people 'great and small'—and so ends the ballad of Merlin.

The fairies occupy a large space in the superstitions of the Bretons, and, consequently, make a very important figure in some of their songs. One of the most popular of these is 'L'Enfant Supposé.' The story itself is common, with various versions, to the fairy superstitions of nearly all countries; and, according to the most approved narrative, which is more circumstantial than that preserved by M. Villemarqué, runs thus:—it is founded upon the strange passion attributed to the fairies for exchanging their own hideous children—poulpicans, as they are called—for real flesh-and-blood infants, when they can catch them unguarded. A fairy happening to hear a child cry one day, as she passes by a house, peeps in, and seeing a beautiful fair child in a cot, is so attracted by its

rosy mouth and blue eyes, that she thinks it would be no bad thing to make an exchange for her own son, as black and spiteful as a cat. No sooner said than done. The false child grows up, the poor mother never suspecting the imposition. As it grows in stature, so its genius for evil trickery expands, confounding lovers at their secret meetings, tying logs to the tails of cattle, overturning honest women's pitchers, and doing all sorts of mischief. At last the distracted mother begins to think that it is a sheer impossibility such a destructive imp can be her natural-born child, and she communicates her doubts to her husband. But he, good, easy man, stretches his great hands before this fire, knocks the cinders out of his pipe, strokes his beard, and—says nothing. Then comes a butcher with a horse and a calf one evening, when the poulpican is alone, and knocking at the window, inquires is there a beast to sell. The poulpican seeing their heads through the window in the twilight, and supposing them to belong to one person, screams out, 'Well! I'm a hundred years old, and I never saw the like of that!' The butcher runs away, and informs the mother of what he has heard, Her fears are now almost wrought into certainty; but in order to make all sure, she breaks a hundred eggs, and arranges the shells before the fire-place; then hides and awaits the sequel. The poulpican, perplexed at so strange a proceeding, and fairly taken by surprise, screams out again, 'Well! I'm a hundred years old,' &c. Fully confirmed now, the mother rushes upon the wretch, and is about to kill it, when the fairy appears and ransoms her offspring by restoring the proper child. In the version of M. Villemarqué these details are omitted, the mother recovering her child by pretending to dress a dinner for ten laborers in an egg-shell. The poulpican is betrayed into a sudden burst of astonishment—'What! dress a dinner for ten laborers in an egg-shell! Well, I have seen many things,—but—

"I've seen, dear mother, Gramercy!
The egg before its progeny,
The acorn first, and then the tree;

"The acorn first, then sapling strait—
I've seen the oak grow tall and great—
But never saw the like of that!"

It is rather a remarkable characteristic of the Breton fairies that, although they are allowed, on all hands, to possess a great genius for music, and even fine voices, they

never dance. They are the only fairies in the world that resemble the 10th Hussars in this particular, that they don't dance. Then again, at night they are beautiful—in the day, wrinkled and ugly. Like certain other fascinating people, they look best by candlelight. The popular notion amongst the peasantry is, that the fairies are great princesses who refused to embrace Christianity when it was introduced into Armorica, and who were struck with the divine malediction for their obstinacy. The Welsh believe them to be the souls of the Druids compelled to do penance. The coincidence is striking. The prohibition against dancing, however, does not extend to the *nains*, or dwarfs. This happy, mischievous, rollicking race take infinite pleasure in their midnight gambols. They go about with leather purses in their hands, are the hosts of the Druidical altars, which they profess to have built, and dance their merry round by the light of the stars, calling out *lundi*, *mardi*, *mecredi*, sometimes adding *joudi* and *rendredi*, but always keeping clear of *samedi*, which is the virgin's day, and above all of *dimanche*, which is still more fatal to them. We can fancy them, when they come to Friday, breaking off with a scream of terror, lest, by some sudden impulse, they might be tempted to continue the enumeration. The following ballad is an amusing illustration of this class of superstitions. In rendering it into English, we have clung closely to the text, so that nothing must be looked for in the shape of poetical refinement. The measure is that of the original Breton.

THE TAILOR AND THE DWARFS.

On a Friday evening see
Paskou creep forth stealthily,
To commit a robbery.
Out of work, his customers
All are gone to join the wars
'Gainst the French and their seigneurs.
With his spade, into the groat
Of the fairies he has got,
Digging for the golden pot.
Well too has his labor sped!
With his treasure he has fled
Home like mad, and gone to bed.
"Shut the door, and bar it well,
How the little devils yell!"
"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, too,
Thursday also, Friday—heu!"
"Shut the door, good people, do!
Crowding come the dwarfish crew!"
Now they gather in the court,
Dancing till their breath grows short.
"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, too,
Thursday also, Friday—heu!"

To the roof they clamber all,
Scratching holes in slate and wall.

Friend! thou'rt taken by the rout—
Throw thy treasure quickly out.

Ah! poor Paskou's kill'd with fear—
Sprinkle holy water here—

Pull the sheet above your head,
There—keep still—and lie for dead!

Ha! ha! ha! they roar and mow;
He'll be fleet who 'scapes them now.

"Here is one—God save my soul!—
Pops his head in through a hole:

"Fiery red his blazing eyes,
Down the post he glides and pries.

"One, two, three—Good Lord!—are there,
Dancing measures on the air!

"Frisking, bounding, tangled, jangled,
Holy Virgin! I am strangled!"

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, too,
Thursday, also, Friday—heu!

"Two and three, four, five, and six,
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,—nix!"

Tailor, tailor, every pore
Seems to snuffle and to snore.

"Hilloa! tailor, Master Snip!
Show us but your nose's tip—

"Come, let's have a dancing bout,
We will teach you step and shout!

"Tailor—little tailor, dear,
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—hear!

"Tailor, thou, and robber too,
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday—heu!

"Come again—come back to us,
Little tailor villainous!

"You shall dance until you crack
Every sinew in your back
—Fairies' coin doth value lack!"

The tailors—that is to say, the working tailors—as a craft, are regarded in Brittany much as they are in England; and the old scrap of ridicule prevails there just as it does among ourselves, that it requires no less than nine tailors to make one man. The above story in different shapes, may be found in the fairy mythologies of most countries. In one version, the thief is a baker, who with more cunning than the tailor, strews hot ashes round his house, so that when the fairies come they scorch their feet; for which indignity, however, they take ample vengeance by breaking all his pans and ovens. A similar trick is played off upon the German fairies, in a tradition called 'The Fairies on the Rock.' In the Irish version of the legend, the poor fellow, who is suddenly surrounded in the moonlight by a troop of fairies, dancing and singing, "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday," &c. finding the refrain rather monotonous, adds, "Saturday and Sunday," &c. whereupon the whole company vanish with a scream!

There is also a French version to the same effect, only that instead of vanishing, the horrified fairies stamp with their feet, and utter such tremendous cries that the traveler is ready to die with fear. Had he only added, 'And thus the week is ended!' the penance of the poor fairies would have ended also. The moral of the tradition ought to be borne in mind by all persons who may hereafter contemplate thefts on the 'good people,'—namely, that their money is of no value. It is worthy of note, in connexion with this point, that the Welsh assign this story to the Coraniens, a race whom they accused of the practice of coining false money; and that in designating the false money, they use the very same terms employed by the Breton poet—terms for which neither the Welsh nor the Breton dictionaries furnish any satisfactory explanation. It is a curious incident in fairy lore, this identification of the fairies with the false coiners.

The Breton fairies seem to possess one distinctive characteristic—their close relationship with Druidical reliques and traditions. This is easily accounted for in a country where the remains of the Celtic worship are so numerous. The grottos of the fairies are always amongst the monuments of the Druids, and one of the names by which the fairy is popularly known—*Korrigan*—is borrowed from them. The ballad called 'Lord Nann and the *Korrigan*' affords us a glimpse of the fairy in her grotto by the side of the fountain or well—both of which, the altar of stones and the spring of water, were anciently objects of the superstitious worship of the Druids. The Lord Nann goes into the green forest to hunt a roe for his young wife, and seeing a white hind, he follows it through the woods with such ardor, that he grows hot and exhausted. Evening is now setting in, and discovering a little stream running from a well, close at the foot of a fairy grotto, he descends to drink. The *Korrigan* is seated by the side of her fountain, combing her flaxen hair with a comb of gold. She is outraged at his audacity in troubling her waters, and gives him his choice, either to marry her on the instant, to linger pining away for seven years, or to die in three days. He tells her he cannot marry her, because he is already married; that as to the seven years, he must die when it shall please God; but that in any event he would rather die at once than marry a *Korrigan*. The vindictive *Korrigan* pronounces his doom, and

in three days the young wife begins to question her mother.

"Oh! tell me, mother, why the bells ring out so loud and slow?
And why the priests, all clad in white, are chanting sad and low?"

"A poor unfortunate, my child, to whom we shelter gave,
Expired last night, and now the priests are chanting at his grave."

"Oh! tell me, mother, of my lord—oh! tell me where he's gone?"

"He's gone into the town, my child, and he'll be here anon."

"Oh! tell me, mother, shall I wear my red robe or my blue?
For I would go to church to-day, to church to-day with you."

"Oh! neither blue nor red, my child, nor any colors gay;
The mode is changed, and you must go to church in black to day."

Then passing through the churchyard ground amidst funeral trees,
And cemetery monuments, her husband's tomb she sees.

"Now, which of our dear relatives is laid here with such care?"

"I can no longer hide the truth—your husband, child, lies there!"

The news has fallen upon her heart, and struck her to the core,
She throws herself upon her knees, and never rises more.

Oh! it was wondrous in the night which follow'd the sad day
When they interr'd that lady bright where her dear husband lay,

'Twas wond'rous in the night to see, in the night-time dark and drear,
Two oak-trees o'er that recent tomb, spring up into the air;

And in their branches two white doves, all gaily through the night
Sing even till the dawn of day, then heavenwards plume their flight.

This fanciful notion of trees springing up with doves singing in them, is of frequent occurrence in the old tragic ballads. Sometimes, as in our English ballad of 'Lord Lovel and the fair Ouncebell,' two briars or yews grow up to a brave height, and tie themselves at the top into a true lover's knot. This was a very common resource of the poets of the middle ages. This story of 'Lord Nann and the *Korrigan*' is familiar, in other shapes, to the poetry of Sweden, Denmark, Servia, and other countries, and the reader may probably remember an old Scotch ballad to which it bears a close resemblance.

Although the Bretons supply their fairies

with fountains and running streams, we do not find that they people their inland waters with any other description of poetical spirits. There are no naiads or dryads in Brittany. But they seem to have transported into the interior some of their salt-water phantasies, and to give an honorable reception to syrens and mermaids in their lakes and ponds. One of the most remarkable instances is that of a syren who is said to inhabit the pond of a duke near Vannes, which is so close to the sea that she may enjoy, whenever she pleases, the sight of those terrible calamities which were said, of old, to have been so grateful to her sisterhood. This beautiful nymph comes out of a morning to take the air, and spread her green tresses in the sun. According to the tradition, a soldier surprised her once on the summit of a hill, and was so charmed by her aspect, that he could not resist the temptation of approaching her, when she seized him in her wiry arms, and plunged with him to the bottom of the water. If you ask for the story of this syren, they will tell you that she was formerly a princess to whom these waters belonged; and that she refused to marry a noble suitor, the owner of the Lake of Plaisance. One day, fatigued by his entreaties, she hastily said to him, believing the thing to be impossible, that she would become his wife when the waters of the Lake of Plaisance should join those of her own domain. Her lover took her at her word, and constructed a canal, by which the miracle was accomplished. Having finished his work, he invited her to a grand fete at his chateau, and, to crown his triumph, conveyed her in a barge with great pomp along the canal, demanding the fulfilment of her promise at the end of the journey. The princess was in despair; and, seeing no escape from a marriage she loathed, being all the while secretly attached to another, she threw herself head foremost into the lake—an effectual recipe for the manufacture of syrens. Of course she was never seen again; but from that day to the present, the lake has been haunted by a syren, believed to be the said princess, who takes particular pleasure in making her appearance on the rocks in the fine summer mornings, deliberately combing out her long hair, and weaving coronals of water-lilies.

Whenever any of these ballads touch upon the domestic affections, they exhibit considerable delicacy of treatment and truthfulness of feeling. The ballad of 'The Baron

of Jauioz' is a conspicuous instance. The Baron himself is an historical character. He flourished in the 14th century, participated in most of the public events of that period in France, and served in the Holy Land. The ballad relates to circumstances which occurred during his stay in Brittany, where it is said, he *bought* a young country girl for gold from her family, and carried her off to France, where she died of grief. The ballad opens with the young girl sitting by the river side, when the death-bird (a Breton superstition) tells her that she is sold to the Baron of Jauioz. She comes home and asks her mother, is it true? Her mother refers her to her father—he desires her to ask her brother, who avows at once that they have sold her, that the money is received, and that she must go instantly. She asks her mother what dress she shall wear; but her mother tells her it is of no consequence; a black horse waits at the door to convey her. As she goes she hears the bells of her village, and weeps and bids them adieu! Passing a lake she sees small boats filled with crowds of the dead in winding sheets. She is overwhelmed with grief and terror, and nearly loses her reason. At last she reaches the chateau.

That fearful lord—his beard is black
As plumage on the raven's back:

His hair is blanch'd—a wild flash flies
Like a light of firebrands from his eyes

"Ha! pretty one, thy company
I've long desired! Come, sweet, and see

"My wealth; come, range my chambers o'er,
And count my gold and silver store."

"I'd rather to my mother forth!
To count her faggots by the hearth."

"Then, let us, for a bliss divine,
Retire to taste my costly wine."

"I'd drink my father's ditch stream first,
Where even his horses slake their thirst."

"Well, come with me and search the town,
To buy a handsome fite-day gown."

"I'd rather have a petticoat
Of stuff by my dear mother wrought."

Finding her inconsolable, the noble lord begins to repent his bargain. But it is too late. Her heart is broken. The rest of the ballad is very melancholy.

"Ye birds, that on the wing rejoice,
I pray ye, listen to my voice.

"Ah! ye shall see my village home,
To which I never more may come!

"Ah! happy birds, so joyous there,
While I am banish'd in despair.

"To all my friends at your next meeting,
Present my sad, but tender greeting."

"My mother who gave birth to me,
And him who rear'd me lovingly ;

"My mother, dearly loved and prized ;
The priest, by whom I was baptized ;

"To all I love—adieu—adieu—
And, brother !—pardon even for you !"

Two—three months had pass'd away ;
The family in slumber lay—

'Twas in the midnight, still and deep,
The family were sunk in sleep—

No sound the solemn silence broke,
When at the door a low voice spoke—

"Oh ! father, mother—pray for me—
For God's sweet love—pray fervently !

"Get mourning, too, my parents dear,
For your poor child is on her bier !"

This ballad is one of the most affecting in the collection. It is also strongly colored with national feelings. A striking and highly appropriate effect is produced, as the poor young girl goes away from her home, by the sound of the parish bells, calling up so many cherished associations, so many happy domestic memories. In Brittany, where the bells of the churches are drawn into all the ceremonies of life and death, the pathos of this little passage touches the universal heart.

Amongst other subjects treated by the Breton poets, in common with the popular writers of nearly every literature in Europe, is that which is best known to the majority of readers by the 'Leonore' of Bürger. There is a Danish version, a Welsh version, and even a modern Greek version of this famous story. The Breton poem is not destitute of a poetical energy, and breadth of style worthy of so striking a theme. It is called 'The Foster-Brother.' Gwennolaik, the heroine of this ballad, is an orphan. Her father, mother, and her two sisters, are all dead. She lives in the manor-house with her step-mother, who ill-treats her, and puts her to drudgery. She has only one friend in the world, her foster-brother ; but he has been at sea for six years. She is constantly watching for his return. One dark night she is sent to draw water at a fairy well, when a voice asks her, 'Is she betrothed ?' She answers 'No ;' and receives a bridal ring, and a pledge that a chevalier returning from Nantes, where he was wounded in a com-

bat, will come back for her in three weeks and three days. She runs home, looks at the ring, and finds that it is the same which her foster-brother wears on his right hand. In the interval, her step-mother resolves that she shall marry a stable-boy. This relentless determination is carried into effect ; but on the night of the wedding, the bride disappears, and nobody knows where she is gone.

The manor-house in darkness lay ; its inmates
soundly slept ;
But at the farm the poor young girl her lonely
vigil kept.

"Who's there ?" " 'Tis I, thy foster-brother,
Nola." "Can it be ?
It is—it is—my brother dear—Ah ! welcome
sight to me !"

She leaps behind him on a horse, a horse as white
as snow,
And trembling twines her arm, her right arm
round them as they go.

"Oh ! God, how rapidly we ride !—ten leagues
at least an hour !
But I am happy close to thee—ah ! ne'er so blest
before !

"I long to see thy mother's house—oh ! tell me
is it near ?"
"Cling closely to me, sister mine !—and we shall
soon be there."

The owls fly hooting o'er their heads, and savage
creatures break
Through wood and stream like madden'd things,
'to hear the noise they make."

"How like the wind thy steed flies on !—an
arrow on the gale !
Why, brother, thou art very grand !—how brightly
gleams thy mail !

"How grand thou art—but tell me, is thy mother's
mansion near ?"
"Cling closely to me, sister mine ! and we shall
soon be there."

"Thy heart is frozen—and thy hair, thy hair is
wet and chill—
Thy hand's like ice !—thy hand and heart !—dear
brother, art thou ill !"

"Cling closely to me, sister mine ! the house is
very near—
You hear our bridal songs already—listen, sister
dear !"

Unlike the hero of the German and Greek ballads, our lover conducts his mistress to a charming isle, filled with crowds of happy souls dancing merrily, and singing for joy, where she finds her mother and two sisters, and where the nuptials, we are led to infer, take place under the most auspicious circumstances. This delightful spot is no other than the Elysium of the Druids, which, according to the Welsh tradition, is the Isle of Avalon, now called Glaston-

* This is very characteristic in the French version : *Faites mes compliments à tous mes compatriotes quand vous les verrez !*

bury, a large orchard of apple-trees completely surrounded by running streams. The belief in this old tradition still holds good in Brittany; and, as it is a part of the articles of faith that no soul can obtain admission until the funeral honors have been duly performed, the Bretons exhibit an exemplary rigor in discharging all offices of that nature. Their funeral rites are precisely the same now as they were in the earliest times.

The story of Heloise and Abelard forms a favorite subject in the popular poetry of Brittany. For many years those lovers, so famous in the rhymes of all countries, lived at the village of Pallet, near Nantes; and they soon acquired in their own neighborhood such a reputation for wisdom and knowledge, that it is nothing very surprising to find them, in that credulous and exaggerating age, converted by popular wonder into something over and above the average of humanity. But the English reader will scarcely be prepared to find them transformed into a pair of sorcerers. Yet such is the actual substance of the popular ballad in which Heloise, speaking in her own person, celebrates her love and her learning. There is a curious mixture of the ridiculous and the profane in this ballad, from which we give the opening verses, following the original nearly word for word.

- "At twelve years old, not fearing either scandal or reproof,
To follow my dear Abelard, I left my father's roof.
- "And when we went to Nantes, my God! sweet Abelard and I,
I knew no language but the one we speak in Brittany.
- "I did not even know, my God! the way to say a prayer,
When I was in my father's house—so ignorant they were.
- "But now I am instructed well—in all things perfect quite—
I know the Greek and Latin tongues, and I can read and write:
- "And read in the Evangelists, and write both well and fast,
And speak and consecrate the host as well as any priest."

But this is nothing. These are amongst the smallest of her powers and accomplishments.

- "And I have power to change myself, as every one may know,
Into an ignis fatuus, a dragon, dog, or crow.
- "I know a song would rend the heavens, and make the tossing sea

Heave as with sudden tempests, and the earth roll fearfully.

- "I know all things that through all time, in all the world were known,
All things that ever happen'd yet, or ever shall be done."

She then goes on to recite some of her means of sorcery; as how she has three vipers sitting on the egg of a dragon, which is destined to desolate the earth, and how she nourishes her vipers, not with the flesh of partridges or woodcocks, but with the sacred blood of innocents. Having such tremendous resources at her command, she threatens to overturn the world at last—if she only live long enough.

- "If I remain upon the earth, and my sweet clerk with me,
If we remain upon the earth, one year, or two, or three—

- "Yet two or three, my Light and I, ere they have swiftly flown,
My Abelard and I shall make the earth turn upside down."

The poet finding his imagination running a little too far, and apparently afraid of the consequences, steps in at this critical point, and winds up the song with a sort of religious moral:

- "Take care, oh! Heloise, and think upon your soul's abode;
For if this world belongs to you, the next be longs to God!"

There are several songs in the collection to which we would gladly direct attention, either for their traditional and historical interest or their poetical beauty. Amongst these may be mentioned the celebrated ballad of 'Geneviève of Rustéfan,' 'Our Lady of Fulgoat,' 'The Heiress of Kéroulaz,' the 'Elegy on Monsieur de Névet,' 'Lez-Briez,' the historical song of [the Bretons, 'The Exiled Priest,' several of the short tender love songs, and some songs of the feasts, festivals, and seasons. But we have already extended our notice of these lyrics to as great a length as we can reasonably spare; and the reader will probably be sufficiently enabled to estimate their general characteristics from the specimens we have laid before him.

There is another subject of great interest connected with the literature of Brittany, and still less known beyond the frontiers of the country—the drama of the Bretons. Upon this strange class of productions—certainly the most curious of their kind and form now existing in any part of Europe—we may take another opportunity of offering an extended notice.

CEMETERIES AND CHURCHYARDS.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *A Supplementary Report on the Results of a Special Inquiry into the Practice of Interment in Towns, made at the request of Her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Home Department.* By Edwin Chadwick, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London. 1843.
2. *On the Laying out, Planting, and Managing of Cemeteries, and on the Improvement of Churchyards.* By J. C. Loudon, F. L. S., &c. London. 1843.
3. *Gatherings from Graveyards, particularly those of London.* By G. A. Walker, Surgeon. London. 1839.
4. *Necropolis Glasguensis; with observations on the ancient and modern Tombs and Sepulture.* By John Strang. Glasgow. 1831.
5. *Remarks on the Origin and Evils of City Interments, &c.* Glasgow. 1842.
6. *A Tract upon Tombstones, with Illustrations.* By F. E. Paget, M. A., Rector of Elford. Rugeley. 1843.
7. *Letter on the appropriate Disposal of Monumental Sculpture.* By Richard Westmacott, A. R. A., F. R. S. London. 1843.

'SPLENDID in ashes and pompous in the grave,* Man has sometimes built himself an argument of immortality from the grandeur of his tomb; and the desire to preserve a festering body and a fading name from utter decay, has been drawn into a natural evidence of the incorruption of the soul. But a splendid monument speaks as much of the dread of annihilation as of the hope of a resurrection; and the love of posthumous fame, whether in pyramids or in the mouths of men, is at best but a proof of the 'longing after' an immortality of which it gives no sign. The worm below mocks at the masonry above; the foundation of our monuments, as of our houses, is in the dust; and the nameless pyramid, and the broken urn, and the 'inunmy become merchandize,' are as true a page in the history of the 'noble animal,' as his grandest efforts of mind or hand after 'a diuturnity of memory.'

To baffle the powers of Death has been

* 'Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave, solemnizing natiivities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.'—*Sir T. Browne's Urn-burial*, ch. v.

the struggle no less of the natural than of the spiritual man; and one people, by the art of embalment, has endeavored to escape the corruption which others have prevented by fire. While the piety of natural religion has made man's last want his greatest, and looked upon the violator of the dead as the worst enemy of the living, a yet earlier tradition has inspired him to escape the curse of the worm, and the return to the dust from whence he sprung. To the latter bear witness the cinerary urns of Greece and Rome, the pyramids and mummies of Egypt, the decorated chamber-tombs of Etruria, perhaps also the gilded skulls and locomotive corpses of the Scythians; while Priam, Polydorus, Antigone, and Archytas exemplify the honor of the rites of burial; and the tabooed plots of New Zealand, and the cairns of the Esquimaux, are the extreme links of the chain of eternal and universal piety which hallows the sepulchres of our Fathers. The 'dogs and birds,' so often denounced or averted as a curse by heathen poets, are scarcely less earnestly decried by the Psalmist; and 'to be buried like a king's daughter,' may be said to have passed into an Hebrew proverb. Hardly any but an unbeliever in revelation would order his body to be burned; but it must be a Giaour to nature who could exclaim,

'What reck's it, though his corse may lie
Within a living grave!"
The bird that tears that prostrate form
Hath only robbed the meaner worm.'

The history of Revealed Religion exhibits to us a middle and a better way; neither indifferent nor over-scrupulous as to the fate of the mortal body, avoiding at once the outcasting to the beasts of the field, and the expensive carefulness of the funeral pyre. The rite of interment, in its literal sense of consigning a body to the ground, is indeed a singular recognition of the ancient curse, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return;' for though other nations have, for a while and in a degree, used this custom, the unbroken tradition of the Jewish people alone observed it in its completeness and simplicity. The cave of Macpelah was purchased as a burying-place by the Father of the Faithful; and

* It is curious that this very expression, as applied to the vulture, should have been condemned by Longinus in the *Sophists*: Gorgias, 1500 years before Byron wrote it. *Peters, Epigram. v. 10. Long., ii. 2.* It is not probable that the noble poet had seen the passage of either rhetorician.

close by his side the bones of Joseph, after being borne by the children of Israel in their wanderings in the wilderness, rested in peace; and it seems no fortuitous emblem of God's people, as strangers and pilgrims upon earth, that their first possession in the land of promise should be a tomb. The case of Jonathan and Saul—and there are a few others recorded in Holy Writ—whose bones were buried—was a clear exception to their general usage, and even in this case the ashes were afterwards inhumed. But while the children of the Promise preserved inviolate the ancient rite of interment, and eschewed pompous monuments and vain epitaphs, their yet indistinct perception of a resurrection, the dawn only of a brighter day, was not allowed to penetrate the veil which hung over the grave, though even that was a pillar of light to them compared to the cloud and darkness which it was to the Gentiles. Ere the stone was rolled away from the sepulchre, death had still its defilement, and mourning its sackcloth and ashes.

But when our Lord by His own dying had taken away the pollution, as by His rising again He had taken away the sting of death; when life and immortality were brought to light, and the doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body had established, once and for ever, all touching the mystery of the grave and of the life hereafter which man shall be permitted here to know, the doubt and uncertainty which harrassed men's minds on the relations of life and death, and the things thereto pertaining, were ended, and to the single eye of faith the prospect, near and distant, was clear and plain. That body which He had taken upon Himself, and declared to be the temple of the Holy Ghost, which was to rise again in more glorious form, could never be relinquished to the beasts of the field; while that anointing which He took for His burial, and that sepulchre which He hallowed, purified the dead body, recognized ceremonies, and consecrated the tomb. The tearing of hair and rending of garments was modified into a sorrow not without hope; and as, under the Promise, the first plot of ground was a sepulchre—so, under its fulfilment, the first sepulchre was in a garden; as if to show that it was no longer the land of the dead, but of the living, and that death was shorn of half its terrors. That men could in any sense rejoice over the grave, was not the least of the miracles of the early Christians; and nothing was more

galling to the heathen and apostate emperors, than the undespending psalmody of their funeral processions and their devout thanksgiving at the tomb. St. Chrysostom is justly loud against the remnants of heathenism in the hired mourners who were sometimes obtruded; while St. Cyprian seems to have been over-earnest in his condemnation of sorrow and all its signs; for though our Lord rebuked the women of Jerusalem who wept for Him, He himself wept at the grave of Lazarus; and the devout men who carried Stephen to his burial, made great lamentation over him. The Puritans, false, with all their professions, to every touch of nature, condemned, as did St. Cyprian, all mourning garments; what would they now say to the ostentatious weepers and flaunting hatbands which so pharisaically distinguish, in the north especially, their modern representatives? On the delicate and often perplexing subject of the degree and temper of mourning for the dead, let these words of Jeremy Taylor suffice:—

'Solemn and appointed mournings are good expressions of our debtors to the departed soul, and of his worth, and our value of him; and it hath its praise in nature, and in manners, and in public customs; but the praise of it is not in the Gospel, that is, it hath no direct and proper uses in religion. For if the dead did die in the Lord then there is joy to him; and it is an ill expression of our affection and our charity, to weep uncomfortably at a change that hath carried our friend to a state of high felicity. Something is to be given to custom, something to fame, to nature, and to civilities, and to the honor of the deceased friend; for that man is esteemed miserable for whom no friend or relative sheds a tear or pays a solemn sigh. So far is piety; beyond, it may be the ostentation and bragging of grief, or a design to serve worse ends. I desire to die a dry death, but am not very desirous to have a dry funeral; some flowers sprinkled on my grave would be well and comely—and a soft shower, to turn those flowers into a springing memory or a fair rehearsal, that I may not go forth of my doors as my servants carry the entrails of beasts.'—*Holy Dying*.

While the general revelation of immortality has thus put light in the place of darkness and joy for mourning, the particular Christian doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body in like manner suggests a decency and comeliness in the funeral solemnities. This is no place for theological disquisition, but it should be remembered—that what is too much forgotten—that the resurrection of the body is no mere abstruse,

scholastic dogma—*nam*, what perhaps it is oftener considered—a gross and carnal representation of an eternal truth—but a peculiar revelation of Christianity, involving deep doctrinal and great practical lessons; for it presupposes our flesh here upon earth the abode of the Holy Spirit, and, if rightly considered, cannot fail to make us cultivate purity in a vessel made for eternity. The best human philosophy has either pictured gross earthly substances, or fancied thin and spectral images, the shadow of a shade; but the Christian believes that when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, he who was made in the beginning after the image of God, shall be restored to that image, that the soul shall again be clothed in a more glorious body—the nature of which he pretends not to scan—and each man's individuality preserved—that 'when the sea shall give up her dead, and death and the grave deliver up the dead which are in them,' each person may speak of himself the words which Christ Himself spoke after his resurrection, 'Behold, it is I myself.' It was the misapprehension of this truth that led the heathen persecutors of the Church to burn in contempt the bodies of the martyrs, thus vainly imagining to extinguish the hope of their resurrection; but, while the Christian's faith led him neither to hasten nor to delay the process of corruption in the return of the body to its kindred dust, he knew that He who made and unmade could again collect its scattered particles, whatever ordeal they might undergo, and was ready to 'give his body to be burned'—though not to burn it. The honorable solemnization of funeral rites followed as a matter of course; 'a decent interment,' says Hooker, 'is convenient even for very humanity's sake.' Jeremy Taylor's words will best conclude the argument:—

'Among Christians the honor which is valued in behalf of the dead is, that they be buried in holy ground—that is, in appointed cemeteries, in places of religion, there where the field of God is sown with the seeds of the resurrection, that their bodies also may be among Christians, with whom their hope and their portion is, and shall be forever.'

We have made these remarks preliminary to more practical observations, and, we trust, not an inappropriate approach to the subject of Christian Cemeteries. We have wished to lay the foundation deep and aright, and approach reverently, and step by step, to a subject upon which more con-

fusion and inconsistency of opinion exists than on any other which so closely affects our common humanity. Though it is a favor to which we must all come at last, few agree as to how we should meet it. A prince will give his body to the dissecters; while many a pauper, who has endured all the deprivations of the workhouse, has laid by a pittance to save himself the degradation of a parish funeral. Mr. Loudon would recommend every gentleman to be buried in his own grounds, whose friends probably will only be contented with a vault beneath the altar. Some would make their grave a flower-bed; and others think burial in a cemetery to be semi-heathen. Amid such a labyrinth of superstition, irreverence, ignorance, and right-feeling, so strangely blended, we shall endeavor, under the guidance of the Church universal, to thread out a true, simple, and more perfect way.

Enough had been disclosed by the Reports of the Poor Law Commissioners on the sanitary condition of the poor, and of the Select Committee on the Health of Towns, as to the loathsome state of the burial-grounds in populous parishes, to draw some public attention to the subject; and Sir James Graham promptly followed up the matter by instituting a special inquiry into the practice of interment in towns, which now appears as a 'Supplementary Report,' by Mr. Chadwick—a most important, interesting, and comprehensive work, equally marked by laborious research, right feeling, and sound judgment. It will hardly be necessary to harrow up the feelings of our readers by repeating the horrors of Enon-chapel and the Portugal-street burial-ground.* Our bones, like the grave-digger's in Hamlet, ache to think on't. It may be a newer feature in the controversy to say that there has been a serious doubt among the medical profession whether the putrid exhalations from such masses of corruption have any injurious effect on the health of the living. And even such men as Parent-Duchâtelet and Orfila have taken the negative view of the question. But their argument is at best but

* See the Report on Health of Towns, and Mr. Walker's 'Gatherings.' The historical portion of the latter work is a direct translation from Vicq-d'Azyr, *Œuvres*, tome vi. p. 257. He has awkwardly converted the Book of Chronicles into one Paralipomenes; and, by a still more unhappy mistake, speaks of the grave of *Elijah*, one of two men who knew not the tomb.

negative also; the alleged innocuousness of the anatomical schools to the pupils attending them, their main position, which may itself be disputed, being more than answered by the positive evidence of the unhealthy state of those residing in the immediate neighborhood of our worst London graveyards. Many will be surprised to hear that it was deemed necessary to collect a large body of evidence to refute these strange opinions of the French school, which seem, like other products of the same soil, to spring from a morbid love of horror for its own sake. It does, however, appear to be established that the putrefaction of animal matter is not so injurious to human life, as that of vegetable matter; and that the physical effects of our present system of intramural burial are as nothing compared with the injury it inflicts upon morals and religion.

A deep feeling of attachment to the offices and fabric of the Church, is a marked characteristic of the people of England, especially among the poor and the well-educated. The very galleries and pews, and other beautifications which so sadly mar the true character of our churches, are oftener the effects of a well-meaning though ill-directed zeal, than of the low and puritanical feeling to which it is now the fashion exclusively to refer them. In like manner, a love and reverence for the Lord's house—ignorant in its sources, and mischievous in its results, we admit—as well as mere worldly pride and vanity, have helped to deface the pillars of our churches with hideous masses of monumental sculpture, and to crowd the pavement with the still more unseemly masses of corruption below. Those who are fond of tracing every abuse in Christian practice to a pagan origin, will find little to help out their theory in respect of the practice of interment within the church. The evil is entirely of modern growth, and could only have occurred under a faith which, while it recognized the sanctity of places set apart for holy worship, rejected all notion of pollution from the dead. Burial in heathen temples was utterly unknown, and scarcely ever allowed within the precincts of the city. The well-known heading of 'SISTE VIATOR' on ancient tombs—justly ridiculed in modern inscriptions by Dr. Johnson, and by Sir Thomas Browne before him—significantly marks the wayside locality of the Roman burial-grounds. Many Greek and Latin words relating to burial, literally signi-

fying 'carrying out,' point to the same custom. And the son of the widow of Nain, who was met by our Lord 'nigh to the gate of the city,' when he was being 'carried out,' may serve to confirm the fact of the Jewish burial-grounds being without the walls.

The earliest Christians conformed to the same practice; and it is a very credible tradition that the proto-martyr St. Stephen was buried where he was stoned, 'out of the city.' Persecution forced the believers to a secret celebration of their common worship; and where would those who held a 'Communion of Saints,' living and departed, so likely betake themselves for prayer and praise to the great Head of their Church, as to the tombs of those who had died in defence of the truths that He taught? Hence the extra-mural catacombs and crypts—the sepulchres of the martyrs—became the first Christian churches, a practice to be afterwards abused by making their churches their sepulchres. For when persecutions relaxed, and Christian temples began to rise in the light of day in the midst of the cities, the tomb-altars and relics of the martyrs, if not enclosed by a sanctuary on the spot, were removed from their original position and enshrined in the new buildings—the fruitful source of many subsequent defections from the primitive faith—and the origin of the coveted privilege of not being divided in death from those remains which the pious when alive had held in so much honor, that haply, like the man cast into the sepulchre of Elisha, they might partake of a greater portion of life by touching a good man's bones. However such might have been the popular current of feeling among the more enthusiastic and unlearned, the Church authoritatively ever set her face against the innovation of burial within the churches, or even within the city. Indeed those who died in the greatest odor of sanctity, were not at first allowed more than approximation to the outside of the church. The first encroachment on the building itself, was made in favor of Constantine, who yet was not deemed worthy to approach nearer than the outer court or porch of the Church of the Apostles, which he is supposed to have founded: his son Constantius deeming it, as St. Chrysostom declares, sufficient honor if he might lay his father's bones even in the Porch of the Fisherman. The first step, however, was now taken; and thenceforward to this hour there has been a con-

tinual struggle between the claims of rank, and power, and wealth, and superstition, and self-interest, and covetousness, mingled with feelings of saintly and domestic piety.

Between all these potent motives, and the sincere honor of God's house—need we say which has prevailed? Yet there is an unbroken chain of authority against the usage. We question if there is any one other custom that has been so steadily condemned, and so continually persisted in, as that of burial within cities and churches. The two practices scarcely require a separate consideration; for though in some points of view the arguments against churchyard-burial may be urged *à fortiori* against church-burial; yet the actual state of our civic churchyards has now rendered interment in them the greater evil of the two.

Those who have leisure to consult the laborious records of Bingham, Spoudanus, Piattoli, Vicq-d'Azyr, and Spelman, and other writers on sepulture, will be astounded at the mass of ecclesiastical evidences in favor of extra-mural burial. Bingham shows that for the first three centuries suburban catacombs or cemeteries were almost exclusively adopted. Exceptions, proving the general rule, in favor of emperors, popes, bishops, ecclesiastics, founders, and lay benefactors, continued to increase, with occasional reclamations from the Church, up to the ninth century. From thence to the seventeenth we have a series of twenty councils decreeing the return to the primitive custom—'Morem restituendum curen Episcopi in cemeteriis sepeliendi.' Happily this is a question in which all branches of the Church Catholic do and well may concur: a lengthened detail of all the authorities would far exceed our present limits, but a few citations in chronological order, collected from various sources, of the most remarkable expressions of councils and individuals, may serve, as far as precedent goes, to set this question at rest for ever.

A. D. 331. The Theodosian code forbade all interment within the walls of the city, and even ordered that all the bodies and monuments already placed there, should be carried out.

529. The first clause ratified by Justinian.

563. Council of Brague,—'Nullo modo intra ambitum murorum civitatum ejuslibet defuncti corpus sit humatum.'

556. Council of Auxere,—'Non licet in baptisterio corpora sepelire.'

827. Charlemagne's capitularies,—'Nemo in ecclesia sepeliatur.'

1076. Council of Winchester, under Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury,—'In ecclesiis corpora defunctorum non sepeliuntur.'

1552. Latimer on St. Luke vii. 11.—'The citizens of Nain had their burying places without the city; and I do marvel that London, being so great a city, hath not a burial place without.' &c.

1565. Charles Borromeo, the good archbishop of Milan, ordered the return to the ancient custom of suburban cemeteries.

To take the miscellaneous authorities of modern times:—

Sir Matthew Hale used to say, 'Churches were made for the living, not for the dead;' and directed that his body might be buried in the plainest manner, himself dictating the simplest possible epitaph. The learned Rivet, quoted by Bingham, speaking of the innovation of church-burial, says, 'This custom, which covetousness and superstition first brought in, I wish it were abolished, with other relics of superstition among us; and that the ancient custom was revived, to have public burying-places in the free and open fields without the gates of cities. Grotius, on the same passage of St. Luke on which Latimer has commented, makes the like complaint. In his plan for rebuilding London, Sir Christopher Wren says, 'I would wish that all burials in churches might be disallowed,—and if the churchyard be close about the Church, this is also inconvenient. It will be inquired, where then shall be the burials? I answer, in cemeteries, seated in the outskirts of the town,' &c. The evidence given by the present Bishop of London and Mr. Milman is precisely to the same point.

Such a cloud of witnesses seems irresistible. If anything more is wanted, we may clench the nail on either head of the law of the Twelve Tables—'Hominem mortuum in urbe ne sepelito;' and with the following recommendation (would it were something more) of our own Ecclesiastical Commissioners:—

'We will take this opportunity of observing that the practice of burial in the church or chancel, appears to us to be in many respects injurious; in some instances by weakening or deteriorating the fabric of the church, and in others by its tendency to affect the lives or health of the inhabitants. We are of opinion that in future this practice should be discon-

tinued, so far as the same can be effected with out trenching upon vested rights.

' W. CANTUAR	N. C. TINDAL,
C. J. LONDON.	J. NICHOLL.
W. DUNELM.	CHRIST. ROBINSON.
J. LINCOLN.	HERBERT JENNER.
W. ST. ASAPH.	C. E. CARRINGTON.
CH. BANGOR.	STYFAEN LUSHINGTON.
TENTERDEN.	R. CUTLER FERGUSSON.
WYNFORD.	

'Dated this 15th day of February, 1832.'

We have dwelt at greater length on this part of the subject, because there appears to be a strong prejudice among churchmen against cemeteries altogether, mainly arising, no doubt, from the objectionable constitution and practice of many of those already established, and partly from the notion of their being a modern and unecclesiastical innovation, adopted like our farces and fashions, second-hand from revolutionary Paris. Most people's idea of a cemetery is a something associated with great Egyptian lodges and little shabby flower-beds, joint-stock companies and *immortelles*, dissent, infidelity, and speculation, the irreverences of Abney Park, or the fripperies and frigidities of Père la Chaise. Yet these things are in reality nothing but the passing opinions and fashions of the age reflected on an institution as old as the faith which consecrates it. The misfortune is, that in this country we have for ages wanted a model of the primitive usage, otherwise Abney Park would no more be confounded with the exemplar of a Christian cemetery, than our joint-stock proprietary schools are with Winchester or Eton, or a stuccoed 'place of worship,' with the parish church. Yet with their many imperfections, even our present cemeteries can hardly be considered but as a great boon. The earth lies light and the sky hangs blue over many a grave which would otherwise have been subjected to the foul compost, and heavy tread, and sulphurous canopy of a London churchyard; and a real mourner may, without distraction or disgust, cherish and renew his communion with a lost friend, and, like Mary, steal to the grave and weep there. The hopeful manly sorrow of a Christian will hardly, however, take up with the already conventional modes of modern cemeterial sorrow. Custom, like 'a bold peasantry,' when 'once destroyed, can never be supplied' by mere Chinese imitation; the spirit of it is Pythagorean in its nature, and though it shifts from body to body, it will never re-animate its once deserted shell, till

the end of time. The scattered flowers, 'the earliest of the year,' which are infinitely touching in the old and rustic churchyards of Wales, fail to move us in the suburban cemetery, where we suspect them to have been bought of 'Harding, marchand des boquets,' and placed so as 'to be seen of men.' The trim grave-gardens cease to please when we read the company's charge for maintaining them, 'with or without flowers, per annui, 5s.,' or, (for the benefit, we suppose, of young widows) 'ditto, if in perpetuity, 5l.' The whole spirit of the present establishments is necessarily mercenary, and smacks strongly of half-yearly dividends and Cophthal Court. The scale of prices varying according to the items of reserved and open ground, extra depth, private grave and public interment, use of screen and chapel, desk service, &c. &c., are of the same character with the 'dissenting minister, [a wide term,] provided by the company,' and 'monuments, if required, erected' by the same accommodating factotum.

One great and universal recommendation seems to be that a portion of the ground is 'unconsecrated;' and as this is a point upon which much of the difficulty of forming new cemeteries hinges, a short reference to it here may not be out of place. Of course all the bigotry falls on the shoulders of the Church, and the conscientious scruples to the lot of the Dissenters. And yet it would seem a feeling more allied to the bigot than the philosopher, to object to be buried in ground *because* the bishop has pronounced his blessing over it. It may in the eye of the non-conformist have gained nothing by the ceremonial, but surely it can be none the worse; we are not yet arrived at the point when the ground shall be deemed cursed for the blessing's sake. But there is an objection to the burial-service; yet we know of no canon that necessarily enforces the reading of it over every corpse consigned to consecrated ground; and in the case of a suspected schismatic, most clergymen would rather be relieved from the office, than insist upon it. But suppose it enforced; then comes in the objection, which we do not hesitate to designate the most marvellous cant that ever stood the test of half a century. The objection is to the expression of 'a sure and certain hope'—it is nothing more—'of the resurrection to eternal life,' which the priest ministerially pronounces for the Church over all who die in her communion. Now, in this hope the friends and relations of a person, how-

ever wretched in his life or death, would scarcely be supposed to refuse to indulge: the scruple must clearly be all on the other side; it may, indeed, be a matter of serious doubt and trembling with the clergyman, how far he may be justified in thus pronouncing over one whom (we omit the more difficult cases) he may know not at all, or know only for evil. And this, indeed, was the origin of the objection. It was urged in the first instance by the Puritan clergy as a personal grievance, and then in blind perversion, taken up by the whole dissenting body. Thus a conscientious scruple which an over-charitable clergy may have been too remiss in urging in their own defence, has been adroitly laid hold of by their opponents and turned into a weapon of attack against them. The final and only presentable grievance is, that in consecrated ground they are not allowed to introduce whatever manner of service or ceremony their own unrestricted fancies may devise—a regulation which, comely and expedient at all times, has now been rendered absolutely necessary by the mummeries attempted of late years by bodies unconnected with the 'four denominations,'—Oddfellows and Independent Brethren, of the more innocent kind—Chartists, Socialists, and the like, of the more pernicious.

It is a curious fact, but surprising only to those who have never studied the shifting system of the non-conformists, that the original objection was not to the denial of a service of their own, but to any service at all, whereby, as they alleged, prayer for the dead was maintained. The funeral sermon, now so rigidly exacted by them of their preachers on the death of every paying siter, was another of their original abominations. It may serve the purpose of a party to decry the burial service of the Church, as lately that for the solemnization of marriage;* but the love for the Church's last office, in preference to the long extemporaneous effusions with which the dissenters bruise the broken reed of sorrow, still keeps a firm hold even among the dissenters of the rural population.

It is sad to think that our differences and distractions cannot end with this life, but must be carried into the confines of

another world: the blame must rest with those who raise the offence and cause the schism. The Church has never denied her burying-ground even to those who have refused to maintain it; and many a one, it may be feared, has entered her walls the first time as a corpse. What country curate has not felt his charity warmed, and the asperities of his religious zeal softened, to view in his parish churchyard the graves of the Churchman, the Romanist, and the Dissenter, side by side, and returned to the work of his calling with more hopeful feelings for those who separate themselves, and more solemn considerations of the appointed season of the one fold and the one Shepherd? But the arrangement of our present cemeteries excludes these softening influences, and the dissenter has barred himself out a portion, lest he should be thought to identify himself in death with the church he has through life opposed. Since the Churchman cannot be buried in unconsecrated ground, and the Dissenter will not in ground that has been blest, surely charity would suggest the entire separation of their cemeteries as less likely to perpetuate painful and bitter feelings, than the present necessarily antagonistic expression of juxtaposition. When the conventicle is built within a stone's-throw of the cathedral, the windows of either are more likely to be broken.

It is this among other reasons that leads us to urge strongly upon the Church to take up the subject of Cemeteries for itself. The joint-stock establishments at present existing, objectionable on many grounds, are wholly unavailable to the mass of the population, by reason of their expense. They are nothing more than the exclusive luxury of the indulgent few. Two guineas would scarcely cover the very lowest charges at the cemetery, for what the poor man in the country gets for nothing; and two additional guineas are exacted for the commonest headstone. The rich and vain are scorned in like proportion; but against the very poor the cemetery door is inexorably closed. How inconvenient that Death makes all equal landholders, and that the pauper requires as many inches of ground as the owner of ten thousand acres! this has been a sore puzzle to parish vestries; and though ten or fifteen (*Sup. Rep.*) may be buried in the same grave, these cemetery companies have not yet offered sufficiently cheap terms. One company has actually put forth a calculation that seven acres, at the rate of ten coffins in each grave,

* The marriage service was a while ago the stalking grievance. The law was altered to meet the scruple. The last Registration Report shows that out of 122,496 marriages in 1841, 5882 couples only availed themselves of the new 'registered places of worship.'

would accommodate 1,335,000 paupers ! This agreeable scene for the contemplation of a Christian nation, a member of the House of Commons would turn into a 'dissolving view' of the shortest possible duration, by the prompt application of quicklime ; the following question, with slight variety of expression, having been again and again repeated in committee :—' Do you think that there would be any objection to burying bodies with a certain quantity of quicklime sufficient to destroy the coffin and the whole thing in a given time ?' How unconsciously does the irreverent euphemism which we have italicised, unveil the revolting nature of the question !

Finding Mr. Loudon* justly indignant at this cheap burial cry, what shall we say when he himself proposes to convert paupers into manure ! Yet such is actually his plan of employing the surplus corpses of London to fertilize the poor soils in its vicinity. These are his very words :—

'This temporary cemetery may be merely a

* We had mended a hard pen to deal with Mr. Loudon's book on Cemeteries, his least, and, we add with regret, his last work. While we write, his subject has become to him a stern reality ; and the grave, which he so lately discussed, has closed over him ! This must needs take the edge off any censure we were prepared to pronounce on him. His most laborious works have been repeatedly and favorably noticed in these pages—while we deem it our duty to protest against the insinuation of certain pernicious opinions which were too clearly traceable in his earlier writings. We doubt not that the severe sufferings of mind and body—and the latter were grievous indeed—with which he was latterly chastened, left him a wiser and a happier man ; for his last work, which afforded greater scope for its introduction, is found to contain less objectionable matter. Still it was impossible for a mere utilitarian mind rightly to embrace a subject which hangs so closely on the confines of another world. His book, therefore, though useful in many of its suggestions, falls altogether short as a guide to what a Christian cemetery ought to be. We would, however, now rather call attention to his more useful labors as an horticultural writer. After all his unequalled toils, with such over-zealous earnestness did he devote himself to his great work, the 'Arboretum Britannicum,' that at his death he had nothing to leave his widow and child but the copyright of this and other works. On this one book alone he is said to have expended 10,000*l.* A meeting of his friends has been held to endeavor to dispose of the remaining copies of his works in the hands of his widow ; and we cheerfully recommend the plan proposed to all who do not already possess his works, and who may thus combine their own advantage with an act of real charity. Dr. Lindley has warmly advocated Mrs. Loudon's cause in the 'Gardener's Chronicle,' to which very useful paper we must refer our readers for the details of the proposal.

field rented on a twenty-one years' lease, of such an extent as to be filled with graves in fourteen years. At the end of seven years more it may revert to the landlord, and be cultivated, planted, or laid down in grass, in any manner that may be thought proper.'

And again :—

'Nor does there appear to us any objection to union workhouses having a portion of their garden-ground used as a cemetery, to be restored to cultivation after a sufficient time had elapsed.'—*Cemet.*, p. 50.

The atrocities of the common pits at Naples and Leghorn, into which the corpses of the poor are indiscriminately tumbled, are to our mind less revolting than these nice calculations of getting rid of the greatest number of troublesome bodies at the least possible expense, and to the greatest possible advantage. They do these things no better in France. The goodly show that strikes the eye of the hurrying visitor at Père la Chaise is but the screen of whited sepulchres that hides the foulness and corruption of the background. There, as in Poland, the bodies of the poor are trenched in, one upon another, in the most revolting disorder !

'Hoc miseræ plebi stabat communis sepulchrum !'

Nothing will secure to the poor of our great cities the decent sepulture which is their right by nature and the Gospel, but transferring the management of cemeteries from private persons and dividend-paying companies, into the hands of a public body uninterested in regarding them as a source of profit. Mr. Chadwick's arguments are to us conclusive against the plan of separate parochial burial-grounds as recommended by Mr. Mackinnon's bill of last session, and other similar schemes. All the present evils, moral, physical, and economical, would, we are convinced, by a parochial agency, be ultimately increased ; but, on the other hand, we see great objections to Mr. Chadwick's own proposition of placing them under the direction of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. We should be loth to see our burial-grounds severed from the Church, and intrusted to purely secular officers. It would be the abandonment of a great and honored principle, and a great practical discouragement to church membership. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners are the body to which people will naturally look when the absolute necessity of providing additional burial-grounds has become, as it soon will, universally acknowledged. Any attempt on the part of Gov-

ernment to devote public money to an object trenching upon religion, will be met with the same difficulties and outcry that assailed them on the question of factory education. They would have to sacrifice either the Church or their plan. The Dis-senters strenuously opposed even the latitudinarian provisions of Mr. Mackinnon's bill; and we feel convinced that the most liberal adoption of Mr. Chadwick's plan would meet with a yet more virulent opposition from the same quarter. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners will be enabled to take a far more unfettered course. Their funds may be devoted to the formation of cemeteries on strictly ecclesiastical principles, without hurting the interest or conscience of any one, but greatly facilitating the present right which every parishioner has to burial in his own churchyard. If it be urged that there are higher and more pressing claims upon their revenues—that the living must not be neglected for the sake of the dead—we answer, that the adoption of cemeteries may, with proper care, be made a source of increase rather than of diminution in their income. The high profits* realized by the existing companies clearly show, that even with very great reductions in the fees of the rich, and gratuitous interment to the poor, a considerable surplus would remain above the ordinary interest on the original outlay. They have every encouragement to ask for increased powers from Parliament, from the fruits, already ripening, of the legislation of last session. A sum might in the first instance be raised on the security of the Commissioners, to be repaid by instalments. Nor can there be any doubt that if the Church were to take the matter in hand, with the especial object of giving a less costly and more decent interment to the poor—having respect to vested parochial and clerical rights, and devoting any surplus that might accrue to ecclesiastical purposes—many Churchmen would be found to come forward either freely to give or fairly to sell ground for a district cemetery, as they now offer it for a district church. One expense would be avoided in the abandonment of the double chapel arrangement; and we do not see why the suburbs might not be benefited by making the Cemetery Chapels available for the full services of the

Church, and a district assigned the officiating clergyman for spiritual cure.

Then we might see a Cemetery worthy of the Church of England. The painful associations of exclusiveness, and disunion, and traffic, which are connected with the present establishments, would be removed. Rich and poor might lie side by side, and a due supervision of emblems and epitaphs exclude the offensive sculptures and inscriptions which now meet the eye.

Mr. Milman has made a suggestion which we think most excellent; that the funeral procession should not be formed at the house of the deceased, but at the gates of the cemetery. To any one who has undergone the pain of accompanying a funeral through the heedless and irreverent crowds of the metropolis, the relief of this procedure is at once apparent, while to the poor, on the score of expense alone, it would be almost indispensable. It would relieve the immediate thoroughfares to the cemetery from the unceasing passage of the signs of death, and add greatly to the solemnity and impressiveness of the scene, by concentrating, as it were, those wholesome considerations appropriate to the occasion, which are now too often frittered away by the trite and pointless conversation of the mourning coach. The coffin might be removed early on the day of burial—in the case of the poor it would be a great boon to remove it much sooner—to a chamber of the lodge of the cemetery, in the *vestibule* of which the friends of the deceased might meet at the appointed hour to robe.—The advantages of this arrangement would be immense. In the funerals of the more rich, the whole cavalcade of mourning-coaches would be swept away; each mourner would reach the cemetery in the way most convenient to himself—would use his own carriage, if he had one, instead of acquiescing in the unmitigated absurdity of letting it 'follow,' while he puts the friends of the deceased to the cost of providing the one in which he rides. We should be spared, too, the folly of hiring four horses to draw, at a snail's pace, the corpse of him who perhaps when alive never sat, at full trot, behind more than one; and be relieved at the same time from the opposite spectacle, lately introduced, in the shape of a *Cruelty-van*, with a long boot under the driver for the coffin, and a posse of mourners crammed into the Clarence behind, all drawn along by one poor horse at a very respectable trot.

* In one cemetery the actual sale of graves is at the rate of 17,000*l.* per acre. A calculation made for another gives 45,375*l.* per acre, without the fees for monuments, &c.

The chapel of the cemetery should be near the entrance, and thither each band of mourners might follow the corpse of their own friend, and after hearing the psalm and lesson read, proceed to the grave-side service, which—as the burial would be indiscriminate, and no reserved ground for the rich, or neglected corner for the poor—might either be read once over the adjoining graves, or, we would much prefer, separately over each. Norman architecture, from its massive and solemn character, would seem the most appropriate style, especially for the construction of crypts; and a cloister connected with the church, should run round the whole inclosure, which would serve for the erection of memorial tablets, and as a covered passage for mourners to the more distant parts of the cemetery. A portion of this would only be necessary in the first instance, to be afterwards extended as the ground was occupied.

A bold and simple Cross should rise on the most elevated point of ground; and instead of Mr. Barber Beaumont's and Abney Park Cemetery, or the like, they might be called after the apostle or the evangelist in whose name they were consecrated. And this consecration, it should be remembered, is not only a religious rite, but a security of its perpetual reservation and maintenance as a place of interment. The most respectable of our present cemeteries are established under an act of Parliament, and the whole of the ground, blest and unblest, is, we suppose, perfectly safe from future violation. But there are many others, and Abney Park is one, the ephemeral property either of one or several private persons. These, according as the market varies, may be burial-grounds to-day, and Prospect-places or Railroad-stations to-morrow. In fact, when they are quite full, they must almost of necessity be turned to some other use. At Abney Park, we were told on inquiry, that though not an inch of ground is consecrated, an 'Episcopal clergyman' reads the burial-service of the Church of England. We should like to know the bishop that this reverend Episcopalian acknowledges. In one of those called 'Dissenters' burial-grounds, the numbers interred are at the rate of more than 2,300 per acre per annum! In another 'an uneducated man generally acts as minister, puts on a surplice, and reads the church-service, or any other service that may be called for.'—*Sup. Rep.* § 15b.

We should be very scrupulous as to the

admission of every new-fangled and patented contrivance into the sepulchral pale. King Death's is a very ancient monarchy, and quite of the old regime. The lowering therefore of the coffin from the chapel into the crypt by means of Bramah's hydraulic press, so highly extolled for its solemnity in some of the cemeteries, has too much of the trick of the theatre about it for the stern realities of the grave. Nor is there any thing much better in Mr. Loudon's cast-iron tallies for gravestones, temporary railroad cemeteries, and 'co-operative railroad hearses.' We think that some of the metropolitan clergy have spoken rather unadvisedly in advocating music as enhancing 'the attractiveness of a national service of the dead;'—and we hardly suppose that Dr. Russell, when pleasantly recurring to his boyhood recollections of the 'ambitious choir' of his native village attempting 'Vital spark of heavenly flame,' seriously meant to recommend the general revival of such aspiring flights.

Psalms and Hymns at funerals, which have neither propriety nor rubric to recommend them, are now very rightly falling into disuse, even in rural districts, from the melancholy experience of their unsolemn effect.

Liverpool and Glasgow are fortunate in the site of their burial-grounds, but the German cemeteries are those which seem to offer most suggestions for the improvement of our own. The 'Court of Peace,' or 'God's Acre,' to give the German names literally translated, is generally well worthy a visit. A recent traveller says—

'It is a place of public resort at all hours—its gates stand always open. It is planted with a few trees, so that its aspect may not be altogether cheerless; but it is more thickly planted with crosses, gravestones, and monuments congregated together, thick as a forest, slowly advancing foot by foot, year after year, to occupy all the vacant space. Gravestones of various shapes, with lengthy epitaphs, are common among us; here, however, the more touching and trustworthy symptoms of continued recollection are every where observed in the fresh chapel or nosegay, the little border of flowers newly dug, the basin of holy water, all placed by the side of the funeral hillock.'

All this is perfectly natural and national in the people to whom it belongs, and is very striking and instructive to the English traveller; but the attempt to transplant the sentiment here, presents, in the hands of a Glasgow author, the following serio-comic

burlesque, in the penny-peep-show style of eloquence:—

'Here may be observed the helpless orphans sitting round the newly-dressed grave of beloved parents; while there, the tender youth may be seen ornamenting that of a darling sister; here, the aged widow mourns, under a weeping willow, the memory of a departed husband; while there, cypress wreaths,' &c. &c.—*Remarks*, p. 15.

England will never realize the following scene which annually takes place at Munich, and forms certainly one of the most extraordinary spectacles in Europe:—

'The tombs,' says Mr. Chadwick, 'are decorated in a most remarkable way with flowers, natural and artificial, branches of trees, canopies, pictures, sculptures, and every conceivable object that can be applied to ornament or decorate. The labor bestowed on some tombs requires so much time, that it is commenced two or three days beforehand, and protected while going on by a temporary roof. During the whole of the night preceding the 1st of November, the relations of the dead are occupied in completing the decoration of the tombs; and during the whole of All Saints' Day, and the day following, being All Souls' Day, the cemetery is visited by the entire population of Munich, including the King and Queen, who go there on foot, and many strangers from distant parts.'—*Sup. Rep.* § 174.

Mr. Loudon states that 50,000 persons walked round the cemetery in one day. On mid-day of the 3rd of November the more valuable decorations are removed, and the rest left to be the spoil of time and weather. The Christian cemetery at Pera is one of the most beautiful spots in the neighborhood of Constantinople, commanding a splendid view of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, and forming with its mulberry-trees and cypresses, a most conspicuous land-mark. At Weimar the ducal mausoleum has opened its doors to receive the tombs of Goethe and Schiller. At Mayence and Berlin, the cemeteries contain the public monuments of distinguished soldiers, who, officers, and men, are

'Neighbors in the grave,
Lie urn by urn, and touch but in their names.'

This circumstance suggests how infinitely preferable National Cemeteries, if they existed, would be to Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's for the monuments of those whose claim upon our regard is rather for public services than for private virtues.

Mr. Westmacott's letter on this subject well deserves greater attention than it has yet met with. He draws a very proper distinction between two classes of monuments — 'One, of a personal and commemorative character, and having reference to worldly honor and achievements, and therefore illustrating the importance of the individual; the other, intended to be simple records of the dead—the reminders, not of the glory and honors of a transitory life and of this world, but of that change to which all are doomed.' (*Latter*, p. 5.) The former class he rightly thinks misplaced in a Christian Temple; and he even proposes to remove the existing statues from the Abbey to the Chapter-House. Public cemeteries would provide a still better 'Wallhalla.' The '*sic sedebat*' of Lord Bacon or Cyril Jackson, so much more interesting to the age and to posterity than the draped nakedness of Dr. Johnson, or the conventional dress of older monuments, is only inappropriate from the site.

We have preferred to speak of what cemeteries are, and might be, rather than dwell at length on the evils of the present inadequate accommodation for burial in the metropolis and other large cities, which are so glaring and obvious that they scarcely require any notice from us. Each family in its turn feels the inconvenience when death knocks at their own door, but few who have not read Mr. Chadwick's report have any idea of the extent to which the poor are sufferers by it. The excessive expense of funerals leads those who can only just support their own life, to delay the interment of their dead to the latest possible period; and the corpse is frequently kept more than a fortnight in the one room where a family of six or eight, and often more, sleep, eat, work. To meet the exorbitant demand which the undertaker makes on their petty gains, burial-societies have been very generally established among the humbler orders; and these are often on the very worst system, being for the most part in the hands of low undertakers and publicans, who work the society for their own especial benefit. A more horrible evil has resulted from these clubs, in the neglect or poisoning by their parents of children on whose deaths a sum of money was insured for burial. There have been three or four trials from Stockport at the Chester assizes for infanticide on this motive; and though only one conviction was obtained, no one had any moral doubt of the guilt in some

other cases. It is said to be a common phrase of the gossips in the neighborhood of Manchester respecting a sickly infant—'Aye, aye, that child will not live; it is in the burial-club!' The frauds that are attempted in order to obtain the burial-money, are very ingenious, sometimes amusing. A man and his wife, residing in Manchester, agreed that the husband should pretend to be dead, that the wife might receive the funeral insurance. Due notice of his death is given—the visitor for the society calls to see the corpse—the disconsolate widow points to the 'dear deceased,' whose chin is tied up with a handkerchief in the attitude of death—the visitor is about to depart, satisfied with the fulfilment of his sad errand, when an awkward winking of the eye arrests his attention—he feels the pulse—'there is life in the old dog yet.' The indignant widow asseverates that there has not been a breath in him since twelve o'clock last night. Careful not to hurt her wounded spirit, the visitor hesitates—the neighbors of course assemble—the debate grows warm—till the doctor being sent for dispels doubt, disease, and death, by dashing a jug of cold water into the performer's face. The concluding part must have been not the least ludicrous, when the man was brought up the next morning before Sir Charles Shaw, clothed in the coffin-costume of his imposture.

There exists among the poor of the metropolitan districts an inordinate dread of premature burial; and very terrible stories are told of bodies being found in coffins in positions that seemed to indicate that a struggle had taken place after the lid had been closed. The dread of such a contingency is another of the causes which often delay interment till decomposition has begun. A case of supposed trance lately occurred at Deptford, where, from the absence of some of the usual signs of death, the parents of a lad, who had died suddenly, would not allow the body to be interred till after the space of thirty-five days. At Frankfort there is a singular contrivance to avoid the possibility of premature interment. Receiving-houses are appointed, in which the body is laid out, and a ring connected with a lightly-hung bell is placed on the finger of the corpse, so that the slightest motion of the limb would give the alarm to the watchers. It would seem too skeptical to doubt the fact that people have ever been buried alive; but we can hardly think that in this country the danger is sufficient

to require such extreme precaution. Has the corpse-bell at Frankfort or Munich ever yet been rung? The French provincial news-writers, nearly as trustworthy as their Irish brethren of the same class, are the chief source of the modern tales that are told of the nailing of the coffin awakening its inmate—of bearers being stopped by strange noises on their way to the grave—of bodies found distorted on disinterment, and other like horrors of posthumous life. For ourselves, we should be content with Shakspeare's test—

'This feather stirs; she lives!'

There is another evil of the present system, calling for remark. The class of sextons and grave-diggers, who in the early Church as *copiata*, *fossarii*, &c., would have borne a respectable office and character, becoming the duties imposed upon them, is notoriously become one of the most demoralized and shameless; and painfully unite in their own body the contrast of the Psalmist, being 'door-keepers in the house of the Lord,' yet 'dwelling in the tents of ungodliness.' It would be well that the lower office-bearers of the Church were more strictly looked after: we verily believe that vergers, sextons, and parish-clerks, make many infidels annually. The evidence given of the habits of the metropolitan grave-diggers, is too sickening to repeat; some idea, however, may be formed of them by a low publication lately advertising 'A correct view of the Church of ———, and the Grave-diggers Playing at Skittles with the Skulls and Bones.' How unlike the 'ancient gentleman' of Shakspeare—'Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them?' But of old, though a skull might occasionally be 'knocked about the mazzard with the sexton's spade,' they did not bury eight or ten corpses in the same grave: nor had the operator to dig through a mass of loathsome soil, 'saturated and blackened with human remains' (*Sup. Rep.*, § 156); nor were his profits increased and his sacrilege stimulated by the half-decayed wood and ornaments of the coffins he disturbed. The sale of second-hand coffin-wood has now become a petty trade in some low districts of London, and a witness describes that he detected by the smell the origin of the firewood in some of the wretched abodes that he visited. We have just heard that one poor man has gone mad on the subject of the desecration of

graves; and that he goes about addressing what audiences he can collect, mounted on a rostrum made of a second-hand coffin, which he snatched from a grave-digger who was about to apply it to use again. The following bit of Mr. Wild's evidence may fitly conclude this part of the subject. He has been speaking of the effect produced by the many funerals which take place at the same time in large parishes, and the remarks of the poor who are kept waiting outside while the service over those whose higher fees are paid is proceeding within the church, half-realizing the scene of Crabbe, where

'waiting long, the crowd retire distress'd,
To think a poor man's bones should lie unblest'd.'

The further question is asked,

'What other inconveniences are experienced in the service in other churchyards?—It is a frequent thing that a gravedigger, who smells strongly of liquor, will ask the widow or mourners for something to drink, and, if not given, he will follow them to the gates and outside the gates, murmuring and uttering reproaches.

'Is that ordinarily the last thing met with before leaving the churchyards?—Yes, that is the last thing.

'That closes the scene?—Yes, that closes the scene.'

It is stated in Mr. Chadwick's report, that in many parishes of London the corpses of the very poor are not brought within the church at all, and that consequently half the service is omitted. We cannot believe this to be a prevailing custom—for it would hardly have escaped the lynx-eye of the present zealous diocesan; and surely it would be worse than folly to urge the more frequent and strict observance of the Church's general services, if the most solemn of all were notoriously curtailed to the measure of quality or fee. Truly indeed may it be said in this matter that 'until the Church's intentions are completely fulfilled as to her ritual, we do not know what the Church really is, nor what she is capable of effecting.' Mr. Milman emphatically denies this defrauding of the poor for his own curates. All honor be to them! For the denial seems to imply the contrary general use. Too much allowance, indeed, can hardly be made for the zealous and painful clergy of our overgrown metropolitan parishes, who toil on from week to week amidst a mass of crime that they cannot check, and misery that

they cannot alleviate, uncheered by the faintest hope of overtaking the work that lies before them, and by little sympathy from the uncounted wealth that dwells within the sound of their church-bells—but we would beseech them to let no deadening routine of their thankless duties, no salving precedent, no cold calculation of mercenary underlings harden their hearts against the claims of the Christian poor to the full participation of the last offices of the Church. If it were not that Dissent is ten times more crouching to wealth, and grinding to poverty still, 'the poor man's Church' would long ago have been a mockery as applied to the Church of England.

One important point, which we have left unnoticed, the moral effect of cemeteries, as compared with the close town graveyard, will come better recommended in the language of Wordsworth. Coleridge gave his sanction to these words by publishing them in his 'Friend':—

'I could here pause with pleasure, and invite the reader to indulge with me in contemplation of the advantages which must have attended such a practice [wayside cemeteries]. We might ruminate on the beauty which the monuments thus placed must have borrowed from the surrounding images of nature, from the trees, the wild flowers, from a stream running within sight or hearing, from the beaten road, stretching its weary length hard by. Many tender similitudes must these objects have presented to the mind of the traveller, leaning upon one of the tombs, or reposing in the coolness of its shades, whether he had halted from weariness, or in compliance with the invitation, 'Pause, traveller,' so often found upon the monuments. . . . We, in modern times, have lost much of these advantages; and they are but in a small degree counterbalanced to the inhabitants of large towns and cities, by the custom of depositing the dead within or contiguous to their places of worship, however splendid or imposing may be the appearance of those edifices, or however interesting or salutary may be the associations connected with them. Even were it not true that tombs lose their monitory virtue when thus obtruded upon the notice of men occupied with the cares of the world, and too often sullied and defiled by those cares; yet still, when death is in our thoughts, nothing can make amends for the want of the soothing influences of nature, and for the absence of those types of renovation and decay, which the fields and woods offer to the notice of the serious and contemplative mind. To feel the force of this sentiment, let a man only compare, in imagination, the unseemly manner in which our monuments are crowded together

in the busy, noisy, unclean, and almost grassless churchyard of a large town, with the still exclusion of a Turkish cemetery in some remote place, and yet further sanctified by the grove of cypress in which it is embosomed.¹

If an English Virgil were to sing the blessings of rural life, he would hardly omit the decency and quiet of the countryman's last home; for Gray's *Elegy*, the verses of Wordsworth and Wilson, and the chapters of Washington Irving and Mrs. Southey, have not exhausted a subject round which the present state of feeling has thrown a new, and, we think, a holier interest. Our country churchyards are not indeed without their defects, often very grievous ones; and while our larger towns must certainly without delay provide additional burying ground, our villages must not be behind in rendering the courts of the Lord's House more worthy of His name, and the uses for which they were set apart for ever. The state of the church material, it is said, may be taken, in most parishes, as an index to the state of the church spiritual. The saying would be more true of its precincts. The poor vicar cannot always find the means or the influence to expend many hundreds upon the fabric; but he can always forego the petty gain of letting, and undertake the slight expense of keeping decent, the churchyard. There are a few simple rules which should be observed in every parish—Never to allow burial within six or eight feet of the walls of the church—to admit no iron palisades round tombs—to carry away, on the opening of each new grave, four or five wheelbarrowfuls of earth to a distant corner of the churchyard—to keep the turfed grave as low as possible, and the general surface of the churchyard below the level of the floor of the church. This last direction seems now often beyond our power. Two, three, and sometimes even four feet of soil lie a continual damper against the outside walls, and necessitate the infliction of Arnott's stoves and hot-water pipes within. But, considering the depth at which the coffins are interred, it would be quite possible to remove two or three feet of earth from the surface without in the least degree disturbing the remains below, taking care that the exact spot of every tombstone was marked that it might be replaced in the same position, and not less observant of each heaving turf beneath which,

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

It requires a nice hand and a reverend mind to perform this delicate task rightly, and not one spadeful of earth should be disturbed without the personal superintendence of the clergyman or church-warden. Where this attention is paid, and the minds of the parishioners duly prepared beforehand, a most salutary reform may be effected without committing either injury or offence. Only in this, as in every church restoration or improvement, let no clerk take the measure of his own knowledge or feeling as that of his flock. It requires more pains and time than he may like to give, to bring up his people to his own standard; but he must not expect them to adopt in a day principles and practices which it may have taken him many years, and much reading and reflection, to work out for himself. The soil pared off it will be much better to heap into a steep mound than to carry beyond the churchyard; and another generation may perhaps not be afraid or ashamed to revive upon its summit the ancient and simple Cross, which a bigotry more strange and fierce than the Saracen's, has desecrated, and swept away, almost universally, from its most appropriate site.

The mistakes that have already been committed, make us deprecate any hasty change. We have heard a churchyard eulogized because it was planted to harmonize with the shrubberies of the vicarage—and, being only separated by an invisible wire fence, to appear part of them. This is false in principle, and therefore in taste. A clear boundary should mark the consecrated ground, and the style of planting be accommodated not to the parsonage, but to the church. Straight and angular walks are therefore preferable to the undulating curves of the landscape-gardening school, and formal avenues to mixed clumps. A broad gravel path immediately round the church, is as seemly as convenient. Those who abuse the state of our present churchyards are little aware of the difficulty of rendering them more comely. We know of a little village in one of the midland counties, where the new vicar turned off the tenant and his sheep, took the churchyard into his own hands, and set about to make it the pride of his parish, and the pattern to the neighborhood. Pleased with the idea, he put up new gates after an old fashion, in place of the field-gate that was there before; he planted an avenue of cypresses up to the porch, and

yews and cedars of Lebanon where they seemed most wanted; and, fond, easy man, in the pride of his heart he entered the name and place of his plants, and the date of their planting, on the fly-leaf of the Burial-Register, and dreamt that on some future day, when he slept beneath the shade of his cedar, his successor should settle the age of that wide-spreading tree by turning to that solemn record. How a Mephistophiles would have laughed to see him planting them! The hinds stopped to admire them on the Sunday; they overgot the winter's frost and the summer's drought; nay, escaped the ravages of the stones and fingers of the village children. 'Did I not say,' remarked the vicar, as he pointed to the Virginian creeper that had reddened in the autumn sun, as it clung round the yellow sandstone arch of the porch, 'that if you showed confidence in the people, they would prove themselves worthy of it?' Alas for the short-sightedness of human boasting, and for our fondest hopes of trees and flowers, and rustic taste! There was a slight disturbance in the village that called for the vicar's interference; and the next morning—and Sunday morning too—there lay torn up by the roots, the remnants of the 'trees he planted,' and the creepers he had trained; and which read him probably, as he walked through his ruined idols, a far better homily than the sermon he afterwards preached to his flock. It requires no little faith to persevere after such scenes as these; but though we would by no means discourage our country friends in their attempts to improve their churchyards, we would suggest to the passing traveller and the prying Camdenian a little charity in their judgment, when they lay all the blame at the parson's door.

Many are beginning sadly to overplant their churchyards. Two or three fine old trees are quite enough; and therefore a greater number of young ones should only be planted to meet accidents. After all, what can be better than the single solitary yew, which is all that most of our oldest churches have to boast of? The species of trees appropriate to a churchyard, are very limited. They should either be connected with the associations of Holy Writ, or, as Aristotle would say, *xenic*—that is, removed from common life. The splendid *Deodara* and the graceful hemlock-spruce will come under the latter head. But the tree that best unites these two qualities, is the cedar of Lebanon; and its quick growth and hori-

zontal branches, finely contrasting with spiral church architecture, may recommend it where other reasons fail. It is, indeed, a noble tree, as worthy now to guard God's House without as it was deemed of old to furnish it within; and may well represent those trees of the Lord's planting which flourish so greenly in the verses of the Psalmist, and which have thrown an unwonted charm even into the metres of Brady and Tate, for there is surely a simple majesty in these lines:—

'The trees of God, without the care
Or art of man, with sap are fed;
The mountain cedar looks as fair
As those in royal gardens bred.'—*Ps. civ. s. v.*

The sycamore would remind us of *Zacchæus*, and the vine and the fig-tree are both sacred types. These two last are best suited for the porch, where they might replace the perfidious ivy; and if left to grow in their natural luxuriance, would seldom tempt the pilferer by their fruit. The rose of Sharon, and the wild vine of America (the Virginian creeper), might add their symbols intermixed with these; and on no account should any other flower, save those that spring up naturally from the turf, mar the solemnity of the place. Ivy, when planted at all, should be the narrow-leaved English, not the broad Irish. Louden gives a list of some five hundred trees, shrubs and flowers, adapted for cemeteries and churchyards; but, as may be supposed from the number, it is rather a select arboretum and flora equally suited to any other purpose. His sketch of the sepulchral style, as contrasted with the pleasure-ground style of laying out a cemetery, is generally correct; but he quite overlooks a principle which we think will be found to hold good universally, that for a cemetery or churchyard the shrubs only should be spiral, the trees massy and horizontal in their branches. In both cases, evergreens are preferable. The old and genuine Scotch pine is one of the best trees for a high situation. The Lombardy poplar should be avoided, as being in too close competition with the spire. The oak is too Erastian, as well as too utilitarian a symbol. The weeping-willow is quite a modern sentimentalism, false as a Christian type, and its name (*Salix Babylonica*), which popularly connects it with Hebrew song, a mere pious fraud of the botanists.

The Yew demands especial notice as the church tree of England—many of the finest specimens of which are undoubtedly older

than the fabrics with which they are now associated. Pages upon pages have been written upon the origin of planting this tree in our churchyards, and form a curious chapter in the history of antiquarian trifling. It is contended that it was placed there as a screen to the church against the winds—a shelter for the congregation assembling—to furnish long bows for the parish—as a funeral emblem of death—as a joyful symbol of the resurrection, as a substitute for palins—as a wood anciently used in funeral pyres, or strewed on coffins—as derived from the pagan reverence for ‘green trees;’ and one *Œdipus* has the hardihood to account for its proximity to the church, that, in troubled times, the congregation, when disturbed, might have a natural armory at hand whence they might cut their weapons. A more obvious reason—its use in decorating the church at Christmas and other festivals—we have never seen suggested in the many essays which this simple subject has produced. Its deadly property to cattle is well known; and whether or not that was a good reason for planting it in churchyards, its presence there is at least a better one for the expulsion of the grazier’s stock, too often found there.

We would plead a word in behalf of the time-honored trees still existing in country churchyards. Many sad spoliations of what all books call ‘Saints’ Yews’ have come under our own knowledge, realizing the old ballad verse—

‘Then came the clerk of the parish,
As you the truth shall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
Or they had now been here.’

The title of an ancient statue (35 Edward I.), which runs, ‘*Ne Rector Arbores in Cemetorio prosternat*,’ might be sometimes revived with advantage in the present day. An old story is found in Brand of a clergyman, who, ‘seeing some boyes breaking boughs from the yew-tree in the churchyard, felt himself much injured.’ He be-thought him of a summary method of escaping the like indignity for the future; for, ‘to prevent the like trespasses, he sent one presently to cut downe the tree, and bring it into his back-yard.’ Whereupon two of his cows, feeding on the leaves of it, died. We join with the narrator in the moral of the story, and bring in the verdict of the Irish jury—‘*Sare’d him right*.’

There is every reason to hope that some check may be given to the present hideous

fashion of country tombstones. Mr. Paget has done for the humbler classes what Mr. Markland’s excellent book has for the higher.* His ‘*Tract*,’ which does great credit to the provincial press from which it issues, should be widely distributed in all country parishes, and will hardly fail to diminish the number and size and correct the emblems of the black slate slabs, which, from their ready subjection to the chisel, are making rapid inroads throughout our rural churchyards. From Mr. Paget, as well as the Cambridge Camden Society, we have had drawings of a better class of headstones;† yet, though those designs which we have seen executed in stone are great improvements on the prevailing form, we think there is still room for the exercise of an enlightened and chastened taste. We are still in want of a good collection of posies for country churchyards, to replace

“Afflictions sore long time I bore”,

and others of that class. Perhaps the simpler and older forms of epitaph, imploring mercy and peace, would be more consonant with right feeling; but we could hardly debar our rural population from ‘the sermons in stones’ which they delight to pore over as they loiter among their fathers’ graves before evening service. Only we wish that the poetry and the doctrine put before them were more free from the vulgar extravagancies which now amuse rather than instruct us on village tombstones. Goldsmith has somewhere made a remark on how good and amiable a world this would be, if men’s lives were only spent as they read on their epitaphs. Of men, as Christians—and as such their epitaph should speak of them—the less said is best said. ‘The greater part of mankind must be content, as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man.’

Mr. Chadwick deserves the thanks of the community for having stepped a little out of his way to notice the subject of funeral expenses. *Five millions sterling*, on a moderate calculation, is the sum annually expended in England and Wales alone on this account. Four of these may fairly be set down as squandered on the mere fopperies of death. Will Christian England hear this simple statement and be still? There is a

* Quarterly Review, vol. lxx. p. 417.

† We have just received, too late to notice it otherwise, a ‘*Paper on Monuments*,’ Oxford, 1844, by the Rev. J. Armstrong, which gives the best designs for churchyard head-stones we have seen.

cry in the streets of towns that count their inhabitants by tens of thousands, for schools and churches; gaunt and squalid poverty, heathen ignorance, and, what is worse, half-knowing infidelity, call aloud for almoners, and teachers, and pastors; and the utmost that our wealth has done for them has never yet in one year met the demand of that year's increase, let alone the accumulations of past years' neglect. And here is an annual *four millions*—a professed offering to domestic piety and Christian decency—which might have met all these demands even to an overflowing—not merely wasted, but degraded to the idlest and meanest uses. This estimate does not include the vain marble, 'the storied urn and animated bust,' and the emblazoned hatchment, of monumental affectation and parade. To what then does it go? To silk scarfs, and brass nails—feathers for the horses—kid gloves and gin for the mutes—white satin and black cloth for the worms. And whom does it benefit? Not those in whose honor all this pomp is marshalled—not those who often at a costly sacrifice submit to it as a trammel of custom—not those whose unfeigned sorrow makes them callous at the moment to its show and almost to its mockery—not the cold spectator, who sees its dull magnificence give the palpable lie to the preacher's equality of death—but the lowest of all low hypocrites, the hired mourner, whose office it is a sin to sanction and encourage. There is a time in every family when one room in the house of the living is the chamber of death—when words are whispered low, and the smile is checked, and the light of the sun is darkened, and the sternest master is mild, and the most bustling servant is still, and no one has the heart to choose the wood for the coffin, or haggle about the price of broadcloth. Then, when false shame or true affection makes us puppets in the hands of others, a mercenary stranger,

'Like the ghoul of the East, with quick scent for the dead,'

'undertakes' the measure and evidences of our grief, and by 'only what is customary' is at once the arbiter, and director, and purveyor of the trappings of woe, taking his own orders, and charging his own prices, according as he may estimate the pride, or piety, or purse of his helpless employers.

It speaks volumes of the iron grasp with which that monster custom has clutched us here, that a bill of 60*l.* or 70*l.* for funeral

expenses is passed, as a matter of course, by a Master of Chancery, even in an insolvent estate. From 60*l.* to 100*l.* for an upper tradesman, 250*l.* for a gentleman, 500*l.* to 1500*l.* for a nobleman—such is the ordinary metropolitan scale, as announced by the officials of the great Leveller, for attendance on the funerals of many who have left their widows and orphans destitute, their debts unpaid, and perhaps wanted themselves the comforts, even the necessities of a dying-bed.* The family pride, that turned a deaf ear and a stone heart to the calls of living wretchedness, comes to the rescue when the unfortunate has ceased from troubling, and gladly pays to the last claim that which, if given before, might have inconveniently prolonged and increased further demands. Poor Sheridan proved not in his death more truly the faithlessness of summer friends, than he did in his funeral the hollow mockery of posthumous parade; and Moore never struck a nobler or more independent chord than when he sung,

'How proud will they flock to the funeral array
Of one whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow!

How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!"

It was probably with a prescient dread of some such empty pageantry that Pope ordered, by will, that his pall should be supported by poor men only. This office—indeed the more real service of carrying the bier itself—was formerly the privilege of the nearest relations and dearest friends. The holy Lady Paula has this honor recorded of her by St. Jerome, that the bishops of Palestine carried her forth with their own hands, and put their own necks under her coffin,

'Bending beneath the lady and her lead.'

Good Isaak Walton was told by the Bishop of London who ordained George Herbert, that 'he laid his hand on Mr. Herbert's head,

* The average surplice-fee for the clergyman for the whole of London, where almost alone it exists, and which forms the chief source of income in some parishes, is 6*s.* 2*d.* The average funeral expense for the whole London population is about 15*l.* Pauper coffins are contracted for at 1*s.* 6*d.* each. Undertakers themselves acknowledge that 56 per cent. might be deducted from their usual charges, and leave them a fair remuneration. The whole of Mr. Chadwick's Report on this part of the subject proves the undertaking system to be, what, in another sense, Lord Portmouth delighted to call a *black job*.

and, alas, within less than three years lent his shoulder to carry his dear friend to the grave; and it was often a matter of friendly rivalry who should be allowed to carry a good man deceased to his last home. Even in our own day, we read in the life of Sir Walter Scott, that 'His old domestics and foresters made it their petition that no hiring hand might assist in carrying his remains. They themselves bore the coffin to the grave.' If modern effeminacy or refinement can only lay a hand to a tassel, where our fathers put their shoulders to the coffin, at least some poor dependents might be selected for underbearers, on whom the funeral dole would be better bestowed than on hired strangers. Now—the men who share in the funeral baked meats are thus described by one of their masters;—'They are frequently unfit to perform their duty, and have reeled in carrying the coffin. The men who stand as mutes at the door, as they stand out in the cold, are supposed to require more drink, and receive it liberally. I have seen these men reel about the road, and after the burial we have been obliged to put these mutes and their staves into the interior of the hearse, and drive them home, as they were incapable of walking. After the return from the funeral, the mourners commonly have drink again at the house.' (*Sup. Rep.* § 56.) No one who has read 'Inheritance'—and who has not?—can fail to be reminded here of Miss Pratt's arrival at the Earl's.

'It was drawing towards the close of a day, when the snow had fallen without intermission, but was now beginning to abate. A huge black object was dimly discernible entering the avenue, and dragging its ponderous length towards the castle; but what was its precise nature the still falling snow prevented their ascertaining. But suddenly the snow ceased, the clouds rolled away, and a red brassy glare of the setting sun fell abruptly on the moving phenomenon, and disclosed to view a stately full-plumed hearse. There was something so terrific, yet so picturesque, in its appearance, as it ploughed its way through waves of snow—its sable plumes and gilded skulls nodding and grinning in the now lurid glimmering of the fast-sinking sun—that all stood transfixed with alarm and amazement. At length the prodigy drew near, followed by two attendants on horseback; it drew up at the grand entrance, the servants gathered round, one of the men began to remove the end-board—that threshold of death—and there was lifted out, not "a slovenly unhandsome corpse betwixt the wind and his nobility," but the warm, sentient, though somewhat discomfited, figure of Miss Pratt.'

Thus are farce and tragedy mixed up in the drama of life, and remind us of the schoolboy puzzle, which, by a slight harlequinade of the letters, turned 'funeral' into 'real fun.'

In olden times, when charity implied an act and not only a feeling, almsgiving accompanied the performance of every Christian service. Men were not afraid of doing good works, lest they should be said to rest upon them. And the funeral Dole,* though it undoubtedly led at times to great excesses, was one of the occasions which helped to equalize wealth, and make the poor partakers of our substance and hospitality. The Fathers, indeed, are full of condemnation of the abuses of the anniversary festivals of the dead, which savored more of the Parentalia of the Gentiles than of the doles of Churchmen; our own Puritans also, not without reason, attacked the carousing and junketing of the Month's Myndes;† but the same objections hardly hold good against the dole and almsgiving at the time of the funeral. St. Jerome commends a widower upon this account—'that whilst other husbands throw violets, and roses, and lilies, and purple flowers upon the graves of their wives, our Psammachius waters the holy ashes and bones of his wife with the balsam of alms.' Old English wills are full of such instructions as that of William de Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, 1397—that 'twenty-five shillings should be daily distributed among three hundred poor people from the time of his death to the arrival of his body at Bustlesham.' And Strutt gives among the articles of expense at the funeral of Sir John Rudstone, mayor of London, 1531—'To poor folke in almys, 1*l.* 5*s.* &c.; and the list might be easily lengthened. If respect for the dead necessarily involve unusual expenditure, surely such objects as the above are more reasonable items than those which occur in a modern undertaker's bill of

* The origin and signification of the word are well explained by these lines from Percy:—

"Deal on, deal on, my merry men all, deal on
your cake and wine;

For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,
shall be dealt to-morrow at mine."

† The day month after the funeral, as year's-mind was the anniversary. Sir Robert Chicheley, grocer, and twice Lord Mayor of London, who died in 1439, 'wylled in his testament, that upon his Mynde Day a good and competent dinner should be ordayne to xxiiii C. pore men. And over that was xx ponde distributed among them, which was to every man two-pence.'—*Brand's Pop. Antiq.*, Sir H. Ellis's Ed., vol. ii. p. 192.

'ostrich feathers, 1*l.* 1*s.*; man carrying ditto, 8*s.*; eighteen pages, silk bands and gloves, 11*l.* 14*s.*' and the like.

It is to be lamented, but perhaps not wondered at, that the more the dead have been honored, the more the living have been forgotten—the poor stinted as the parade has increased. We omit in this view the extraordinary occasions when in the palmy days of pageant and heraldry the combination of great worth, wealth, and rank—all, or some of them—made a funeral procession an affair of state; and which in no way justifies the appropriation of the dead-letter of a spirit of nobility which has passed away, to the obsequies of persons who in those days would not have been allowed to subscribe '*gent.*' as their designation. But while the ceremonial pomp of our fathers has been retained, their charity, whether by the will of the deceased, or the largess of the surviving, is too often omitted, and the mural tablet now generally records the virtues which were once more indirectly, but not the less sensibly, portrayed on the same church-walls in the list of parish benefactions. Let us hope that the like spirit which is now converting the sepulchral monument from being the disfigurement of the church into its ornament, that substitutes the painted window and the sculptured font for the pompous and unmeaning tablets of the last age, may be yet further extended to the more judicious application of funeral expenses. We do not hesitate to denounce the present accumulation of ceremony and outlay at funerals as not only ridiculous but sinful. In ordinary cases it is out of all proportion to the means of the family incurring it, and not unfrequently a most grievous burden. But where money is of little moment, how far better would it be to expend the sum consumed in an hour's passing pomp on the lasting and substantial good of a memorial school-room or an alms-house, in restoring an aisle, or adding a porch to the parish church! Some sacrifice on the death of a friend humanity seems to demand—who does not read '*Rasselas*' with a double interest when he knows it was written to pay the cost of a mother's funeral? Affection, where it exists, suggests it: and its absence, where it exists not, is scarcely a less stimulant, lest the niggard hand should betray the cold heart. The world, always leaning to the uncharitable side, while it gives little credit to a costly outlay, yet sees in a cheap funeral the measure of the love of the survivors; and few have the

courage to undergo this ordeal. But let a distribution be made or announced on the day of the funeral, which, while the minimum sum is expended on the obsequies, by the amount saved from the undertaker's clutches, shall feed and clothe, and teach the poor, and the most ignorant will be satisfied, and the most envious silenced. If we could be brought to view this matter simply as Christians, nay, as mere men of common sense, 10*l.* would suffice in towns, and 5*l.* in the country, for that upon which hundreds are now squandered, and of which not a trace remains. Something may be said for a sumptuous monument; it wards off oblivion for a generation or two, from a name that would otherwise be forgotten; it speaks for a time of and to the charities of family and home; but the train of hired feathers and hack coaches has none of these things to recommend it; the impression produced by it is purely evil. We thank Mr. Chadwick for reminding us of these nervous lines of Crabbe—

'Lo! now, what dismal sons of Darkness come
To bear this daughter of Indulgence home;
Tragedians all, and well arranged in black!
Who nature, feeling, force, expression lack;
Who cause no tear, but gloomily pass by,
And shake their sables to the wearied eye
That turns disgusted from the pompous scene,
Proud without grandeur, with profusion mean!
The tear for kindness past affection owes;
For worth deceased the sigh from reason flows;
E'en well-feign'd passions for our sorrow call,
And real tears for mimic miseries fall:
But this poor farce has neither truth nor art,
To please the fancy or to touch the heart;
Dark, but not awful, dismal, but yet mean,
With anxious bustle moves the cumbrous scene;
Presents no objects, tender or profound,
But spreads its cold unmeaning gloom around.
When woes are feign'd, how ill such forms
appear;
And oh! how needless when the woe's sincere.'

The Parish Register.

On the other hand, conceive for a moment what our towns might have saved in workhouses and prisons—what buildings in their place devoted to religion and charity they might have exhibited, if, during the last age, the forty pounds which might have been saved out of every fifty wasted on funeral fopperies had been rationally expended. Let it not be said that it is vain to argue thus—that the money if not spent on the funeral would not have been spent at all, or at least in no better way; because nature will demand a sacrifice in the last gift of love, and of old it did flow in a nobler channel. It is not cheap, so much as plain, funerals that we advocate. We

grudge not the 'waste of ointment,' however costly, so it be poured out in the honor of God, and not for the pride of man; and the very want of our Lord's visible presence suggests that we have the poor in His room.

And yet, after all, in the case of our dearest friends deceasing, it may be feared that the world and its fashions will have their way. We cannot bear, perhaps, the thought of withholding, in the case of others, even the lacquered cherubs and French polished mahogany of the undertaker's bill. But there is one case which comes nearest home to us, on which we *may* decide, for 'once it shall come to pass, that concerning every one of us it shall be told in the neighborhood that we are dead;' and then there may be found that strict written injunction with regard to our own funeral, that even the extreme officiousness of love dares not disobey. Mere general directions, however, will not suffice. Few fail even now to give instructions, verbal or written, that no unnecessary sum shall be expended on their burial. But each one must name the definite amount beyond which the expenditure shall not go, and name also the rescued sum which shall be devoted to charitable purposes. Details must not alarm us; we must name the elm coffin, and the coarse linen, and dispense explicitly with mutes, and hat-bands, and kid gloves. The carpenter must be the undertaker, and six poor men to carry us in place of the four-horsed hearse. If we thus took the ordering of our own funerals upon ourselves, our friends would be relieved, and the world satisfied; and though eccentricities might sometimes peep out of the instructions, there would be little fear of often encountering the orange-colored pall and cloaks of the late Dr. Somebody, or the 4000*l.* for an equestrian statue of himself, left a short time since by one Mr. Hobart.

Many of the best and greatest men have left strict injunctions on this head, which have mostly been evaded for want of more definite expressions. A few only occur to us at this moment, as Pope and Burke, Sir M. Hale, and we think Bishop Hall. All strongly deprecated funeral extravagance. Evelyn records of his mother that on her death-bed she importuned his father 'that what he designed to bestow upon her funeral, he would rather dispose among the poor.' We learn from Gregory Nyssen,*

that Ephrem Cyrus left it upon his will, that nothing should be expended on his funeral, but whatever should be appointed for that should be given to the poor. Paula, to whom we referred before, left not money so much as to buy a winding-sheet. St. Basil asks the rich—'What need have you of a sumptuous monument, or a costly entombing? Prepare your own funeral whilst you live. Works of charity and mercy are the funeral obsequies you can bestow upon yourself.' Sir Thomas Wyndham, 1521, directs his 'body to be buried without damnable pomp, or superfluities;' and the old wills abound in similar injunctions. The Roman sumptuary laws expressly forbade expensive funerals; might not taxation, which in modern times supersedes the necessity of direct restrictive enactments, help to diminish the increasing folly?

It would be unjust to the Gallican Church not to notice especially her continual efforts against the repeated inroads of intramural burial. These she has persevered in, even in spite of the Pope's decretals giving hereditary rights of burial within the church to wealthy and noble families. Mr. Walker reprints a most valuable document, taken from a New York publication, in the form of an ordinance of Stephen Charles de Lomenie de Brienne, Archbishop of Toulouse, who was made a cardinal by Pius VI. Making allowance for some doctrinal points, to which we might not agree, the archbishop's letter gives the best history of, and the most conclusive arguments against, intramural burial, which we have yet seen. After referring to thirteen ordinances published in France alone, between the years 1600 and 1721, against the practice, he thus appeals to the feelings of those who might be disposed to persist in their privilege of interment in or near the church:—

'If inhumation around churches is to be allowed, can cities be perfectly salubrious? If priests and laymen, distinguished for piety, are to be buried within, who shall judge of this piety, or who presume to refuse their testimony? If the quality of founder or benefactor is a title, what rate shall fix the privilege? If the right is hereditary, must not time multiply the evil to excess, and will not our churches at length be crowded beyond endurance? If distinctions of rank are to exist after death, can vanity know any limitation or judge? If these distinctions are to be procured for money, will not vanity lavish riches to procure them? And would it be proper for the Church to prostitute

* Bingham, *Antiq.* xiii. 2.

* Nicolas, *Test. Vet.* p. 581.

to wealth and honor only due to such as have been rendered worthy by the grace of God?"

Such is the unanswerable appeal. Now for the manner of enforcing it:—

'We are disposed, dearly beloved brethren, to show all possible moderation in this necessary reformation; though charged to be strict in the fulfilment of our pastoral duties, we are allowed a discretionary power, and can consult your habits, your opinions, and even your prejudices, and all that may conciliate your interests with the glory of God; but woe to us if, blinded by weakness, we lose sight of the experience of past ages, and suffer things still to continue that have till now served, and can only serve, to perpetuate disorder.'—*Gatherings*, p. 72.

The reasonableness of the injunction, and the moderation in effecting it, we earnestly recommend to our spiritual rulers. On the other hand, we will not think so ill of our aristocracy as to believe that family pride will stand out for the pitifully Pharisaical distinction of burying within the church—of all privileges the most unprofitable to the possessors, and unedifying to the people. There can be few cases where they have the shadow of a legal right; and an episcopal injunction might, we suppose, in every case, avail to suppress it. Belial and Mammon are the presiding deities of private vaults; for Christianity, reason, and decency, must, on an unprejudiced view, equally abhor them. The material appearance of a charnel-house is positively more nauseous than that of an earthen grave, and the process of corruption there perhaps the more loathsome of the two. When Allan Cunningham was offered by Chantrey a place in his own new elaborate mausoleum, Allan answered like a man and a poet, 'No, no, I'll not be built over when I'm dead; I'll lie where the wind shall blow and the daisy grow upon my grave.' His wish was granted; he was laid in the lap of his mother earth, under a simple sod; and, according to a brother poet's prayer;—

'The evening sun
Shines sweetly on his grave.'

The fact that the tombs most conspicuous in the Cemetery at Kensal Green, where 'Honest Allan' thus reposes, are those of St. John Long, the quack, Ducrow, the equestrian, and Morison, the *hygeist*, will not perhaps tend to raise the value of granite, and marble, and bronze, in the public mind. There is something, too, very dis-

gusting to us in the public exhibition of coffins, such as takes place in the catacombs of the cemeteries, and in some nobleman's vaults, on payment of a fee. Like making a spectacle of an execution, or thronging to the funeral of a suicide or a murderer, this is hardly the healthy Christian contemplation of death, but rather springs from the same morbid feeling that led the Egyptians to introduce a skeleton in their feasts, and Lord Byron to have his drinking-cup made of a skull—not a repose, but an excitement—the substitution, in either case, for the wholesome fear of death, of a braving of

'The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon.'

A great deal has been said of late of the unchristian 'respect of persons' shown by the ambitious and monopolizing pews of too many of our churches; and certain it is that such distinction of rank in God's House is very hurtful in many ways, and that if there is to be an inequality at all, the tables should be turned, and the best places allotted to those who have, as is supposed, most to learn, and who are the Church's peculiar care. But surely it is far more shocking to right feeling to carry this inequality into the grave: we mean not in monuments, which may result merely from affection using its proportionate means, but in the place of burial, so that the poor man shall have the northern and unsunned corner of the churchyard, while the chancel shall hardly be deemed good enough for the deceased rector. Even the growing spirit of church decoration may be perverted, if the foundation be not rightly laid; for in many cases where the greatest care is bestowed upon the fabric, it seems rather to be viewed as a family mausoleum than as a place of common worship; and the high principle that is contended for will be little advanced if the green-baized pew only gives place to the emblazoned monument. Let the high clergy and laity follow Allan Cunningham's example, and give such directions about their burial that the poor man may see some little sincerity of action, as well as warmth of profession, and have no more repetition of the old but eloquent epitaph—

'Here I lie beside the door,
Here I lie because I'm poor;
Further in the more they pay,
Here I lie as well as they.'

For our own part, when we think over the lives of those who claim chancel-vaults,

and of those who rest in the churchyard without a stone to mark the spot of their interment—like Crabb's old Dibble we would content ourselves with the humbler allotment, and

'Join the party that repose without.'

'To subsist in lasting monuments,' says Sir Thomas Browne, 'to live in their productions, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live, indeed, is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope but an evidence, in noble believers 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's churchyard as in the sands of Egypt. Ready to be any thing in the ecstasy of being for ever, and as content with six feet as with the moles of Adrianus.'

Though, as we have already said, we differ from Mr. Chadwick as to the hands into which the providing and maintenance of cemeteries should fall, we can have no difficulty, and we think the nation will go along with us, in coming to the same main conclusion with him:—

'That on the several special grounds, moral, religious, and physical, and in conformity to the best usages and authorities of primitive Christianity and the general practice of the most civilized, modern nations, the practice of interments in towns in burial places amidst the habitations of the living, and the practice of interment in churches, ought for the future, and without any exception of places, or reception of persons, to be entirely prohibited.'—*Sup. Rep.* § 249.

We also fully agree with him—'That the necessities of no class of the population in respect to burial, ought to be abandoned as sources of private emolument to commercial associations';—that 'institutions of houses for the immediate reception, and respectful and appropriate care of the dead, under superior and responsible officers, should be provided in every town for the use of all classes of the community';—that 'an abatement of oppressive charges for funeral materials, decorations, and services,' should be made; and we are sure that he would meet us with his concurrence in the suggestions we have tendered for the general diminution of all funeral parade. We cannot take leave of the Report without thanking its able author for the very great public service he has achieved by it.

And now, something must be done in this matter, and that without delay. This day the sun will set in Britain upon a thousand corpses of those who saw the light of yesterday. It will be the same to-morrow,

but with increasing ratio; our burial-grounds are meanwhile almost stationary; and the mind shudders to think of the accumulating horrors which must ensue from a continuance of things as they are. There is no doubt whose prerogative it is to conduct the rites of Christian burial, and whose duty, therefore, it is to come forward at the present moment, and rescue them from their increasing desecration. One year more, and a new concession may be wrested from the Church, and another tie may be broken; and while Churchmen are busied in fine-drawing the Articles in their studies, and carving rood-screens in their workshops, the opportunity of a great practical restoration, at once primitive and catholic, pious, edifying, and popular, may be allowed to slip away, to fall into the hands of speculators and Dissenters. Never—if we may, without irreverence, apply to a minor want of the Church that expression which was more solemnly appropriated of old to her greatest need—never was the Fulness of time for a specific object more signally come. The necessity of the case is not more urgent, than are the means to meet it prompt and ample. The antidote as well as the bane is before us. The very existence of the Ecclesiastical Commission, unwelcome as it may be to many even in its improved constitution, offers the fortunate—may we not say, providential—accident of a motive power and machinery made to hand to carry out the material framework; while the spirit to give life and energy to a movement in the direction of primitive usage, is only not boiling over for want of a vent at which to expend itself. It is not in this only, but in greater matters, that we want good practical men to guide the present high-running tide of Church principles—a change for which, on the whole, we cannot be too grateful. No great change of mind, for good or for evil, was ever the unassisted work of man. Despite the cries of old women and the fears of philosophers—nay, despite the serious offences of the masters, and the laughable flounderings of the disciples, no unprejudiced observer can fail to recognize in the present signs of the times, a more than common reading of '*vox populi, vox Dei*.' Let the leaders only, instead of shrinking into irresponsible privacy from the immediate duties to which they have been called, or provoking friends into enemies by one-sided histories and extreme theories, or frittering away their learning on copes and candlesticks, take a

manly and practical view of the present requirements of the English Church, and as has been done in one field by the vicar of Leeds, take up such questions as this we have now discussed—where the want is clear and palpable, and the remedy simple and well defined. 'Going over the theory of virtue in one's own thoughts, talking well, and drawing fine pictures of it;' this may suffice for the philosopher, but not for the Divine. Let it never be said of English theology, as it was of Grecian ethics, that when its written principles were highest, its practical development was at the lowest ebb. Of course we do not mean to apply this personally; we speak of measures, not of men. No great principles were ever yet advanced by the mere speculations of the closet. The benefactors of mankind—those for whose being we have to give God thanks—have not been content with putting forth abstract opinions, but, like their great Master, have employed themselves in going about doing good. It is a commendation in the Gospel, that the love of a disciple was deepest shown, in that the work she did was done 'for burial.' We look to the Fathers of our Church to draw the conclusion, and sum up our paper in the words of the faithful Borromeo—'*Morem restituendum cunctis Episcopis in cimiteriis sepeliendi.*'

BRITISH MUSEUM.—The gross total amount of all receipts from Christmas 1842 to Christmas 1843 was 37,314*l.* of which 24,432*l.* arose from sums already received from the Parliamentary grant of 1843-44. The total expenditure during the same period amounted to 35,488*l.*, leaving a balance in hand of 1,826*l.* The estimated expenditure for 1843 amounted to 37,526*l.* The estimated charge from Lady-day 1844 to Lady-day 1845 is 31,487*l.*, and the sum proposed to be voted by Parliament 37,987*l.* The total number of persons who were admitted to visit the British Museum, and to view the general collections, during the year 1843, amounted to 517,440, being less by 30,274 than the number who visited the establishment in 1842. The number of visitors in former years was as follows, viz.:—in 1833, 266,008; in 1839, 280,650; in 1840, 247,923; and in 1841, 319,374. The number of visits made to the reading-rooms for the purpose of study or research, was about 1950 in 1810, 4300 in 1815, 8820 in 1820, 22,800 in 1825, 31,200 in 1830, 63,466 in 1835, 76,542 in 1840, 69,303 in 1841, 71,706 in 1842, and 70,391 in 1843, exhibiting the enormous increase, between the years 1810 and 1844, of 63,981 readers, or between 35 and 40 times more than in 1810. The number of visits by artists

and students to the sculpture galleries, was about 4938 in 1831, 6081 in 1835, 6354 in 1840, 5655 in 1841, 5627 in 1842, and only 4207 in 1843. The number of visits to the print-room was about 4400 in 1832, 5065 in 1835, 6717 in 1840, 7744 in 1841, 8781 in 1842, and 8162 in 1843. In the manuscript department 805 MSS. and 35 original charters have been added since the last return. These MSS. include 320 vols. of Syriac, of great biblical and theological importance, the greater portion written between the 6th and 9th centuries. The number of printed books recently added to the library is 11,549, of which 545 were presented, 2039 received by copyright, and 8965 purchased. The reading-rooms have been kept open 295 days, and the average number of daily readers has been 244. It appears that each reader consulted, on an average, nearly five books a day. To the zoological collection 21,864 specimens of different classes of animals have been added during the present year.—*Literary Gazette.*

ENGLISH HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.—We have had the gratification of a glance at an extremely interesting collection of correspondence and other MSS., which Mr. Bentley has recently had the good fortune to procure for publication. It consists of letters of King Charles I. and II., and also of a large number of Prince Rupert's; and many of them of great personal as well as historical importance. Like the Evelyn, Pepys, and other literary treasures, these documents have been curiously and safely preserved. Mr. Bennett, the secretary to Prince Rupert, was their original *custodian*, and in his family they were handed down till an intermarriage with the family of Mr. Benet, the member for Wiltshire, brought them into his possession. It is remarkable enough that though so nearly alike in name, the ancestor of Mr. Benet was distinguished on the side of the parliamentarians, whilst the ancestor of the female line of Bennett was serving the king; and there was no consanguinity, till their descendants were united. We look forward to the appearance of these remains with much curiosity, as likely to elucidate many matters belonging to one of the most memorable eras in English history. One of the papers we looked at was a receipt signed in a bold hand by Prince Rupert for 1700*l.*, his two quarters' pension to Christmas.—*Lit. Gaz.*

NAPOLEON RELICS.—M. Marchand, who was valet-de-chambre to Napoleon, has addressed a letter to the *Constitutionnel*, respecting the sale, by the executors of Sir Hudson Lowe, of various articles described as having belonged to the late Emperor. M. Marchand declares, that some of the articles so described were never in the possession of the Emperor. He mentions particularly the Breguet watch, the portrait, and the garden-chair; and adds, that although the hair in the medallion may be genuine, the ribands connected with it had never been worn by Napoleon.—*Athenæum.*

NEW SPIRIT OF THE AGE.*

From the Westminster Review.

A New Spirit of the Age. Edited by R. H. Horne. Smith Elder and Co.

A TITLE of large promise. Amidst all that is even now stirring all human things to their deepest depths, the announcement of a yet newer spirit is pregnant with high interest. For it is, after all, the "spirit" which can alone give value to the material. The aspiring, the upward, and the onward, are all encircled in the term spirituality. It is synonymous with progress, with the growth of man from the savage state, with matted hair, projected muzzle, high cheek bones, and prominent eyes, up to the highest forms of human beauty; it is synonymous with the release of man from physical drudgery to mental exercise—his intellect gaining knowledge, and his spirituality teaching him, or impelling him to, its rightful application in the purposes of beneficence.

Through the whole range of human pursuits, we find constant traces of this advancing spirit, more rife at the present than at any former period of the world's history. And the reason for this is obvious. There is a large leisure class who have time to think, who are clothed, fed, and lodged while thinking, with more or less freedom from anxiety, and their thoughts are directed to the processes best adapted for guiding the work of the workers, and shaping it to the most useful ends. The workers have more supervisors over them, and produce better results; they waste less labor. A society of all workers would do little more than realize their own physical consumption. A sailing vessel, with a large crew and no captain, would be lost, with all its power of physical labor. Converted into a steam-moving vessel by the long studies of men of leisure, the drudgery of the mass of the crew is dispensed with, and a very small minority do the work. They are set free to become men of leisure or workers at other things. All that is greatest in the history of human actions, has been produced, not by the workers, but by the thinkers. The changes that take place are the result of thoughts of individual minds, practicalised by the more active workers of greater physical energy. Even the law-makers are

but rarely statesmen or legislators. The world rarely sees the "spirit" which moves the external agency of a wise and beneficent law. Practical men gain the reputation, the power, the wealth. The "spirit" rests from its work contentedly, unknown, and says "it is good."

All art, invention—*i. e.* original art—is but the embodiment of "spirit" in some form directly or indirectly useful to man. Art is but the combination or arrangement of natural principles to produce new results; and the organization of bodies of men or bodies of matter are, in all cases, operations of the "spirit." The art by which Michael Angelo found the statue in the marble block, and the art by which Oliver Cromwell found a cavalry regiment in a rude mass of men and horses, were alike operations of the "spirit." The spirit of Watt could discern the form of the steam-engine in the metallic ore, with the dim vista of countless thousands of human beings set free from drudgery in the hewing of wood and the drawing of water; and the spirit of Arkwright beheld the forms of various kinds of matter combining into a mill for grinding out clothing by miles. These men put forth their "spirit" in actual forms, to the cognizance of the world. Other spirits, as Homer and Shakspeare, gave their creations to the world in written descriptions; their ideal embodied their actual. Michael Angelo, Oliver Cromwell, Watt, and Arkwright, actualized their ideal. But there it is, the self-same "spirit" in all, making itself obvious to man's apprehension in one or other of the various modes by which man holds converse with his fellows, of greater or lesser significance.

What then is there *new* in the spirit of the present age? Development has mightily increased, but we can discern no change in the quality. Wisdom is but wisdom now, as it was in the earliest ages. The spirit of benevolence existed from the time that the first man possessed more provisions than he could eat. The benevolence grew in proportion as wants were supplied, and its retardation has been caused only by the wants outgrowing the supply. The aristocratic Greeks of old could be benevolent to each other; but the slaves of the mill who ground corn for their bread, they regarded only as lower animals. Benevolence in the present day has greatly increased, because intellect, discovering steam, has diminished wants, and the spirit of man speaks out more freely.

* This work has been lately republished in this country by J. C. Riker in a neat 12mo edition, and by Harper and Brothers in a cheap form.

The title of this book is a manifest misnomer of unphilosophic construction—a title indicative of the *littérateur* spirit which so commonly sacrifices meaning for the purpose of catching the eye and ear—a book-selling title, not conveying the spirit of the book itself. We turn to the preface, to enable ourselves to correct the defect of the title.

It appears that Mr. Horne, thinking Hazlitt's 'Spirit of the Age' nearly obsolete by the lapse of twenty years, wishes to make the public aware of the peculiarities of—

"A new set of men, several of them animated by a new spirit, who have obtained eminent positions in the public mind, the selection not being made from those already 'crowned' and their claims settled, but almost entirely from those who are in progress and midway to fame.

"The selection therefore which it has been thought most advisable to adopt, has been the names of those most eminent in general literature, and representing most extensively the spirit of the age, and the names of two individuals, who in this work represent those philanthropic principles now influencing the minds and moral feelings of all the first intellects of the time."

Further on Mr. Horne professes his intention at some future period to make the present work complete—if the sale be good—by adding to it, 'The Political Spirit of the Age,' 'The Scientific Spirit of the Age,' 'The Artistical Spirit of the Age,' 'The Historical, Biographical, and Critical Spirit of the Age,' and the 'Educational Spirit of the Age.' That is to say, the preface negatives the title, by showing that the book is not the spirit of the age, but a selection of certain literary men whom Mr. Horne considers "the most eminent in general literature," and "two individuals of philanthropic principles," whose "claims" he proceeds to "settle" for the purpose of "crowning" them. The promised 'New Spirit' we must look further for. The 'Spirit of the Age' turns out to be, not the general progress of man on the globe we inhabit, not even the spirit of Europe, but the spirit of a very small class of men in a very small corner of Europe, and that not in "general literature," but in particular literature, chiefly confined to poetry and fiction, with a considerable infusion of the drama.

Mr. Horne claiming to be an "author of the last ten or fifteen years," assumes the capacity to sit in judgment, and pass sentence on contemporary writers. The struc-

ture of the mind which assumes to do this, is a proper subject for inquiry; for it must be a mind of no light capacity to be capable of weighing and looking through so many minds, to discover the spirit within them. Such a mind is in itself a great spirit of the age, and we are disposed to welcome its advent in a reverential mood. Such a mind would not enter on its task without due knowledge added to intuitive judgment. Knowing that men of even the highest powers are subjected to the occasional trammels of the mechanical routine of the bookselling trade, we may assume that the philosophical perceptions of the editor were overruled by the title-making propensity of the bookseller, and acquit him of any intention of misleading.

Had the work been anonymous, we must have been content to form our estimate of the capabilities of the writer from its internal evidence. But we have a catalogue of works bearing the name of Mr. Horne—*prima facie* evidence of an industrious writer—and abundant material to test his general capacity as a spirit of the age, and also of his fitness for estimating the spirits of the age. His first acknowledged work published in 1833, was entitled 'Exposition of the False Medium and Barriers excluding Men of Genius from the Public.' Subsequently he became editor of a periodical, 'The Monthly Repository.' In 1837 he published 'Cosmo de' Medici, an Historical Tragedy.' In the same year he put forth the 'Death of Marlowe, a Tragedy in One Act.' In 1840 appeared 'Gregory the Seventh, a Tragedy.' Subsequently he edited a publication in monthly numbers, entitled 'The Life of Napoleon; and in 1843 appeared an epic, entitled 'Orion.' In his preface to the 'Spirit of the age,' Mr. Horne states that during the last seven or eight years he has "contributed to several quarterly journals," probably to monthlies also. In addition he has published a report of his proceedings as a factory commissioner, and was an occasional lecturer at the meetings of the Syncretic Association,* of which he was a zealous member. He has also edited an edition of Chaucer. There

* An association composed of unacted dramatists and others, impressed with the idea that they were unfairly treated by managers of theatres and others. One result of this association was the production of a rejected, tragedy, 'Mariouzzi,' at the Lyceum, where it was received by the public in a manner to confirm the judgment of the managers who had rejected it.

can, therefore, be no doubt that he is a ready and industrious writer.

The first work, which, for the sake of brevity, we shall call the 'False Medium,' is dedicated "to Edward Lytton Bulwer, a patriot and a man of genius." As Mr. Bulwer was at that time well known to the public, it is evident that he had found some means of thrusting aside the 'False Medium.' The "exordium" in this work, is—

"A common stone meets with more ready patronage than a man of genius."

That is to say, the stone being placed in a cabinet, as a specimen, by some one who selects it from a heap of other stones, it is taken care of, whereas no one takes care of a man of genius; and Mr. Horne gives instances of men of genius, "poets and philosophers," from Homer down to Camoens, who have been buffeted about the world during their whole lives, and only valued after their deaths. "Authors in general," from Demosthenes down to some individual not specified by name, have been an ill-used race; imprisoned when possessing property, and starved when possessing none. Sir R. P.—is accused of neglecting an author, scholar, and man of science, who had been of much service to him, so that "his wife is obliged to wash in one room while he translates Greek in another."

Now we object at the outset to a man of genius being made a dependant on "ready patronage." A man of talents may be subservient to those who require his talents, but a man of genius must be essentially original. He is a guide and not a servant; he points out new paths of excellence; unrecognised at the outset by any one but himself, and to appreciate which, in some cases, even the few require years of instruction, and the many require centuries. If he were not in advance of his time, he would not be a man of genius. We speak now of the genius for great things, the genius which elevates. To expect that people should rush in crowds, to worship that which they neither recognise nor comprehend, is an absurdity; to expect that they should pay for it in ready coin, is a conclusion that no man of great genius ever dreamed of. People do not pay for being taught anything but what they can take to market and sell or exchange away to advantage, or such accomplishments as may tend to personal influence. They will pay to be taught to dance, or sing, or work, in order that they may be enabled to sing, or

dance, or work, for gain; but they will not pay to be taught philosophy. People will also pay to be pleased; and those who have pleasure to sell, find a ready market. A man or woman may have a talent for dancing, for singing, and working, in modes which people like; but if a man or woman has a genius for inventing new dances, or songs, or work, of an intrinsically superior kind, but which people have not been accustomed to, the genius must be contented to turn instructor without pay till the new art is rendered popular. Genius varies in its quality. One man originates a new philosophy; another originates a new mode of cheapening pleasure. One will get pupils by units, the other gets customers by thousands. But were the originator of the new philosophy to complain that he could not sell his philosophy for current coin, we should be apt to suspect him of false philosophy, and tell him he had mistaken his genius. The popular thing is the paying thing; the widest popularity is among the masses; and the greater the refinement, the less is the popularity. It is the essence of high genius to be in advance of its age. The genius of the Greek tragic poets was not in advance of their age. They had cultivated audiences to whom they presented the highest intellectual excitement of the time, but we doubt whether their popularity was great with the masses of uncultivated slaves.

"Dramatic Authors," Mr. Horne asserts, are as ill-used as all other authors, and but for the "barriers and false medium," the author of 'Paul Clifford' could produce a sterling comedy, in which the philosophy, wit, and humor could only be surpassed by its sound and beneficial moral tendency. Yet Mr. Horne would seem to set little value on the moral principle. Speaking of Edmund Kean, He says—

"They (certain tragedies) contain some of the elementary principles of tragedy, which he (Kean) only can feel and portray."

And in a note he remarks—

"The great tragedian is no more; but he can never be dead so long as those live who have once awoke from ordinary existence to appreciate him. A deep continuous feeling is worth all your tombs; for no cupricious moral multitude can destroy or even disturb its sacred isolation."

Edmund Kean is a most unfortunate instance for Mr. Horne to have chosen. There is no doubt he possessed genius of a

peculiar kind. There is no doubt that by personal energy he broke through all false mediums; and there is no doubt that he was very highly paid for his services, by a public to whom his peculiar genius gave great excitement. Unfortunately, also, there is no doubt that his personal character was rather that of a savage than of a civilized man. He was one to gaze on, but not to associate with. His stage powers were all that he gave to the public in return for their recognition and large pecuniary payment. The "moral multitude" are assuredly rather hardly dealt with by Mr. Horne.

Composers and Musicians, Actors and Singers, all are alike ill-treated. "Mrs Jordan with a paltry salary of four pounds per week!" Claiming to be a man of genius, Mr. Horne has a strange propensity to try things by money value. "Pasta furnished with old clothes by the wardrobe women!" "Miss O'Neil brought out at a low salary, the owlsh managers doubting her success!"

Novelists, Painters, and Sculptors, fare no better. Men of Science, Original Projectors, and Inventors, still worse.

In treating of the causes of all this, Mr. Horne remarks:—

"Napoleon was the greatest patron of genius and art in every possible class that ever lived. Those only who are conscious of superiority in themselves, apart from their station, who possess copiousness of intellect and power to do or suffer, can be above all petty jealousies and fears, and thus fit to govern others." "Shakspeare was treated by Elizabeth as an amusing playwright; and as he never meddled with 'public spirit' or politics, she suffered him to continue his labors unmolested."

We incline to think that Napoleon's patronage of any genius adverse to himself, is far from a proved case. He patronized *talents* that were useful to him. The genius of Carnot never succumbed, and was never forgiven.

Mr. Horne seems quite unable to comprehend that the genius of Shakspeare was above queen or court. He would have had him made a duke at least, as a recompense for his writings, and a pension of course, though of pecuniary gains the great man had probably enough for his wishes.

The evil of men of genius who write books, is, according to Mr. Horne, the "false medium" employed by booksellers, in the shape of a "Reader," who peruses

MSS. offered for publication, who never judges rightly of the merit of a work; who invariably rejects all works of genius, and only accepts or approves of the very worst. This reader is always either "a fool or a knave," and, "in either case, the author is the victim." Unmeasured terms of abuse are heaped on this "reader"—on all "readers."

"He lords it dogmatically over the gin-and-bitter coeries he can bear down and impress with an idea of his knowledge, acute judgment, and literary importance. In the society of capable men over their brandy punch, he is still as a mouse."

The Dramatic Reader at the theatres is even worse, so bad, that Mr. Horne is surprised none of the ill-used authors have burned down the patent theatres.

"No man who does write poetry can ever think of doing us any thing but verbal mischief."

Such Mr. Horne affirms to be the opinion of dramatic readers, but he adds—

"Our idea of a tragic writer, exasperated by wrongs and want, is not quite so harmless; we are glad, however, of their escape."

It does not appear that Mr. Horne proposes that any one but the writer should sit in judgment on his own compositions, or at least—

"Few of mankind are prepared to relish the beautiful with that enlarged taste which comprehends all the forms of feeling which genius may assume—forms which may be necessarily associated with defects."

This is very like pointing out, that genius must necessarily be its own rewarder, the many not comprehending it.

The "remedy" for all these evils, Mr. Horne states to be—

"The foundation of a 'Society of English Literature and Art for the encouragement and permanent support of men of superior ability in all departments of human genius and knowledge.' * * * The permanent advantages to be derived by those whose claims are recognised by the establishment, should be realized by annuities for life, from 300*l.* downwards; * * * this not to extend to gentlemen who write novels and poems, for which they ought be hung."

When a man has written a fine epic and obtained the 300*l.* a-year for life,

"He has done enough; would you have a

man write epics, and keep him at it, like a wheelwright with a government order? * * * Again, the producer of a powerful tragedy would only be entitled to an annuity of 100*l.*; not that we do not consider such a tragedy as great an effect of human genius as the finest epic, but because there is a manifest difference in the time and labor employed, and also that a tragic author thus brought with his due honors before the public, would have a great chance of emolument from the stage, whose gradual improvement would be a necessary consequence."

We pause to extract one more sentence from this 'False Medium.'

"He (Tonson) was the real Milton—he had got all the money" (from the sale of 'Paradise Lost'). Tonson and his nephew died worth 200,000*l.*"

We now turn to the 'New Spirit of the Age,' and find the following assertion.

"That in the pure element of dramatic composition, they (the unacted dramatists) also consider themselves worthy to be ranked with some of the dramatists of a nobler era, is undoubtedly true—and one of them has been heard to set at nought the scoffs of his time, by claiming to rank in the pure elements of tragedy, with the dramatists of the Greek or Elizabethan ages."

In a note we are informed that this claimant is Mr. Horne himself, the author of 'Cosmo de' Medici' and 'Gregory the Seventh.'

The plot of *Cosmo* is briefly as follows: Cosmo, a patron of art, who gives livings and employments to scholars and artists, and professes a love for justice above all other things, has two sons, the elder, Giovanni, a student, described as of most sweet disposition; the younger, Garcia, given to hunting. These two brothers much dislike one another, and the elder exhibits his sweet disposition by constantly scolding the younger. By way of producing an attachment between them, their mother persuades the elder to join a hunting party with the younger. In the forest they quarrel as to which had slain a boar. Somehow this quarrel changes into a dispute about a young lady, and they draw and fight. Garcia, the younger, breaks his sword in half, but yet contrives to kill his brother, whose body he leaves on the spot. A courtier finds the body, and the broken sword point, which he conveys to Cosmo, informing him that Giovanni's sword was "unsheathed and stained as though he had

fought." Cosmo, nevertheless, asserts that he has been "murdered," and suspects that Garcia knows of it. By way of making sure, he has the dead body placed in an alcove, with a curtain before it. Garcia is ushered in; and Cosmo, after charging him with the murder of his brother, draws the curtain, shows the body, when Garcia says, "I did it;" but adds, "it was in self-defence." Cosmo insists that the blood is flowing afresh at sight of the murderer; but Garcia asserts that it is congealed, and very naturally appeals to his father "not to harrow his senses till he owns what is not." But the just Cosmo will hear nothing, draws forth "Garcia's broken sword," raises it to heaven, and says—

"Thou constant God! sanction, impel, direct
The sword of Justice! and for a criminal son
That pardon grant, which his most wretched
father
Thus in the hour of agony implores!"

Subsequently we are informed that, with his own hand, and of course with this broken sword, the father has taken his son's life, soon after which an eye-witness informs him that Garcia slew his brother in self-defence.

Throughout this play the sympathy goes only with Garcia, ill-used on all sides. The man of justice should also be a man of judgment to weigh evidence, and of stern purpose to act only on evidence. The evidence was in favor of Garcia. His sword was broken, and Giovanni's was "unsheathed and stained, as though he had fought." A father with a heart, would have left no means untried to prove his remaining son innocent, but Cosmo leaves no means untried to wrest evidence and prove him guilty. It is an inquisitor, not a father, nor a minister of justice, who is before us, and with an inquisitor we can have no sympathy. A father, butchering a son with a broken sword, is horror, bordering on the ludicrous.

There are several prose scenes in this play, we presume, intended for humor; they are, indeed, "heavy lightness." There is also a philosophic sculptor to whom Cosmo gives an order for a monument after the death of his sons, as "life-sized figures," of his whole family. The philosophical Passato reasons thus:—

"The duke is great and generous; yet methinks
It ill suits greatness in philosophy,
Because his kin have sought their natural rest
Some seasons prematurely, thus to rave!
I will return to mine obscurity,
To stand upon some cliff that goat ne'er hoof'd,

Companion shadows and commune with Time.

Scattered through this play there are passages of great poetic sweetness. In power of depicting character, and as a work of art, it is a failure.

With 'Gregory the Seventh' we neither make nor meddle. 'The death of Marlowe' unquestionably bears considerable resemblance to certain writers of the age of Elizabeth. There is much passion in it, but it merely excites, it does not call for sympathy. It rather reminds us of the tragedies of mad Nat Lee, but it has a life about it, which 'Cosmo' has not.

By his own acknowledgment Mr. Horne considers himself equal to "the dramatists of the Greek or Elizabethan ages," in the production of these "powerful tragedies," and entitled to "a permanent annuity of 300*l.*, so that he has already done enough to entitle him to a handsome income, when the "Society of English Literature and Art" shall be in full operation. To wish he may get it would be an easy matter, if we could satisfy ourselves that he deserved it.

After a careful examination we come to the conclusion that he does not possess the high mind that is ever the attribute of lofty genius. He does not value genius for itself alone, but for what it will fetch in the market. "Permanent annuities, due honors, further chances of emolument," are the sordid rewards he contemplates, and these off-hand, without loss of time, in order that authors, like clergymen, may enter on immediate enjoyment of their benefices. All men of genius, he says, are ill-used, all the public are fools, and those who profit are part and parcel of the 'False Medium.' He is himself, he considers, ill-used, and of course, he is disappointed. His tragedies have not been acted, and his epic has been sold for a farthing. Such a mind is not in harmony, and cannot be fitted to sit in judgment on the spirits of the age—is unfitted even to distinguish them. A man of talent—a man of industry, Mr. Horne is, but assuredly not a man of genius, nor a philosopher. We have not seen his Factory Report, but we should expect to find it a medium of considerable prejudice, inseparable from the mind of the writer. A well appointed home, reputable clothing, and proper breakfasts, dinners, teas and suppers, are evidently essentials to induce in him a quiet mind, and, moreover, "due honors," but we doubt whether even in such

a case, a preponderance of self-esteem would not defeat all previous preparation. A tragic writer who can talk of "burning down a theatre" as a means of redressing "wrongs and want," cannot well be a dispassionate judge.

A man of genius, capable of great things and of estimating the 'Spirits of the Age,' must, according to our notion, be a very different person. Genius, *i. e.* the power of creation, we take to be an emanation of the "divinity that shapes our ends," and can no more work for hire than God himself could in the creation of the world. Great genius is ever in advance of its time, and can no more be appreciated by its contemporaries, than God's creation could be appreciated by the megatherian and ichthyosaurian tribes, who inhabited the world prior to the advent of man. Genius is a prophet where, "out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." Genius works for the gain of its disciples, not for its own. It works to advance others, not to glorify itself. The earthly body it inhabits, needs "meat, clothes, and fire," or in lieu of the latter a genial climate. Deprived of these things it cannot work, but it needs only the essential, not the adventitious. It does not need a "respectable" income, nor a lodging in May Fair: it needs neither costly clothing, nor modish association, neither sumptuous fare nor costly wines; it needs not even "due honors." The blind men of genius, Homer and Milton, could have recked little of externals, while they poured forth the spirit from within. And in a very humble residence was the genius of Richter developed. There is one thing only which can reward genius—the sympathy of appreciating spirits. Beyond this, indifferent to the man of high genius are all externals; "homely fare and hoddan gray," are as good as turtle and velvet. We can conceive a man of genius in this our modern England, dwelling in a union workhouse, clothed in workhouse garb, and fed on workhouse food, teaching, perhaps, the A B C to workhouse children as a quittance for his meat, clothes, and fire, furnished with spare leaves of account books as a reward for diligence, and permitted to sit by the kitchen embers in the still night, and even thus producing works despised by existing publishers and an existing public, and destined to be hailed by future men as the gift of a great benefactor. We know of one earnest man, not of genius, but a devoted linguist, who saved his lodging by lying on the bare floor

of empty houses, to take care of them while wanting tenants—earning his food by copying MSS. Not being enough “man of the world” for this lodging work, he was obliged to seek his nightly rest by the sheltered sides of brick-kilns, and a few occasional pence by singing at low public-houses, and with these appliances he actually accomplished the publication of the two first numbers of a Dictionary on a new system. At one time this man had an income of five pounds per week for teaching languages, but he was shouldered out of employment by people of greater energy than himself.

Let it not be alleged that a man of genius requires a library and appliances. The man of original genius is not essentially a man of cultivated art. Homer was not a student of books. Earth, sea, and sky, and all on and in them were his themes, and out of his own soul he spoke or sung; and if it be asserted that in this our England men of genius need the appliances of art, there are the museum and library called the “British,” to which garreteer or cellardweller may alike obtain access, though they be clothed in frieze, baize, or sackcloth; there are the eternal realities of men and women, and streets, houses, churches, and parks, and the never-ending river, carrying bodies, souls, and imaginations over the watery highway to the furthestmost parts of the earth, and there is ever work to be done of the task kind, for him who earnestly seeks it, to supply the body’s bare necessities. A judge, of repute in the United States, obliged to live in a city while attending in the courts without any practice, and with only a supply of money for a given period, at the rate of a few cents per day, hired a garret, for which he paid the whole term in advance, and laid out the remainder of his money in sea biscuit, which he himself wheeled home in a borrowed barrow, and stored up in his garret, and on that and water he subsisted for many months, while pursuing his studies. And this in a city where the commonest mechanic ate three meals of meat per diem.

Genius is essentially unconscious. Artists, when mere imitators of genius, are self-conscious, and hence the petty squabbles amongst “men and women of talent,” poetasters, dramatizers, actors, and musicians, who make their art a trade; for “two of a trade can never agree.”

Mr. Horne has done rashly in taking up Hazlitt’s ill-chosen tide, and trying to en-

large upon it. The ‘Spirit of the Age,’ if meant to express any particular kind of spirit, should express the general predominating spirit of the world as to some particular branch of progress. In this view it is an entire failure, for the prominent characteristic of the present age is physical progress, *i. e.* progress in all arts tending to diminish human drudgery, and ultimately to extinguish it—arts, also, tending to enlarge the sphere of human pleasures. In the petty spirit of caste, Mr. Horne, a professional writer, deems that written books are of more importance than things; that writers of things are greater men than the doers of things. It is true that contemplation must be the creator of great action, but it may print the results of its thoughts as indelibly on things and events as on paper.

In this view the strong Saxon spirit of George Stephenson, the “Hengist of Railways,” is a spirit of the age that has written a work whereon those who ride may read glad tidings of man’s rescue from the bondage and thralldom of ignorance; of his power of union with his fellows for the purpose of conquering and civilizing the earth, reclaiming its swamps and morasses, and adding to its beauties. Prometheus, in the elder mythus, brought fire from heaven to earth to aid man’s uses. George Stephenson may be the hero of some future mythus, which will tell how he harnessed fire to chariots of iron, which became swifter than the winds of heaven. Isambart Kingdon Brunel is a spirit of the age that would not be content with the work of George Stephenson, but made a yet greater work in advance of the spirit of his age, refusing to submit to the set patterns even of the great originator. David Napier, the restless planner of steam-boat after steam-boat, each swifter than the last, and the planner of the great Bristol iron steamer, are spirits of the age. Clegg, of the railway air traction,—the rope of wound-off-wind; Smith, of Deanston, the physician of diseased land; Liebig, the multiplier of human food by chemic science, are all spirits of the age. Marshall, of Leeds, the greatest of the “captains of industry,” he who spins flax for half the world, and when profits become too large, voluntarily cuts them down, and “builds another mill” to keep up his annual revenues—he who works to underwork cotton cloth and replace it by cloth of linen; he, too, is a spirit of the age.

"Men, my brothers, men, the workers; ever reaping something new:
 [That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do."

Colonel Thompson, the apostle of free trade, and Cobden, its practical and indomitable champion; O'Connell, the last representative of clan-leadership, using his power to bond together a nation of disunited Celts; and Wakefield, the originator of systematic colonization,—all are spirits of the physical progress of the age. Faraday is the representative of the power which, in all ages, has sought to gather nature's secret's for man's uses, and Rothschild is the representative of the great power-accumulators of world, the hoarded labor of mankind, ever on the increase, till at last it shall grow to a surplus, when men will rest from their work, and say "it is good." Many a weary day is before us, before we attain that desirable end, but the time will come.

Roebuck,—the watch-dog of the people, the most fearless advocate in the House of Commons of public as opposed to mere party objects; Lovett, the true-souled Lovett, the champion of education for his fellow-men, the working-classes; the two Chamberses of Edinburgh, whose genius has achieved the task of popularizing knowledge at the cheapest rate,—all are samples of that spirit of the age, which says the soul of man shall not die within him for want of culture.

But taken merely on the limited plan proposed by Mr. Horne, of names generally known in literature, the 'New Spirit of the Age' is miserably defective. Is Mr. Horne ignorant of the existence of John Stewart Mill, author of 'A System of Logic,' perhaps the highest effort of intellectual modern literature has produced?

Where has he been wandering; on what Welsh mountain or in what distant valley has he been residing, that the name of W. J. Fox has never rung upon his ear, other than as a theologian?—a name so well known to the public by his sermons on Christian Morality; by his numerous articles in the higher class of periodicals; by the finest dramatic criticisms extant. A name that stirs the blood of every public audience where he appears, and calls forth responsive shouts; a name that stills even Chartist opposition at free trade meetings. Well has he been named by Elliott, of Sheffield, the "Orator-Bard." He almost speaks in rhythm, his words are music, reason becomes poetry, hearts thrill, eyes glisten,

brains work, souls gush and mingle, the orator becomes a prophet, and one universal echo proclaims one universal mind. Where has this Mr. Horne been buried not to have heard of this "spirit of the age," who with unpremeditated harangues steals into men's hearts, as surely as the Greek orators of old did, with their prepared and finished orations? Mr. Horne seems to be totally unaware that W. J. Fox has been heard of out of the pulpit. This is clear from his only alluding to him as a theologian. This ignorance might be pardonable as a result of a residence distant from the metropolis; but it was the business of one taking on himself the task of pointing out the 'Spirits of the Age,' to visit the metropolis, if necessary, to fit himself, at least, for his nomenclature, if his publishers failed to supply the necessary materials.

And even Elliott, of Sheffield, the poet of the people, the Corn-law Rhymers, a man known, we apprehend, from Pentland Firth to the Lizard, a genuine poet, and one who, albeit a Radical, found praise even from 'Blackwood,' whom Southey greeted from his inn at Sheffield "to shake hands with a brother poet," even Elliott, of Sheffield, is excluded from Mr. Horne's collection. Is this with purpose aforethought, or is it gross negligence? A 'Spirit of the Age' editor leaving out one of the most popular poets!

And where is Mrs. Austin, an original spirit also; an assimilating spirit, one who, thoroughly metempsychosing with the German mind, can render it into pure English, and make the English mind an abiding place for German thoughts? A true woman, with all a woman's gentleness, yet a free denizen of the great European republic of letters, not unlike the Madame Roland, of the French revolution, placed in a new sphere to teach mankind the uses of Liberty, in harmonizing clashing opinions; teaching them to speak with one tongue, and no longer to "commit crimes in the name of Liberty." And Mrs. Somerville, the lady of science, the queen of the starry heavens, one of the few minds that can compass Laplace, a mind so lofty, yet so gentle and humble, as if unconscious of her own attainments? Have not the names of these writers penetrated the asylum of the editor?

Professor Wilson, who has for many years stirred friend and foe with his untiring pen, might surely have been glanced at. And Peacock, the novelist, who, had he written nothing but 'Maid Marian,' would have carried his name down the stream of time

to distant ages, by showing how well his own spirit could enter into the spirit of past ages. The blood thrills, and the heart leaps into companionship with such a spirit of high genial humanity.

And the 'Times' newspaper has, moreover, grown to be a spirit of the age, albeit Mr. Horne sees it not. It has its crotchets, and its hobbies, and its party predilections, the influence of which on the public mind is sometimes to be deplored, but may always be felt. Once it was a very weathercock, but it has now fixed itself to point straight forward at certain things, which, if not things of the best kind, are yet earnestly advocated. It sees that man cannot live by bread alone, though it has ever urged, and still urges at times, and never denies, that cheap corn and bread is a most desirable conclusion. Of O'Connell it dreams that he is not a mere warm-blooded feudal chieftain over Celtic tribes, but a veritable anticrist. It believes that the poor law is a thing of unmingled evil, only operative to the detriment of the deserving poor, and refuses to discern that it does operate also to stop what might be a fearful leak in the growth of national independence. But in the course of nature O'Connell cannot live for ever, and free trade sooner or later will remove for the most part the causes of poverty; the really unfortunate poor will then be better distinguished as the crowd lessens, and these two circumstances removed, the 'Times,' we may hope will forget its controversies, and strive more and more to make itself a power amongst the people, for the welfare of the people, and not for the purposes of party. In these latter days the genius of a 'Times' reporter constituted the 'Times' a legislator to put down a Welsh rebellion.

Nor should Edwin Chadwick be forgotten, the vizier of the "three Kings of Somerset House," whose reports on many subjects connected with the welfare of the great mass of the people alone form a valuable statistical library. He has been one of the most valuable "spirits of the age." *Benevolent*, *benescent*, and in virtue of these two qualities *beneficent*, he has dared to do the right thing, though the unpopular thing. He has braved odium, and disregarded obloquy and cant. To become popular is an easy thing; to do unpopular justice requires a man. Satisfied that crime is the result of poverty and mal-administration—that poverty is greatly the result of ignorance—that general education is the cure for ignorance

—there is no warmer advocate of the rights and real interests of the poor than Edwin Chadwick. But, knowing also that it is impossible to accomplish the mental instruction of the physically wretched, he sought to secure for those classes of the community who do the work, and pay the taxes of the community, the largest possible share of their own earnings, abstracting as little as possible from them for the maintenance of the non-workers. For it is an unquestionable fact, that all those of the community who do not work, must in some shape or other be maintained by those who do work. To say that he did not strike "palaced paupers" off the pension list, is only saying that he accomplished no more than he was able. Palace or hovel pauper, would have been alike to his equal justice; but there's a government that doth so hedge in and protect "palace paupers" that justice cannot reach them. There was one broad principle to look at—the pauper system was encroaching on capital, and in a mercantile country, not to advance is to recede. The food of the community was not enough for all,—the mouths were in excess,—the ship must have her crew put on shorter allowance, and the working crew were, in all justice as well as policy, entitled to full rations, while the invalids were put on half allowance. To have put the invalids on full allowance, while the working crew were reduced, would have been offering a premium to the workers to invalid themselves. To have given full rations and conveniences to the workhouse inmates would have been monstrous injustice to the hard workers out of the workhouse.

The pseudo-benevolent haranguers, who have talked so volubly of philanthropy and charity to the workhouse poor, and out-door relief, have utterly mistaken the matter. They have been generously disposed, not at their own expense, but at the expense of the working classes of England; for we defy them to show any mode of obtaining contributions to the poor rates, except through the work of the workers. The whole food of England has to be produced by the agency of the brains and arms of the workers, whether from English or foreign soil. This total amount has to be divided amongst the whole population in larger and smaller shares, and it must be obvious to the shallowest capacity, that if the whole of the workers ceased to work, there would be no food to divide; and it must follow, as the night the day, that the

greater the number of the supernumeraries who do not work, the harder must be the work of the workers, in order to maintain them. Therefore the charitable gentlemen who are non-workers, and cry out lustily for full rations and out-door allowances to paupers or poor non-workers, are, with very great ease to themselves, calling upon the workers to work harder than before. And when, as it frequently happens, these very charitable gentlemen are the advocates of artificial high prices for provisions, in the form of corn laws—that is to say, when they seek to diminish the total amount of food—our indignation at their injustice is only restrained by our contempt for their pauper-like ignorance.

Years hence, when the biography of Edwin Chadwick shall be written—when the results of his labors, known and unknown, shall be gathered together—when trade and food shall be free, and paupers be no more—when it shall be known how many are the wise measures and changes of which he has been the secret mover, stirred by the desire of man's good, and leaving to others the ostensibility and the repute—he will serve for one more example of the truth, that a high and original mind works for the service of humanity, but not for its thanks. And a future time will recognize him as a true and genuine spirit of his age, who has left his permanent mark behind him.

Having thus briefly attempted to show what Mr. Horne ought to have done, and has failed to do, we turn to the examination of what he has done.

First on the list, as the great spirit of the age, appears Mr. Charles Dickens. A parallel is drawn between him and Hogarth upon the following ground:

"Both of them have a direct moral purpose in view—a desire to ameliorate the condition of the poorer classes, by showing what society has made of them or allowed them to become, and to continue."

We doubt this. In Hogarth's 'Good and Bad Apprentices,' we have both of them put upon equal terms by society. The contrast of their fates grows out of a presumed innate goodness on one side and badness on the other. In the story of 'Good Tommy and Naughty Harry,' which is a version of the same thing, Good Tommy came to be lord mayor, and Naughty Harry was eaten up by a wild beast. It forms one of the lessons in one of the old spelling books.

The secret of Dickens's success doubtless is, that he is a man with a heart in his bosom; and as most men and women—though not all—have hearts, a sympathy is created which predisposes liking. He has also a strong perception of all the commoner class of excitements—the murderous, the malignant, and the ludicrous. A very large portion of the common people are susceptible of the former; people of all classes are susceptible of the latter. With all this, he has the eye of a Dutch and also of an Italian artist for all external effects. A street, a dwelling, a rural scene, and the human beings therein, are so painted to the life, and doubtless from the life, that no one who has ever seen them can doubt the resemblance. And all people like to behold portraits of things and persons familiar to them. Mrs. Keeley was excessively popular amongst the artisans, on account of the skilful mode in which she handled Jack Sheppard's jack-plane. But Dickens has, beyond this, a strong perception of physical beauty, and also of the beauty of generosity, not merely the hackney-coachman kind of generosity—the shilling giving—but generosity in the large sense—the love of kind, the unselfish attachment of man to man, and of man to men, and also of men to man; the protection of the poor by the rich, of the helpless by the powerful, and of the kindly gratitude thence arising. But with all this, he is not an imaginative writer, he is not a philosophical writer; he pleases the sensation, but he does not satisfy the reason; he pleases and amuses, but he does not instruct; there is a want of base, of breadth, and of truth; and therefore, though he is probably the most widely-popular writer, he is not a great writer. The great elementary truths on which man's physical well-being, and consequently his mental well-being, must depend, he apparently has not mastered; and the pleasure we feel in reading his works is akin to the pleasure we feel in reading any other work of fiction—the pleasure of fine description and sympathy with human adventure. The impression which his works leave on the mind is like that with which we rise from the perusal of the 'Fool of Quality'—that all social evils are to be redressed by kindness and money given to the poor by the rich. This, doubtless, is something essential; but it is only a small part of the case. The poor require justice, not charity, *i. e.* almsgiving. Charity is a word of large import. The neces-

sity for almsgiving implies previous misery. Destroy the misery by earnest care in the early training of men and women, the disease will be eradicated, and the symptom-soothing process of charity, *i. e.* almsgiving, will not be needed.

In most of Dickens's works there is to be found some old gentleman with surplus cash going about redressing the evils which some other old or young gentleman goes about perpetrating. It is the principle of the proceedings of Harlequin and Pantaloon. Thus the Brothers Cheeryble are the incarnation of the good principle, and Ralph Nickleby of the evil principle; and the good principle is made to triumph. Nickleby Junior comes to his fortune, which his wicked uncle has kept him out of, and Miss Nickleby is respectably married. Most excellent people are those same mill-owning Brothers Cheeryble; but we cannot help reflecting on the position of the mass of workmen whose labors have accumulated their capital. We do not object to the help given to the Nicklebys, but we think justice is the most essential part of generosity. Justice being done in early training, Ralph Nickleby would not have been enabled to accomplish his evil deeds, and the almsgiving of the Brothers Cheeryble would not have been needed.

So in 'Oliver Twist,' Mr. Brownlow is the good fairy who thwarts the evil one, and Oliver Twist is finally made happy. Pickwick, too, is a benevolent old gentleman with abundant ready cash, who treats the poor prisoners in the Fleet, as the uncle of Henry Moreland does in the 'Fool of Quality'—pays away his surplus cash to palliate the pressing wants of a few amongst a huge class who suffer under the radical evils of bad legislation. A strong contrast to this "good fairy" system is found in Bulwer's 'Paul Clifford.' The unfortunate, ill-trained child, who has grown up to be a highwayman, finds no old gentleman to give him a fortune. By indomitable energy, he escapes from the punishment awarded to his ignorant acts, to a "great country where shoes are imperfectly polished and opinions are not persecuted" (by the state), and there he makes himself a home by the force of his own powers. He becomes useful to his fellow-men and accumulates wealth, wherewith he repays the owners of the property he had taken with the strong hand in the days of his ignorance, while gaining his living by rapine, and revenging himself on the injustice of

society. This is the true perception of eternal justice, at which Dickens has not yet arrived in his writings. Dickens is a Londoner, Bulwer is a cosmopolite.

In the 'Christmas Carol,' Scrooge the Miser is so drawn as to leave an impression that he cheats the world of its "meat, clothes, and fire," which he buries in his own chests, whereas in truth he only cheats himself. He is the conventional miser of past times; and, when reformed by his dreams, he gives away half-crowns to boys to run quickly to buy turkeys to give away, and pays cabmen to bring them home quickly, to say nothing of giving bowls of punch to clerks. A great part of the enjoyments of life are summed up in eating and drinking at the cost of munificent patrons of the poor; so that we might suppose the feudal times were returned. The processes whereby poor men are to be enabled to earn good wages, wherewith to buy turkeys for themselves, does not enter into the account; indeed, it would quite spoil the *dénouement* and all the generosity. Who went without turkey and punch in order that Bob Cratchit might get them—for, unless there were turkey and punch in surplus, some one must go without—is a disagreeable reflection kept wholly out of sight. We suspect Mr. Horne of a little sly satire on Dickens's propensity to reward all good fellowship by eating and drinking, in his choice of a motto to this paper. Don Quixote had a peculiar way of philanthrophizing the distresses of human nature; and so has Dickens, whose remedy for human distresses resolves itself into something like this:—George has five shillings, which he gives to Richard, who gives it to Henry, who gives it to John, who gives it to James, who gives it to Thomas, who gives it to Frederick, who gives it again to George, and by that process they all have five shillings each. The motto is taken from 'Don Quixote' as follows:

"Hunger does not preside over this day," replied the cook, 'thanks be to Camacho the Rich.' * * * So saying he laid hold of a kettle, and sousing it at once into one of the half-jar-pots, he fished out three pullets and a couple of geese. * * * 'I have nothing to put it in,' answered Sancho. 'Then take ladle and all,' replied the cook, 'for Camacho's riches and felicity are sufficient to supply every thing.'

Oh! Mr. Horne, you are a sly wag after all.

Were provisions as plentiful in practice

as they are in Mr. Dickens's books, small progress would Mr. Cobden make in free trade; but, as Mr. Harmony says in the play, "provisions are so dear."

With all these defects, which we hope to see amended in future, as well as the caricature pictures of the Americans, which—bating local circumstances and peculiarities—will apply equally well to the English, the books of Dickens are unquestionably humanizers of the people: and the speeches he has made, and the public meetings he has attended in furtherance of general education, are indications of still better things. At present he is the "form and pressure of the age." He may become a spirit of the age in time.

Lord Ashley and Dr. Southwood Smith follow next in the series of magazine articles of which this book is composed. But for these two names and those of Dr. Pusey and Macready, a better title for the work would have been the 'Great Literopolis,' as a parallel work with the 'Great Metropolis.' Why Lord Ashley should be thus introduced we cannot imagine, unless it be that Mr. Horne wishes to do honor to the Factory Commission, in which he is himself concerned.

Lord Ashley stands in the anomalous position of professing to improve the position of one portion of the working classes, the factory workers, by limiting their hours of labor, at the same time that he diminishes the amount of their earnings by keeping up a high and artificial price of food. Very pithily has this process been named Jack-Cade legislation. But Mr. Horne is very earnest in his respect for hereditary legislation. "Thank God there is a House of Lords," once said and wrote Cobbett, when in anger at being thwarted; but Mr. Horne, with good didactic deliberation, quotes Chaucer in proof of his case:—

"And ye, my Lordés, with your alliaunce,
And other faithful people that there be,
Trust I to God shall quench all this noisaunce,
And set this lande in high prosperitee."

He states that Lords Normanby and Ashley actually accompanied Dr. Southwood Smith into Whitechapel and Bethnal-green to survey the miserable abodes of the poor; and fearing this is almost incredible when only stated in his text, he confirms it in a foot-note as follows:—

These statements are strictly authentic. They went privately and unattended into the

most squalid and hideous abodes of filth, and misery, and vice, and might well express themselves strongly in public after what they witnessed."—Vol. i. p. 116.

"Privately and unattended." Oh! Mr. Horne, Mr. Horne, you have certainly some idea that modern noblemen go about with barret caps and plumes, bedizened with jewelry and masks, for all eyes to gaze on and single out for violence and plunder. "Unattended"—i. e. we suppose no "Jenkins," with tall cane to guard them. Surely there is no difficulty in believing that where Dr. Smith had penetrated uninjured, Lord Ashley might go and return without any great exertion of courage; but Mr. Horne is deeply impressed with this self-devotion in a nobleman, as an uncommon act, and is determined it shall be authenticated. "My Lordés" will scarcely thank him for his devotion to their interests. He proves more than enough.

That the people of England have abad habit of working too many hours for their physical and mental health, is unfortunately but too true; but it is equally true that this habit does not arise from any abstract vicious determination on their own part. It is also true that in the present age they work fewer hours per day than they were accustomed to work in former ages; and it is moreover true that the reason for the diminution of hours is, that they obtain better wages, i. e. they get a greater amount of useful things for an hour's labor of the present day than they obtained in the "good old times;" and there is moreover a very prevalent desire amongst them to work still fewer hours, and by God's blessing we trust that this shall come to pass without any of Lord Ashley's legislation, which is akin to the charity of the French princess, who wondered "why people would starve when such nice pastry was sold so cheap."

We entreat Lord Ashley to believe that the chief, almost the sole reason, why English workmen labor too many hours per day, is the undue pressure of population, which forces them to compete with each other to obtain an insufficient share of the national stock of food, which is a minimum quantity. And this excess of population arises from the circumstance, that they live in islands, from which they cannot well swarm like the bees, to go to the food which might exist elsewhere, while Lord Ashley and his colleagues have made very stringent laws to prevent food being brought to them from

elsewhere. Make food plentiful, *i. e.* in excess of the mouths, and the voluntary principle will relieve all Lord Ashley's anxiety about long hours. We will venture on two illustrations.

Some years back, while examining some new buildings at the workmen's dinner hour, we were unintentionally listening to the conversation of two laborers from the Emerald isle, who were planted in the sun behind some hoarding, dining on—smoke—two “dudeens.” “Sure, Pat,” said one of them, “it's I that wish wages was a guinea a day.” “And what would ye be afther thin, Dennis?” replied Pat. “Sure, and it's only one day in the week that I'd work, any how,” was the rejoinder. We are satisfied that Dennis spoke the simple truth in this matter, and in no way needed Lord Ashley's paternal solicitude.

A very benevolent manufacturer in London, who employed many workmen at their own dwellings, beheld, with compassion, the misery they suffered from high rents and wretched accommodation. They earned good wages, which, if well applied, would have placed them in positions of great comfort. The work they were employed in was independent of locality, and having purchased land in a healthy and beautiful neighborhood, their employer fitted up several cottages, with gardens and every kind of convenience, and removed thither a certain number of families. He expected to get a greater amount of work done, on account of their removal from temptations to drunkenness. But in this result he was disappointed. The men preferred working in their gardens to working at their trade, and earned no more money than was sufficient for their maintenance, in spite of the remonstrances of their wives. If Lord Ashley will place the factory population in such a position as this, we will undertake that they shall not overwork either themselves, their wives, or their children.

But it is only indirectly that Lord Ashley would interfere with the hours of working men. He professes to protect the children and women of factories, and to say he will prescribe the hours for them, which is equivalent, in other words, to prescribing the hours for the steam-engine and men also. It is unquestionably right that children under age—not recognized as free-agents, but who are under the control of persons older than themselves—should be protected from ill treatment; but to deprive

women of the right to use their own discretion as to the amount of work they will perform, is gross tyranny. Factory work is one of the few employments by which women can render themselves independent of the support of their relatives,—as a vicious father or brother, or a husband who will not maintain them and their children by his labor, but confines his attention to robbing them of their earnings according to law. A law which would protect a woman's right to her own earnings, beyond the control of a vicious husband, would indeed be a boon to the working classes.*

We object to any law which would interfere with the natural freedom of human action, other than the protection of individuals and society from the aggressions of other individuals. If, for example, a solitary man chooses, in an isolated spot, to live in an ill-drained and ill-ventilated house, or to live on unwholesome or insufficient food, society has no right to interfere with him; but if he comes into proximity with other people, the law ought to interfere to protect their health from contamination. Also we think the law may fairly interfere with persons practising on the ignorance of others for the sake of gain. If the owner of the ill-drained and ill-ventilated solitary house tried to hire it to others, he should be prevented from so doing, until it were made wholesome. And we think society might fairly interfere with a man keeping his family in such a house, because the wife and children are under his control, and society may be endangered by the diseases they may be subject to; therefore it is quite competent for society to say, that after a certain period no houses shall be erected in any inhabited districts below a certain standard of health and comfort. It is certain that the children born in improved dwellings would be an improved race, and the question of food in no way interferes with this. There are a certain number of laborers and artisans constantly unemployed, who are, notwithstanding, fed, and their being employed in the construction of better dwellings, *i. e.* working up native material of all kinds for these and other useful purposes, would not add one shilling to the expenditure of the general community. The possession of better dwellings, with warmth and pure air, would, on the contrary, virtually increase the

* This point was urged by Mr. Roebuck on the attention of the House of Commons in the late debates.

amount of food, for it is a fact that a person in impure air cannot well digest his food, and therefore requires to eat a larger amount to keep up his strength.

Had Alfred the Great passed efficient sanitary laws, virtually prohibiting the existence of disease, *i. e.* prescribing the minimum of physical comfort and health in dwellings and their concomitants, the probability is, that the increase of population would always have been restrained within the limits essential to national happiness, and we should at this time have possessed a healthier, wealthier, and far more powerful population. The same results would have obtained with our people as with our cattle; the wretched would be unborn. We have the finest sheep and horses, cows and oxen, that the world has ever produced, because our farmers take care that they shall be well fed and lodged. With the same care for our people, the same results would follow sound legislative enactments, always supposing they could be carried out in practice. But instead of passing laws to increase comforts, we find in the statute books, enactments called sumptuary laws, tending to diminish personal comforts or luxuries. Strange is it that the State should think it necessary to take care of people's money for them, as it still tries to do, by means of usury laws.

Had Alfred the Great passed laws to regulate the hours of labor, they must have been accompanied by other laws to regulate the wages of labor, and in such case, laborers and employers would constantly have been at work, trying to defeat the laws for the sake of their own interests, just as the Jews, ancient and modern, have succeeded in defeating the usury laws. But if such laws had been successful, we should have made no national progress;—we should have been a nation of schoolboys, of servants doing what our governors taught and ordered us to do, but originating nothing; we should have been like the Austrian nation under Prince Metternich, or the Paraguay Indians under the paternal care and instruction of the Jesuits. If a Government be competent to regulate the hours of labor for adults, it is also competent to regulate their wages, their food, their instruction, books, religion, and their particular branches of labor. Such a people would neither require a House of Commons nor suffrage at elections. An aristocracy of landholders might deem this a very desirable condition of things, but the

result would be—if we could conceive the possibility of such a thing—the downfall of English energy, English power, English mind, and a state of ruin and misery to the many nations, civilized, uncivilized, and half-civilized, dependent on English guidance and English progress.

We do not doubt that the movement amongst the working classes—instinctive, but not yet perceptive—analogue to the

“Blind motions of the Spring,
That show the year is turned,”

will produce results of far more scope than Lord Ashley's benevolence, which not being based on benescience, cannot bring forth beneficence. His legislation, if not of the Jack-Cade calibre as to intellect, does not get beyond paternal Jesuitry, which the English genius has far outstripped. He is not a spirit of the age, he is but an appendage of a blind movement of the age, and Mr. Horne is a small dog, either leading or following him in the wake of Oastler and Company, who have donned the mantle inherited by the Chartist agitators from Robert Owen, who first propounded the “sacred month” in which the weary were to be at rest as a commencement of the millennium. Prosy, unreasoning, and impracticable was Robert Owen, and he, moreover, wasted about 100,000*l.* lawful money of the realm, and thus filled the mouths of people with intellects no better than his own, with matter for ignorant exultation that there was no millennium produced by it; but still we like justice, and think that Mr. Horne may continue to expatiate on the virtues of a respectable nobleman like Lord Ashley, without robbing Robert Owen of the merit of originating the plan of short-labor hours.

Mr. Horne has a very odd mode of hunting in couples with his spirits of the age, dodging from one to another till we sometimes lose sight of the subject of his remarks. In this mode he has introduced Dr. Southwood Smith, which we think very unfair treatment. Southwood Smith is a real man of earnest purpose, working for the poor from strong sympathies for the miseries with which his medical practice has made him familiar. He is, moreover, a practical man of sound purpose, not working for self-glorification, but for a true and useful result. No believer is he of results without causes, no planner of Jack-Cade or French-princess legislation, no robber of the independence of women in legally denying them employment by which to

earn their own living, independent of the frequent coarse tyranny of their male relatives. Working for the public as a public instructor, and thereby neglecting private pecuniary advantage, it is to us a matter of surprise that no Government has yet adverted to an easy method of attaining popular approval, by appointing him to a Professor's chair. Praise Lord Ashley at your pleasure, Mr. Horne, but we beg of you in charity and fairness to let Dr. Southwood Smith alone. A sad jumble have you made of his life and history. Mr. Grant, of the 'Great Metropolis,' must surely have been one of the "hands" engaged on this.

Passing by "William Howitt, his grandfather and ancestors up to the time of Queen Elizabeth," and various other spirits of all ranks and sizes, we come to a veritable spirit of the age, Alfred Tennyson. A man of genius, who it appears, according to Mr. Horne, has escaped the persecution of the "Reader," and is recognized by the public. Having stated this, off he flies at a tangent and begins a criticism on John Keats, the chief purport of which, we incline to think, is to hint that "a kindred spirit has had (its) own inherent pulses quickened to look into (its) own heart and abroad upon nature and mankind, and to work out the purposes of (its) soul," in the production of 'Orion.' Mr. Horne speaks with great approbation of Tennyson, and so he does of Landor. But of Landor he says—

"His complete dramas are not often read through twice, even by readers who applaud them, but for the sake of a particular act or scene."—Vol. i. p. 165.

And of Tennyson he says—

"He does not appear to possess much inventive construction. He has burnt his epic or this would have settled the question. We would almost venture to predict that he will never write another, nor a five-act tragedy, nor a long heroic poem. Why should he?"

Why indeed? Has not Mr. Horne done all this, and does he not claim to be the equal of the Greek and Elizabethan dramatists? Tennyson would be superfluous, and Mr. Horne says, "certainly Tennyson is not at all dramatic."

Mr. Horne's paper on Tennyson is, however, the best in the book. He does partly appreciate him, but the magnificent portrait does much more than Mr. Horne's writing. It is emphatically the head of

the wisdom-poet, the master mind, above the littlenesses of humanity, and looking through every varied phase of nature and of art, ancient and modern—and yet more:

"I dipt into the Future far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world and all the wonder
That would be."

And withal a patriot loving his native land.

"It is the land that freemen till
That sober suited Freedom chose,
The land, where girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will."

Of old sate Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet;
Above her shook the starry lights;
She heard the torrents meet."

A statesman too, and a hero:

"Make Knowledge circle with the winds,
But let her herald, Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men or growth of minds.

If New and Old, disastrous feud,
Must ever shock, like armed foes,
And this be true till Time shall close
That Principles are rained in blood;

Not yet the wise of heart would cease
To hold his hope through shame and guilt,
But with his hand against the hilt,
Would pace the troubled land, like Peace;

Not less, though dogs of Faction bay,
Would serve his kind in deed and word,
Certain, if knowledge bring the sword
That knowledge takes the sword away—

Would love the gleams of good that broke
From either side, nor veil his eyes;
And if some dreadful need should rise
Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke."

This is the impress of a MAN. A house of parliament of such men, were

"The Parliament of man, the Federation of the World."

A marvel, indeed, will this our England be, if ever such a parliament should assemble. It will be, in the words of Longfellow,

"The holy, and the happy, and the gloriously free."

Under the head of "Sheridan Knowles and William Macready" is embodied the true spirit and gist of Mr. Horne's paramount purpose in these two volumes.

"The Drama should be the concentrated Spirit of the Age."

That is to say, Mr. Horne's drama. Speaking of Knowles, the writer says—

"The age is domestic, and so is he. Comfort, not passionate imaginings, is the aim of every body, and he seeks to aid and gratify this love of comfort."

And so does Mr. Horne too, by his speculation on 300*l.* and 100*l.* for epics and tragedies, but there is a merit in his popularity which Mr. Horne does not penetrate. Sheridan Knowles is a man with a heart in his bosom, and that heart speaks in sympathy to the hearts of his audience in true words of passion.

The merits of all the minor stage authors who do not write epics or tragedies are handsomely acknowledged by the writer, but he says that "managers only regard them as a degree above street minstrels," and

"Herein is shadowed the fate of their mighty predecessors, and in the red herring and Rhenish banquet that killed Nash—in the tavern-brawling death of Marlowe—in the penury of Dekker—of Webster, who was a parish clerk—of Beaumont and Fletcher, and the distresses of nearly every one of the dramatists of their age, is to be found the symbol of the conduct which originality ever suffers."—Vol. ii. p. 52.

This seems to us very like bathos. What on earth have red herrings and tavern-brawlings to do with the matter? They were quite optional to Nash and Marlowe, and the latter Mr. Horne has made a tragedy hero of, out of the very tavern brawl which he seeks to lay on the poor managers.

To Talfourd is given some faint praise as a classicist. Of Sir E. L. Bulwer it is said—

"He can hardly be considered as a dramatist, having pursued this class of writing not from any strong internal gift and predominating influence, but rather as a man of first-rate talent and ingenuity who could produce any kind of literary article that might be in request."—Vol. ii. p. 103.

In the 'False Medium,' Mr. Horne expresses the direct contrary opinion to this. Now it is certain that Bulwer has been a successful dramatist in the 'Lady of Lyons,' and this seems to be the groundwork of the critic's anger. He cannot abide any one who may be a rival. Bulwer's plays, like those of Sheridan Knowles, are popular, be-

cause they have hearts in them; and they are, moreover, essentially the works of an artist. Compare 'Richelieu' with 'Cosmo,' and the difference will at once be perceived. The former is a thing of life; the latter is a piece of statuary.

The taste of the article on Macready is what might have been expected from an angry unacted dramatist of weak mind. No man of genius could have written it. Not a man "straitened in means," but straitened in soul, and working, not from high impulse, but for "remuneration," calculating on a "permanent 100*l.* per annum for life and due honors"—only such a man could have done this thing. We quote again:—

"But if the unacted drama be held in no regard by theatrical people, it is not much more esteemed by the majority of the public press. The slightest acted piece often has a long notice; whereas, of an unacted tragedy or comedy, any thing or nothing may be said, and any thing with impunity."—Vol. ii. p. 112.

To this is appended a foot note, stating that a certain unacted dramatist was not noticed by a professional critic, who, in "a fit of frank cordiality," said it was because he did not like the dramatist's whiskers. The *taste* of betraying this "frank cordiality" is questionable; but the dramatist might as well have stated at the same time that the "offending hair" was cut off, lest it should be a bar to a promised public employment where "my Lord's" sat as critics on appearance.

The statement that Macready went to America on account of bad success in London, is untrue. As regarded the public, Macready did not fail. It was the plundering system of compelling him to make up theatrical "properties" from his gains, that drove him away. He publicly stated himself, that as regarded his receipts they were ample. He labored only under the difficulty of "dead weight," paying interest on capital sunk and wasted under a monopoly. Could he have built a new theatre on the favorable terms of modern buildings, he would have grown rich beyond a doubt. The "wish" of the "unacted dramatist" is the "father to his thought." It is the petty feeling of a minor artist, seeking to gratify itself by mischief, in the spirit of "Swing," when burning down a haystack, or a disappointed dramatist, who "would burn down a theatre."

The cool egotistical assumption of this

writer, in supposing that a manager is bound to expend his property to produce the play of any dramatist who may present one, is very amusing. Much stress is laid on the superfluity of show—rich dresses, scenery, and decoration. If all these matters are indeed superfluous, why then the matter resolves itself into a very narrow compass. If the writing be the chief, and the acting merely an adjunct, let the unacted dramatists read their plays to the public at lecture rooms. Great interest is excited by lecturing on Shakspeare; and if the modern unacted dramatists be of the Elizabethan school, they will not fail to excite lecture audiences, testing the subject matter in a similar mode to that in which Molière tested his writings—by reading them to his cook. There is, to our apprehension, a great deal of quackery in the mystery preserved about new plays till they are produced on the stage. We should rather have all plays tested by publication and public reading previous to acting. We think this would be the best security against failure; far better than the *colerie* readings which take place at present, and which present the most remarkable instances of errors in judgment. At any rate, the extinction of the monopoly has now left the unacted dramatists without ground of complaint. The world is all before them where to choose; but we counsel them to bear in mind that actor-artists of genius may be stirred by as high a spirit as writer-artists. Insolent assumption of superiority is no mark of genius.

The services which Macready has rendered to the drama are not lightly to be passed by. He risked his own capital; he drove vice from his theatre. He established order in every department. A great actor and a poet-artist also, he was unsparing in expenditure. He produced new plays—the best that could be got; and if they failed, it was not his fault. The public knows of none better than he produced. He did not produce 'Cosmo' or 'Gregory,' neither have they been produced elsewhere, though all stages are now thrown open to all dramatic writing. And it is quite clear that he "has enemies, some for one thing, some for another, abstract or personal, public or private;" disappointed morbid vanity having no little to do with it. But gladly shall we behold his return to the management of a new theatre, wherein his perfect taste and thorough integrity to the texts of his dramatic authors may be developed in

unison with kindred spirits, actors, and authors, unshackled by monopoly and unworried by vanity. And we shall be glad if no future play be brought out, till it has stood the test of printing, publishing, and public reading.

Mr. Browning and Mr. Marston are both applauded as poets by Mr. Horne; but as to their plays, though acted, he thinks they are utter failures. To make amends for this, we are introduced to the acquaintance of a new Lope de Vega, a dramatic genius of the highest order as to quantity, one Mr. Powell, who writes "five act tragedies at three sittings."

"That he has *stuff* in him of a good kind, if fairly worked upon and with any justice done to its own nature, is evident; though it may be doubted from these specimens whether he will ever be a dramatist."

There is clearly but one "dramatist" in the openly-expressed opinion of Mr. Horne.

The article on Bulwer is got up in the style which Carlyle calls "valetudine."

We do not think this work will add to Mr. Horne's repute. The *animus* is of the same kind as that of the 'False Medium'; and as a *false medium* Mr. Horne will go forth to the public, not as a spirit of the age, not as a high spirit. We would it had been otherwise. We counsel him to abandon his craving for notoriety, and apply himself diligently to work, without regard to results. Shakspeare wrote thirty odd plays. Mr. Horne has written but three. Let him go on writing more. Let him lecture on them at all manner of Syncretic associations, which will save printing: and, above all, we counsel him to ponder on these lines of Tennyson:—

"Watch what main currents draw the years:
Cut Prejudice against the grain;
But gentle words are always gain:
Regard the weakness of thy peers:

Nor toil for title, place, or touch
Of pension; neither count on praise;
It grows to guerdon after days;
Nor deal in watchwords over much."

N. U. S.

ROBOR CAROLINUM.—M. F. Senillosa writes from Buenos Ayres, date 3d December, 1843, that for six months the star *Robor carolinum* has appeared a star of the first class.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATIONAL CUSTOMS.

NO. I.—HEBREW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE MODERN SANSCRIT BY HESERKIAH
MORA, ESQ.From *Frazier's Magazine*.

THE TEMPLE.

It was the vigil of the Sabbath day, and the evening star shone brilliantly on the Temple of Solomon, whose hundred portals were now sending forth (the sacred service being over) multitudes of Zion's children. Slowly they vanished away, like clouds over the valley of the Jordan; and the holy temple now appeared tenantless, with the exception of one votary, who, in a pensive and gloomy mood, remained leaning against a column, of which, by his death-like stillness, he seemed to be a part. From the gold-embroidered silks of India, which constituted his dress, his flowing beard partially silvered with age, his stately stature and noble countenance, it was easy to conclude that this man was amongst the loftiest of his tribe. He seemed yet buried in thought when the chief priest Assir, who had just taken off his officiating robes, passed him by, remarking with a smile of masked malignity, "Has Hophin, happy Hophin, forgotten that his young and lovely wife is anxiously awaiting his return?"

"Ha, Assir!" replied Hophin, startled from his reverie: then adding in a tone of assumed tranquillity, "my wife, good Assir, is passing the evening by the bedside of my niece, Rachel, who is dangerously ill."

"And, doubtless, you are now going to conduct to her home your fair spouse? At least you will not depute that pleasing duty to the orphan whom you adopted five years ago at the FEAST OF THE HUTS?"

"An act of humanity," replied Hophin evasively.

"Backed by the moving entreaties of your young wife," furtively sneered the high-priest.

"How could I do otherwise?" continued Hophin, with gathering gloom. "The '*Feast of the Huts*,' as you well know, is celebrated to bless the produce of the earth and to return thanksgiving to the DIVINE DONOR. Huts formed of branches are raised before our doors. In these we eat in common during the festival. It was at this feast that Ammiel came to our hut. How could I refuse hospitality to a famished child? for Ammiel was then but a child."

"But is so no longer," observed Assir, with studied indifference.

"It is exactly five years from this day," went on Hophin; "I was coming from the bath, when Ezela met me with her eyes glistening with tears, 'Oh! my lord,' she exclaimed, 'a child—a poor orphan is at your gate. No home, no friend, no refuge! Bless the first year of our union with a good work, and let the feast we are now celebrating be to your wife a memorial of her husband's generous bounty.' Ezela was so beautiful at this moment, that I promised to adopt the boy. I took him by the hand, seated him at my table, and called him 'son.' I hope I have never had reason to repent my conduct."

"I hope so, too," replied Assir, mysteriously.

"What mean you? Your voice sounds ominously?" said Hophin, whose usually pale cheek reddened up with a burning flush.

"Nay, I speak in my wonted tone," replied the priest.

"I know thee for my enemy," sharply rejoined Hophin.

"Your rival once, but your enemy never! The Lily of Hebron inflamed me with a passion such as few can feel. You were preferred to me; and, in the first moments of my despair, I owed you, perhaps, no very great good will; but *now*—po! no more of this. Ezela is about twenty, I believe, and you are fifty, Hophin?"

"That is my age this very day," replied the husband of Ezela.

"Ezela is beautiful, mild, affectionate, but young and thoughtless."

"Assir!"

"I have a nephew at home, a fine stripping like your adopted son Ammiel. Now had I a wife so young, so beautiful as Ezela, why—women *will* make comparisons, and they seldom decide in favor of gray hairs."

The priest's words were arrows. His looks poisoned the barbs.

"Wretch, be silent!" at length burst forth Hophin. "Ezela is as pure as the snows of Hermon!"

"And who has said to the contrary, my good Hophin? As for me, I have not the slightest doubt of it; but other people say that they have seen and heard——"

"What?" roared Hophin, trembling in every nerve, and perspiring at every pore—"what have they heard?—what have they seen?"

"Only the gentle conversation and private meetings of Ammiel and Ezela upon the terrace."

"Serpent or demon!" replied Hoplin, hissing with the suppressed fury of both, "if this be false, your life would be but as a drop in the cup of my revenge; but if true—*true!*—God of Israel, where am I? My reason wanders! Assir! for mercy's sake retract your words. Pluck from my mind these dreadful suspicions! say that Ezela is true, or, by my father's grave——"

"Ezela's truth and love can be easily and surely proved," calmly interrupted Assir.

"How?" gasped Hoplin.

"By one of our pious ceremonies now almost obsolete; but which, on this occasion, I would wish to revive."

"What ceremony?"

"I will explain it to you as we go along. Come," said Assir, familiarly passing his arm under Hoplin's. "The night advances, and Ezela is not yet at home."

THE TERRACE.

It was late at night when Hoplin, striding rapidly through the principal streets of Jerusalem, arrived at his door, which was immediately opened by an old female slave.

"Where is Ezela?" demanded he, with a voice so altered, that the old slave raised her lamp to his face, doubting that it was her master who spoke.

"Where is Ezela?" hoarsely repeated Hoplin.

"My lord, upon the terrace;" and the slave bowed to the dust.

"Alone?" muttered Hoplin, as if dreading the reply.

"No, my lord; the young Ammiel is with her."

In an instant Hoplin was on the terrace. One rapid glance drank in the whole scene.

The night was oriental in its fairest attributes; clear, calm, and beautiful. Myriads of stars sparkled in the deep blue heavens, forming the retinue of the crescent moon slowly rising from the waves of "the Great Sea." At one extremity of the terrace female slaves were seated on straw mats, and spoke in low murmurs; at the other end Ezela, unveiled, and reclining on cushions, sang, in a low soft voice, one of David's canticles. Ammiel was seated at her feet, and their attitudes changed not at the presence of Hoplin! Ezela sang. Ammiel gazed on her, and listened; but Hoplin, with a voice as from the tomb, slowly articulated, "Why have you left the house of Rachel before I came to conduct you hither?"

"My lord," replied Ezela, the tears clinging to her silken eyelids, "Rachel is much better. The night was growing late, and Ammiel accompanied me home."

"Ammiel, Ammiel!" repeated Hoplin, using the word as a stimulant to his rage; "and what brought Ammiel thither?"

Pale and trembling, Ezela answered not; but Ammiel, starting to his feet, replied, "My father! I went to meet you and Ezela; but, not finding you at Rachel's house, we believed that you had returned home in your absence, and therefore we hastened hither to rejoin you."

"It is well," coldly observed Hoplin, seating himself on the cushions, and concealing under a tranquil air the suspicions gnawing at his heart. Drawing Ezela to his side, and passing his arm around her waist, till his fingers pressed insidiously upon the life-pulse of her spotless breast, he continued,—

"Ammiel, my son, thou art now eighteen years of age?"

"Since the last moon," replied Ammiel, in perplexity.

"Ammiel, thou art now a man. It were foul shame for thee to pass thy days in the apartments of women."

"What would my father say? I am an orphan. On earth I have no other friend than you and Ezela," added he, sadly looking at the young woman, who smiled as sadly in return.

Hoplin pressed so tightly the arm of Ezela, that she uttered a cry of pain. Regardless of this, her husband sternly continued,—

"The king of Israel now lives in peace; but peace has need of soldiers even as war."

"Now I understand my father," proudly replied Ammiel. "Let it be to-morrow,—let it be this hour: I am ready to depart."

"No, no, Ammiel!" suddenly exclaimed Ezela; "leave not this roof. Choose some other profession than the cruel one of war."

"Woman!" thundered Hoplin, "give your advice when asked!"

The silence which succeeded the loud and furious words weighed heavily even on the slaves crouching in whispering groups at the other extremity of the terrace.

"Ezekiel, the captain of the king's guards, is my friend and kinsman. He will receive you to-morrow in his corps. Ammiel, you depart to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" involuntarily sighed Ezela.

"Well! what next? Pray continue."

This may be the last opportunity;" and Hophin smiled maliciously.

"You hurt me, my lord," said Ezela, in a low voice (his poniard-hilt pressed rudely against her side),—"you hurt me;" and she endeavored to disengage her person from his coil.

"Stay!" shouted Hophin; and the adjoining terraces reverberated successively the sound. Ezela seemed petrified to a beautiful statue. A flash of indignation gleamed from the large blue eyes of the orphan; but, suppressing his bitter emotion, he demanded at what hour he should receive his instructions.

"At two hours after sunrise," coldly replied Hophin.

Without another word, Hophin, Ezela, and the orphan Ammiel, separated for the night; the trembling slaves slowly following. No sound was heard save the step and voice of the warder on the walls, or the distant gurgling of the Kedron. The cloudless stars shone down upon the deserted terrace; gradually they waned away toward the palm-clad shores of Phœnicia; and soon the mountains of Moriah hailed the cheerful day-dawn,—cheerful to all but the wretched, whose sleepless eyes turn away from the blessed beams as from a ghastly mockery.

THE BANKS OF THE KEDRON.

But long before day-break, Assir, the high-priest, and Hophin, chief of the tribe of Naphthali, were slowly walking on the margin of the Kedron, or "Dark Rivulet," which darns its darkling way through the valley of Hinnom. Pressing almost convulsively his companion's arm, Hophin eagerly asked,—

"But is the *'test of the bitter waters'* infallible?"

"Infallible beyond the shadow of suspicion."

"My reason refuses to believe it," demurred the layman.

"The power of Jehovah is infinite!" The priest bowed low.

"And yet, if Ezela should prove innocent?" mused Hophin.

"She would appear more beautiful from the ordeal," complimented the priest.

"But if guilty?"

"Her body would soon become swollen, and death would instantly succeed."

"Assir!" said the husband, casting a gloomy glance on the dark waters rolling

at his feet, "Ezela must die! You understand me."

"Justice shall be done on the guilty;" and the priest bowed again.

"Assir, you are a doctor of the law, and even so am I. But you are also a priest, and so am not I. Speak we undisguisedly. Speak not as a high-priest to an ignorant Levite, but as man to man."

So saying, he sat down upon the trunk of a storm-uprooted cedar; and, approaching his lips towards the ears of the high-priest, whispered, in a hiss of torture,—

"Assir, I am betrayed! Ezela loves Ammiel! You see this poniard. Last night it was within a hair-breadth of drinking the life-blood of the wanton and her paramour. You shudder, Assir, and you are right. The deed were brutal, so I checked myself to enjoy a sweeter vengeance. Assir, Ezela must die, yet not in the darkness of night, but in the glare of noon-day,—not assassinated by my slaves, or by my own hand, but by thine, good Assir, by the draught of the "bitter waters" in the midst of the Temple, and before the face of all Israel. Thou understandest?"

"To none but the guilty are the waters terrible," solemnly replied the priest.

"And yet, had I been high-priest, good Assir, they should be terrible to whosoever I pleased," insinuated Hophin.

But the hint fell stillborn, apparently, for the priest's eye was imperturbable as the tomb.

"The sand which I mix with the waters is collected from the floor of the sanctuary. I mix with the sand certain burnt herbs, and prepare two cups, one for the wife, the other for her husband."

"You mark *one* of these cups good Assir?"

Their eyes met. A flash of demon joy gleamed, for a moment, in the eyes of the high-priest, then left them more lurid than before, as darkness after lightning. A fiendish thought seemed to mark, as with a brand, his forehead, piercing through the prophylact, and burning in the brain.

"The laborer deserves his hire," muttered Assir.

Hophin drew from his bosom a gold-embroidered purse, and presented it to the high-priest.

"But, before I act, remarked the latter, "I must previously ascertain whether Ezela deserves the death you doom her to. I desire to have an hour's converse with her alone."

"Never!" exclaimed Hophin, starting at the thought.

"Then seek from some other 'the ordeal of the bitter waters,' prepared in the manner you wish them to be. Peace be with you!" And the priest arose from the prostrate cedar, as if about to depart.

"Hold! Assir," groaned Hophin, struggling with his passions; "you have my secret. When would you wish to speak with Ezela?"

"When the evening prayer is said."

"Then be it so."

And, without word, look, or salute, they separated.

THE DEPARTURE.

While the machinations of Sathanas were thus concocting by the waters of the Kedron, the rays of the rising sun found Ezela and the young Israelite clasped in each other's arms on the terrace where the scene of the last evening had passed.

"My brother, my dear and only brother, all must be revealed to Hophin. Ammiel, you must not be sacrificed!" And Ezela sobbed bitterly.

"But the dying words of our mother must be obeyed. Ezela, she knew not at first that I lived, that I was saved from the shipwreck where our father perished; otherwise she would not have willed you all the property, half of which was legally mine."

"Yet, Ammiel, when she knew you were alive, why did she conceal your existence, and rob you of your just patrimony?"

"Hush! my sister. A mother's pride, and she was most proud in having Hophin for her son, led her to this error, besides the disgrace of Hophin's refusal, had you only half the dowry proposed. I regret not the loss. Your marriage was celebrated, and you accompanied your husband to Jerusalem."

"And you, my poor brother, art cast penniless on the world for my account. Oh! Ammiel, let me read once more the last injunctions of our mother. They may strengthen me in this hour of trial."

Ammiel took a scroll of parchment from his bosom, and Ezela read, with sorrowful agitation, her mother's letter:—

"To Ammiel.

"My son, when you return to the home of your fathers you will find it desolate. Your dying mother confesses she has robbed you, and added to the robbery a lie. Forgive me,

my son! From the grave I implore your forgiveness. Let not my memory be brought to shame, nor your sister to reproach, by revealing the secret which weighs heavily on my heart at this my dying hour. Go to thy sister; tell her all. May the God of Israel support thee and her to keep inviolate the secret of thy mother.

"SHIRAZ."

"Thus, Ezela," sighed Ammiel, taking back the parchment, "our mother's secret must be kept, even to the death."

"But, Ammiel, my brother, hear me. Leave not Jerusalem this morning, nor even to-morrow. I implore you to grant me this favor. Some horrible presentiment chills me as with a death-damp. Stay, Ammiel," she repeated, enfolding him in her arms. "Wait till to-morrow eve near the tower of David. I shall either come myself, or send a slave to thee."

"Well, I promise thee, Ezela. Trust thy brother!"

A shadow crossed the sunshine on the terrace. Ammiel started, and suddenly disengaged himself from his sister's farewell embrace. Hophin stalked forward.

"Pardon our tears and our last farewell, my lord. Ezela has been a sister to me; to her I owe the protection you have so nobly granted to a poor orphan. Be not offended at my grief;" and Ammiel turned aside in sorrow.

"Wherefore should I?" coldly responded Hophin. "But enough of this. Take you these three purses of gold, you will find my best horse ready caparisoned in the court-yard. Depart for the army. Farewell!"

Ammiel was about to refuse the gifts of Hophin, but a look from Ezela altered his intention. Receiving the purses, and casting one look on Ezela, he uttered,—

"My lord, I accept these gifts as from a brother; and now the God of Israel watch over you."

Ammiel rapidly departed.

"And now, woman, for thy destiny!" hoarsely muttered Hophin, leading his wife to her apartments.

THE PILGRIM.

Sadly leaning on the marble balustrade which enclosed the terrace of Hophin's mansion, Ezela was gazing intently on a dark and vertical streak which curiously appeared to bisect the setting sun. This was the tower of David, where Ammiel was to await her instructions.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of a slave, who, touching the ground with his forehead, announced that a pilgrim requested hospitality.

"See, then, to his wants," hastily replied Ezela, resuming her gaze towards David's Tower.

"The pilgrim requests a private interview," said the slave, returning.

"Where is thy master?" inquired Ezela.

"At evening prayer," replied the slave.

"I receive no persons in his absence. Depart!"

The slave departed, but in a few minutes reappeared, and lowly uttered,—

"The pilgrim requests this interview in the name of humanity."

"In vain!" replied Ezela, in a tone of annoyance.

"For the sake of your life, which is in danger."

"Leave my presence," proudly commanded the young matron.

"In the name of your husband."

"I cannot see this man," said Ezela, hesitatingly.

"In the name of the orphan Ammiel."

"Bid him enter immediately," rapidly answered Ezela, veiling her flushed features.

And Assir entered.

"Daughter of Shiraz!" mildly began the priest, "your mother spurned me as your suitor. Hophin, the wealthy and powerful Hophin, was preferred to the poor priest Assir. But that is past. I come not hither to reproach; no, I come to save you."

"How, Assir! what means this mystery?"

"Thou shalt hear. The demon of jealousy has seized on your husband's heart. To-morrow you shall be summoned by my voice to the temple and compelled to undergo the 'ordeal of the bitter waters.' Terrible will be the trial!"

"I fear it not," replied Ezela unmoved.

"And thou wert right, Ezela," rejoined the priest, "if it had been the hand of God that prepared the waters; but the hand of man—"

"Thy hand, good Assir! is it not?"

"Yea, even mine," and the priest seemed sunk in thought.

"Speak, Assir, I implore you. You are trembling, and your looks are those of the dead."

"Listen, then, daughter of Shiraz. Your husband desires your death, and by his order I am to poison one of the two cups," said the priest in a voice barely audible.

"Satanic slanderer!" replied the young wife, her eyes flashing and her bosom heaving with indignant emotion.

"Seest thou this purse? Dost thou recognize it? It is full of gold; my reward for your death."

Ezela instantly recognized the purse which her own hands had wrought and presented to Hophin. The hot tears came gushing through her veil.

"But it shall be the reward of his death, if thou wilt it," said the priest, insidiously approaching her. Promise, beautiful Ezela, to be my bride, and Hophin shall quaff the poisoned cup, leaving thee a widow to-morrow."

"Infamous assassin!" indignantly burst forth Ezela, as she rushed from the terrace.

A moment after, and before Assir had recovered from his discomfiture, a slave hurriedly conducted him from the terrace to the court-gate. There the husband of Ezela met the high-priest. Their eyes met, and the meeting of their eyes would have delighted man's enemy to behold.

"To-morrow!" muttered Hophin.

"Ay, to-morrow!" and the priest hurried on.

THE ORDEAL.

It was noon; not a cloud obscured the azure heavens. The sun shone down in all his power and beauty on the domes of Jerusalem, "the vision of peace," (and a vision of peace has it been from its foundation to the present day.) Crowds thronged through the gates of Solomon's Temple, eagerly anxious to witness the ordeal of the bitter waters. The women occupied exclusively the galleries, the men filled nearly to suffocation the body of the temple. Silence seemed to shudder as the high-priest appeared slowly ascending the steps of the tabernacle. As soon as he had stood in front of the holy ark he bowed him to the ground and then stepped back.

A few moments elapsed and he was followed by a man and a woman. The former in gloomy abstraction kept his eyes fixed upon the unleavened cake which he carried between his hands. The woman walked upon the left side of the man, her person being entirely covered by a white woollen veil. The swan of the Euphrates never appeared more graceful.

A brief pause ensued, when the husband, placing the cake upon the altar, uttered aloud, "The spirit of jealousy possesses

my heart. I demand for my wife the test of the bitter waters."

"Thy demand is granted," said the high-priest.

"And, therefore," resumed Hophin, "have I brought this barley-cake, unmixed with oil or spices, a cake of jealousy and a memorial of iniquity. Let the guilty perish!"

"Wife of Hophin, approach," intoned the high-priest. And Ezela walked forward.

A young Levite takes two cups filled with blessed water and places them before the priest. Assir collects some grains of sand from the floor of the sanctuary and slowly casts them into each cup, accompanying the act with a few lowly-uttered words. Then advancing towards the wife of Hophin he removes her veil, and the temple shone as with the beauty of a seraph.

"Oh! mercy and pardon for the young and beautiful," burst from the lips of the men.

The women were mute upon the occasion.

Regardless of this incident, the priest continued his dreadful office. Taking the cake from the husband's hands, and closely approaching Ezela, he whispered, "It is not yet too late. Consent to be my wife; say but one word, Ezela, and thou art free."

"Priest, perform thy duty!" indignantly murmured Ezela. Then raising her radiant eyes to heaven, she added fervently, "God of Israel, protect me!"

"Daughter of Shiraz! wife of Hophin!" said Assir, aloud, "if thou art chaste in thought and deed, be thou unscathed by these waters. But if otherwise, may these waters which thou shalt drink prove thy last draught upon earth?" Then taking the cup and placing it within her trembling hands added, with a fiendish emphasis, "Drink, spouse of Hophin."

Ezela looked at the cup, and then at her husband. His scornful glance aroused her gentle spirit. "People of Israel!" said the victim, with a voice that thrilled through the columns of the temple, but not through the heart of Hophin. "Men, who judge me, and ye women, who hear me, I swear that I am innocent, that my heart is pure, and my tongue a stranger to falsehood. And yet I dread this trial, for the malice of men may be taken for the judgment of God. May the Lord pardon my enemies. I pardon them from my soul." Then rais-

ing the cup to her lips, she drank its contents. For a moment her beautiful eyes were directed towards the roof of the temple, then slowly sinking upon the vast and awe-stricken multitude, she recognized her brother, and faintly exclaimed, "Ammiel, dear Ammiel, farewell!"

"Hophin! thy turn has come," said Assir, presenting the other cup.

At that moment Ammiel rushed through the crowd, caught the fainting Ezela in his arms, and exclaimed, "Who dare accuse my sister?"

"Thy sister!" repeated Hophin, dropping the cup, which broke in a thousand fragments on the pavement.

"Read," said Ammiel, presenting his mother's letter.

Hophin spoke not. He dreaded being accused as the murderer of Ezela.

Assir approached and whispered, "The poison was not in the cup of Ezela!"

"In which, then?" gasped Hophin, recoiling.

"In neither!" replied the high-priest, fixing his eyes on the broken cup with a look of savage disappointment.

Ezela, recovering from her swoon, kissed her husband's hand, and the forehead of her brother. Assir shrunk away from the scene as a foul bird from the light of day. All the men, save the high-priest, blessed the beautiful, and all the women envied her. "A moral phenomenon," saith our chronicler, "by no means confined to the Valley of Jehoshaphat."

MAGNETIC DYNAMOMETER.— Its form is that of a rectangular frame set up vertically. On the lower cross-piece is fixed a horse-shoe electromagnet with its points upwards, the armature of which is at the centre annular, and to it a dynamometric index is attached by means of a hook. One end of a cord fastened to a ring in the dynamometer passes through a hole in the upper cross-piece, and round the axle of a wheel arranged above the frame. When the wheel is turned until the armature be detached, the index of the dynamometer shows the figure of the dial at which the point of the instrument stopped. This figure, deducting the weight of the armature, which remains suspended to the ring of the dynamometer, gives the exact measure of the electro-magnetic force.—*Literary Gazette.*

MEMORY.

From Fraser's Magazine.

It was in the gardens of the Tuileries that I met with an old college friend. He was promanaging a young lady, who seemed to me to have some difficulty in making herself understood, and still more in understanding her cavalier. They soon parted company, and my old acquaintance came up to me, and complained of the difficulties he found in speaking the French language. "I always had a bad memory, you know, but I can remember *facts* better than *words*." I should have instantly recognized my man, by this expression alone. He went by the name of "The Man of Facts" when he was at College; and it was to this alone that he ascribed all superiority. To possess more facts than one's neighbor was to have the greatest advantage over him. When asked how he got through his examination, he replied, "Well enough;" but regretted that he had not so many facts as the professors who examined him; and he sighed for his want of memory.

Now, nothing can be more erroneous than were his ideas upon the subject. A man may possess an immense number of facts, and be a very great goose. There are two kinds of memory,—the one purely mechanical, which those possess who retain names, dates, and some facts,—the other is the result of an impression made upon the feelings; and the complaint of want of memory is in general nothing more than obtuseness of an important portion of the intellectual faculties. Few clever men complain of want of memory, or find difficulty in retaining those things which form a part or parcel of their intellectual enjoyments.

The lover of poetry may not be able to recollect when the battle was precisely fought, but if he have ever read Campbell's "Hohenlinden," he can never forget it. He may have read it but once, may not be able to repeat a line of it, but there it is indelibly impressed upon his feelings—he can call it up when he pleases. It is as much his own as the author's. The man without memory or without susceptibility of impression, which is almost synonymous, may have read it many times, and yet know nothing about it; his eyes have passed over it, but it has not passed through those portals to be indelibly stamped upon the sensorium. His ear may, perhaps, again recognize the sound of the words, but still the thing itself has escaped his memory, and from the best of all reasons—that it was never there. The want of memory of which such complain, may be compared to Falstaff's deafness. "Rather out, please you. It is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal."

He who has summed up every thing and placed all things in their true light, has not been wanting in the true definition of memory. When the Ghost says to Hamlet, "Remem-

ber me," he replies, "Yes, as long as memory holds a place in this distracted globe."

Here is precisely what we contend for, viz. that true memory is made up of impression. Such is implied in the tone of Hamlet's reply, that it would be impossible to forget it, that nothing less than the dissolution of the moral and physical world could prevent him from remembering the scene which he had just witnessed. It became hereafter no matter of will with him to do so. To tell him to forget it or to remember it, would be synonymous. It formed from that time a portion of his moral existence, inseparable but by general dissolution. It is precisely the same in other matters, that which has made a very strong impression is never forgotten; it may not always be at hand, but it is still there: circumstances may again call it forth, fresh as it was deposited in the storehouse of the mind. The man without memory is the man whose mind is not organized to receive such impressions as excite those sensations which guarantee durability; such as read the book and lay it down, and forget where they left off; a state which may occur to all at times, when the mind may be preoccupied, but which is habitual with those who complain of bad memories. In these arguments a healthy state of body and mind are presupposed, for by nothing is the faculty of memory so impaired as by physical derangements. It may be annihilated by organic affections, or it may be suspended, or go to sleep. It may happen that the power of speech and the use of language be annulled, that all moral existence may seem extinguished, whilst the physical powers continue their functions; but when the causes operating these effects shall have been removed, then shall blest memory return with all its force to the point where its functions had been suspended. The following case, quoted from the lectures of the late Sir Astley Cooper, illustrates this position in a most satisfactory manner:—A sailor falling from the yard-arm was taken up insensible, and carried into the hospital in Gibraltar, where he remained in the same state for many months; he was conveyed from thence to England, and admitted into St. Thomas's Hospital.

"He lay upon his back with very few signs of life, breathing, his pulse beating, some motion in his fingers, but, in all other respects, apparently deprived of all powers of mind, volition, or sensation. Upon the examination of his head a depression was discovered, and he was trephined at a period of thirteen months and a few days after the accident. The man sat up in his bed four hours after the operation, and, being asked if he felt pain, immediately put his hand to his head. In four days from this time he was able to get out of bed and converse, and in a few more days he was able to say where he came from, and remembered meeting with the accident; but from that time up to the period when the operation was performed (*i. e.* for a period of thirteen months and upwards) his mind remained in a perfect state of oblivion."

Nothing was remembered which occurred between the periods of the infliction of the wound which caused the pressure and the removal of the piece of bone which produced it, because nothing during that long time had made any impression on the sensorium. There was a distinct separation of animal from moral existence.

Mr. Herbert Mayo has published a case of double consciousness with temporary loss of memory. It is rather complicated in a metaphysical point of view, but proves satisfactorily the power of impression. There was no loss of memory where the former had had its due influence. Some physical impediment in the circulation operated to prevent its manifestation at will; but it was there, and as soon as the obstruction was removed memory again triumphed.

I believe, therefore, that we are not far from wrong in accusing our friend of that want of perception and of impression which so much limited the number of his facts that he retained but very few; and his complaint against his memory was unjust and ill-founded, inasmuch as the food with which it is nourished must be duly digested and assimilated before it form an integrant part of that intellectual state which seldom complains of want of memory.

BANQUET TO THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

From the Spectator.

THE Duke of Wellington's position at the East India Directors' dinner to Sir Henry Hardinge, on Wednesday, recalls the image of the captive French King in the tent of the Black Prince. The duke was the hero of the evening; Sir Henry, the nominal hero, laid all the honor of the banquet at the duke's feet; the chairman was lavish in his eulogiums of the duke; the great end and aim of the speechification was to soothe the duke. And yet, amid all this homage, the impertinent idea would recur, that the duke was sitting at the hospitable board of the Board that had checkmated him.

The duke, in return, was grimly civil. In his speech—returning thanks for the toast of himself and the army—there was, to be sure, not one word about indiscretion; but, rigidly scrutinized, not one word of decided compliment to his entertainers will be found in it. No; though he sat at their table—though all the delicacies of the season, and all the flat-teries of half-a-dozen seasons, were showered upon him—not one word of his House-of-Lords philippic was even by implication unsaid by him. Not an expression positively unkind

escaped him—but not a kind one either. The bright armor of the French monarch could not have received with more polished coldness and rigidity the blandishments of his youthful captor.

The new governor-general, while apparently bent alone upon soothing his veteran chief, contrived adroitly to pay his court to the directors. The skilful and tortuous climax with which he rose from a panegyric on the Indian army, to dilate upon his own ultra-transcendental pacific disposition, was an unspeakable relief to the assembled chairs. The Board was heard to draw a long sigh of unutterable relief. Each chair muttered to itself, in unpremeditated concert with its fellows—"Public opinion is right; Sir Henry will be a safe governor of India."

Oh the faithlessness of chairs as well as of sitters upon chairs! Three little years have not passed since Lord Ellenborough was feasted with as much *empressment* as now Sir Henry Hardinge; yet on Wednesday his name was not once named, even by the Duke of Wellington; and, what was worse, words rife with implied charges against him superabounded. Sir Henry Hardinge's vehement protestations of pacific policy, his reiterated professions of deference to the Directors, and Sir Robert Peel's magnanimous declarations against any change in the constitution of our Indian government, all indicated where the shoe pinched under the late Governor-General. No one knew what Lord Ellenborough might take into his head next; and Lord Ellenborough, not contented with setting the fee-farm of his masters the directors constantly on the hazard, was barely civil to them when they remonstrated.

So, as far as ministers and directors can do it, Lord Ellenborough is quietly shelved. Whether he will sit quietly down under this on his return, remains to be seen. Doubts appear to be entertained on that head. Nay, from the unwonted despatch with which his successor proceeds to the scene of action; it might almost seem to be expected that Lord Ellenborough, unlike the "good army" of Bombastes Furioso, might "kick up a row" before he allowed himself to be disbanded.

APPLICATION.—Every man of eminence, who writes his own biography, explicitly avows that he is unconscious of any other reason for having attained proficiency in his pursuits than *intense application*. Supposing a fair share of natural endowments to be given, an ardent desire to excel will certainly overcome many difficulties. In the autobiography of the late Mr. Abraham Raimbach, an eminent engraver in London, just published, we find an additional corroboration of this view. "All true excellence in art is, in my humble opinion, to be chiefly attributed to an early conviction of the inadequacy of all means of improvement in comparison with that of *self-acquired knowledge*."

DAVID HUME'S CORRESPONDENCE. — The late Baron Hume, the nephew of the philosopher, was generally known to be in possession of a pretty large collection of letters, forming the correspondence between his uncle and a circle of distinguished contemporaries. Many applications were made for access to this collection; but it was the opinion of the Baron, at least until a comparatively late period, that the time had not yet come when a use of these MSS., sufficiently ample and free to be of service to literature, could expediently be made. On his death in 1833, as we then announced, he left the collection at the disposal of the Council of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and it has now been for some time preserved in the archives of that body, accessible only through the special permission of the Council. After some deliberation regarding the proper use to which this peculiar bequest should be applied, the Council resolved that the collection should be placed at the disposal of any editor on whom they might have reliance, who should either publish such parts of the correspondence as have reference to literature, politics, and the personal life of Hume, or employ them as illustrative of a memoir of the philosopher. We understand that with this view the MSS. have been put at the disposal of Mr. J. H. Burton, advocate, who is at present employing them, together with original materials collected in other quarters, in the preparation of a Life of Hume, with sketches of his contemporaries. The MSS. in the possession of the Royal Society contain, besides an ample correspondence with those eminent fellow-countrymen with whom it is well known that Hume enjoyed unreserved intimacy, letters from D'Alembert, Carnot, Reynal, Montesquieu, and the other leaders of contemporary foreign literature. These, with the letters of Mad. de Boufflers, Mad. Geoffrin, Mlle. de l'Esplanasse, and other female ornaments of the literary circles of Paris, will serve to throw light on a curious, but little known episode in Hume's life—his enthusiastic reception by the wits and the fine women of the reign of Louis XV. We understand, too, that these papers throw considerable light on the strange quarrel between Hume and Rousseau. —*Athenæum*.

PARISH PRIZES.—Some readers will scarcely believe us when we mention that a practice has been begun in certain districts in England of giving annual "rewards to laborers for bringing up their families independently of parochial relief." He who seeks little or nothing from the parish gets a prize. The reward, however, is proportioned to the number of children he has had the merit of providing for by his own exertions. At a distribution of this kind at Aylesbury, on the 14th of September, we find that one of these miracles of independence got £4 for having had nine children born to him in lawful wedlock, seven of whom he has brought up without parochial relief. Another got thirty shillings for having reared four children without any assistance from the parish.

AUGUST, 1844.

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THE PROGRESS OF ART.

From the Westminster Review.

1. *The Hand-Book of Taste, or how to observe Works of Art, especially Cartoons, Pictures, and Statues.* By Fabius Pictor. Longman.
2. *The Present State of Ecclesiastical Architecture in England.* By A. Welby Pugin. C. Dolman, 61 New Bond street.

THERE are few subjects which are just now exciting more attention in England than the present state of the Fine Arts, and few on which more has been said and written; but still it does not appear that any satisfactory conclusion has been arrived at on the subject, or that either the public or the artists themselves understand better what is wanted, or what would be the best means of improving their condition or enabling Englishmen to do something more creditable to the nation than has hitherto been produced. In the meanwhile the demand for art is as universal as the interest it excites, and whether it be for the statue or painting with which the rich man ornaments his dwelling, or for the 'Penny Magazine' or 'Illustrated News,' which find their way into the poorest cottage, every class are enjoying the luxury; and it is of an importance not easily overrated that a right direction should be given to this new-born taste in the nation, working for good or evil to an extent which defies the calculation of the boldest intellect.

It is not however, we fear, in this point of view that the government at present regard the question, and the parliamentary committees that have been appointed, and the royal commissions that have been issued, seemed to have conceived that it was only the wounded vanity of the nation at seeing herself surpassed in art by Bavaria and other continental states, that made her now demand rescue from the disgrace; and the consequence is, that having ascertained that art was at a singularly low ebb in this country (which all the world knew before they were appointed), they have determined to follow in the steps of the Germans, and try and rival what they conceive to be the splendid school of art that has recently arisen there. The experiment is now being proceeded with, and though it would be presumption to prophesy that it cannot be successful, we have very strong doubts of its realizing the expectations of its sanguine promoters.

At the recent exhibition of cartoons that took place in Westminster Hall in consequence of this resolution, the nation were astonished and delighted to find that English artists could produce as good designs as either the French or Germans, and all have been willing to hail with joy the new era thus opened to art. They have not paused to consider that what could so easily be done by some dozens of artists who never before thought on the subject, or never attempted that style of art, must indeed be a very small and very easy exercise of intellect. They, indeed, who agree with the committee, that, after rewarding the original eleven, there were still ten more so nearly equal to them that it would be unjust if they too were not rewarded, may rejoice in the nation possessing such a band of Raphaels, and thank the commissioners for having been instrumental in bringing to light such a mass of hidden talent, which God knows, no man in England ever before dreamt of our possessing, and which certainly never showed itself in the annual exhibitions, or in any paintings these artists had hitherto produced. For ourselves the experiment goes far to prove that it is as easy for an educated artist to produce cleverly grouped pictures of this sort as it would be for any educated man to produce as good verses as ever Pope or Dryden wrote, provided it be understood that knowledge of the subject, and sense, and wit, are not required to form a necessary ingredient in the composition. He knows little of the long thought, and toil, and pain, with which great works are produced by even the greatest geniuses, who fancy that the stuff of immortality may be found in what is done so easily and by so many.

What appears to us, in the present state of matters, to be more wanted than cartoons, is a correcter knowledge of what true art really is—what are its purposes and objects—and by what means these are to be reached. Till a clearer knowledge is obtained on these points than at present seems to exist, we fear that nothing that is really great or good will be done, and it is to this object that we propose to dedicate the following pages; and though we cannot hope within the narrow limits of an article to examine any one of these objects as we should wish, we still hope to be able to place some parts of the subject in a clear light, and to turn attention to others that are often overlooked entirely.

A century ago, painting, as an art prac-

tised by Englishmen, could scarcely be said to exist in England; and it is now little more than eighty years since the first public exhibition of paintings took place. At that period the attention of the public (if the small body of men who then interested themselves in art may be so called) was more strongly directed to the subject than at any subsequent period till the present, and with strong grounds for hope; for that age produced Reynolds, West, Gainsborough and Wilson, and Hogarth, and Flaxman,—men who raised British art from nothing to a palmy state it has not again reached, much less surpassed. The produce of all the excitement of that time was the establishment of the Royal Academy; and the public satisfied that in this creation they had done all that was required to insure the prosperity of the arts, forgot the subject, and relapsed into their former indifference; while the academy, feeling secure in its monopoly, and its members discouraged by their inability to rival the great Italian masters, or even the contemporary continental schools, sunk into a corporation of portrait painters, and left British art to seek its inspiration where it could; and as long as their own pencils were fully employed, the academicians seem never to have sought to direct or guide the taste or patronage of the nation to a better and higher style of art than what each individual found most profitable. Both artists and patrons seem to have tacitly acknowledged the impossibility of rivalling their great prototypes, and have even been content to allow that in all that concerned art the French were our superiors, and that we could never hope (for some good reason or other unexplained) to possess a gallery like the Louvre or to create one like that of the Luxembourg or Versailles. The French with all their loud boastings of pre-eminence have not been able to excite in us a spirit of rivalry, nor their sneers at the "*Nation boutiquière*" to rouse us to an energetic attempt to prove that the epithet was unmerited. But when Bavaria, a kingdom which stood lower than ourselves in the scale of artistic eminence, roused itself from its lethargy, and in a few short years, under the patronage of an enlightened prince, and without any greater advantages of climate (to which we are so fond of ascribing our deficiencies), produced a school of art which, whether it be really great or not, has at least led to most brilliant results and given employment to hundreds of artists in every corner of Germany,

England could no longer remain apathetic, but began to shake off her lethargy and to dream of the possibility of doing so likewise.

This at least has been the proximate cause; but, if we are not much mistaken, there is a deeper and more home-felt feeling, which, though not so apparent, is the real cause of the present working in men's minds on this subject. If this feeling does exist, we may hope for something great and good, which will scarcely result from rivalling the Germans, or copying the Italians or the Greeks.

The first expression of this new-born feeling was one of wrath against the poor old academy, on whom many were inclined to lay the whole blame of the depressed state of art in this country, and to demand that it should rescue us from the opprobrium; since then, however, the feeling has become stronger and more general, and it being admitted that the academy is incapable of doing anything, the subject has been taken up by the nation at large, and something will be done, and, if we are not mistaken, done successfully;—for, looking at what we have accomplished in literature, and the success that has ultimately attended every undertaking to which the energies of the nation have been fairly directed, there is strong ground for hope; but it is almost equally certain, that, before the right path is hit upon, many errors will be committed, and much money and talent be wasted; for, like a man suddenly startled in the dark from a sound sleep, we are yet rubbing our eyes, and trying to collect our scattered senses; but the chances are we take a wrong direction, and break our shins more than once before we find a light, or are thoroughly awake.

In all inquiries of this sort, one of the principal difficulties is to ascertain what is the real cause of the evil: once the seat and cause of the disease ascertained, the physician has little difficulty in prescribing a remedy. But, in the present instance, no two persons scarcely are agreed as to what is the real cause of our ill success in art. If an artist is asked the question, his invariable reply is, "want of patronage," and his partisans re-echo the sentiment. If a gentleman, not particularly interested in the subject, is asked, he answers, "the climate is unfavorable;" and these two causes, under various names, and with such modifications as the idiosyncrasy of the respondent may suggest, fill the one with hope

that the evil may be remedied, and satisfy the other that it is no use troubling himself about the matter.

Yet it can scarcely be the former, for no class of artists of any kind were ever more employed or more liberally rewarded and made such fortunes, as our architects, and yet architecture is at a lower ebb in this country than either painting or sculpture; and it is a question that has often been mooted, whether more money is not annually spent in this country on pictures than in the highest days of Italian art? Certainly more paintings are now produced and purchased than at any preceding period, and it is scarcely assumed that any great painter is among us creating great works of art which the public cannot understand, and which will only be appreciated when too late to benefit the artist; such things have happened in this country, but could scarcely occur now when the demand for art is so great and universal.

Of course no artist thinks his merits sufficiently acknowledged or rewarded; but there is a wide difference of opinion on this subject between them and the public, and one, we fear, that will not be easily reconciled.

The artist in the present day has an advantage with regard to patronage that scarcely ever existed before; he is not subject to the taste and caprice of one great patron, but, in whatever style of art he feels himself most at home, he is, if successful, sure to find admirers among the public; as the literary men of the present day are sure of finding readers, and, not like their predecessors, forced to flatter and fawn on some great man who would kindly condescend to patronize their works. The absence of this system has produced a far healthier tone in literature, and its re-adoption now would be as prejudicial to artists as it was to poets in former days. What our artists, however, demand is not this, but government patronage; and in this, we fear, they will be much disappointed; the government of this free country have too much to occupy their minds in the struggle for place or party ever to give that attention to the subject that is requisite; and the continual change of persons in power, and the consequent continual change of tastes and opinions, render it singularly unfit, by its very constitution, for the steady following out of any great system of encouragement of art.

A king or prince might do more; but,

in this country, he can only do it as an individual, and not as the absolute monarchs of other countries, who have the resources of their nations more at command. It is to the public that our artists must learn to look for support (as our literary men have learned some time ago). The public are willing to purchase and patronize whatever they can understand, or whatever speaks to their tastes or to their feelings. But they will not buy imitations of other schools when originals are to be had, nor will they buy paintings which nobody understands the meaning of but the painter, if indeed he does, which is not always clear.

The "climate" may be dismissed in a very few words. We acknowledge that Germany and France have done something in art, yet their climate is scarcely more favorable than ours, and the Dutch have produced a school of paintings which, in the estimation of our amateurs, rivals (if indeed its productions are not more valuable than) that of the Italians; and yet the climate of Holland is certainly worse than our own. But it is absurd to talk of climate, or of the chilling effects of modern habits and tastes to a people who have produced such a literature as ours. It is absurd to say that the countrymen of Spenser, or Shakspeare, or Milton, or the contemporaries of Scott, Byron, or Coleridge, or Wordsworth, are crushed by climate; or that there is any thing to prevent our painting as well as those men wrote. If we cannot yet boast of a Raphael or a Michael Angelo, we may rest satisfied with the comfortable assurance that there is nothing to prevent our having painters as great as Shakspeare or Milton were as poets; and if we have no Camuccini, or Cornelius, or De la Roche, we may at least have painters of equal merit with modern authors. It is true, however, that the climate is not favorable for the production of naked statues or for the employment of Doric porticos; nor is our religion favorable to the revival of saints and Madonnas; and were there no other sources of the Kalon but these, we might well despair. But our literati, after long wandering in the same paths in which our artists have now lost themselves, have at last discovered other sources of inspiration than the mere reproduction of classic models, and have restored our literature to the rank it holds. Till our artists have done something of the same sort, there is, we fear, but little hope of progress or improvement.

Among the causes of encouragement

which are dwelt upon by those who look more hopefully on the state of British art, there is none that is more continually referred to, or insisted on more strongly, than the advantages we possess in our knowledge of the great works of antiquity and of what was done that was great and worthy of imitation in the middle ages; and while we possess on the one hand the Elgin marbles, and on the other such noble collections of pictures by the old masters as exist in this, and other countries to which we have access, no reasoning, at first sight, appears more specious than to suppose that, with all this knowledge, we have only to start from the culminating point which the arts of Greece just reached at their highest period of perfection, and, starting from this, to surpass all that has been done. And, as a corollary to this, artists fancy that, by copying the statues and reproducing the porticos of Greece, we are reviving Grecian art, and may, by persevering in this course, at least produce as beautiful things as the ancients; and some even hope that, by adding our knowledge to theirs, and the power of our civilization to the then less refined polity, we may surpass them. Those, however, who reason in this way, appear to us to have only glanced at the surface of the question, and to know but little of Grecian art, or of what in fact it really consisted. It was not with Grecian artists a thing borrowed from others, or something apart from their feelings or polity, but really and wholly the expression of the faith, the feeling, and the poetry of the nation.

Favored by the most genial climate, and inhabiting the most romantic region on the face of the globe, it was almost impossible that a young and healthful nation like the Dorians could struggle on to independence and civilization without accumulating those images of beauty and of glory, which afterwards shone forth in such splendor; yet they struggled on for centuries before these assumed a fixed or real form that could be embodied for the future. Hesiod first preluded with a glorious drama, and gathering together some of the floating images of beauty with which the minds of his compatriots were teeming, wove them into his early song. But it was Homer who first embodied the poetry of his race, in that immortal song which has been the glory of his nation and the delight of all succeeding generations. It has been disputed whether such an individual as Homer ever lived, and whether this be true or not, the doubt,

though scarcely tenable, in this instance shadows forth a truth of no small importance. The *Iliad* was not the creation of an individual, but of the Greek nation; Homer, however, first fixed, in song, those ideas which had long been struggling for utterance; and, embodying the traditions of the Greeks with their religion and their poetry, built the substructure on which the edifice of Grecian art was raised; and whether this was afterwards moulded into the dramas of Sophocles, *Æschylus*, or *Euripides*, or expressed in the lyrics of *Pindar* or *Anacreon*,—whether it found a tangible shape and form in the works of *Phidias* or *Praxiteles*, or was presented to the eye in the colors of *Polygnotus*, or of *Zeuxis*,—all these were but different modes of the same feeling, the result of a sincere and enthusiastic adoration of what was great and beautiful in art.

The form once given, it required but time to complete the superstructure, though it might never have attained its glorious perfection had not other circumstances combined to add to its beauty. Had the Persian never appeared at Marathon or Thermopylæ, had Salamis and Platea never witnessed those glorious triumphs of patriotism, the mind of Greece might never have risen to that exalted pitch which impressed so noble a stamp on all her after acts; and her poetry and her arts, as the voices through which her sentiments of freedom and of glory found an utterance, would never have acquired that power and purity which is the essence of all the productions of those young days, whether we have it now in the works of her poets or her painters, her sculptors or architects.

The flame once kindled, the emulation and rivalry between the different states was sufficient to keep up the blaze, and in this respect again Greece was fortunate; but it required a greater and more glorious cause than this to produce such poetry and such art as Greece has bequeathed to us.

A similar expression of national feeling and of national religion produced the architecture and the arts of our mediæval ancestors, which were nothing more than the reflex and expression of the poetry and power of the people, written in a language which all then understood, and were interested in. And it was a state of things among the young republics of Italy, not very dissimilar from that which had existed in Greece, that produced the Italian school. A man who studies philosophically the history

of those times might easily predicate in what respects Italian art would differ from Grecian, as being the product of a people less purely patriotic; of a nation that, with much of the vigor of youth, inherited many of the vices of decay; expressing a philosophy less exalted, and a religion which had temporarily lost much of its purity and perfection. For it is true that in the arts of a country its history is written, and that they are much more faithful interpreters of it than the chronology of its kings; in them the nation speaks for itself, without constraint; and though not quite so self-evident at first sight, as in the case of Greece or Italy, we will endeavor to show that they speak of us as clearly and distinctly as in any other country.

When in England there shall exist a social state similar to what existed in Greece and Italy at the times we refer to, we may expect similar effects in art as in every thing else; but he has studied the philosophy of art to little purpose who expects that circumstances and causes so widely different as those that now exist in this country can reproduce what other causes produced in other times.

Are then the *Elgin marbles* and our Italian paintings of no use to us? and has all the money and trouble they have cost us been spent in vain? Most certainly not! As a means of education they are invaluable—as a means to refine the mind, to point out truth as the highest aim, and simplicity as one of the leading characteristics of the highest style of art; for all this, and much more, they are to us of the highest value, but the moment we begin to copy them they lose these properties, and instead of rivaling them we sink into manufacturing machines.

It sounds almost like silliness to remark (though the fact is so often lost sight of) that we are neither Greeks nor Italians, that our religion is not theirs, our feelings of a widely different class, and that our civilization has taken a very different character from theirs; yet we are a great and powerful people, and our history will bear comparison with the history of the proudest nations of the earth; and in literature and science we may be equalled, but few will admit that we have any superior.

Had we turned our attention to the fine arts, and left them only to express what we believed or felt, they might ere this have been as creditable to us as our other works; but they have, till lately, been entirely neg-

lected, and now, when we are turning our attention to them, it is only with a view to imitation.

One other circumstance of vital importance seems to have been overlooked,—that the Greeks as a nation, as well as the Italians, gave their whole energies to the cultivation of the *fine arts*, while we, on the contrary, have devoted ours to cultivate the *useful arts*; and it is a problem that yet remains to be solved, whether any nation can succeed in successfully cultivating both. Certain it is that no nation yet has, and we believe we might add no individual; still there is no *à priori* impossibility in the matter, though it appears, at the same time, to be tolerably certain that the fine arts of so utilitarian a nation as we are must, to be successful, take a much more prosaic turn than the poetic *abandon*, that characterized the glorious days of Pericles and Leo X. Every thing with us has, for some centuries back, been taking a more and more practical turn, from which art will scarcely be able to escape. Eloquence, when not addressed to the vulgar and ignorant, has had her wings sadly clipped, and now its highest flight consists of merely the best arranged digest of facts stated in the clearest and fewest words possible. Philosophy admits of no brilliant speculations, no cherished dreams, or bright imaginations. Experience and mathematically deduced conclusions are all that can now be admitted within her narrow portals, and even in religion, a cold spirit of inquiry has succeeded to the unsuspecting faith and all confiding trust of former days.

For more than three centuries this spirit has been gaining ground with us, and every year becoming more and more essentially a part of the public mind. Friar Bacon was our Hesiod, and he of Verulam our Homer, who first gave being and form to the gods of our idolatry—the first who fixed the belief, and directed the mind of the people into the path which they have since so steadily followed; Galileo was the Thespis of our civilization; while Kepler, Newton, and Locke, like the three great dramatists of the Greeks, moulded and brought to perfection that great branch of our glorious triumphs which Watt and Arkwright, like Phidias and Ictinus, reduced to fixed and tangible shapes.

There are no doubt many who regret that the civilization of modern Europe should have taken so prosaic a turn, and who would forego our philosophy and our

steam engines for a new Parnassus with its legends, or a Parthenon with all its architectural perfections.

We confess we have small sympathy with these *laudatores temporis acti*: but whether they or we are right is not now the question—the thing is done; we are a practical people, worshippers of reason and truth, and cannot now go back and become followers of their sister imagination, or admirers of what we do not believe, and know not to be true. Our energies are and have been for centuries directed to the practical arts, and the same perfection and progress is visible in them now, that was seen in the fine arts of Greece or Italy in their best and most glorious days. Every thing that is now done—every ship, for instance, that is built, every engine or machine made—is, or is meant to be, an improvement on all that was done before: the shipbuilder does not pause first to consider whether his vessel shall be built to look like a Roman triremis or a Venetian galley, and then consider how he may still avail himself of modern improvements and purposes in this disguise; on the contrary, he adopts every improvement that is introduced from every country, and dispenses with every form that is not absolutely necessary, and every ornament that would interfere with his construction—and he has produced or is producing a thing more sublime than a Greek statue. Go and look at a ship reposing in calm security and conscious power alone on the pathless and almost boundless ocean; or see her in the storm struggling in her might with the fiercest displays of elemental war, and acknowledge that we are a great and powerful race, and dare to conceive and do things before which the minds of the ancients would sink in terrified abasement.

What would now be thought of an engineer who, in constructing a steam engine, should try to make it look like a water-mill or a horse-gin, or some equally irrelevant object? This is not the course they pursue, but every engine is better than its predecessors, though only perhaps in some detail; almost the whole nation still are employed, or at least interested in perfecting steam machines, and our progress surprises sometimes ourselves. If there is to us no poetry in them, it will not be so in succeeding generations, for mankind will learn to envy those who lived in these times and took a part in the great progress of knowledge and power that marks the present

century. In the last and greatest of our mechanical triumphs—the creation of the railway locomotive—we have surpassed all that was done before; but it is too near for us to see its greatness: we smell the oil and see the smoke—and more than this, we know the men that invented and the men that make these things, and they are not sublime;—no more were the semi-barbarous hordes who sat down before Troy; but distance has almost deified them, and we certainly deserve more of posterity than either they or their bard.

It is by thus doing with the useful arts what the Greeks did to arrive at perfection in the fine arts, that we have achieved such triumphs. Thus every new work is an improvement on all that was done before—every step is forward. The artisan now watches the progress of his art with the same intense anxiety as in former days the artist devoted to the creation of new beauties in his: there is no retrocession, no wandering about without any aim or fixed purpose, no copying now from Greece, then from Rome, or from Italy, or Germany, or India. There is a meaning and a purpose in all that is done. Power and knowledge are gained daily; and the accumulative energy of nations is advancing science and art to a point that the boldest imagination cannot reach or even conceive.

It is painful to turn from the contemplation of what we have done by well-directed energy in this path, to contemplate our doings in Art properly so called, which, if it be too strong a term to say they are disgraceful to us, must still be allowed to be utterly unworthy of a great and civilized people. But in this we are not singular, for nations, our contemporaries, though loud in their boastings, are not much better off; and, though they paint acres of showy pictures, have no more real art and no more feeling for it than ourselves. Of all modern nations the Dutch alone have escaped, or nearly so, from the vicious system we have been trying to expose. When the Reformation changed their religion they left off painting saints and martyrs, but they neither stopped painting altogether, as we and the Germans did, nor did they, as the French, turn at once to copy the Italians. Of the latter the good Hollanders had little knowledge, and still less sympathy for their productions; Dutch artists, therefore, fortunately free from extraneous influence, went on painting subjects that interested them and their em-

ployers; the sea with its ships, the village with its fun and festivals, and scenes of still life or domestic interests; and if they attempted history they painted their distinguished men and women dressed as they had dressed, and doing as they had done. It was by following this path that the Dutch worked out a school which even now divides with the Italian the admiration of all Europe. Among collectors Dutch pictures generally fetch a higher price than pictures of the same relative value in the more elevated schools, and this without their possessing one single quality which writers on æsthetics are in the habit of enumerating as requisite for the production of art; but to make up for this they possess originality, and what is of more importance, truth—truth to nature and to the feelings of the artist who produced them; and though we might wish they had been of a more elevated class, all must acknowledge the charm that arises from these circumstances. And can we not do what Dutchmen have done? There is little doubt that we can do that, at least, and more if we chose to follow the same path. We are a more refined and better educated people; our chivalrous history, and, above all, our national literature, afford us higher and purer sources of inspiration than they could command, and then there is more demand for art and more leisure to enjoy it in this country than ever existed in Holland. Yet we have hitherto effected but little; for instead of doing as they did, we attempted to start at once from the high grade of Grecian or of Mediæval art, and, as might have been foreseen, we failed. It was not in us nor in our sympathies or our feelings; there are no sources of such inspiration about us. We have attempted a flight from the top of the ladder; we must now go back and begin at the bottom. We must build houses and churches which shall be nothing but houses and churches; we must paint and carve men and women who will be only such, acting as we act, and feeling as we feel; if we paint saints we scarcely believe in, and gods and goddesses we laugh at, and heroes we neither understand or have any sympathy with, it is not likely we shall ever do any thing great.

But we have around us other sources of inspiration equal to those that any people ever possessed, and such as will never be exhausted or worked out. No nation ever loved inanimate nature more than we do, or had more opportunities of cultivating

our admiration both by land and by sea: but were there nothing else, the novel position in which the chivalry of the middle ages has placed women in our society, is a source of which the ancients knew nothing. Our novelists have seized it, and out of it created a new literature which is read with avidity by every class, and works for good or evil on almost every mind; but our artists think a naked Venus or a Greek triumph, or a saint or martyr, or a holy family, is a thing more likely to interest us modern practical Protestants; and the consequence is, we care as little for such art as we would care for literature if it were filled with the same stuff.

Hogarth, and Wilkie, and Gainsborough, and Landseer, and some other of our painters have followed the track we would point out, and they have been by far the most successful, and the only ones whose works will in all probability outlive the fashion which produced the others; their works will be understood and admired when Reynolds, and Lawrence, and others are remembered and admired only as portrait painters: for these men spoke of things they knew and felt in a language we can understand, and which will not be lost. Yet they were not great men, nor such men even as we have a right to expect will one day devote themselves to art. Hogarth cannot stand higher than Butler in our literature, nor could Wilkie take a higher relative place than Allan Ramsay. There are many steps yet unoccupied between Butler and Shakspeare; and the sister throne to that of Burns is still vacant for him who has the courage and the power to mount it. But if our artists would strive in that way, they must recollect how these great men gained their immortality—it was not by copying.

The career of Wilkie is a pointed illustration of what we have adduced. An indifferent draftsman and bad colorist, his great and well-merited celebrity rests entirely on the homely nature of his subjects, and the truth to nature, and the feeling with which they were treated; but Wilkie was not a great or strong-minded man, and it was almost impossible that he could escape the contamination of his school: had he remained in England the common sense of the people and the applause they always award to English works might have kept him free. But his journey to the continent sealed his doom as it has done that of many before him: he became a copyist,

an imitator of Rembrandt and Velasquez, and the result we all know too well. Had he travelled in his youth it is probable he never would have risen above mediocrity; but in the prime of his life and zenith of his talents, though the effects were painful, the false system could not altogether destroy him, and he sometimes looked back to his own home and own feelings for his inspiration, and the charm reappeared. Still the curse of his age was upon him, and he was fast sinking into an academician when he died.

We believe we have now as great men among our artists as Wilkie—men who feel as deeply and read human nature as truly: but, instead of expressing what they or their compatriots feel or know, they are following a false system which can lead to nothing, for there is no truth in it.

Our painters complain bitterly of the unpicturesqueness of modern costumes, and are fond of pleading this as an excuse for their imitations of the classics and Italians. Yet our men fight as bravely, do as great things, and in these strange costumes impress their contemporaries with as much awe and respect as ever the most classically clad Greek or Roman did his countrymen; and our women, too, feel as strongly, and express, if we mistake not, their feelings of grief or joy with equal distinctness and power.

The costume on the living subject renders no men or women ridiculous, nor prevents them from expressing or doing all that is great or dignified in them, and if we do not find these qualities in our paintings we must look elsewhere for the cause. Be this, however, as it may, painters have been laughed out of the absurdity of painting our kings and statesmen in Roman armor and Roman togas, as was the fashion in the days of Charles the Second or William the Third; but though the public would not now tolerate portraits of Queen Victoria or Prince Albert in these heroic costumes, it is strange, though true, that our sculptors are so far behind the painters that they have not yet shaken off the false fashion. Canova's Napoleon was stark naked: and George the Fourth rides, *sans culottes*, on a horse without a saddle or stirrups, with nothing on but a blanket draped over his shoulders, and a few laurel leaves for a hat; Canning stands in an analogous costume in New Palace yard; and every square exhibits like strange doings, not to mention the funny things in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey.

Chantrey did much to reform this, and most of his statues are dressed somewhat as the persons they represent were in life (though he is not guiltless of togas), and we have no allegories or gods and goddesses in his works. His first great production was the 'Sleeping Children' at Litchfield, and had he been able to follow up this purely English style of art, he might have rescued English sculpture from the neglect under which it now labors; but unfortunately, the design of that work was not his own, and either from inability to go on in this line, or because he found it more profitable, he sank into a mere portrait sculptor; and we still expect the man who is to Anglicize the art.

Some fifteen years ago, a common working mason, Thom, a native of the land of Burns, made a stride in the right path, which narrowly escaped being successful. His statues of 'Tam O'Shanter' and 'Souter Johnny' excited more attention and elicited more praise from the public than any works of either Flaxman, or Nollekens, or Chantrey, (except, perhaps, the 'Children' alluded to,) and this merely because they were national and true to nature. They were in the lowest walk, and far from being the best that might have been produced in that walk; yet it shows how eagerly we grasp at what is right in art—that, in spite of all the prejudices of our education, these statues, with all their defects, should have created the sensation they did; and even now they are more visited—copies of them are more common in Britain than of any work of sculpture, ancient or modern.

In France and Germany they certainly have done more in art than we have done of late years, though scarcely, as we said before, with more success.

When France awoke from the dream of the middle ages, she recommenced art by copying. In literature, Corneille and Racine put Frenchmen into Greek dresses, and by hampering themselves with the unities and other necessary difficulties of the Greek theatre, they and their contemporaries thought they had rivalled, or indeed improved upon the great dramatists of Greece. We, and even their countrymen, now begin to perceive how falsely: that what is good in them is French, and that all that would be Greek is bad. Yet the French are now glorying that they are doing in architecture exactly what their dramatists did in the drama; and in the *Madeline*, by hiding a French Christian

church in the skeleton of a classic temple, they think they are rivaling the works of antiquity; and it may be a century before we, or at least they, learn to laugh at this.

In painting, their greatest man, N. Pous-sin, began by translating Raphael into French, and with more success than falls to the lot of most copyists; and Le Seur and Le Brun went on transplanting these exotics to the soil of France. But nothing individual or native seems to have been attempted till the glorious events of the empire, so flattering to the vanity of the nation, first led her artists to believe that representations of them might be as interesting as would be copies of the antique, and so it has proved; and some paintings by Gros, Gérard, and H. Vernet might have led to a better era, had they been able to shake off entirely the fetters which their academy and the copying school of David had heaped upon them, which even now their most promising artists cannot break, though every annual exhibition proves that the most successful works are those which differ the most widely from the classic schools.

We are, however, sufficiently aware of the errors of the French school, and have too little sympathy with its extravagances to be in much danger of being hurt by its example; but it is not so with the modern school of the Germans, which is now held up for our admiration on all hands, and virtually forms the model on which we are moulding all that is now going to be done for art in this country.

It is scarcely more than twenty years that some German artists assembled at Rome had taste enough to admire the works of the great masters found there, and vanity enough to think they could rival them. A prince was found impressed with the same belief, and since that time unbounded have been the orders given, and equally so the quantity painted, and all in the highest walks of art. The boldness of the attempt, and the brilliancy of the effect produced, have dazzled the eyes of all Europe; and as no time has been allowed for pause or reflection, the world has not known whether most to admire the liberality or taste of the prince or the boldness and genius of these modern Raphaels and Michael Angelos, who, in twenty years, have produced out of nothing a school of art and works rivaling the best days of Greece or Italy.

But is this really the case? Cornelius

has painted acres with scenes from the heathen mythology—with gods he does not believe in—heroes he cannot feel with—and men and women, whom he can neither identify himself with or feel any sympathy for; still they are clever, artist-like productions. He has studied the marbles and paintings of the ancients; he knows in what lines Raphael grouped his figures to produce his effects, and has learnt by heart the rules of color from the Bologna school. These, intelligence and long study have taught him to combine; and if we are content to dispense with truth and feeling, these will serve our purpose; but if so, the prize poem of an Oxford student should be preferred to a song of Burns, or to the best effusions of a Shelley, a Wordsworth, or a Coleridge.

And so it is with the rest; some paint Christian subjects, and so does Cornelius when told to do so. In fact most of them are ready to execute any order confided to them, Pagan or Christian, portrait or landscape, whichever is most in demand or best paid, they are ready for. We will not presume to say that they have not succeeded, or may not succeed; the voice of Europe is against us; but if they have, we have seen a spectacle that never was seen before, either in poetry or the arts, of men producing great things that they have not felt, and influencing others by uttering what they do not believe.

Overbeck, and Hess, and Hermann, and one or two others, have restricted themselves almost entirely to religious subjects, and from (we believe) religious feeling, so if any thing was good it might be expected from them, had they attempted to express the sentiments they feel; but, on the contrary, they have gone back to the old stiff school of drawing, the glories, and quaint devices, and old architecture of the old German and Italian schools, and having copied their forms they think they have given the substance;—as if a poem printed on bad paper, in old black letter, and as badly got up as in former days, would on that account, without any further merit, rival the productions of Chaucer or of Spenser. In their paintings we have angels playing on fiddles and guitars, and saints with glories, and all the old strange emblems, when none of the painters hesitated to introduce the first person in the Trinity. All these were things which, in the simple faith of an ignorant age, were not only excusable, but respectable, as the

expression of the highest faith in art the painter knew; but in an educated man in the nineteenth century, the former are puerile absurdities, and the latter a piece of blasphemy as disgraceful to the artist as to the public or patron who admires it.

There are men among these Germans who can and have painted good pictures, such as Lessing's 'Convent in the Snow;' Kaulbach has painted some German scenes that rival our Hogarth's; and others occasionally descend from their hobby to truth and nature, but their productions are good, precisely in the ratio in which they are opposed to the principles of the Munich Academy.

The last work of the Germans, and their greatest, has been the erection of the Walhalla; and such has been the enthusiasm and admiration this has excited throughout all Europe, that sober-minded members of parliament have begun to talk of our doing something like it, and we believe that a grant from parliament for that purpose would not only be unopposed, but generally approved of. Yet, if we can do nothing better than re-erect, in a Christian country, a temple built for and dedicated to the worship of a heathen goddess, and this as the only means we can think of for doing honor to our Christian fellow-citizens, we confess we shall not be sorry to see the project lie dormant some time longer.

However beautiful the Parthenon may be, the Walhalla does not express one single feeling of the persons it is built to commemorate, nor of those who erected it, except the great truth that they had no art, and if the architect has been as successful as he is generally allowed to have been, he has proved that since the days of Phidias and Ictinus art and civilization have stood still, and religion changed for the worse. For even where the original Greek afforded no copy, owing to the ruined state of the interior, some figures of a different character have been introduced, but these were not, as one might expect, borrowed from the Christian religion; no! but from the barbarous mythology of the Scandinavian tribes. For what, then, have these men lived whose busts are stuck against the wall—"authors, architects, painters, philosophers, and heroes?" If we ask the building, the answer is, they lived in vain; they have left no trace, and nothing has been done worthy of notice since the days of Pericles and Wodin. An equivocal compliment, it must be confessed, to the illustri-

ous, but the best and most meaning that modern art can bestow.

It may, however, be urged, that pictures and statues, and even architecture in this form, are at best mere luxuries, and that if we are pleased and gratified with the production of our artists, the object sought after is obtained, and nothing more is required. It is sad to think how often this argument is practically urged, and that, in consequence, those means which might be most efficiently employed to educate and elevate the minds of the people are degraded into mere sensual gratification. But even should this be the case with regard to painting and sculpture, it is certainly not so with regard to architecture, using the word in its fullest sense; this last is a necessary art, one we cannot do without, and on which our comfort, if not our very existence depends. We cannot do without houses to live in—public buildings and halls for assemblies or the transaction of public business; and, above all, we require the assistance of this art in erecting churches, places in which we may conveniently congregate for worship, and which, at the same time, will mark the honor and respect with which we regard every thing dedicated to so sacred a purpose. Notwithstanding this, however, and though the whole nation have and always have had an interest, not only in the private edifices, but in the public buildings erected throughout the kingdom,—while the knowledge and enjoyment of the sister arts have been confined to the affluent and the educated, still architecture is with us at present in a worse position than either of the others, its professors have less title to the name of artists, and its best productions can only claim as their highest praise to be correct copies, or at most, successful adaptations of some other buildings erected in former times, for purposes totally different from any thing we at present require.

The cause of this, we believe, will be found to lie, even more directly than in the other arts, in the system of copying, to the exclusion of all original thinking, or, indeed, of common sense; and the reason why this should be so fearfully prevalent in architecture will be found to be principally in the anomalous system in which not only the patrons of art, but the artists themselves have been educated in England.

Since the time of the Reformation, the education of every gentleman's son has been what is termed strictly classical, a knowledge of Latin and Greek has always been

considered as an indispensable qualification to the title of an educated man, and, generally speaking, to the exclusion of every other knowledge.

At the public schools the same absurd system is still pursued; and though private institutions have somewhat deviated from this practice, still the interest of public bodies has hitherto maintained a predominant influence over the education of all classes.

Every boy at the age at which he commences his career in life is intimately acquainted with *Cæsar* and *Livy*, while the chances are he never read a word of *Hume* or the military records of his own country: he knows the greater part of *Virgil* by heart, while it certainly is not his master's fault if he knows more of *Milton* than his name; and he is flogged into admiring the bad plays of *Terence*, while if he knows any thing of *Shakspeare*, it must have been by stealth and out of school that he acquired this knowledge. He is carefully taught the names and properties of every god and goddess of the heathen mythology, their various adventures, and "filthy amours;" but he is left to pick up from his mother, or how or where he can, what little knowledge he may acquire of the Bible or of the history and tenets of his own religion; his education, in short, is strictly and purely heathen, though in a country professing Christianity. Though some shake off the trammels of this false system, the mass of the nation, in the pleasure or business that follow their school years, have no leisure for other pursuits till the season is past, and if then called upon to think on the subject, the attainments and recollections of younger days return with the power and vividness of deeply-rooted prejudices, which few, very few, have the strength to shake off. In his youth he has been taught a literature he cannot adapt; a history he cannot apply; and little wonder therefore if, in his maturer years, he tries an architecture totally unsuited to his climate and worse than useless for his purposes. Did the evil consequences of this system stop here, it would not be so serious as it really is; but thus it is, that in trying to copy and adapt the classical types, we have learnt to be mere copyists; and when we turn our attention to the Italian or Mediæval styles, the false system still clings to us, and correctness of copying is still the greatest merit of every design.

The same absurd system poisoned our

literature for more than a century and a half, though, fortunately for us, we have seen both the beginning and end of its influence there. Shakspeare was the last of our great men that escaped it: his own learning was small, and fortunately for him his contemporaries had not then forgotten that native art had existed in England as well as in other countries, nor learnt to believe that it could only exist in foreign lands and ancient times. It is true nothing could have destroyed the might of his genius; but had he lived later, we should have been obliged to seek for his gold in the ore of plagiarism instead of having it pure and brilliant from his own crucible. This, however, was not the case with his successor Milton; his vast learning and admiration for the ancients induced him to put his great Christian epic into the heathen garb of its great prototypes, and nine-tenths of the faults that can fairly be found in this work are attributable to this great mistake. Had he known neither Homer nor Virgil, but sung his higher theme in the purity and power in which he felt it in his own heart, his poem would probably have surpassed the productions of his predecessors as far as his subject surpassed them, or as the accumulated poetry of Christianity to which he was to give utterance surpassed the accumulated fables of the heathen.

'Paradise Lost,' however, had sufficient power to rivet the chains of copying on all that came after it, and from Milton's time till Cowper first dared to sing of English thoughts and English feelings, and the giant hand of the peasant Burns tore to pieces the flimsy web of conventional criticism in which the corpse of English poetry had been wound.

If any one will take the trouble of reading the 'Cato' of Addison, the 'Seasons' of Thomson, the 'Blenheim' of Phillips, or indeed any of the thousand and one poems about Damon and Daphne, or Phillis, or Chloris, or Mars, or Cupid, which formed the staple commodity of poets of that age, he will be able to form a tolerably correct idea of the merit or absurdity of the classical productions of our architects, while the washy imitations of the old English ballads, on which Johnson was so witty, will afford a standard by which he may judge of our modern Gothic churches and mansions, always bearing in mind this distinction, that the one is an innocent trifle, the other a positive and expensive inconvenience. A poet may indulge himself in harmless flirta-

tions with dryads and water nymphs without hurting any one; but a habitation must be either in reality very unclassical or very uninhabitable in this climate, and the whole race of porticos only serve to encumber our streets and darken our windows.

A better state of things has arisen in literature, and our poets are now content to write in English of what they think and feel; and it is not difficult to foresee that we are on the eve of a revolution in art, similar to that which has taken place in poetry, and we only wait the hand of a man of genius and originality enough to set the example and point out the way that all may follow him, though it is true that no one man will be able to effect this, but it must be the result of long-continued experience and exertion, not only on the part of the artists, but of the patrons with them.

If, however, it is to a mistaken system of education that we can trace the principal causes of the degraded state of art in this country, the same reasoning that points out the cause of the disease, points, as we said before, towards the means of cure; and were a proper system of artistic education adopted in England, we should not be long before its effects would be felt in every branch of art.

The two universities might do much. They might, with little difficulty, lay a foundation of knowledge in the minds of young men who pass through them, which would, in nine cases out of ten, enable the man to become not an artist, certainly—that is not wanted—but at least a competent judge of art, which on the part of an educated man, would be of much more importance to his country. This seems to have been one of the great objects of their institution, but so completely have the universities been diverted from the purposes for which they were originally intended, that it is a true but melancholy fact that, since the Reformation, they have done nothing for art, either in the way of teaching or promoting it. Richly and nobly endowed, and inheriting from their founders all the privileges that could be desired for the cultivation of art and science in all their branches,—undisturbed by civil wars or political changes—an island of peace in the troubled ocean of the world—what might they not have done during the three centuries they have been held by Protestants?—a tithe of their revenues set aside for these purposes might have formed galleries and libraries rivaling those of the Vatican or Florence; and museums

might have been collected such as the world does not know. What is the fact? Their libraries were given them, and ungraciously received, and scarcely a fitting building erected to store them in; and neither university possesses a picture worth looking at; except at Cambridge,—a few left by a patriotic nobleman, who knew the university well enough to take care also to leave money to build a place to put them in (as Dr. Radcliffe had done with his library at Oxford): and as for statues, go to Oxford and see its statue gallery there; a low damp room, badly lit by one ill-placed window, and there their only collection of Roman antiquities stand in a circle on a few old scaffolding boards. Most of these are inferior, though some may be good, if placed in a light in which they could be seen; and even this wretched collection was presented by a dowager countess to the richest university in the world, and one that devotes itself exclusively to the study of classical antiquity.

Neither university possesses a school in which the theory or practice of any branch of art is taught, and has not even a course of lectures, nor any means by which a young man may either be taught or can acquire the requisite knowledge on this class of subjects.

What they inherited from the dark ages they have tried to preserve without, if possible, ever going one step beyond what then existed; and because only the books of the ancients were then known, the universities have resisted the auxiliary aid which modern arts would afford in completing the limited system of education proposed. To take one instance among a thousand: there is not a tutor in either university who would not shudder at the idea of his pupil not knowing every word of Virgil's description of the death of Laocöon. Every schoolboy has been tutored or flogged into an admiration of it; but has any boy ever been taken by his master to see a caste of the famous sculptured group, or had its beauties and its power pointed out to him?

Masters and tutors would laugh at the proposal; yet it is still a matter of doubt whether the marble or the verse contain the original creation, and the marble certainly speaks a more intelligible language than the verse of the Latin poet, and to almost every boy would convey a clearer and better idea of the scene than the ill-understood lines. If we are taught the poem for the purpose of elevating and purifying our

thoughts and to give us an insight into classical taste and elegance, the statue would, in almost every case, be a better guide than the poem; and boys who hate the book, could easily be made to admire the statue, and would return with delight to the one because they loved the other.

But no! whatever your disposition, or whatever your feeling, to one and one only of the muses shall you devote yourself. Should you in after life turn your attention to her sisters, you have first to learn their language, which is not that you have been taught; and fortunate, indeed, is the individual who, before a cold contact with the world, or the still more chilling lapse of years has deadened his feelings of enjoyment, has leisure or is able to re-educate himself, to understand that language without difficulty and read it with freedom.*

One other inconvenience of this system is, that when an Englishman does acquire a knowledge of art, it is not in England that he obtains it, but in France, where the information is seasoned with praises of the genius of the "*grande nation*," their school of art, their galleries, &c.; or in Italy, where it is the climate, the history, and the *bell'anima* of the people; or in Germany, where the glory is ascribed to the academies, to patronage, to metaphysics, and heaven knows what;—in short, to any thing and every thing that England has not; the traveller returns to his own country, not only convinced that art does not exist there, but that it cannot be produced within our seas; and so strong is this feeling among the educated classes of the country, that parliament was last year on the point of sanctioning an importation of a colony of Germans to paint our national frescos. Every one knows how many of our public statues and monuments have foreign names engraved on their pedestals; and even at this moment foreigners are employed to erect statues to our great men, which though they may be creditable to the persons represented, are certainly not so to the country.

* The two colleges which at present form the university of London, being founded more in accordance with the spirit of the age, seem inclined, as far as they can, to rectify this error on the part of the older universities, and to restore the faculty of arts which has perished there; and for this purpose have established lectures on architecture and other branches of the arts, which certainly will do good, and are a step in the right path, but they have not the influence nor can they remedy the defects of the great national institutions.

But if the education of those who should be patrons of art is defective, that of architects is ten times worse. A young man designing to enter the profession is apprenticed for seven years to an architect, not on account of his eminence, for none of our great architects have a school of followers, nor do any of them take more pupils than are requisite to perform the drudgery of the offices; but the choice of an instructor in the art is entirely guided by family connexion or acquaintance, or more commonly by the pecuniary consideration that an architect is willing to take.

This period of servitude is spent in copying papers or designs of the most commonplace buildings, and in working out the details of carpentry and bricklaying. It is not pretended that the pupil is sent there to be instructed in the history of his art, nor to be taught the art of designing buildings according to any fixed or received theory; and if during his apprenticeship he picks up any artistic notions on the subject, he must have more enthusiasm or better opportunities than fall to the lot of most men. Pupils are taken to assist the master in carrying out his own designs, and to acquire what knowledge might stick to them in so doing: whatever they learn beyond that is their own.

It is true some travel after their period of servitude has expired, but the best years of their life have been wasted, and the only principle of their art with which they are thoroughly imbued is, that all buildings must be erected on the model of something that has been done before. They travel, therefore, not to study the spirit of the buildings, of antiquity, or to trace the motives or feelings which sought expression in those forms, so that by following the same path they might arrive at the same perfection, but merely to fill their sketch books with forms and details which may be used up whenever an opportunity occurs; and they return to their own country prepared to execute any design in any style their patron may wish, and to do it on the shortest possible notice. Indeed it is scarcely to be expected that a young man would decide to think for himself, and to shake off the trammels of his school at a time when the struggle of life is beginning with him; he would probably starve without having an opportunity of trying his principles, while those following in the wake of copyists were rising in their profession and enriching themselves without trouble; and still

less is it to be expected that an architect, when once in good practice, will turn round on the style that has raised him to eminence, and attempt a better; in the first place he has not time for it, and besides the experiment might be dangerous.

It is true, though strange, that not one of the architects who have done any thing in this art to which we can refer with pride or indeed without shame, was educated for the profession. We owe our cathedrals and churches to bishops and priests, with only the assistance of the mason and the carpenter; and even since the revival (as it is called), Inigo Jones was a director of masks, a carpenter, a hobby-horse maker, or something not well ascertained, but certainly did not turn his attention to the art to which he owes his fame till he had reached the prime of life. Wren had acquired an European reputation as a natural philosopher and a man of general science, and had reached the maturity of his talents before he seems to have thought of architecture even as an amusement, much less as a profession. Vanburgh was educated as a soldier, and even through life was a successful dramatic author and speculator in theatres. Chambers was brought up to commerce, and gained his first experience of the world as supercargo of a vessel trading to China. Burlington lived in a sphere which prevented his practising an art he was capable of adorning. And it is to Horace Walpole, the statesman, that we owe the revived taste for Gothic architecture. We pass over such men as Aldrich, Clarke, and Burroughs, though better than many who have earned more fame,—nor will we insist on continental examples, though France owes her best monument—the Louvre—to a doctor of medicine, and all that is great in St. Peter's is the conception of a painter. These were men of genius and taste, unfortunate only in the school of art to which they belonged. They were followed by such men as Gibbs, Kent, Dance, and others, who ushered in the present class of regularly educated architects, while they themselves went on combining Roman details into strange forms, and believing as sincerely as we do now, that they were producing truly classical works; till tired of the tasteless and unmeaning piles that disfigured every corner of the land, the nation seized with avidity on Stuart's *Delineation of the Ancient Glories of Grecian Architecture*. To a nation that only aspired to correct copy-

ing, that work was invaluable, and every building that was now erected was to be pure Grecian. The portico of the Parthenon, or of the Temple of Theseus, was added to every building that was erected; churches, town halls, prisons, dwelling houses, or shops, no matter for what purpose the edifice was built, how many stories high, or how low, a Grecian Doric portico saved the architect all further trouble: it was classic, and no one could gainsay it: to the present hour this absurdity disfigures the land. But we are getting tired of copying Greek, and the present tendency is to copy Gothic, and in one point of view this is a decided improvement, for that style is a native of, and much more suited to, our climate than the other; still the system of correct copying leads our architects into absurdities scarcely less glaring than those committed in the days of Greek supremacy.

Of Grecian art we have little left except the temples, and of the works of our own ancestors, almost all the buildings that remain to us are either churches or castles; in the former pointed windows and buttresses and pinnacles were necessary adjuncts, and are now repeated in every Gothic villa that is built; or we see the tower and battlements of our "barons bold," frowning in grim array among the chimneys of the modern peaceful dwelling-house, with its large French windows opening on the neat *parterre*.

It is in producing these puerilities that the present race of regularly educated architects are so industriously and (for their own pockets) so profitably employed; yet there have been and are men of genius among them, but the system weighs them to the ground, and nothing is done that is creditable or satisfactory.

Soane was decidedly a man of talent, and he saw the necessity of some improvement on the copying system, but he (or his employers) wanted the judgment necessary to perceive how this was to be done; he could not, or would not, go back to the severe and reasonable, and begin *de novo*, but he tried to improve on the Roman forms and Roman orders, and ended, as might have been foreseen, in caricaturing them, for he had no principle to guide him, and no aim.

Nash was also a man both of taste and talent, though perhaps more as a landscape gardener than an architect. His conception of Regent street is bold and masterly, and has set the example of all that has

since been done in metropolitan improvement; and it was not till he came to the copying part of his task that he utterly failed; his pillars and cornices, and indeed all the classical details, are as bad as bad can be, and badly applied, but not much worse than his neighbors. Without these details his masses are bold and effective, and it is only their addition that gives his works the tawdriness complained of.

Wilkins was another man of the same day, who was capable of better things than he has left behind him. Had he devoted himself to any one line, more especially the Grecian, he might have been a more elegant copyist than most of his contemporaries, but in conforming to the practice of the day, he attempted every thing, and failed in all.

Sir Robert Smirke has adopted a safer plan than any of these men; his fame rests entirely on the sound masonry of his buildings, and the only attempt he makes at artistic effect is putting up as many Ionic columns as his employers will allow. One drawing made long ago has served for all his porticos, now about to be brought to the acme of perfection in the British Museum, where forty-four of these useless Ionic columns, placed in various rows, are to form the *façade*.

We will not go on to specify the works of each architect where none are satisfactory.

There have lately been splendid opportunities, but all are thrown away. One of the best was the Royal Exchange, for which the locality is the most picturesque an artist could desire, and the nature of the building also most favorable for a good design; but after three competitions, and it must be confessed a more than usual quantity of unfairness and low jobbing, what has been the result? A building that is a *ri facimento* of the theatre at Bordeaux, and the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, with this difference from the latter, that the steeple, instead of being set astride on the roof like a man on horseback, is seated on the rump like a sweep on his jackass; and this variation of design is now thought sufficient to change the house of prayer in the west, into a temple of money changers in the east. Add to this a degree of clumsiness and vulgarity in every detail, which shows how little Grecian art is felt in this country, how useless it has been in purifying the tastes of our architects, or their employers, unless indeed when they are employed

in copying it literally. As it is, the building stands a characteristic monument of jobbing, and vulgar, tasteless pretension.*

Club-houses have afforded our architects an opportunity of displaying their taste, as favorable as ever fell to the lot of their brethren of Venice or Rome; yet, though, from the size of their rooms, and the magnificence of their arrangements, club-houses could not escape being palatial, still none of them are quite satisfactory, and even the last and most splendid, the Reform Club, only affords another illustration of a doctrine we wish impressed on the minds of every architect, that when he copies literally, it must be at the expense of convenience, and when he deviates from his model, it is generally at the expense of art.

Were it not for this, it would be difficult to understand why Mr. Barry, when he took the Farnese for his model, should not have copied the cornice literally, instead of going out of his way by omitting the modillion band which occupies one-third of the height of the Farnese cornice to make his heavier than the original, or than the cornices even in the rusticated palaces of Florence, and this when he could not afford the plain space of blank wall, which the Italian architects always considered necessary as a base for their bold cornicione. The cornice is Italian, but cutting up with windows the space on which it rests, modern English. This is incorrect copying, at the expense of art.

In the interior, the principal rooms are sacrificed to produce a correct imitation of an Italian cortile, and that this may be correct, the bad Ionic and Corinthian orders of the *cinque-cento* architects are used,

* Of all the architects who competed for this building, not one seems fairly to have grappled with the difficulties of his subject.

The design comprises, first, the hall or court for the merchants to assemble in; next, a number of shops, offices, and rooms of business.

These incongruous materials all the architects tried to combine into one uniform whole, taking generally for a model a classic temple, which the whole was to be made to resemble as much as possible.

Whereas the true plan for making this design would have been first to provide the great hall, with its three or four entrances strongly and boldly marked out, and then grouped around these the offices and shops, as distinct but harmonious parts of the great design; the whole would then have been intelligible, and the irregularity of the ground is singularly favorable for producing picturesqueness and beauty out of such a combination.

though the architect had all the finer and more elegant models of classic antiquity at his hand, which the Italians of that day had not, or they would not have neglected them. It has also been thought necessary to put the staircase in a crooked tunnel, which it puzzles every stranger to find, and having found, to find his way up it, because neither Sangallo nor Michael Angelo understood the modern improvement of hanging stairs. This is correct copying, at the expense of convenience.

The Parliament houses are, however, the great architectural undertaking of the present day. Since the rebuilding of St. Paul's nothing so splendid has been attempted in Britain, and indeed, since Versailles, scarce anything on the continent can compare with them. We have also the satisfaction of knowing that the design is the best of our best architect, and that instead of the grudging economy that is said to have spoiled so many of our undertakings in art, the expenditure here has been not only liberal, but lavish; for had we been content with a plain, honest brick building, with stone dressings, such as would have satisfied our fathers or ourselves a few years ago, we might have had all the accommodation the present one will afford, and better arranged, for 150,000*l.* or 200,000*l.*, whereas the estimates for this one already amount to 1,200,000*l.*, and it will not be finished under a million and a half. Here then is at least a million of money spent on pure æsthetic ornament, a sum that would have restored to their pristine beauty (if we wanted Gothic) every cathedral or church in the kingdom, or would have established schools of art and design, with collections of art, in all the principal cities in the kingdom; this it has been determined to expend in realizing the design of one architect, and already the nation are beginning to tire of their bauble before they have got it, and to think they have paid too much for what they begin to find out will not be satisfactory when finished.

The river front is now nearly completed, and as Mr. Barry declares it to be the best part of the design, we may safely assert that the new buildings, though clad in the very prettiest and best selected Gothic detail, will, when finished, be as much like the bold, meaning, purpose-like buildings of our ancestors as the very pretty Swiss peasant girls and very polite brigands and Albanians of our ball rooms are like the rough originals.

Every building of our ancestors expressed in every part the purpose for which it was erected, and with a degree of richness or simplicity suited to its destination; here, with the idea of producing a grand uniform whole, every part has been made externally to look exactly alike. The speaker's house is the counterpart of that of the usher of the black rod, and though the latter is obliged to share his residence with a librarian, that is not to be discovered from the exterior; and equal magnificence is displayed in the apartments allotted to the clerks of the house and all the inferior offices. Indeed, whether it is the great conference hall or the public libraries or committee rooms,—whether it is the Queen's robing-room or a librarian's bed-room, each is externally the same; and whether the room is fifty feet by thirty, or only fifteen feet square, the stories throughout are of the same height, unless indeed, as has been suspected, some of these fine looking windows are to be cut into two by concealed floors, a falsehood no Gothic architect ever was guilty of, and a meanness which two honest windows would never exhibit.

It is needless to point out at what an enormous sacrifice of expense and convenience this has been effected; but what is worse, it is not only not Gothic, but is an attempt at the same silly pretension which induced Nash, in the Regent's-park terraces, to group together a number of small houses into one design, to make them look like a palace. The truth peeps out at every corner there, and so it does here; and if any one will take the trouble of clothing any of them in Gothic detail, Chester terrace for instance, he will be surprised how nearly he has re-produced the river front of the Parliament houses.

Where a mediæval architect was called upon to design a hall, one side was made like the other, the windows were like one another and equidistant; if a church, the same thing was done, one transept was like the other, and the north side of the church was like the south, and the whole was made as uniform as circumstances would admit; but then it was one hall, and one church, and it did not occur to our simple forefathers that the best way to make a small church look large would be to make the choir, the church proper,—to make the chapter-house like a north transept, and occupy its place, while the library might enact the part of the southern one; that the refectory and offices might supply the

place of the nave, and its clerestory make excellent dormitories, while the chimnies of the establishment might be concealed in the pinnacles of the western towers. A larger and more uniform building might, it is true, have been produced on this plan than on the usual one of building monasteries, where every part told its own story; but should we not laugh at and despise the monks who had attempted so silly a cheat?—yet this is the system on which our great national edifice is being erected, with this difference, that the one would still show that it was an edifice devoted to religion, while the other might as well be the residence of a king, or a museum, a gallery, a college, or indeed any thing else, as the seat of our two legislative bodies.

It must always appear strange how an architect could have gone so much out of his way to obtain this uniformity, and produce a prevalence of the horizontal lines over the vertical, for not only is this utterly abhorrent from Gothic in every case, but here, where he had a front about eight times the length of its height to deal with, all his ingenuity should have been exerted either to break the horizontal lines, or by bold projecting masses (as at Versailles) to prevent the eye following them, and thus take off the low street-like appearance the building now has; but, as if to make this still more apparent, the towers, instead of being parts of the river front, so as to give it height, are placed behind it, and disconnected, as if by contrast to make it still lower. It is lucky for the architect's fame that the land front, in spite of his worse judgment, will be broken and varied by the projections of Westminster Hall and the law courts, and will thus much surpass the river front; but it is painful to see the great tower placed so as by its mass to depress and overpower the Abbey and Henry the Seventh's chapel. It would have been difficult to invent any thing that could be more prejudicial to them than this feature, which, if admissible at all, should have been placed where the speaker's house is, at the angle next the bridge. Had this been done, we should not have had the architect coolly asking for 120,000*l.* to rebuild the superstructure at great temporary inconvenience to the public, and permanent detriment to the navigation of the river, and this merely because he forgot the existence of the bridge in making his design, or had not wit enough to know how to counteract the effect of it on the building. It is besides here, where there

is a great thoroughfare and a fine open space (it is understood that the houses in Bridge street are to come down), where processions and shows can be seen from the square, the bridge, and the river, that the Queen's and Peers' state entrances, with the Peers' house, should have been placed; not as they now are, in a back street of Westminster; and had this been done, and the south end devoted to the Commons, there would have been good grammar and good taste in building that part of a plainer and less pretending style than the north, half devoted to royalty and the peers. This would have been more appropriate to the confined situation, and the saving of expense as great as the additional convenience.

If, however, the exterior shows all these defects, and many more, which it would be tedious to point out, the interior is far worse, which will be easily understood when it is stated that one-fourth of the whole area is occupied by eleven large and seven small courts; and as these are all entirely surrounded by high buildings, they will be at best but damp ill-ventilated well holes, whose floors the sun will seldom see. They increase the expense of the building to an extent not easily calculated, not only by spreading it over a quarter more space, but they actually present more lineal feet of stone-fence wall than the whole exterior of the new building put together.

Had the architect adopted one great court, with a glazed roof running behind the river front, and divided into four compartments by the two houses and the central hall, these compartments forming four halls might have been surrounded by three tiers of arcades, something similar to the galleries of our old inn court yards, thus affording easy and cheerful access to all the apartments, and doing away with the tunnel-like corridors which at present occupy half the building. If, in addition to this, he had raised the roof of his ground floor about ten feet, and lighted it with good honest windows, instead of the loopholes which at present scarce admit light to render it habitable, a much smaller building would have afforded far more accommodation.

It is not easy to conceive any thing that would, architecturally speaking, have been more magnificent than this range of halls, extending at least 700 feet in length, and broken by the arcades supporting the houses and central hall, so as to take off every ap-

pearance of narrowness; and had something like fan tracery been adopted for the roofs, but with the fairy lightness that cast iron would have enabled the architect to introduce, and the interstices glazed with colored glass, we might fairly have challenged the world to produce any thing like it. In these halls, too, might have been placed the memorials of our great men; one court might have been devoted to our literary men, another to our men of science, whilst the others would have been occupied by our heroes and statesmen. Their statues might have stood in the centre, and their illustrious deeds have been painted on the walls.

By bringing the ground floor into use, it would not only have given the building more height, which it much wants, but have provided space, in conjunction with the halls, for coffee rooms, committee rooms, waiting rooms of all sorts; and by adopting four covered courts instead of the open ones, so much space might have been attained that the building might have been set back fifty feet from the present line of front, and a good broad terrace road obtained, from which the river front might have been seen; at present it is entirely lost, and cannot be seen near enough to be examined from a boat; the present terrace, of thirty feet wide, is too narrow to admit of the building being viewed from it, besides not being accessible to the public.

Had these difficulties been foreseen and studied, and these or some such suggestions adopted, the public and members would have been both externally and internally much better accommodated, and there would have been more space for the officers and all concerned with parliament; there would have been some meaning and expression in the building; and last, though not least, it could have been erected for half what the present one will cost; for, independently of the saving of space, and of the expensive decorations of the southern half, there would have been no rebuilding of the bridge, no pulling down of Abingdon street, and no erecting a new terrace in the river in the front of the present one, which must come, though not yet spoken of.*

* When it was determined to introduce Dr. Reid's system of ventilation, a lofty chimney was required to carry off the smoke and vapors, and Mr. Barry, instead of considering how he could introduce this feature so as to make it ornamental, turns over his books and draws out a lofty tower with a very high spire. When asked why he

While these things were going on at Westminster, Mr. Barry produced a design for the law courts in Lincoln's-inn fields in the pure Grecian Doric style of the Parthenon!

In comparing this design with that for the Parliament houses, the first thing that strikes the observer is, that one or the other of them must be essentially wrong and bad, which we leave for others to decide. There is no difference of climate between the two localities, and no difference of purpose between the two buildings which could justify so extraordinary a difference as exists between the two designs. At Westminster, all the windows in the river and street fronts are exposed to the sun, without even a cornice to throw a shadow; at Lincoln's inn, there would have been only eight windows, with a very small portion of wall, on which the sun could shine, the whole building being inclosed in a cage of one hundred and fifty massive Doric columns, so as to be entirely in the shade, an absurdity that would not have been tolerated, and, as far as we are aware, which never was practised, even in the temperate climate of Greece (except in a temple which was not inhabited, and where there were no windows in the walls), and it can scarcely be conceived how a man could propose such a plan in the gloomy latitudes of Lincoln's-inn fields. On the south front a few pillars might not have been inappropriate; but the north front was to have been precisely the same as the south, and these only differ in extent from the east and west fronts,—all shaded by the same useless colonnades.*

had chosen this form, he replied, "My object in putting it into that form was to make the central tower differ as much as possible in outline from the two other towers, by which a more picturesque effect would be produced!" Reasons for making a chimney like a church steeple! It further creeps out that the apertures are to be concealed; but that it may continue to look unlike what it is meant for, he first proposes to use only coke in the building, or to have an extra furnace to consume the smoke.

Out of evil, however, good may come; and if this absurdity of having a steeple for a chimney forces the architect to devise some means of consuming the smoke, it will be a public benefit.

* There is something extremely amusing in the *naïveté* with which Lord Langdale, when examined before the Committee of the House of Commons relative to this building, expressed his surprise that the records should here be buried in the vaults of the basement, while at Westminster it was proposed to place them in the ascending stories of a lofty tower. So little did his lordship know of the principles of British architecture,

There are law courts now in the course of erection at Liverpool which surpass even these in extravagance, and possess all the beauties and all the defects of the English classical school to an extent never before perpetrated; for here the architect has not only managed to introduce deep colonnades on all the sides of the building that are seen, but by an excess of misapplied ingenuity, has managed effectually to hide every window, so that on the east front, extending four hundred and twenty feet, three small doors are the only openings by which apparently light or air can be admitted to the interior, and one solitary doorway is the only opening to the south. There is no dome with its eye, no skylight,—all is darkness and mystery. When finished, the building will have the appearance of a vast gloomy mausoleum; no one will be able to conceive how such a windowless and chimneyless* pile could be made serviceable to the purposes of living men; yet this mysterious pile is devoted to transactions of public business, and, what is still more strange, to the gay amusements of singing and dancing.

Should the government recur to the idea of a classical Walhalla, this is a design infinitely more appropriate to the purpose than Klenze's copy of the Parthenon.

We are far from asserting that Mr. Barry is to blame for what he has thus done amiss; he is a man of taste and talent, and had he been brought up in a better school would have done what would have been creditable to himself and his employers. In copying, as he conceives correctly, and sacrificing every thing to the correctness of the copy, he has only done what any other architect would have done in his place; and, had he attempted any originality, he might have let the job pass by him into less worthy hands.

If we only consider what it is we ask of our architects, we shall see how impossible it is that they could satisfactorily answer

that he thought what was the proper place for them in one instance would be the proper place in the other; and it does not seem ever to have occurred to him that, when in Lincoln's-inn fields, he must consider himself and his records as Greek and in Greece, while at Westminster it was only necessary to consider himself as carried back to the stormy times of the wars of the Roses.

* Few men would find out that the copy of the Temple of the Winds, at Athens, standing in an inclosure at the distance of some hundred of feet, has to do duty for all the chimnies of the establishment.

the calls made on them. Here—an architect is ordered to design an immense pile in pure Gothic; there—another in as pure Grecian; the Duke of Sutherland wishes his country seat to be rebuilt in the Italian; and Lord Frances Egerton, his town house in the style of Kent or Gibbs. Mr. Barry may have to-morrow an order for a Saracenic or an Egyptian building, or heaven knows what, and great would be the astonishment of his patron if he refused. There is not another architect in London who would not undertake to have the design ready in a month or six weeks; yet do we think of what we are asking? Suppose some learned man, the cleverest and most learned of his day, were to set up for a like universal genius, and one bookseller gave him an order for an epic poem in Greek, after the manner of Homer, and another demanded some books of Latin poems, like those of Horace, a third might wish for an Italian epic, like Ariosto's, a fourth might wish for a German imitation of the Nieblungen, and others might ask for Arabic or Hindoo poems of approved models, while the more moderate would only demand correct imitations of Spenser or Shakspeare. Supposing a man were found who could and would undertake all this, he must be a cleverer man than the world has yet produced if even fashion or friendship could induce his contemporaries to read them, and it requires no great gift of prophecy to foresee that few of them would descend to posterity; yet this is not an exaggerated representation of what Mr. Barry has done, and what every artful apprentice of an architect is prepared to do, whenever he is lucky enough to have an opportunity.

Mr. Welby Pugin is almost the only architect in England who has seen the absurdity of this cosmopolite practice, and has devoted his whole energies to the study of one style, and indeed almost one branch of that style, so that he may fairly be called a Gothic ecclesiastical architect. Even with him, however, this does not seem to have been so much the result of a reasoned conviction as of an enthusiastic admiration for the works of our forefathers, and what is of more importance to our present subject, he has only seen half the difficulty; for though, to continue the metaphor, he does not profess to write in all languages, he still insists in writing in a dead one: true it is that he can read any page in this language that is placed before him, and can, even without diction-

ary or gradus, write a respectable copy of verses which can be understood and translated by others, while the nonsense verses (to use a school-boy, though expressive phrase) of other architects never having been understood by their authors, are likely to puzzle antiquarians to the end of the chapter.

In these copying days, however, it is something to have an architect who has so thoroughly studied the style in which he is to build that he can copy it correctly, and his buildings have not only the general form, but really the meaning and some of the spirit of the ancient ones.

But this is not enough; for, to use his own words, "The great test of architectural beauty is the fitness of the design to the purpose for which it was intended, and that the style of a building should so correspond with its use that the spectator may at once perceive the purpose for which it was erected."

No one is less inclined to dispute the truths of these words than we are; but the conclusion he draws from these premises, that we must erect churches in the same style, in the same form, and with the same details in every respect as those erected in the age of the earlier Edwards, or, at all events, prior to the accession of Henry VIII, appears to us to be one of the most singular *non sequiturs* that ever enthusiasm led a man into, and doing himself exactly what he reprobrates in others; for the educated and refined Englishman of the present day is much more like the civilized republican of the classic times, both in tastes and habits, than he is to his rude and semi-barbarous ancestors, of the times of the Plantagenets and Tudors. The bold, bull-headed, blood-thirsty baron of those days, is an animal of a different species from the delicate and refined aristocrat of ours. The ignorant domineering priest is not our educated clergyman; the unacknowledged *tiers état* differ widely from our all-powerful commons; and the independent artisan of our times would scarcely acknowledge kindred with the unfortunate serf of those days; yet Mr. Pugin overlooks all these distinctions, and would have us reconstruct, in the nineteenth century, the buildings which expressed the feelings and were in every detail fitted for our ancestors of the fourteenth and fifteenth century.

It might please some enthusiastic persons that we should give up our science and

civilization, and return to the barbarous ignorance and simplicity of those days; but it requires no great sagacity to foresee that, so far from retroceding, we cannot even stand still, but must advance; and although, because we have no other art to admire, we are now wild after correct copies of old churches, it is quite evident that neither the symbolism nor the monkish superstition of the middle ages can have any permanent hold on an enlightened people. It is true the classical element is fast disappearing from our system of education, from our laws, and from our philosophy; but must we, therefore, go back to the middle ages to supply its place? Are the *Nieblungen*, and the *Lays of the Minstrels*, to become our class-books instead of the Greek and Roman poets? Is the feudal system to resume the place of the code of Justinian? and the doctrines of the dark ages, that of the philosophy of Aristotle or Plato? And, as a corollary to all this, is Gothic art to supersede classical? Our belief is, that we can have no true art till a modern English element supersedes both.

It has been lucky for us that the ancients have left us fewer examples of their engineering works than productions of their architects. Our mediæval ancestors indulged but rarely in roads or bridges; and besides this, the exigencies of locality, and above all the exigencies of estimates, which are usually carefully looked at in the utilitarian works executed by our engineers, have allowed them less temptation to copy, and less means of doing so than their brother builders, and the consequence is, that they may challenge Rome, or the whole world, to match either the magnificence or the taste of our public works. It is true we possess some "truly Roman works," the taste of which is very questionable; and both Blackfriars and Waterloo bridges narrowly escaped being spoilt by the interference of the architects, who fortunately, however, have left nothing to mark their presence but the absurd Ionic and Grecian Doric columns that stand on the piers—in the one case supporting an enormously heavy granite parapet, and in the other in company with a most incongruous Roman balustrade. But since those days the engineering interest has acquired a predominance which enables it to walk alone; and in London bridge they have produced a specimen of bridge building, perfect in all its parts, and as yet unrivalled in the world, and this simply because there is not one

detail copied from any other bridge, not one ornament applied that had not a meaning, nor one thing added that was not seen to be wanted by the sound sense and mechanical knowledge of its builders; yet there is a magnificence in this bridge amounting even to splendor, and could we point to one building in Great Britain built on the same principles of sound common sense, we should probably have to apply to it the same epithet.

The names of Watt, Brindley, Smeaton, Telford, and Rennie, or of our Stevensons, Brunels, Lindleys, and Cleggs, are names to which an Englishman refers with pride, and stand in strong contrast with those of their contemporary builders of the present day; the former have contributed, as much as almost any class of men, to the advancement of civilization, and to the glory of the nation, and may almost be said to have created an art which is daily becoming of more and more importance. The latter, on the contrary, have done nothing to which we can refer with unmixed satisfaction, and much that has made us a laughing-stock to surrounding nations.

They have created nothing and advanced nothing; yet so closely do these professions approach at some points, that it is difficult to draw a line between them, and to say what works belong to the one, and what to the other; but their mode of treating their subject differs as light does from darkness. The one admits of no rule but fitness and propriety, and the dictates of reason and common sense; the other, copying and disguising, never thinking of what is most fit or most useful, and worshipping the shadow of exotic art.

Such an impulse has lately been given by our railways and canals to the science of engineering, that it now occupies almost as much of the public attention as architecture, and as there is more probability of this influence increasing than diminishing, we may hope that the sound principles which have enabled engineers to execute such satisfactory works may extend to our architects, and that we may soon see some improvements in their designs; but much ignorance and long-rooted prejudice must first be conquered, and, above all, the patrons of art must learn to take more interest in the subject than they have hitherto done, and to think more for themselves.

It has been truly and beautifully remarked by a late German writer, that true art is like

a natural flower that cannot exist without root, and stem, and leaves; but false art, like an artificial flower, can dispense with all these, to it, useless encumbrances.

The metaphor, we fear, applies too truly to the arts in this country. We have copied the flowers of every foreign land, and so long accustomed ourselves to their gorgeous brilliancy, that we are now unwilling to turn to the humbler but sweeter scented blossoms of our own native land; and beginning to be dissatisfied with these artificial productions, we are equally unwilling to try and naturalize them, by planting the seeds in our gardens, and waiting the long years that must elapse before a seedling becomes a tree. *?

CONFESSIONS OF AN ILLEGIBLE WRITER.*

BY MRS. ADDY.

From the Metropolitan.

CHARLOTTE EASTON had but a small fortune, and her connexions were exclusively among the middling classes; but she was beautiful, sensible, and amiable, and evidently regarded me with very favorable eyes. The only drawback to my happiness in her society arose from the evident disapprobation of my mother and sister to the attentions that I showed to her. They had no personal dislike to Charlotte—such a feeling would indeed have been impossible—but they thought, to use their own expression, that “I might do much better for myself;” in short, they gave their vote and interest to another lady in the neighborhood, a meagre, peevish, middle-aged spinster, whom they advocated because she had fifteen thousand pounds, and could talk of “my brother the baronet.”

These recommendations had no great force with me; my own income was sufficiently easy to support a wife in comfort, and I had a perfect horror of the title of baronet ever since my unfortunate blunder in regard to Sir David Drewett. While pondering on the expediency of immediately offering to Charlotte Easton, I was invited to spend a week with my old friend at Richmond, where, by-the-by, I had the daily pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs.

James Crofton in an elegant barouche, accompanied by a little fairy flaxen-haired boy of three years of age. My friend advised me by all means to propose immediately to Charlotte, and I wrote to her from Richmond, offering her my hand and heart, and telling her that I should return home on the evening of the following day. The next evening I reached home a little before eight, anxiously hoping to find a letter from Charlotte. I was welcomed in the passage by my mother and sister, and somewhat surprised at the extreme warmth and cordiality of their reception.

“Well, my dear William,” said my mother, “you have not treated me as you ought to have done, in excluding me from your confidence in the important matter of the choice of a wife; but I am too well pleased with your taste to lecture you very severely on your reserve.”

“Let me assure you,” said my sister, “that I am equally well pleased with the prospect of so desirable a relative.”

I looked from one to the other in astonishment. “I confess,” I said, “that I have made an offer of marriage, and I have every reason to think it will be accepted; but how can you possibly know any thing about it?”

“Why,” said my mother, looking rather embarrassed, “to tell you the truth, William, a letter directed in a lady’s hand was laid before me, and I opened it without looking very intently on the superscription; it was a very prettily worded acceptance of your offer.”

“She has excellent sense,” said my sister.

“Such a heart, such a temper, such eligible connexions,” added my mother.

“Eligible connexions,” I said to myself; “my mother has become surprisingly humble; Charlotte Easton’s connexions are only eligible inasmuch as they are worthy and respectable people.” However, my feelings were those of exceeding complacency towards my mother and sister, over whose prejudices I believed the graces and amiable qualities of my Charlotte to have obtained a complete conquest.

“And now, my dear William,” pursued my mother, “I have an agreeable surprise in store for you.”

“I have already been agreeably surprised,” I said; “I think I can hardly be more so.”

“When I had read the letter of my dear daughter-in-law elect,” continued my mo-

* Concluded from page 387.

ther, "I was so anxious to assure her of the affection with which I should welcome her into my family, that I immediately put on my bonnet, walked to Belvidere Place, confessed to her the mistake under which I had opened her letter, and obtained her consent to come and drink tea here this evening; now are you not surprised?"

"Very much so indeed," I replied, wishing that my mother had not been quite so officious and prompt in her movements, although at the same time I felt glad that my timid gentle Charlotte should have been encouraged by such marked demonstration of kindness on the part of one with whom I knew she suspected that she was no favorite.

"As soon as tea is over," said my mother, "I and your sister will slip out of the room, and you may enjoy the conversation of your beloved."

"But, mother, you have never shown me her letter," I exclaimed. My mother was on the point of producing it from the recesses of her pocket, when a knock was heard at the street-door, announcing the arrival of the fair one in question. I hastily ran up stairs to arrange my hair, and put on the most irresistible waistcoat in my wardrobe. When I descended again, I stood for a moment in the fearfulness of true love, with my hand upon the lock. "How shrill Charlotte Easton's voice sounds to-night," I thought; "she speaks much louder than my mother and sister; I suppose nervous excitement is the cause of her altered tones; however, her beauty will not be impaired by her trepidation, although the sweetness of her voice may be so." I threw open the door, expecting to feast my eyes on the smiling, blooming countenance of sweet Charlotte Easton; alas! what was my horror at beholding the bony angular form of Miss Euston, the spinster who had been so often and so warmly recommended to me by my mother and sister. Instantaneously the truth flashed upon me; both of the ladies lived in Belvidere Place, and the atrocious habit of which George Gordon had accused me in my boyhood, of making an a in the precise shape of a u, had occasioned the letter meant for Miss Easton to be carried to Miss Euston, read, and favorably answered by her. I actually trembled with consternation.

"William is rather overcome, my dear," said my mother to Miss Euston; "but it is always the way with true lovers to be doubting and diffident."

Miss Euston vainly endeavored to conjure up something like a blush upon her sallow cheek, and rejoined, "Mr. Seyton has received my letter, and must feel perfectly secure of the reciprocity of my sentiments."

I could not help thinking with the Irishman, that "the reciprocity was all on one side;" my cheeks flushed, my hands trembled, and I had the conviction that I was cutting a very ridiculous figure. My companions, however, were all disposed to be very indulgent to me, and I talked about Richmond Hill and Twickenham meadows, and strove to appear as unembarrassed as possible; my plan was, that as soon as my mother and sister had left the room, I should disclose to Miss Euston my unfortunate mistake, and advise her to take upon herself the credit of refusing me, which I was perfectly well inclined to give her as a balm to her wounded vanity. At length my mother and sister exchanged a telegraphic look, and the former half rose from her seat, murmuring something about the geraniums in the back drawing-room, when suddenly a thundering knock resounded at the door, and she resumed her former position.

"I believe it is my brother the baronet," said Miss Euston; "directly I had read Mr. Seyton's letter, I inclosed it in a note to Wimpole-street, begging that he would soon call upon me to converse on a measure so important to my future happiness; and I directed, that if he came this evening, he should be told where I was to be found."

My mother and sister looked aghast. Miss Euston had frequently alluded to the very high views formed for her by her brother the baronet, and they apprehended that he had come to fulminate his right honorable indignation on our presumptuous family, and bear away his sister an unwilling victim, to receive the addresses of some earl or viscount. I entertained somewhat of the same idea, but with me it took not the pale cast of fear, but the rose-colored tint of hope; such an event would extricate me from my difficulties without impugning my honor; and had the baronet thought fit to enact the part of Lochinvar, and carry away my affianced bride on his steed, I should certainly have borne a close resemblance to "the poor craven bridegroom" who "spoke never a word" on the occasion. The first glance, however, at the countenance of the "very magnificent three-tailed bashaw," who was now advancing towards

us, dissipated the fears of my mother and sister, and my own hopes; he was amiably and patronizingly condescending, assured me that he had always respected me as a very deserving young man, and that he felt assured the more he saw of me the better he should like me; told me that I had made choice of a treasure, and complimented my mother and sister on the fondness and admiration which his dear Dorothea had informed him they had long evinced towards her. For the first time in my life I was ashamed of my mother; she kept inclining her head as reverentially as if she had been the mother of Aladdin asking the stately Chinese princess in marriage of the sultan her father; and she occasionally uttered short phrases expressive of her delight, honor, and satisfaction at the proposed alliance. I learned afterwards the secret of the unexpected affability of "my brother the baronet."

About three months ago, he had united himself with a very lively, laughing, pretty young girl, who had obtained great influence over him, but whose levity inflicted such a severe shock on the nerves of her prim sister-in-law, that she took the trouble of going every other day to Wimpole-street, to lecture the young bride on the enormities of standing half the morning in the balcony, singing French ballads with the windows open, and encouraging young men to drop in at luncheon-time. Lady Euston was by no means grateful for this *surveillance*, and repeatedly told her husband that "she would give any thing in the world to get the old maid married, and only wished that he would look out for some one silly enough to take her."

"I had some thoughts," the baronet remarked to me, "of deferring my visit till to-morrow, but Lady Euston would not hear of it; she said she quite felt for the anxiety of mind under which you must suffer while awaiting my opinion. Lady Euston is excessively fond of Dorothea, she feels for her just as a younger sister would do for an elder one." (Lady Euston was seventeen, and Miss Euston forty-seven, therefore she must have felt for her like a very younger sister indeed!)

My mother here interposed an observation, that much as Lady Euston's affectionate kindness was to be admired, the wonder would be to find any one who was *not* attached to Miss Euston.

"I presume," said the baronet, turning sportively to me, "that you are willing that

my sister's property should be settled on herself."

Too much overcome to speak, I gave a nervous nod of the head.

"And I conclude," he continued, with additional vivacity, "that you are not overburdened with capital, and have not much of your own to add to it."

I gave a nervous shake of my head, and my mother interposed in my favor with the hackneyed joke that "I had nothing to settle but my heart, and had already done that most effectually."

"I imagine," said the baronet, "that you will not object to the settlements being made by my own solicitor, who is an excellent fellow; indeed I am particularly fortunate in every one whom I employ. I can recommend you to an admirable wine-merchant, and an invaluable tailor; and when you furnish your house, you cannot do better than to apply to all my own tradespeople."

Thus oppressively condescending, did the baronet converse for a couple of hours, when drawing his sister beneath his arm, he took his departure, leaving me convinced that it was too late for explanation, and that, to use an expressive colloquial phrase, I was "fairly in for it!"

A week passed, my courtship progressed; I did not confide the secret of the misdirected letter to any one but my old friend George Gordon.

"I pity you sincerely," he said; "but I am afraid that on the present occasion I verify the words of Rochefoucault, that 'there is something in the misfortunes of our best friends which does not displease us;' let me, however, first ask you if you really mean to marry Miss Euston?"

"I cannot do otherwise," I said mournfully, "she has just ordered her wedding-bonnet, and her brother the baronet has presented her with a topaz necklace belonging to the late Lady Euston, all claim to which the present Lady Euston has generously relinquished, because the setting is old-fashioned, and she has a particular dislike to topazes. But why do you ask the question?"

"Because," said George Gordon, "I have long secretly admired Charlotte Easton, but never made known my feelings to her, deeming that you were attached to her, and that your attachment was reciprocated; even now I will not address her till your marriage has taken place."

My marriage *did* take place in a few

weeks, and the next day, George Gordon sent an exquisitely-written proposal of marriage to Charlotte Easton, which lay in no danger of being taken to a wrong house. He was refused, but Charlotte's aunt, with whom he was a great favorite, privately admonished him to persevere, saying that Charlotte had certainly felt a decided predilection for Mr. Seyton, who had paid her marked attentions, and she was both mortified and wounded when he made choice of another lady, but that a little time and her own excellent sense would doubtless enable her to forget him, and she would then begin to value the good qualities and firm and consistent attachment of Mr. Gordon. George took the hint, was a frequent visitor at the house of Charlotte's aunt for three months, then renewed his offer, and was accepted.

I have been married for a year, and have not the most remote intention of claiming the Dunmow fitch. The temper of Mrs. William Seyton is still less placid than that of Miss Euston; her jealousy is such that she cannot even bear me to look at the pretty faces in the *Annals*, and she repays the anxiety of my mother and sister to possess her for a relative, by treating them with so much rudeness and hauteur, that it is painful to me to see them in my house, while I am subjected to the most rigid domestic cross-questioning and lecturing if I visit them in their own. It is true that my wife had, as was alleged, fifteen thousand pounds, but the solicitor employed by "my brother the baronet" has so drawn up the settlements, that should my wife die without children, (and at her age it is likely enough that "she may lead her graces to the grave, and leave the world no copy,") I am deprived of even a life-interest in her property, the whole of which goes to her brother and his descendants, of whom there promises to be no lack, Lady Euston having just enlivened her domestic hearth by the introduction of magnificent twin boys. Thus, when I am left a widower I shall be a penniless one; the property of my wife being in the three per cents, only produces four hundred and fifty pounds a-year, of which she claims two hundred as pin-money, asserting that no lady can dress neatly upon a less sum; the one-horse chariot and French *soubrette*, which her brother the baronet declares to be absolutely necessary to the respectability of his sister, absorbs the remainder of the income she brings to me, and my friends all say of me, that, like Bumble the beadle

in *Oliver Twist*, "I let myself go very reasonable,—I was cheap, dirt cheap!"

I had written thus far, when George Gordon called.

"George, my excellent friend," I said, "I know your regard for me, it has been tried and proved; will you give me another demonstration of it?"

George looked rather alarmed at this preface, as the firmest friend would find it very natural to do.

"I am sure, Seyton," he said, "I would do any thing to oblige you, but my account at my banker's is very small just at present."

"I do not wish you to lend me money," I returned, "the service I require at your hands is of a domestic nature."

"Surely," he exclaimed, "you are not going to separate from your wife! I know these things are very common in the fashionable world, but indeed, Seyton, they will not do in middling life."

"Again you are wrong, my friend," I said, "I have been writing a sketch of my life for the benefit and improvement of the rising generation; I wish to insert it in the *Metropolitan*, but it has awakened feelings in my mind so painful, that I cannot bear the idea of again glancing on it; you know my adventures, you know my turn of expression, you know better than any one else the little peculiarities of my hand-writing, will you take it to the editor, and will you—will you, my dear friend, order the proofs to be sent to you for correction?"

George started, put his hand for a moment before his eyes, then withdrew it, looked first at the cabalistic mysterious characters of my blotted manuscript, and then on my rueful and imploring countenance.

"I will," he said, in a firm, distinct tone.

I wrung his hand in silent gratitude, and feel happy to close my melancholy tale with so sublime an instance of the devotion of true friendship. By the time these pages meet the eye of the public, George Gordon will have performed his promise!

LADY ELIZABETH LEVESON GOWER.—A matrimonial engagement is confidently stated to be concluded between the Marchioness of Lorn and the Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower, eldest daughter of their Graces of Sutherland.—*Court Journal*.

DISCOVERIES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

From the British and Foreign Review.

The History of Ancient America, anterior to the time of Columbus, proving the identity of the Aborigines with the Tyrians and Israelites, and the Introduction of Christianity into the Western Hemisphere by the Apostle St. Thomas. By GEORGE JONES, M. R. S. I., F. S. V. Longman and Brown, London; Harper and Brothers, New York. 1843.

If all the embellishments the art of printing can bestow, with the addition of an elaborate title-page and a solemnly inflated style, could insure the success of a work and confer reputation on its author, Mr. George Jones would henceforth become the literary lion of the day, and his 'History of Ancient America' would display its hot-pressed charms upon every library table. Unfortunately the merits of a book are not in precise proportion to its outward garniture; and though we doubt whether even the author would recognize the "child of his brain," were it unrolled from the gorgeous coverings in which it has been sedulously swathed, we own that we would rather have seen it *in puris naturalibus*.

Few questions have given rise to more discussion or more ingenious theorizing than the original history of America. It is one of those moot points which have always been, and probably will ever continue to be, of an uncertainty only stimulating to the appetite of the speculative; while the inquirer, though he fail to solve them, may chance to alight upon detached and valuable portions of truth, as the hammer of the geologist may sometimes strike out a gem, though he lose the course of the stratum he is investigating. To determine this disputed paternity, many incredible and absurd hypotheses have been from time to time propounded. Some authors—Lord Kaimes among them—have not scrupled to report that the Mosaic account of the creation of our first parents was only intended to inform us of the origin of the inhabitants of the Eastern world, and that the American nations sprung from a different Adam and perhaps a less erring Eve! Others, with less imagination, or more piety, have contented themselves with hazarding the conjecture, that the destruction of the tower of Babel, when, according to holy writ, "the Lord scattered them (the

builders) abroad upon the face of all the earth," was the time when the vast plains and forests of the Western world first received man as their inhabitant. A third party, still more absurd, have conceived (from a passage in Plato) that, in former times, an island of enormous dimensions, named Atlantis, stretched from the north-western coast of Africa across the Atlantic Ocean, and that over this continental tract both man and beast migrated westwards. In one night, however, a mighty storm and wind overwhelmed this island, at a time when only a few animals had succeeded in making good their passage.

These theories, and many others even more wild which might be collected from different writers, are not without their warning use; they give a humiliating proof of the puerilities into which even vigorous minds may be betrayed, when once they abandon inductive reasoning for the seducing fields of speculative fancy. Thus the early geologists conceived that the petrified shells and vessels found buried in the secondary strata were produced by what they called a "plastic force" in nature, and accounted for the vast beds of shells on the tops of the Alps by remembering the shell-ornamented bonnets of the pilgrims passing from Rome!

To return however to our subject. The discoveries made by the Russians in the northern parts of the world, under the auspices of Peter the Great, confirmed the opinion of those who, not disposed to account by supernatural agency for what might be effected by natural causes, had early suggested the possibility of America having been peopled from the contiguous northern shores of Europe on the one side and Asia on the other. They insisted upon the similarity in features, manners, and mode of life of the denizens of these frigid zones; and, arguing upon the analogous migrations of the European and Asiatic nomads, they accounted for the existence of the Southern Americans by the continual pressure of a rapidly increasing population from the north.

But even when the discoveries of Russia apparently corroborated this hypothesis, the tide of discussion was not checked, but merely diverted into fresh and numerous channels. Almost every nation of the Old World set up its claim in turn to the honor of having given birth to the new hemisphere; the Jews, Canaanites, Phœnicians, Carthaginians, the Greeks, Scythians, Chi-

nese, and many others, have all found zealous advocates for their respective claims.

Josephus Acosta, a Spanish Jesuit, who wrote about the year 1560, is opposed to the opinion, which he says was prevalent in his time, that the Americans were of Jewish origin. He treats this suggestion, which he believes to have been founded on a passage of the book of Esdras, with utter skepticism and even some degree of contempt. He "cannot well see how that Euphrates in Esdras should be a more convenient passage to go to the New World than the enchanted and fabulous Atlantike island of Plato." He confesses, however, that the coincidences in the customs of the two nations are curious, although in his opinion accidental.

Mr. Parsons, the author of the work entitled 'Remains of Japhet,' entertains no doubt that the earliest Americans were a colony from Tartary. In confirmation of this idea he observes, that the American nations had some acquaintance with the doctrine of the Trinity, for they worshipped their tutelary deity, the Sun, under the threefold appellation of the 'Father and Lord Sun,' 'the Son Sun,' and the 'Brother Sun;' and moreover they adored an idol called by the name of Tanga-Tanga, which signifies 'One in Three and Three in One.' This circumstance is considered by Mr. Parsons, who had observed a similar worship among the Lamas of Thibet and Tartary, as a strong presumption in favor of the original identity of the two nations; and from this and some other analogies he concludes that both the Peruvians and Mexicans are derived from the house of Togarmah, the son of Gomer, the son of Japhet, who, we are told, settled "eastward, in the northern quarter."

Dr. Robertson, whose graceful yet manly style stands out in strong and pleasing relief to that of some authors upon this subject, does not place much reliance upon the analogies which may be traced in the customs, either secular or religious, of any two nations. He justly observes, that there is nothing in these coincidences which may not be sufficiently explained by the similarity of their condition or situation; and that, to prove an identity of origin, it is requisite that some arbitrary institution, such as the keeping the seventh day holy, should be discovered in both. He also conceived that America was not peopled by any nation of the Old World which had made any considerable progress towards civilization.

But we should give due weight to the remark of the author of the work before us upon this point, viz., that this eminent historian was not aware of the existence of the stupendous remains of former magnificence which it is the object of Mr. Jones to ascribe to their proper architects. On the whole, Robertson inclines to the opinion of Mr. Parsons before alluded to, and concludes that we must consider the north-eastern nations of Asia to have been the first inhabitants of America; and that, after having migrated across Behring's Straits, they spread themselves gradually over the whole hemisphere. This account tallies with the traditions the Mexicans have of their own origin, which relate that their ancestors journeyed from the north-west.

This theory receives some additional confirmation from an account given by Peter Kalm, in his 'Travels into North America,' of pillars of stone, apparently of great antiquity, which had been found some hundred miles west of Montreal,—one of them covered with inscriptions, which some Jesuits who saw them affirmed were written in Tartarian characters. It appears moreover, from Marco Polo, that Kublai Khan, a Tartarian monarch, one of the successors of Genghis Khan, after he had conquered the southern part of China, sent out a naval expedition for the purpose of subduing Japan, but that this armament was cast away and never more heard of; and it has been conjectured that some of these vessels may have found their way to the American shores.

The Abbé Francesco Clavigero, a native of New Spain, and author of a 'History of Mexico' of considerable celebrity, is decidedly of opinion that his countrymen came from the northern parts of America, but evades the question of their original parentage. His description of their state at the time of their discovery is extremely curious and entertaining, but appears too much drawn from the notoriously exaggerated and fanciful coloring of Boturini to be received as history without the most extreme caution. He affirms that the Mexicans worshipped a supreme deity called Teotl, which bears some analogy to the Greek *Θεός*, both in sound and attributes. They had also some notion of an evil spirit, whom they called (for what reason we cannot conjecture) by a word which signified 'a rational owl.' They also believed in the immortality of the soul, and had descriptions of the creation, deluge, confusion of tongues and

dispersion of the people, in the paintings which served them as national archives. Moreover, they had in their system of religion monasteries and different orders of monks.

To the list of distinguished writers who have embraced the opinion that America received at least the bulk of her inhabitants from eastern Asia, may be added the name of Mr. Pennant. The customs of scalping, torturing, and even eating their prisoners, of disguising themselves as wild beasts for the purpose of the chase, and of marching in file and not abreast, prevail, according to this author, as well among the American Indians as among the Scythians and inhabitants of Tartary, while in their physical formation the similarity is even more apparent.

Having thus, in some measure, recalled to our readers the opinions which have at various times prevailed respecting the parentage of the American aborigines, it is time to bestow our attention upon the work from which we have wandered.

A great evil is conspicuous throughout the whole book, viz. the diffuse and digressive style in which it is composed; we are indeed prepared for this by the following announcement in the preface:—"Knowing from experience that works upon antiquities, described in language cold as the marbles they illustrate, are not of deep interest to the general reader, the author has therefore avoided the usual frigid style, and has consequently placed around them such fervent glowing words as their novel characters have authorized and demanded." Under shelter of this considerate care for the amusement of his readers, and disregarding the intrinsic interest of his subject, however dryly handled, our author has introduced intercalary disquisitions upon every branch of the fine arts; he has drawn long and hypothetical characters of celebrated persons, from Hiram king of Tyre, down to his present majesty of Prussia; and, in fine, has contrived to put us in possession of his sentiments upon very many and very miscellaneous topics. Unhappily he has been but too successful in diffusing over the whole composition an inflated and frivolous tone, not only the worst which could be devised for a serious and important discussion, but which does not do justice to the information the author really possesses, and the ingenuity with which many of his propositions are maintained. An additional objection to this mode of composition is, that it has

increased to the size of a royal octavo a book, the matter of which might fairly have been compressed within the dimensions of a duodecimo.

There are three distinct assertions, the truth of which it is the author's aim to establish, though the first two are far less anxiously and laboriously investigated than the third. These are—first, that the American nation are of two distinct races; secondly, that those to the north of Mexico are of Hebrew descent; and thirdly, that the Mexican and Southern aborigines were that remnant of the inhabitants of Tyre saved, after the destruction of their city, by Alexander the Great, and of whom Isaiah predicted that "these should be as the shaking of an olive-tree, as the gleaming grapes when the vintage is done."

The first of these propositions, though perhaps (inasmuch as it influences the correctness of the second) the most important, is very cavalierly dealt with. Mr. Jones asserts that there are distinctive national differences in religion, politics, and customs, as well as in physical conformation, between the nations to the north and those to the south of Mexico: further, that the former are as remarkable for all the virtues which can adorn humanity, as the latter are for vices which would have disgraced the Romans under the corrupt sway of the later emperors. For these assertions no authority is adduced, though the author has apparently framed his peculiar creed alternately from Boturini and the calumniator of the Mexican race, M. de Pau. In opposition to these statements, we find in Humboldt that "the nations of America, except those which border on the Polar circle, form a *single* race, characterized by the formation of the skull, the color of the skin, the extreme thinness of the beard, and straight and glossy hair." We are told by the Chevalier Piuto, "that they are *all* of a copper color." From Don Antonio Ulloa we learn, "that the Indians who live as far as 40° and upwards north and south of the equator are not to be distinguished in color from those immediately beneath it, while the resemblance in their genius, character, and customs is no less striking." And lastly, Robertson bears his powerful and impartial testimony to the remarkable uniformity of all the American Indians both in appearance and character.

We are far from asserting that Mr. Jones has no authority for what he has advanced; but he has not chosen to adduce any, and

we must therefore be guided by those we possess.

The second proposition, viz. that the nations to the north of Mexico are of Hebrew descent, is dependent in no slight degree upon the truth of the first; since even Mr. Jones does not contend that *all* America was peopled from the house of Jeroboam. In proof of his assertion he enumerates various analogies between the tribes of the north and the Hebrews; such as the seclusion of the mother after childbirth, the marriage usually contracted between a widowed wife and her husband's brother, their possessing an ark, their selecting their medicine men (*i. e.* priests or prophets) from among a portion of the tribe not warriors, their worship of one God, their traditional knowledge of the deluge, their various festivals, their belief in the immortality of the soul, and the practice of circumcision. Finally he proposes to the reader "this (as he believes) unanswerable question: if they are not of the lost tribes of Israel, who are they?"

Now many of these analogies can by no means be received as proving identity of origin, but rather as curious and instructive points of similarity in the parallel yet independent progress of national intellectual development. How often does the same idea strike two minds, connected by no kindred tie, except the sympathy of thought! How often have the same inventions been simultaneously made in different parts of the world! and why should not like political, or religious, or social institutions exist among nations totally unconnected, but arrived at a similar point in civilization?

On the other hand, it seems admitted that Nestorianism, mingled with the dogmas of the Buddhists and the Shamans, spread through Manchou Tartary into the north-east of Asia; and therefore the supposition appears not improbable that their doctrines and rites may have been partially communicated to the northern parts of America, from which the Tultecs emigrated, and which must therefore be considered as the *officina virorum* of the New World.

But however this may be, we must again enter our protest against the total omission of authorities for these alleged analogies. Referring once more to the preface, we find it to be the author's opinion, "that to give a list of works consulted "during fifteen years in America, and more immediately for the last two years in England, while writing the Tyrian *Æra*, would be pedan-

tic;" and again, that "being professedly an original work, the volume of the brain has been more largely extracted from than any other writer whose works are already before the public." We confess we see no pedantry in furnishing the student with the sources from which the conclusions he is pondering are drawn; neither do we think originality and imagination should, in an historical work, supersede accurate information and sobriety of detail.

The third division of the work is devoted to the establishment of a theory, founded upon the ruined cities lately discovered by Mr. Stephens, that the aborigines of Mexican America (under which term Mr. Jones would include the southern continent) and the West Indian islands, were the ancient Tyrians of Phenicia.

Upon the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, in the year 1520, all vestiges of art and civilization were destroyed with fanatic zeal, as monuments of paganism and idolatry. Consequently no relics of former times, with the exception of some ruins at Copan, were discovered till the year 1790, when a circular piece of sculpture, having reference to the astronomical calendar of the ancient inhabitants, was exhumed. About the same time Palenque was visited by Del Rio and Du Paix. In the beginning of the nineteenth century, Humboldt visited Mexico. Still later Waldeck was employed by the Spanish government to explore Yucatan. In 1836 Copan, nearly a hundred and fifty years after its first discovery, was visited by Galindo, and at length, in 1839-40, most of these cities, with several others, were thoroughly investigated and accurately delineated by Messrs. Stephens and Catherwood.

It is on the ruins of Copan, Palenque, and Uxmal that the conclusions arrived at by Mr. Jones are founded, and to them he has consequently confined his remarks. He has taken as his text-book Mr. Stephens's narrative, with a running commentary of his own upon such points of inaccuracy as he has discovered in that work. We will give his own programme of his proceedings.

"First will be given a description of such parts of the great ruins as may be necessary in the author's own words, with such commentaries as may be required by the narration: then will follow Mr. Stephens's reflections upon all the ruins; his arguments will be met, his errors detected, his contradictions investigated, and thereupon we shall endeavor (at least) to completely refute his deductions and conclusions."—Page 56.

These "errors," even when detected, hardly justify the parade with which they are ushered to our notice, or the exultation which our author displays whenever he has succeeded in discovering one. In his description of the principal temple at Copan Mr. Stephens makes this remark:—"Though gigantic and extraordinary for a ruined structure of the aborigines, that the reader's imagination may not mislead him, I consider it necessary to say [it] is not so large as the great (Egyptian) pyramid of Ghizeh." Upon this Mr. Jones compares various measurements of the two edifices, and discovers with infinite glee that they coincide within eighteen feet, which "cannot be accidental." On another occasion, in describing the pyramid at Cholula, he finds out, with equal satisfaction, that a difference of only eight feet would make the pyramid at that place twice as large as that of Egypt. We have not time or inclination to pursue him, as he has pursued Mr. Stephens, through all his descriptions of the ruins, but we must say one word upon his remarks on that traveller's conclusions. "I set out," says Mr. Stephens, "with the proposition that they are not Cyclopean, and do not resemble the works of Greek or Roman;" upon which Mr. Jones observes, "We admit the negative to the first and last proposition, but not to the second; for the sculpture at Uxmal is not only as fine, but distinctly of a Grecian character;" and again, "the whole façades have to the eye an appearance, in regard to the character of the ornaments, which compel the looker-on to exclaim, 'Grecian knowledge has been there.'"

With this we do not agree. Under all climates, and in every age, men have always been pleased with a *rhythmic* repetition of the same forms, which repetition is the greatest characteristic of what are called *grecques*, meanders, and arabesques. Neither is any great degree of civilization requisite to produce these ornaments, for Mr. Krusenstern describes arabesques of great elegance tattooed upon the skins of the most ferocious inhabitants of Washington Island.

The chapters upon the analogies between the Tyrians and the Mexican aborigines are by far the best part of the work. Mr. Jones says:—

"The religious ceremonies of the Tyrians have been lost but for their being preserved by the Carthaginians, a colony from

Tyrus, and between whom there existed the strictest union and friendship, and which may justly be supposed to have practised the manners and customs of the parent country. The Tyrians also would follow the customs of the Sidonians and the Canaanites, their original ancestors; gathering, therefore, evidences of religious ceremonies from Canaan, Sidon, Tyrus and Carthage—for they were all of the Phœnician family—we shall include those nations under one general term, viz. *Tyrian*, for the same convenience as the term *Mexican* is used."—Page 139.

Both nations were idolatrous, and both sacrificed human beings on the dedication of their temples and on defeat in war. The Tyrians offered up children to the god Saturn (Moloch), who was represented by a large statue; the figure bent slightly forward, and was so placed that the weight of the smallest child was sufficient to alter its position, and to cast the infant into a fiery furnace below the idol. This custom appears to be portrayed on the sculpture in the ruins, of which Mr. Jones's description is both ingenious and spirited, but too long to be extracted. But though they worshipped Saturn, the tutelary deity of the Tyrians according to Dr. Prideaux was Malcarthus,* compounded of the two Phœnician words Melec and Kartha, and signifying "king of the city." This god possessed many of the attributes of the Grecian Hercules-Apollo, and as such is compared by our author to the chief deity of the Mexicans. Astarte (the moon) was also worshipped by both nations, and her emblem, the cross, is found sculptured in many parts of the ruined temples.

Other analogies are to be traced in their national and political peculiarities. The swan was the symbolical emblem of the Canaanites, and the antiquary Jacob Bryant remarks, that "where they or their descendants (i. e. Tyrians) may have settled, there will be a story found about a swan." Accordingly the Spanish historian Sahagun relates that about two centuries before their conquest by the Spaniards, the Aztecs (Mexicans proper) were compelled to surrender to a neighboring kingdom that oppressed them, their *emblematical bird the swan*.

The serpents and eggs found sculptured upon the Mexican altars are essentially Tyrian emblems: so are the spiral shells, which used to be represented on their coins

* Not improbably the Marcolfus of later tradition. See also Buxtorf in *voc. Marcalis*.

in commemoration of the discovery of the celebrated dye. We must however refer the reader to the work itself for the investigation of each particular analogy, and avail ourselves of the author's summary, which is as follows:—

"Religious idolatry:—the worship of, and sacrifice of human lives to, the god of war; the worship of Saturn, and consequent infanticide to propitiate the remorseless deity; the long cross (and others) of the goddess Astarte, in the sculpture; the sacrifice to Hygeia by *optional* circumcision; the chief worship to Apollo, or the Sun; the gorgeous temples erected to his glory; human sacrifice on the dedication of the temples; and the sacred fire, guarded by the Virgins of the Sun. The comparative mummies of the Tyrian isles and Peru; the traditional story concerning swans; the tortoise and serpent in sculpture; the dyeshell or purple murex; navigation with its attendant maps and charts; the aborigines coming from the 'East' and by navigation; their landing or 'touching at Florida,' and 'before the Christian era;' then the discovery of the wreck of a Tyrian galleys. The knowledge of painting, and the general application of colors; and gem-engraving. As the sculpture contains only hieroglyphics, and not one cipher or letter, consequently the spoken language of Phœnicia is not found, *nor is there any other language discovered*; and for a proof of its antiquity, the Tyrian temple-sculpture should be only hieroglyphical. The political character in the formation of monarchies and republics, as shown at Tyrus and Carthage, Mexico and Toltecas:—military character and knowledge of defensive locality, with analogous architecture in the sea and river walls of Tyrus and Copan. The *last event* in the history of Tyrus, sculptured upon the chief altar of the most ancient ruin (Copan); and from the character of that event, it would naturally become the *first* subject of record in the country to which they had emigrated; every detail of that altar is essentially Tyrian. *Painted* sculpture and the stuccoing of the walls of Tyrus and Palenque. The architecture, as to its square-columned style, identified as Tyrian and proved to be analogous from the temples of Jerusalem and Palenque, and from the square pillars of Copan; while the pyramidal base produced the compound term *Egypto-Tyrian*."—Page 202.

We now come to the second book of the volume, in which the fact of the identity of the Mexicans with the Tyrians being presumed to be established, the author proceeds, by a history of Tyre from her origin to her overthrow by Alexander, to instruct us as to the events which led to the colonization of America, and the means employed to effect it. In this portion of his task, Mr.

Jones, considering the paucity of his materials, has shown much ingenuity,—we wish we could add equal accuracy; but of this hereafter.

The Tyrians, a colony from Sidon, were directly included in the malediction uttered against Canaan, the common founder of their race, and the innocent suffered by Ham's impiety. This curse, however, for many ages hung innocuously over their heads, and Tyre long continued first among the cities of the world,—a supremacy she owed to the benefits of commerce and navigation, a strict monopoly of which she succeeded in establishing and maintaining. Such indeed was her jealousy on this point, and so stern her refusal to allow any one to share in these advantages, that, although she granted her assistance to other nations in exploring and maritime expeditions, she insisted that they should be accomplished with ships she had built, sailors she had reared, and pilots she alone had instructed.

For some centuries after her foundation Tyre was governed by Cadmi, the Cadmus being a supreme judge, aided by a senatorial council; but soon after the Israelites had obtained a king, they became dissatisfied with their previous government, and, fixing on a monarchy, chose for their first sovereign Abibal, the Hiram of Scripture, and the father of the friend and ally of Solomon, Hiram the Great. This latter monarch, who appears to have been singularly liberal and beneficent in his policy, furnished, as is well known, both materials and artists for Solomon's temple. For these and other services he received from that monarch certain cities, which, failing to satisfy his expectations, he named the "land of Cabul" (displeasing).

Pygmalion, whose cruel treatment of his sister Dido and her husband Sichæus (or of Elizabeth and Acerbas, as Mr. Jones delights to call the unfortunate couple) was the immediate cause of the founding of Carthage, reigned at a later period in Tyre. During the reign of Ithobal I., according to the authority of Herodotus, the circumnavigation of Africa was accomplished, under the auspices indeed of Pharaoh Necho, king of Egypt, but under the superintendence and with the naval assistance of Tyre. Mr. Jones announces with great mystery, as a conclusive proof that the expedition was really accomplished, the circumstance that Herodotus in his account has mentioned the phenomenon of the sailors observing, upon passing the line,

that their shadows turned from the left to the right. But this would merely establish their progress as far as Melinda, a point which they would reach, comparatively speaking, at the commencement of their voyage.

It was shortly after this expedition, if any such really took place, that Tyre experienced the fulfilment of the first prophecy which had been made concerning her by Jeremiah and Ezekiel, that she should be taken by the Chaldeans under Nebuchadnezzar. This fact, according to Bishop Newton, is established by heathen writers, it being expressly mentioned by Josephus on the authority of Menander, and by Philostratus in his 'Indian and Phœnician Histories.' The effects of this siege, which lasted thirteen years, compelled the inhabitants to desert that part of the city which stood upon the main-land and to shut themselves up in the island, which subsequently became the Tyre so celebrated in history. Some authors have supposed that the island, Tyre, was first inhabited as a city after this siege by the Chaldeans; but Vitringer, in his dissertation upon Isaiah, has satisfactorily proved that New and Old Tyre were one city.

The next important event in the history of Tyre is the deposition of the reigning family and substitution of that of Strato, a dynasty which continued until the termination of the monarchy; this event took place in the reign of Azelmic, the eighth king of that family, when "the ancient city," after a gallant defence, was taken, sacked, and destroyed by Alexander the Great. This siege is fixed by Mr. Jones as the commencement of the annals of ancient America, and he takes the opportunity to try his powers of graphic and stirring narration. We cannot think the experiment successful, or that the fifty pages containing an account of this event were particularly needed, or have much to do with the elucidation of his theory. An historical account, indeed, it cannot be called: it is a species of dramatic story, built upon the details which Arrian and Plutarch have handed down, and is throughout in the style of the following quotation, which purports to record the storming of the city, and the anecdote of the superstitious citizens chaining the statue of their Hercules-Apollo to the principal altar.

"At length the advancing heralds of Apollo were seen bounding above the mountains of

Damascus, springing with their gold-imbuing feet from cloud to cloud until they reached the zenith, when the Sun-god himself appeared, and approached from the mighty portals of the East, arrayed in the gorgeous mantle of his eternal throne! There was a moment of calm, breathless intensity, as before the hurricane; then arose the loud hosannahs from his Tyrian subjects, now prostrate with adoration: but they were answered by the terrific and appalling shouts of the ambushed Macedonians! Sudden as the storm-flash, a breathless panic seized the kneeling worshippers; they were transfixed with fear, surprise, and wonder; they felt that their ever-faithful deity had delivered them, bound in his own fetters, to the unsparing foe. They called aloud for his protection, but the brow of their god was suddenly shadowed by the clouds of an approaching tempest, indicating the war of elements as of man; the voice of supplication was now changed to the wild language of despair; all was horror and confusion among the temples, palaces, courts, and streets of the metropolis; the screams and shrieks of women and children, trodden under foot by the frantic and flying citizens, were unheard amid the demoniac yells of the invaders, which even deadened the sound of the distant and murmuring thunder; and they now in their shouts of approaching triumph applied the battering-engines with every energy and success, for the ramparts were unmanned, and their desperate assault unchecked.

"The boldest of the Tyrians recovering from surprise now rallied, and snatching up weapons merely of attack (for their persons were defenceless, from their festival attire) flew towards the wall, against which the impious attack was so furiously rendered. It was too late; an upper breach had been made, and the soft stone wall was fast falling beneath the repeated and ponderous blows of the battering-engines; the balistæ and catapultæ were now unmanned and overthrown as being useless, while the giant towers were wheeled and levered towards the breach which now momentarily increased in width; the several drop-bridges of the towers were instantly lowered upon the battered walls, when the concealed soldiery, after their first discharge of arrows and javelins, rushed like wolves from their dens upon the devoted sheepfolds! As the towers, galleries, and hive-cells were emptied, they were instantly replaced (refilled?) by swarms of warriors from the camp, the whole of which was now in motion. The hitherto inactive and impatient cavalry were drawn out and marshalled, ready to plunge like fierce dragons within the city when the crumbling walls should be partially levelled. The bravest of the hardy Tyrians met the first storming party (the forlorn hope even of ancient days) with dauntless courage, and kept in cheek, even by their dead bodies, the instant advance of the foe; the wall was disputed inch by inch, and with increasing fury by both parties, each being resolved to conquer or to die!

While the conflict was raging on the walls, where the loud sounds and flashing weapons seemed but the similitude of the overhanging thunder and the vivid lightning, Azelmie, his priests and body-guards, prepared to protect their god and temple to the last; in their despair and wild devotion, they took the golden statue of their deity from its pedestal, and with massive chains of the same metal to secure it, and with huge nails driven through perforated holes in the feet, they thus fastened it to the broad summit of the great altar of the nation!" —Page 371.

Mr. Jones expresses violent but just indignation at the conduct of Alexander in crucifying two thousand of the citizens after the siege, but it should be observed that Arrian does not mention this circumstance; it rests solely upon the authority of Diodorus and Quintus Curtius; and, even if true, there is some palliation, though no excuse, in the reflection, that the Tyrians had themselves previously violated the law of nations and become the aggressors, by murdering the envoys despatched to them during the siege by Alexander.

We learn from Curtius that the Sidonians carried away fifteen thousand of the ill-fated inhabitants of Tyre in their ships, and this mourning squadron is conducted by Mr. Jones, as the sagacious reader will have anticipated, down the Mediterranean. They touch at "The Fortunate Isles," where the friendly Sidonians leave them; but hearing rumors of Alexander's implacable resentment, they cast off again into the wide ocean, and leaving the Old World for ever, are wafted across the Atlantic into the Bay of Honduras. In haste to sacrifice to their tutelary god, they resort to the very foolish expedient of burning their ships for fire-wood; and hence their concealment for so many ages. All this is strikingly original, and may be satisfactory to ingenious minds!

Having thus followed our author as briefly as possible through his various theories, we cannot profess ourselves converts to his faith, although we readily bear testimony to his ingenuity and the pleasure to be derived from some parts of the volume. We still are disposed to consider, with some of the authors cited, that America was peopled by the nations of eastern Asia *via* Behring's Straits; but we admit it to be possible that the Tyrians, although not the original colonists, may, as Mr. Jones has suggested, have settled in Mexico, and perhaps for a time subdued the original inhabitants. They might have struggled for existence for some centuries, built the cities which have form-

ed the basis of these speculations, but have been finally overrun and extirpated by the Tartaric hordes, which, according to our supposition, would be continually moving downwards from the northern regions. If they had been the first inhabitants, we should naturally expect to find remains of cities in all the other parts of the hemisphere into which they by degrees spread: but far from this being the case, the ruins, comparatively speaking, lie within an extremely narrow compass.

It is now requisite to give some extracts illustrative of the peculiarities of the author's style, which exposes the most unblushing vanity with a confiding *naïveté* that is very amusing. We will begin with the following, from the introduction to the third chapter:—

"To support these startling assertions, to make their truth apparent to the reader, to convince his understanding and crush all doubts, that even History may place the volume within her archives, requires a basis of argument which shall be rock-built, that the superstructure about to be raised, while it invites, may yet resist (not defy) the storms and shafts of criticism; but as a strong-cemented edifice requires the warm influence of the sun to secure the component parts, so do we look for the sun-smile from the just and mild eye of the true critic, which will not only glance upon only one part of the composition, but view each as required to form the consistency of the entire building; and when the edifice is finished, whether the entablature will remain blank or bear our humble name, is not for us to determine or command; yet in reference to the latter and natural hope the sentiment of the senator of Utica will direct us, that if we cannot 'command success,' at least we will endeavor to '*deserve* it.'"—Page 29.

The following specimen of the author's various dissertations upon the fine arts will be sufficient, even for the warmest admirer of the Maturin school:—

"Sculpture has a more harmonious voice than that of her stern consort (Architecture); the graceful bride, whose rock-ribbed cradle was amid the Parian hills, whose virgin youth reposed upon the halcyon marble of Pentelcus, has a voice of warm, yet chaste simplicity; her tones are as sweet, as from lips first nourished on Hymettus' hill. Yet at times they speak with all the solemnity of her consort, around whom she fondly clings, as the ivy around the oak; and, like that plant and tree, the sculpture-vine preserves for ages the character of the marble monarch of the arts, even after his broad-spreading authority has been broken and humbled to the earth by Time and Desolation; or these two destroy-

ing powers may be viewed as the Regan and the Goneril, while Architecture is the Lear and Sculpture the Cordelia of the arts."—Page 34.

We confess ourselves baffled and out of breath. In what sense Time, Desolation, and Sculpture can be the daughters of Architecture, more particularly as in the first part of the paragraph the last of the three is personified as his bride, is totally incomprehensible. There is much more of the same sort.

"Egypt! my first-born and consort of the Nile! while thy pyramids and temples shall remain,—and they will even to the final tempest of the world,—thou shalt be identified from among all the nations of the earth!

"Athens! my favorite daughter! until the rock of the Acropolis shall fall, thy classic beauties, around which have gleamed the meridian splendor of the mind, will proclaim that Minerva, Plato, Pericles, and Phidias were thy own!

"Palmyra! my third joy! although the wild Arab sleeps within thy roofless dwelling, with the whirling sands for his mighty mantle, yet, while thy porticoes, arches, and colonnades shall be seen, the city of the desert will live in memory; for the spirits of Longinus and Zenobia will be there!

"Rome! my warrior son! thy ancient glory," etc. etc.—Page 35.

The occasion of these passionate apostrophes is that they are supposed to be the bitter outpourings of Architecture and Sculpture, the parents of these ruined cities.

Mr. Jones's inaccuracy is sometimes surprising. In his account of the submission of Sidon to Alexander, he says—

"In compliment to his favorite Hephæstion, the Conqueror allowed him to appoint whom he pleased for king of Sidon. Hephæstion thereupon selected a poor man of the capital by the name of Strato, and instantly raised him to the dignity of Sidonian sovereign. The mendicant was a remote branch of the royal house, but had been unjustly degraded by the reigning monarch. When the new-raised king had his first interview with Alexander, his grateful remark was—'I pray that Apollo will enable you, Alexander, to bear prosperity with the same fortitude with which I have struggled with adversity!' The Macedonian highly applauded the philosophical point of the remark, and secured him in his new possession."—Pages 342, 343.

It happens unfortunately that *Strato* was the name of the then king of Sidon, whom Alexander deposed, while the name of the hero of the legend was, according to Quintus

Curtius, Abdolonymus. This however is of less consequence than the way in which Mr. Jones has missed the "philosophical point" of the reply, which in reality was to this effect:—"May the gods grant *me* to bear the crown with as tranquil a mind! For these hands have supplied all my wants, and having nothing I have wanted nothing."

Mr. Jones is an American, and we would wish to treat him and his works with that courtesy and urbanity which foreign, and particularly American authors are wont to receive from the British press; neither would we arrogantly exalt our own idioms over the transatlantic vernacular; yet in spite of all these considerations we must warn him for the future against such expressions as "acknowledges to know," "this distinction is nearly defined from the fact," "this last sentence cannot be entertained," etc.—against such sentences as, "these pictorial efforts of art are on a cloth of unusual thickness, in order to secure stability, for the Mexicans had no other written records but, which may now be added from the late discoveries, sculpture;"—and against such paragraphs as the following:—

"The hieroglyphics on the altar and idol of Copan (*vide* last section) in a similar manner demonstrate these sculptures to be of a religious character, but that fact does not preclude the association of historical events—they were so introduced and incorporated by the Egyptians and the ancients in order to *deify* those events: and by thus rendering a *sacristy* of character to the hero or the glory, to give them both (in their belief) an earthly, or rather celestial immortality."

As a parting word of advice we would bid him remember that

"Where so much difficulty lies,
The doubtful are the only wise;"

and that in treating such recondite and, at best, uncertain subjects as those he has chosen, modest indecision and the most careful deliberation can scarcely be too apparent, while their opposites are certain to be condemned.

THE DEBTS OF THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE COBURG GOtha.—The Times states, in the most distinct and emphatic terms, that the reports which are in circulation relative to the Duke of Saxe Gotha dying in debt are false, and without the slightest foundation. Instead of being in debt, the Duke left his eldest son money to the amount of £300,000, after the payment of his debts.

THE ILL-HUMORIST; OR, OUR RECENTATION.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Oh, I am stabbed with laughter.

[A voluntary confession of error has always a certain recommendation with it. We therefore trust that the discovery we have made, and the acknowledgment we here give of the fault we have fallen into respecting the "Humor" in which we have written, will be properly appreciated by a discerning public. EDITOR.]

WE are weary of good humor, heartily tired of mirth; we are resolved, in short, to be comical no more. The Tragic Muse shall have us all to herself. The Blue Devils take us!

For all man's life me-seems a tragedy
Full of sad sights and sore catastrophes;
First coming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his days, like dolorous trophies,
Are heap't with spoils of fortune and of fear,
And he at last laid forth on baleful bier.*

There shall be no more "cakes and ale" if we can help it. Our part in future shall be with virtue and Malvolio; we mean to give Sir Andrew Ague-cheek warning, and clasp Sir Andrew Agnew to our heart. If there shall be any more ale, it shall be "bitter ale," and our cup shall be that of Tantalus.

The grievances of Englishmen are, in sad earnest, the dearest privileges they possess. Our patriots of former days committed a grievous blunder in bringing in their Bill of Rights. A Bill of *Wrongs* would have been infinitely more popular, and immeasurably more in unison with the tastes and feelings of the country. The true rights of a Briton are his wrongs, for he is never so pleased as when he is afflicted, and never so discontented as when cause for grumbling he has none. Dogberry was a genuine son of Albion, albeit the great dramatist, in his caprice, claps us down that pink of constables in the streets of Messina. With what satisfaction and vain-glory does he not describe himself as "*a man who has had his losses*?" The losses of many a man are worth his profits told ten times over. What he gains subjects him to envy, increases his cares, augments his responsibilities and temptations; but what he loses (in addition to all the moral benefits resulting from the abstraction of so much filthy lucre,) has the enormous advantage of furnishing him with a good *casus belli* with the world, and a fair quarrel with the lady of the ever-spinning wheel.

Can there be a better proof of the prevailing fashion for grievances, than the precarious hold which reformers have had in all ages upon the affections of their fellow-citizens? The love of abuses springs from the love of having something to abuse. To be abusing somebody or something the live-long day, is an enjoyment not to be dispensed with by those who have once tasted it; and the abuse highest in favor is that which comes in our

way most frequently, and affords us the greatest number of occasions for exhibiting our spleen. We have known a man keep a three-legged stool in his study, for no earthly purpose but to knock his shins against and swear at. Upon the same principle many people keep cats and dogs in their houses, that they may have something to execrate for every broken saucer, and to cuff and kick whenever they meet it on the stairs. This is the true reason that pets are often the most odious creatures of their species; the animal is maintained at considerable expense, expressly because it is mischievous and detestable, thus providing us with a perennial theme for vituperation, and the exercise of our irascible dispositions. Nay, we often see this system extended to the human race, and servants and other dependants retained in an establishment, purposely to keep the temper of the master or mistress up to the boiling point. This is the use of a Smike to a Squeers. Smike was a well-conditioned simpleton; but many a mischievous and incorrigible brat escapes expulsion from school, because he ensures some epicure of a pedagogue the daily exercise of his verberose propensities. An urchin of this description is the schoolmaster's pet-boy; not all the good scholars in the academy afford him half the satisfaction which he derives from this one incorrigible favorite.

This pleasure to be found in pain, this good in evil, this source of joy discoverable in the very stream of sorrow, is precisely what is figured by the diamond in the reptile's head.

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the load, ugly and venomous,
Still wears a precious jewel in his head.

Discontent is the jewel of adversity; tears are literally pearls: and there is no gold to be compared to the "gold of affliction," as a celebrated impost in the Lower Empire was appropriately designated. Why is Ireland, for example, called the

First flower of the earth,
And first gem of the sea,

but because she is always in tribulation, and for ever in the dumps? Her true emerald is her distress; robbed of that she would be robbed of her reputation, and reduced to poverty indeed. A "good distress" makes the fortune of a tragic poet, and in this respect most men resemble the priests of Melpomene; they love a "good distress" prodigiously. It is evident from the wild schemes and impracticable objects that we are continually proposing, or in quest of, that we actually seek to be disappointed, knowing how sweet it is to talk of blighted hopes and rail at Fortune. How often do we not subscribe to mad speculations, and invest every shilling of our capital in the airiest bubbles, seemingly out of an abstract love of ruin. A ruined fortune would seem to be as attractive as the ruin of an abbey or a

* Spenser's "*Tears of the Muses*."

castle in a landscape. In like manner we expect impossibilities from our children, and make the most unreasonable requests of our friends, merely to qualify ourselves to deplore filial ingratitude, and protest that friendship is but a name.

The place-hunter may possibly derive some slight advantage from gaining his suit and a situation: but how much happier is he who is in a condition to accuse the perfidy of a minister, and revile the government all his days? In matters of religion, it is well known, that the way to gratify the zealot is to persecute him. The enthusiast loves the country where good fires are kept to warn, and even occasionally to roast him. Toleration freezes him, and perfect religious liberty is like sending him to Siberia. We have a shrewd notion that the most miserable country imaginable is that which Sir Thomas More discovered, and called Utopia. We would not be Utopians for all the world; but as we meditate a formal attack upon that dull nation at a future opportunity, we shall say no more of them, or their sad prosperity, at present.

He that will take the trouble of measuring the *L'ALLEGRO* with the *IL PENSEROSO*, will find the latter poem some score of verses longer than the former, an apt illustration of the truth that the catalogue of human troubles is longer by twenty grievances than the list of human satisfactions. We are determined, therefore, to be merry no longer.

There's such a charm in melancholy,
We would not, if we could, be gay.

What costs and trouble we have been at in the quest of gayeties, while sorrows and tribulations might have been had in bushels, as plenty and cheap as blackberries! It is to be feared that we have hitherto committed a gross mistake in catering for the supposed public appetite for mirth. We have forgotten the *luxury of woe*! We have overlooked the most striking fact in the philosophy of the human mind,—namely, the *love of grievance*. From this error have arisen the Comic Almanacks, Comic Annuals, and all Comic Miscellanies of the day. Even the Latin Grammar has been made a farce of, and laughter extracted from "*As in Presenti*." "*Punch*" has even distilled smiles from law-books; which proves that sunbeams are producible from cucumbers. One would suppose that England was still the "*merry England*" of the days of Robin Hood and the Round Table. One would think that we English were a giggling, grinning, joking, light-hearted people, instead of the plodding, grumbling, tax-paying nation that we are. What have we to do with fun and frolic? We who live on melancholy beef, and have our being in solid plum-pudding, what have we to do with kickshaws, enigmata, and trifles? Our centre is the centre of gravity, and those who would have us spin on the centre of levity, mistake the mechanism of our national character altogether. The Eng-

lishman is solid as his own food, and grave as his own mustard-pot. We eat melancholy meat, drink melancholy drink, and melancholy has "*marked us for her own*."

It is the most preposterous thing in the world for us to keep a retinue of wits, and such an immense establishment of jesters. Next year it will not be our fault if there is not a "*Tragic Almanack*," and our resolution is taken to establish a "*Tragic Annual*" likewise, and perhaps baptize the *New Monthly* anew by the title of the "*ILL-HUMORIST*." We shall publish at Charing Cross, and we expect all grave people will promote and encourage our *undertaking*. It will be our study to suit the *ill-temper* of the times, and we shall endeavor to engage the services of Mr. Croker. In fact, it will be a sort of revival of "*Fog's Journal*."

With a view to these projects we have already commenced forming a library. It contains,

Burton's Anatomy of The Mourning Bride.	
Melancholy.	The Distressed Modesty.
Zimmerman on Solitude.	Memoirs of Grim.
Thomson's Winter.	McWhine on the Lam-
The Dance of Death.	entations.
Young's Night Thoughts.	Ovid's Tristia.
Hervey's Meditations.	The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay.
The Sorrows of Wer-	Stories of Shipwrecks
ter.	and Tales of Confla-
Blair's Grave.	grations.
The Newgate Calendar.	Miserrimus.
The Elegies of Tibul-	The Practice of Courts
lus.	of Equity.

With this lamentable library, and a corps of the sourest fellows, drinkers of vinegar and eaters of lemons, to be met with in the saddest streets, the most lugubrious lanes, and the crossiest courts in London, we hope to make the "*ILL-HUMORIST*" a most fascinating magazine. We have already retained three elegiac bards to do the poetry, and the same number of grievance-mongers to manage the political department. Our editor will always be habited in a sorry suit; our "*sub*" will wear green and yellow, those being the colors which Shakespeare assigns to melancholy; our devils will be blue, if we can procure them, if not we shall advertise for sad boys; and at the door of our office will be stationed a pair of the most dismal mutes to be found in the metropolis. We shall appear in a drab cover, with a huge cross, or vinegar-cruet for our device, with the motto,

It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jacques

There will be a letter-box (illuminated with weeping gas) always open to receive the sighs of lovers, the tears of schoolboys, the complaints of wives, the recriminations of husbands, the wails of the disappointed, the grunts of the disaffected, the moans of manufacturers, the groans of the farmers. It shall not be

our fault if we do not deserve to be groaned, and merit the rueful countenance of the public. Moor ditch shall not be more melancholy than we, or a drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe more doleful. The cries of London shall find a faithful echo in our pages, and we shall make engagements with the criers of all the courts of justice in England, so as to ensure returns of all the wrongs and hardships that suitors and offenders sustain at the hands of judges and juries. Instead of paying a penny a line for murders and great fires, we shall give the same handsome sum per word, including conjunctions and pronouns. All who rail at railways will do well to favor us with their contributions, for it is our fixed determination to be always rich in land-slips, collisions, and explosions. In general strikes we shall endeavor to be as striking as possible. If we fail, it will not be for lack of failures, for our columns shall be rich in insolvencies, and we are resolved to break ourselves in bankruptcies.

A portion of our space will be devoted to rural and agricultural affairs. We have a project for cultivating the cypress in this country, and encouraging the growth of rue and wormwood. As to our English corn, it will be our constant care to tread upon it: we shall thrash the question of the corn-laws, and raise the animating cry of "Dear Bread!" while in Ireland we shall maintain, support, and defend the Corn-Exchange, that Delphos of discontent, and Dodona of dissatisfaction. As to Oakes, we care but little for any branch of the family except old Titus, who catered so well in his day for our national love of a supper of horrors. We shall ourselves be always well supplied with plots and conspiracies, and treason alone shall flourish in our pages. We intend to be the greatest alarmists in England, and our readers will see a French navy or a Russian squadron in every fleet of fishing-boats they perceive in the offing. Every month there will be a report of a terrible earthquake in some part of the country or another. We shall prove this to be the most volcanic corner of the globe, and we shall have correspondents in Wales and Cumberland who will give us daily accounts of wolves and avalanches. Then Perkins's steam-gun shall burst once a fortnight at least, and the blowing up of the few public men whose loss is likely to afflict the nation, shall be recorded minutely.

The markets will be carefully watched—the flesh of donkeys detected in the veal, horse-flesh in the beef, kitens in rabbits, crows in pigeons, and hemlock in every sprig of parsley. We promise to keep public attention forever alive to the adulterations of bread and every other necessary of life. There will be a sharp eye into every copper kettle in London, and it will be a small speck of verdigris that will elude our sagacity. Our magazine will be a vast assistance to the magistrates and police, by pointing out a thousand street nuisances which, with all their acuteness, they have as yet no notion of. We have been edu-

cating our eyes and noses for the purpose, and if a single annoyance escapes our notice, we engage to return the money to our subscribers.

To recommend ourselves to fine gentlemen and young men of spirit, there will be a black list published in every number, of those discreditable tradesmen and shop-keepers who keep accounts, and have the assurance to send in their bills.

There will always be a pitiful story by Moody, illustrated by Scowl, or a tale by Mrs. Whimper, with a design by Wasp. We invite contributions, but a single stroke of pleasantry, or the slightest evidence of good-humor, will be fatal to any writer who desires to appear in our pages. Nobody shall shine in the "Ill-humorist." Instead of paying by the joke or the smile, we shall pay by the rub or the frown. Our contents must be discontents, or mal-contents.

The discontents of the first number will be as follows:

1. The Shocking Condition of England Question. By Sir Gloomy Grumble, Bart, M. P.
2. Sharpe upon Acids.
3. The Perils and Dangers of the Streets of London.
4. Ode to Dissatisfaction.
5. An Essay on Sighs. By Dieaway Sob, Esq.
6. The Natural History of the Weeping Willow. By Professor Lorn.
7. The Seven Woes. By the Rev. John Fright. Author of the "Waters of Mara," and the "Day of Vengeance."
8. Disasters by Land and Sea.
9. Life and Adventures of Mr. Diggory Doleful, with his continual falls and downfalls, misdoings and undoings, losses and crosses, evictions and convictions, moanings and groanings, his woes, woes, throes, blows, from his first cry to his last sigh. By Miserrimus Moody, illustrated by Scowl.

DIVING BELL.—On the 21st of April, a chemist of Paris descended to the bottom of the Seine in a diving-bell, which weighed nearly a thousand pounds, (*plusieurs centaines de kilogrammes*), and remained nearly half an hour under the water. The bell contained a chemical apparatus, by means of which he absorbed the carbonic acid gas, and secured a supply of oxygen and hydrogen, so as to maintain the atmosphere within the bell in a fit state for supporting animal life. The experiment succeeded perfectly, and there is every reason to believe that a person may descend with the apparatus in such a bell to a depth of one hundred and fifty feet below the surface of the sea, and remain there for an indefinite time. The invention promises to be of much advantage in the pearl and coral fisheries.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH RIVALRY IN EASTERN AFRICA.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *The Highlands of Æthiopia.* By Major W. Cornwallis Harris, of the Hon. East India Company's Engineers. 3 vols. London: Longman and Co. 1844.
2. *Voyage sur la Côte Orientale de la Mer Rouge, dans le Pays d'Adel et le Royaume de Choa.* Par C. E. X. Rochet d'Hericourt. Paris. 1841.
3. *A Geographical Survey of Africa, its Rivers, Lakes, Mountains, Productions, States, Population, &c.; with a Map on an entirely new Construction. To which is prefixed, a Letter to Lord John Russell regarding the Slave Trade and the Improvement of Africa.* By James McQueen, Esq. London: B. Fellowes. 1840.
4. *Voyage en Abyssinie, dans le Pays des Galla, de Choa et d'Ifat; précédé d'une Excursion dans l'Arabie Heureuse, et accompagné d'une Carte de ces diverses Contrées.* Par MM. Edward Combes et M. Tamisier. 1835—1837. 4 tomes. Paris: 1838.

EVENTS are at present in progress, which must, ere long, in all probability, concentrate much of the attention of the civilized world upon the western shores of the Red Sea. Governments professing towards each other the strictest amity at home, may, nevertheless, be elsewhere carrying on all the while a system of secret hostilities, that is, be endeavoring, by intrigue and negotiation, to undermine and supplant each other, to circumscribe each other's trade, to diminish each other's allies—in one word, to effect by silent arts what the noisy diplomacy of the cannon often fails to accomplish. There is no friendship between states. Leagued together they may be for the achievement of some particular purpose, and while this connexion continues they may seem to be animated by feelings of mutual good-will; but where their interests diverge, there instantly arises a divergence of predilections, and the smothered enmity of centuries exhibits itself without disguise. Thus is it now, and thus will it ever be, between Great Britain and France, one of the theatres of whose undying hostilities we purpose to delineate, physically and morally, in the present article.

Abyssinia consists of a cluster of tablelands, supported at a vast elevation above

the level of the sea, by chains of mountains which stretch round them like buttresses on all sides, and descend precipitously, verdant and reeking with moisture, into the arid and burning plains of the torrid zone. Within the limits of this extraordinary region lie the once mysterious sources of the Blue Nile and the Hawash. Here, according to numerous traditions, was situated the country of the Queen of Sheba, who, in the reign of Solomon, visited the Holy Land. On the same spot rested one of the earliest cradles of the gospel, and through it, as through a spacious portal, have issued in all ages the collected riches of Central Africa, its ostrich plumes, its ivory, its perfumes, its precious gums, its spices, and its gold.

Of the real value of this country, Europe has, nevertheless, at all times formed but a very inadequate conception. It has been looked upon as the mere threshold of the great continent, of which it ought rather to be esteemed the citadel. Travellers and adventurers have consequently approached it, until very recently, with no projects terminating within its own borders, but merely in the hope of facilitating their entrance into the interior. And wherefore? Simply because Abyssinia is not itself the region of gold and precious stones, of rich dyes and costly odors. But, in the eyes of a civilized statesman, it is something more; gifted as it is with an inexhaustibly fertile soil, abundant water, a temperate climate, varied and beautiful hills and valleys, and every possible requisite for carrying on successfully the pursuits of agriculture. Few tracts on the surface of the globe present more peculiar or picturesque features. Every where the eye may rest at once on the productions of the temperate and torrid zones, firs and larches clothing the summits and upper slopes of the mountains, while junipers shoot up to the prodigious height of one hundred and sixty feet on their lower terraces, and pines and bananas nestle in the sultry recesses of the valleys. The advantages offered by the accidents of the ground are, wherever they prevail, turned to account by agriculture. We have here, consequently, a repetition of the system of tillage anciently pursued with diligence in Greece, Palestine, and Peru, as at present in China, the Himalaya, and the countries west of the Indus. Rude walls of stone are carried at different heights along the face of the mountains, to check the downward tendency of the soil, so that the eye

of the traveller, in whatever direction it may turn, beholds a succession of platforms, green with the young corn, or golden with harvest, climbing the precipitous acclivities, by which the conical pinnacles of *Æthiopia* are usually approached.

Other features co-operate in imparting beauty to these landscapes. Villages and hamlets, in many instances scarcely a pistol-shot from each other, chequer the mountain side; and their clusters of conical roofs, made peculiarly pointed in order to turn off the tropical rains, peeping forth through breaks in the hoary foliage of the juniper or the luxuriant acacia, suggest at once the idea of security and comfort. Numerous tribes of monkeys inhabit the crags and precipices; and birds of the most varied and gorgeous plumage, including the blue heron, the flamingo, and the white ibis of Egypt, bask upon the rocks, or swarm among the branches of the trees. Elsewhere, as in the forests of Gidam, and in the jungal tracts on the banks of the Hawash, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the wild buffalo, and the oryx, the lion, the leopard, and the hyæna, with antelopes in droves, augment the living interest of the scene.

The inhabitants themselves, whatever may be the defects of their moral character, in the picture tell well, artistically considered. Tall in stature, bulky in form, and affecting a flowing and showy costume, they, especially when on horseback, with lance and buckler, their long dark hair streaming in the wind, excite, mechanically, the admiration of the stranger. To heighten the effect of their exterior, they are generally beheld together, flocking to the court of their despot, or scouring under his lead over hill and plain, upon the military expedition or wild foray. On occasions like these they vie with each other in barbaric splendor. Nations scarcely emerged from the savage state always delight in displays of the precious metals, which, brightly burnished, glitter about their persons, or in the caparisoning of their coursers. When assembled, therefore, in thousands and tens of thousands, in the bright sunshine of the tropics, their spear-blades flashing, their metallic ornaments, and the appointments of their steeds, sending forth, at every movement, coruscations illuminating the surrounding atmosphere, an Amharic host must undoubtedly be a brilliant and exciting spectacle, though inferior, perhaps, in grandeur, to a body of British cav-

alry clad in scarlet and gold, with polished cuirasses and crested helmets.

Upon a closer scrutiny, however, the Abyssinians show to much less advantage. Unhappily they have not yet discovered the value of cleanliness. Addicted, man and woman, to the practice of anointing themselves with mutton fat or rancid butter, and feeding habitually upon raw flesh, which imparts to their perspiration an execrable odor, their approach is always announced by a cloud of a very different quality from that which floated round the gods of classical poetry. What Prior wrote of the ladies of the Cape, is literally true of the Abyssinian dames,

‘Before you see, you smell your toast,
And sweetest she who stinks the most.’

We have ourselves scented a bevy of African damsels at the distance of a hundred yards, and always, when engaged in colloquy with them, manœuvred to prevent their getting between the wind and our nobility.

In physical conformation, as in habits, the people of Shoa are somewhat coarse. The women exhibited in the slave bazaars of Egypt, under the name of Abyssinians, remarkable for their delicate and finely-proportioned features, for the lightness of their step, and the gracefulness of their figures, are all of them Gallas. Nothing similar is observed in the Abyssinian race, though tradition brings them from Arabia, and fame has blazoned their reputation for beauty throughout the East. Even in the court of the great Kublai Khan poetry delights to place a damsel of this country;—

‘It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.’

But in contemplating the present inhabitants of Ethiopia, the Gallas, whether converted to Christianity or lingering still amid the prejudices of their Mohammedan or Pagan creed, ought to be regarded as natives, since they, perhaps, constitute a majority, at least among the subjects of the king of Shoa. And this people, whose history, beyond a certain period, is unknown, forcibly attract our thoughts far beyond the limits of Abyssinia, which they hem round with their settlements, tributary or hostile, while their roving hordes, hovering in the back-ground in savage independence, obstruct at pleasure the great arteries of African commerce. Returning towards the shores of the Red sea, we meet with the

various tribes of Danakil, the Isah, the Somauli, and the Mudaito, among all of whom a sort of impure leaven of civilization has been thrown hitherto, not to better their condition, but to embitter and degrade it.

A different destiny, however, appears to be in store for them. More than one European state has extended its desires to that part of Africa, which, to all appearances, must shortly be subjected to external influence. It has every where, in fact, been the plan of European nations to gird round Africa with a belt of settlements, and then to close in gradually, as it were, upon the interior, civilizing or conquering as they proceed. On the eastern coast this process has been obstructed, at the very first step, by the nature of the country, which, arid, burning, and unproductive, has not been deemed worthy of subjugation. Even commercial settlements have not been attempted until lately. But as soon as Aden became an integral portion of the British empire, it was evident to all who could extend their observations thus far, that the light of our civilization would not be set up in vain on the mountainous promontories of Southern Arabia.* The 'meteor flag of England,' waving or flapping over our impregnable fortifications, may almost be said to be visible from the African shore, which is visited daily by the sound of our guns. The natives, however, whether in Asia or Africa, are far from being scared by this music, which instead of inspiring terror and apprehension, suggests feelings of confidence and hopes of protection, and attracts them like swarms of bees to the secure hive prepared for them.

* *Tinnitusque cie, et Matris quate cymbala circum.
Ipsæ consident medicatis sedibus: ipsæ
Intima more suo sese in cunabula condent.*

The force of this attraction will be understood when it is remembered that Aden contained no more than six hundred souls when it fell into our hands, whereas the population now, after little more than four years' occupation, ranges between twenty and thirty thousand.

The giant strides made in all directions by our Indian empire, our invasion of Afghanistan, our occupation, though temporary, of islands in the Persian Gulf, our negotiations for Socotra, and our settlement at

Aden roused the jealousy of our political and commercial rivals in both hemispheres. Steps were taken by the United States to arrest our progress on one point by becoming our competitors for the possession of Socotra; the Imâm of Muscat, friendly to us upon the whole, though perhaps on compulsion, exercised all the art of diplomacy of which his intellect was capable to supplant us on the shores of the Indian ocean, from Zanzibar upwards; while the French, at first under the direction of M. Thiers, and afterwards, with greater caution, under the guidance of M. Guizot's more astute policy, endeavored to counterbalance the advantages we had gained at Aden, by furtively introducing themselves as friends or masters into the various little emporia and harbors on the coasts of the opposite continent. As a beginning, by force, fraud, or negotiation, the port of Johanna was taken possession of in the island of Madagascar. Next a single ship, exceedingly moderate in dimensions, in order that no alarm might be excited, was despatched to the African shore, with instructions to negotiate for permission to attempt the navigation of the Juba. Whether out of fear of all Europeans, however, or from a well-founded distrust of the French in particular, the Mohammedan authorities greeted the adventurous Gaul with a peremptory refusal. But France, prepared for failure on particular points, was by no means discouraged. A small squadron of ships of war, said to have been fitted out secretly in the port of Bordeaux, shortly afterwards entered the straits of Babelmandeb, not all at once, but dropping in unostentatiously, frigate after frigate, until there was a force in the Red Sea capable of alarming a maritime power less conscious than Great Britain of its irresistible strength. Negotiations were now commenced in downright earnest. Fortunately for the designs of these interlopers, Shereef Hussein, the governor in command at Mocha, entertained extremely hostile feelings towards this country. He believed, whether with or without reason, that we intended to co-operate with the Imâm of Sana in dislodging him from his post, and therefore regarded the arrival of the French as a fortunate circumstance, and threw open to them at once both his port and his affections. Operations were immediately commenced. Berbera they found was hopelessly secured in the English interest. They consequently made their *coup d'essai* at Zeyla, which being in

* Is it possible, as has been insinuated in an article in the 'Morning Chronicle,' Feb. 10, 1844, that Lord Ellenborough contemplates the abandonment of this all important fortress?

some sort a dependency of Mocha, they reckoned with extreme confidence on obtaining at a blow. The correspondence of the French commander, had it been intercepted, would doubtless have contained very curious revelations, of the nature of which we are of course wholly ignorant. But it has somehow or another transpired, that Ibn Ismail entertained no preference for a French alliance, so that the light of Louis Philippe's countenance was compelled to seek for some spot further north, whereon to diffuse its radiance. One of the subtle diplomatists of the Tuileries proceeded to Tajúra where the generous and gentle Sultan Mohamed Ibn Mohamed, whose eulogium has been so feelingly composed by M. Rochet d' Héricourt, was expected to yield himself up at once to the seductive charm of French manners. Perverse fatality! Here also the agents of M. Thiers made the disagreeable discovery that the English had been beforehand with them. Nor was this all. Instead of gently declining their alliance Mohamed Ibn Mohamed unceremoniously and roughly ordered them to depart from his territories, where he caused them very distinctly to understand their presence would be exceedingly offensive to his good friends of Aden. All this may appear very inexplicable to one acquainted with the circumstance that Tajúra pays, from time immemorial, a sort of tribute to Zeyla, while Zeyla again pays tribute to Mocha, which at the period of the above transactions was devoted to French interests. Most readers, however, remember the classical anecdote of Philip of Macedon, who said that no city was impregnable to him, which could be approached by an ass laden with darics. Now asses of all kinds are plentiful in the east, and the English, it is said, are prone to use them, which may in part account for the little success that attended the efforts of M. Thiers' naval missionaries. But the authorities both of Zeyla and Tajúra were, moreover, sufficiently able to calculate to convince themselves, that the nation which commanded the entrance to the Red Sea, and possessed a line of enormous steamers capable of blowing in one hour the whole of their frail tenements into the air, was far more to be dreaded than a state like France, in whose power they were very slow to believe. The game which thus failed without the straits was now played within, first at Massowah, with no better luck, and next at Eedh, where an exhibition of French probity and faith was made, which

can scarcely fail to excite the admiration of the civilized world. Upon the arrival of the great diplomatist, the Sheikh was found to be absent, engaged we believe in a pilgrimage to the tomb of his prophet. He had, however, according to custom, left his better or worse half behind him. Here then was an occasion for the display of French gallantry. The gentlemen of the mission caused the lady to be informed, that being anxious to establish a commercial residence in the place, they wished to purchase a small plot of ground whereon they might erect a factory. It was in vain that they were informed in reply, that the Sheikh being absent, there was no person at Eedh possessing authority to treat with them on the subject. They persisted in their demand; and at length, by the usual display of force and insolence, terrified the poor Arab lady into the disposal of what did not belong to her. An instrument was drawn up in Arabic, making over to them, in consideration of a certain sum, sufficient land for the ground plot of a house, with perhaps a court or garden. Of the purchase-money, one half was to be paid down, the other at some future time stated in the instrument. According to custom, a translation of the document was made for transmission into France, and to this as well as to the original the lady was prevailed upon to set her seal. Instead, however, of adhering to the terms agreed upon in the Arabic document, the honest agents of Louis Philippe, not being exposed to immediate detection, transferred to themselves *one hundred and fifty miles of coast, over which the Sheikh and his wife had about as much authority as we have!* This characteristic transaction obviously justifies our neighbors in applying to us, as they constantly do, the appellation of *La Perfide Albion*.

While these creditable movements were in progress on the coast, the interior was by no means neglected. Shoals of French spies and emissaries drifted before the policy of the warlike minister into Tigré, Gojam, and Shoa, some intent upon fulfilling the designs of their employers and some with other projects to which we shall allude anon. It is well known to the public that the English Church Missionary Society had at different times despatched several ministers into Abyssinia for the purpose of diffusing in that benighted country a correct knowledge of Christianity. Of these some were actually there when the French agents arrived. Their presence,

however, and the influence they exercised, were so wholly incompatible with the views of France, that the first step taken by its unscrupulous emissaries was to dislodge them. The experiment was commenced in Tigré, the cruel and astute despot of which, tolerant not through principle, but through policy, had up to that time favored them to serve a political purpose. An Egyptian army, it was said, secretly no doubt encouraged and urged on by France, had approached to within three days' march of the frontiers of Tigré, with what views was not publicly stated. Ubié feared, however, that Mohammed Ali contemplated the entire conquest of Abyssinia, which in reality was the fact, though a chain of circumstances, guided by a far distant hand, checked the pasha's ambitious enterprise. So long as the Egyptians continued to advance, Ubié exhibited every token of friendship towards the missionaries, because he expected, through them, to obtain from India military assistance against the Egyptian pasha. When, in obedience to the court of St. James's, Mohammed Ali relinquished his design upon Abyssinia, the ruler of Tigré, not by any means aware to whom he owed his deliverance, began immediately to look coldly upon the English missionaries, and to listen to the insinuations and promises of the French. Among these was a Roman Catholic priest, animated at once by religious and national bigotry, who excited the fanaticism of the Abyssinian clergy against our Protestant brethren, by denouncing them incessantly as heretics, and maintaining that they were universally so regarded in Europe. These sectarian denunciations were vigorously seconded by the diplomacy of the secular emissaries. They dwelt upon the encroaching spirit and perfidious policy of England, which, by treachery the most consummate, had established its authority throughout a great part of Asia, and was now pushing its preliminary settlements towards Abyssinia along the shores of the Red Sea. Ubié suffering himself to be alarmed by these representations, withdrew his protection from the English missionaries, and ordered them instantaneously to quit his country. The same arts were put in practice with more or less success in Amhara, Gojam, and Shoa. Every where French influence was predominant, and by an artful though extremely sparing distribution of presents and still more liberal promises, a taste was attempted to be excited for French manu-

factures. Nevertheless, our English goods could not be wholly excluded from the Abyssinian market, their cheapness and superiority obtained for them an irritating preference. Recourse, therefore, was had to other manœuvres, and as a master-stroke of diplomacy, the idea was diligently circulated throughout the country that the English were insidiously making their approaches, in order to abolish the slave trade, and thus in every house, from the palace to the cottage, to arm and animate the servant against his master.

In giving currency to these calumnious reports, numerous agents were busily engaged, and at their head may be placed the Messrs. d'Abadie and the well-known Rochet d'Héricourt. But in selecting this last-named individual M. Thiers had made a great mistake. Rochet, as Sáhila Selássi used familiarly to call him, was not a person to be content with the position of an emissary. He formed plans of gigantic dimensions and aimed high, and if fortune stepped in between him and success, the fact is only to be accounted for by the circumstance that M. Rochet's ambition was very greatly an overmatch for his prudence. Had it been otherwise his plans might have come to us through the channels of history, which would have had to record how M. Rochet d'Héricourt arrived in Shoa by way of Tajúra; how, by the dispensing of medicine and other arts, he ingratiated himself with the inhabitants of the country, and got together a strong party; how, through his agency, Sáhila Selássi was sent to sleep with his fathers; how he seated himself on his vacant throne, took the royal Besabesh into his harem, added thereto the most beautiful among the five hundred concubines of his predecessor, erected his new capital on the summit of one of the loftiest mountains in the country, offered the honors of the patriarchate to Mr. Krapf, the English missionary, on condition he would co-operate with him in carrying out his plans, sent the lazy native priests to cultivate cotton and sugar-canes in the sultry valleys of Gidam, conquered the surrounding Gallas, extinguished English influence, and extended condescendingly the right hand of fellowship to his former most scrupulous and royal master the King of the French. The reader may smile; but most certain it is that our worthy French adventurer contemplated all we have sketched out, and more. Nor would the undertaking have proved so difficult as might at

first sight appear. To project daringly is, in those countries, half the battle, and could Rochet have got hold of all the presents which the Controller-general, M. Combes, and others, pretended to have brought to the coast, he would certainly at all events have commenced the drama.

But this of course was a little episode, not foreseen or contemplated either by M. Thiers or by M. Guizot. Their object was to extend, along the shores of Eastern Africa, the chain of forts which they had established on the north and west, and which it is confidently hoped in France will shortly embrace Egypt. At the outset, commercial objects only were ostensibly to be effected by this policy. France was to secure to itself a monopoly in all the productions of the interior of Africa conveyed by caravans towards the Red Sea, through the countries of Enarea, Kaffa, Kambat, Shoa, Gojam, and Amhara, up to the confines of Senaar. What these productions are we need scarcely enumerate in detail. It will be sufficient to mention the ostrich plumes, the ivory, the rich dyes, the precious gums, the spices, the coffee, the gold, whether in dust or in bars, the peltries, and the slaves, which the lax consciences of our neighbors would have allowed them to smile upon in their passage from the land of their birth to Asiatic servitude. Upon this part of the subject it is unnecessary to dilate. The government of India saw at once the greatness of the interests at stake, and after mature deliberation determined upon despatching an ambassador to the King of Southern Abyssinia. It should be observed, however, that Sáhila Selássi, the prince in question, was still more eager to behold such a mission set on foot than the Indian government itself, and while the idea was under discussion at Bombay, forwarded a letter, earnestly entreating that an ambassador might be sent to him. The home government having been consulted upon the subject, Lord Palmerston, always alive to the interest of commerce, approved of the design, and directed that an embassy should proceed without delay to the court of Shoa.

Considering the number of able and distinguished men ever to be found in the military and civil service of India, the government could be at no loss to find an able politician to conduct the business of the embassy. The choice, however, fell upon Major Cornwallis Harris. This officer had not previously, we believe, been engaged

in diplomatic affairs. But it was known to all the authorities in the presidency that he had diligently applied himself to the study of politics, and what was of far greater importance, concealed great depth of thought, far-seeing sagacity, and the capacity to detect and counteract the most cunning devices of political Jesuitism, beneath a laughing and seemingly careless exterior. We saw, therefore, that he was precisely the man to represent Great Britain in Abyssinia. His genius, comprehensive and versatile, was equally adapted to the pursuits of peace and war, to the intrigues of the cabinet, and the fierce encounter of wild beasts in forest or jungle. His suite was numerous and well selected, including officers of high ability and scientific men eminent for their attainments. From the moment of touching on the African coast, the varied powers of Major Harris's mind were called into play. He had sometimes to soothe, sometimes to menace and overawe the subtle and avaricious old sultan of Tajúra; he had to bring his diplomatic arts to bear on the owners of mules and camels, more difficult oftentimes to treat with in the East than the Metternichs of the Durbar; he had to reconcile hostile chiefs, to subdue the rancor and animosity of jealous tribes; now to exercise the forbearance which the highest civilization teaches, and now to make an exhibition of those arts of destruction which repress the insolence of the savage, and accustom his mind to acquiesce in its own inferiority. In the portion of his work, which describes the circumstances to which we have alluded, Major Harris displays the skill of a practised and popular writer. His account of the march through the burning deserts of the Adáel, from the Bay of Foulness to the foot of the Abyssinian Alps, reports of which reached us from time to time, is one rapid succession of glowing and gorgeous pictures, such as would be vainly sought for in the work of any other modern traveller. Many of his landscapes are worthy of Salvator Rosa. The fire of the climate appears to be infused into the language which describes it. He spreads the burning canopy of a tropical sky over the fancy of his reader, piles around him the rocks and precipices crumbling beneath the rays of the scorching sun, and renders him the companion of the thirsty caravan toiling in sultry despair through the suffocating ravines and hollows which constitute the home of the cut-throat Danakil, Isah, and Mudaito

Bedouins. A tame style would have been absurd and offensive in delineating scenes such as these. They required, to give them verisimilitude, words analogous to themselves, bold, picturesque, and strange, calculated to excite powerful emotions, to give birth to new associations, to raise and transport the mind from the tranquil beauties of a temperate climate into the wild and terrible volcanic creations of that particular section of the torrid zone. To illustrate our meaning we shall here introduce Major Harris's account of his passage along the Great Salt Lake, which our friends the Arabs ironically denominate *Bahr Assal*, or the 'Sea of Honey.'

"'Twas midnight when the thirsty party commenced the steep ascent of the ridge of volcanic hills, which frowned above the south-eastern boundary of the fiery lake. The searching north-east wind had scarcely diminished in its parching fierceness, and in hot suffocating gusts swept fitfully over the broad glittering expanse of water and salt, whereon the moon shone brightly—each deadly puff succeeded by the stillness that foretells a tropical hurricane—an absolute absence even of the smallest ruffling of the close atmosphere. Around, the prospect was wild, gloomy, and unearthly, beetling basaltic cones and jagged slabs of shattered lava—the children of some mighty trouble—forming scenery the most shadowy and extravagant. A chaos of ruined churches and cathedrals, *eedgahs*, towers, monuments, and minarets, like the ruins of a demolished world, appeared to have been confusedly tossed together by the same volcanic throes, that, when the earth was in labor, had produced the phenomenon below; and they shot their dilapidated spires into the molten vault of heaven, in a fantastic medley, which, under so uncertain a light, bewildered and perplexed the heated brain. The path, winding along the crest of the ridge, over sheets of broken lava, was rarely of more than sufficient width to admit of progress in single file; and the living hour, each seeming in itself a century, were spent in scrambling up the face of steep, rugged precipices, where the moon gleamed upon the bleaching skeleton of some camel that had proved unequal to the task; thence again to descend at the imminent peril of life and limb, into yawning chasms and dark abysses, the forbidding vestiges of bygone volcanic agency.

"The horrors of that dismal night set the efforts of description at defiance. An unlimited supply of water in prospect, at the distance of only sixteen miles, had for the brief moment buoyed up the drooping spirit which tenanted each way-worn frame; and when an exhausted mule was unable to totter farther, his rider contrived manfully to breast the steep hill on foot. But owing to the long fasting and privation endured by all, the limbs of the weaker

soon refused the task, and after the first two miles they dropped fast in the rear.

"Fanned by the fiery blast of the midnight sirocco, the cry for water, uttered feebly and with difficulty by numbers of parched throats, now became incessant; and the supply of that precious element brought for the whole party falling short of one gallon and a half, it was not long to be answered. A tiny sup of diluted vinegar for a moment assuaging the burning thirst which raged in the vitals, and consumed some of the more down-hearted, again raised their drooping souls; but its effects were transient, and after struggling a few steps, overwhelmed, they sunk again, with husky voice declaring their days to be numbered, and their resolution to rise up no more. Dogs incontinently expired upon the road; horses and mules that once lay down, being unable from exhaustion to rally, were reluctantly abandoned to their fate, whilst the lion-hearted soldier, who had braved death at the cannon's mouth, subdued and unmanned by thirst, finally abandoning his resolution, lay gasping by the way-side, and heedless of the exhortation of his officers, hailed approaching dissolution with delight, as bringing the termination of tortures which were not to be endured.

"Whilst many of the escort and followers were then unavoidably left stretched with open mouths along the road, in a state of utter insensibility, and apparently yielding up the ghost, others pressing on to arrive at water, became bewildered in the intricate mazes of the wide wilderness, and recovered it with the utmost difficulty. As another day dawned, and the round red sun again rose in wrath over the Lake of Salt, towards the hateful shores of which the tortuous path was fast leading, the courage of all who had hitherto borne up against fatigue and anxiety began to flag. A dimness came before the drowsy eye, giddiness seized the brain, and the prospect ever held out by the guides, of quenching thirst immediately in advance, seeming like the tantalizing delusion of a dream, had well nigh lost its magical effect; when, as the spirits of the most sanguine fainted within them, a wild Bedouin was perceived, like a delivering angel from above, hurrying forward with a large skin filled with muddy water. This most well-timed supply, obtained by Mohammed Ali from the small pool at *Hanlefanta*, of which, with the promised guard of his own tribe, by whom he had been met, he had taken forcible possession in defiance of the impotent threats of the ruthless 'red man,' was sent to the rear. It admitted of a sufficient quantity being poured over the face and down the parched throat, to revive every prostrate and perishing sufferer; and at a late hour, ghastly, haggard, and exhausted, like men who had escaped from the jaws of death, the whole had continued to struggle into a camp, which, but for the foresight and firmness of the son of Ali Abi, few individuals indeed of the whole party would have reached alive.

"A low range of limestone hillocks, interspersed with strange masses of coral, and marked by a pillar like that of Lot, encloses the well of Hanléfánta, where each mule obtained a shell full of water. From the glittering shore of the broad lake, the road crosses the saline incrustation, which extends about two miles to the opposite brink. Soiled and mossy near the margin, the dull crystalized salt appears to rest upon an earthy bottom; but it soon becomes lustrous and of a purer color, and floating on the surface of the dense water, like a rough coarse sheet of ice, irregularly cracked, is crusted with a white yielding efflorescence, resembling snow which has been thawed and refrozen, but which still, as here, with a crisp sound, receives the impress of the foot. A well trodden path extends through the prismatic colors of the rainbow, by the longitudinal axis of the ellipse to the north-eastern extremity of the gigantic bowl, whence the purest salt is obtainable in the vicinity of several cold springs, said to cast up large pebbles on their jet, through the ethereal blue water."

But, however magnificent this portion of the work may be—and it has seldom, as we have said, been equalled—our business lying with the politics of the undertaking, we transport ourselves at once to Abyssinia. Upon the arrival of the embassy on the frontier, it began to taste the fruits of French intrigue. It is one of the characteristics of barbarians—as all who have had experience in this part of world can testify—to be utterly ignorant of the boundary line which separates the possible from the impossible. Of this our Gallic rivals were well aware, and therefore, they labored, not wholly without success, to implant in the minds of the Abyssinians the most extravagant suspicions and apprehensions of the English. In their reports, we were elevated or degraded into a nation of potent magicians, capable of setting all the laws of nature at defiance. We could, it was said, topple down mountains, bring up gold or hidden gems from the bowels of the earth, depopulate whole kingdoms by the force of spells and medicines, or, if need were, could transport into the region we designed to subdue, an overwhelming array of infantry and cavalry in boxes! But that which appears to have wrought most powerfully on the imagination of the African highlanders, was the idea that Major Harris carried along with him the Queen of England, no gentle lady rustling in silks and satins, but a monstrous and terrific *ghoul*, who, being let loose, would eat up Sáhila Selássi and all his subjects at a tiffin! Figurative-

ly, perhaps, the thing might not have been beyond the bounds of possibility. Most assuredly, however, our object was not to try the experiment, but to deliver those unhappy savages from their ignorance and prejudice, and raise them in the scale of nations. It is unnecessary to dwell on the numerous obstacles and difficulties which originated in the stupid fables above alluded to. They were, in a short time, completely overcome, and at the very first interview that took place between Major Harris and the king of Shoa, a wound was inflicted upon French influence which it only required the continuance of Lord Palmerston in office to render mortal. The description of this scene, which took place at Machal-Wans, a country palace of Sáhila Selássi, will serve at once to throw light on the manners of the country, and show the high consideration in which the British embassy was held.

"The last peal of ordnance was rattling in broken echoes along the mountain chain, as the British embassy stepped at length over the high threshold of the reception-hall. Circular in form, and destitute of the wonted Abyssinian pillar in the centre, the massive and lofty clay walls of the chamber glittered with a profusion of silver ornaments, emblazoned shields, matchlocks, and double-barrelled guns. Persian carpets, and rugs of all sizes, colors and patterns, covered the floor, and crowds of alakas, governors, chiefs, and principal officers of the court arrayed in their holiday attire, stood around in a posture of respect uncovered to the girdle. Two wide alcoves receded on either side, in one of which blazed a cheerful wood fire, engrossed by indolent cats, whilst in the other, on a flowered satin ottoman, surrounded by withered eunuchs and juvenile pages of honor, and supported by gay velvet cushions, reclined in Æthiopic state his most Christian majesty Sáhila Selássi. The *Dech Agafari*, or state door-keeper, as master of the ceremonies, stood with a rod of green rushes to preserve the exact distance of approach to royalty; and as the British guests entered the hall, and made their bows to the throne, motioned them to be seated upon chairs that had previously been sent in; which done, it was commanded that all might be covered.

"The king was attired in a silken Arab vest of green brocade, partially shrouded under the ample folds of a white cotton robe of Abyssinian manufacture, adorned with sundry broad crimson stripes and borders. Forty summers, whereof eight-and-twenty had been passed under the uneasy cares of the crown, had slightly furrowed his dark brow, and somewhat grizzled a full bushy head of hair, arranged in elaborate curls after the fashion of George I.; and although considerably dis-

figured by the loss of the left eye, the expression of his manly features, open, pleasing, and commanding, did not, in their *tout ensemble*, belie the character for impartial justice which the despot has obtained far and wide; even the Danakil comparing him to a 'fine balance of gold!'

"All those manifold salutations and inquiries, which overwrought politeness here enforces, duly concluded, the letters with which the embassy had been charged—enveloped in flowered muslin and rich gold kimkhab—were presented in a sandal-wood casket, minutely inlaid with ivory; and the contents having been read and expounded, costly presents from the British Government were introduced in succession, to be spread out before the glistening eyes of the court. The rich Brussels carpet, which completely covered the hall, together with Cashmere shawls and embroidered Delhi scarfs of resplendent hues, attracted universal attention; and some of the choicest specimens were, from time to time, handed to the alcove by the chief of the eunuchs. On the introduction of each new curiosity, the surprise of the king became more and more unfeigned. Bursts of merriment followed the magic revolutions of a group of Chinese dancing figures; and when the European escort in full uniform, with the sergeant at their head, marched into the centre of the hall—faced in front of the throne, and performed the manual and platoon exercises amidst jewelry glittering on the rugs, gay shawls and silver cloths which strewn the floor, ornamented clocks chiming, and musical boxes playing 'God save the Queen'—his majesty appeared quite entranced, and declared that he possessed no words to express his gratitude. But many and bright were the smiles that lighted up the royal features, as three hundred muskets, with bayonets fixed, were piled in front of the footstool. A buzz of mingled wonder and applause, which half drowned the music, arose from the crowded courtiers; and the measure of the warlike monarch's satisfaction now filled to overflowing, 'God will reward you,' he exclaimed, 'for I cannot!'

"But astonishment and admiration knew no bounds, as the populace next spread over the face of the hills to witness the artillery practice, which formed the sequel to the presentation of these princely gifts. A sheet was attached to the opposite face of the ravine. The green valley again rung to the unwonted roar of ordnance; and as the white cloth flew in shreds to the wind, under a rapid discharge of round shot, canister, and grape, amidst the crumbling of the rock, and the rush of the falling stones, the before despised sponge stove became a theme of eulogy to the monarch as well as to the gaping peasant. A shout rose, long and loud, over the pealing echoes which rattled from hill to hill; and far along the serrated chain was proclaimed the arrival of foreign guests, and the royal acquisition, through their means, of potent engines of war."

It may perhaps be useful to glance again in this place at some few of the details connected with the French system of intrigue in Eastern Africa. M. Combes and the two D'Abadies, who sometimes represented themselves as simple travellers, sometimes assumed the airs of political agents, and threatened all who offended them with the vengeance of their government, had been for a considerable period in the Red Sea, flitting about from port to port, for the purpose of spreading alarming rumors concerning the designs of the English in Africa. At Tajūra M. Combes tried at first the effect of soft words, but these failing, he attempted to land by force, upon which 'ce brave homme' Mohammed Ibn Mohammed collected his people together, assailed the Controller-general, and finally drove him from the harbor. In this rencontre our St. Simonian politician, who was seeking to renew his relations with 'La Femme Libre' of Abyssinia, and also to enact the part of a spy, gave the old sultan to understand that his devotion to English interests would cost him dear, since he would infallibly return with a number of ships of war and blow him to the devil. He had scarcely disappeared from the scene when the Messieurs D'Abadies came forward, and by the hints and suggestions which skillful political emissaries know how to frame, sought to awaken in the minds of the natives the most alarming apprehensions of the English. Nor were their efforts altogether without success. Our recent purchase of the islands of Musshahh affording them a handle, they labored so skillfully that they contrived to set the Sultan of Tajūra and several neighboring chiefs completely by the ears. The malecontents retired to the mountains full of wrath against the English, but the people of Tajūra liking the chink of our dollars, proceeded to the ultima ratio with the D'Abadies, and treated them to a taste of lapidation. Fortunately for them they possessed the means of flight, and escaping to Hodeida on the Arabian coast, from thence fulminated their scientific anathemas against perfidious Albion, and her still more perfidious allies the worthy Danakil of Tajūra. In this quarter, therefore, the sun of France appeared for a time to be set; for with an obduracy never enough to be reprehended, the English authorities refused to further the designs of their persevering rivals, and left them to fight it out as they best might with the rough diplomatists of the coast. In the interior, meanwhile, French intrigue

wore a somewhat brighter aspect. An officer, it is said, had arrived in Amhara with numerous camel-loads of presents, containing perhaps among other things additional portraits of Louis Philippe, for the King of Shoa, and through the agency of a native messenger despatched, it was said, from the seacoast of Tigré, certain trinkets of gold of French manufacture were forwarded to Sáhila Selássi, as an earnest of the fine things that were in store for him if he would only consent to break off his meditated relations with the English. The Shoa despot could never be accused of inattention to his own interests. Accordingly, so long as the English with their presents were at a distance, while the French were supposed to be pushing forward post haste to adorn his person and enrich his coffers, he regretted that he had sent to solicit an embassy from our presidency, and fancied that the conquerors of Algeria might be more desirable and profitable allies. He was prepared therefore to turn a cold shoulder to Major Harris, and for some time after his arrival treated the embassy with marked disrespect. An event trifling, perhaps, in itself, soon occurred, which occasioned a revolution in the mind of the Shoa king. A Frenchman naked, wounded, and destitute, suddenly made his appearance in his dominions, declaring that he was the only survivor of the escort and embassy which had been charged with the presents of inestimable value, sent by the King of All the French to his Majesty Sáhila Selássi. The story of this individual was strange and marvellous. He had set out, he said, from Tigré in company with M. Combes, the St. Simonian Controller-general, and forty other persons; they had passed through the provinces of Argobba and Lasta, and were already beginning to felicitate themselves upon being almost in sight of their journey's end, when they were set upon by a tribe of Galla, who, like the Chaldeans in the Book of Job, put them all to the sword, 'While I,' exclaimed M. Alexandre Evan, 'am escaped alone to tell thee.' But it was not by the Wollo Galla alone that M. Evan was endangered. The governor of Efrata, through whose country he passed, cast wolfish eyes upon his plump haunches, and endeavored to kill and eat him. How he escaped from the clutches of this anthropophagite M. Evan could not explain, but escape he did, and carried, as we have seen, the tale of his disasters to the court at Debrà Berhan.

Sáhila Selássi, who knew not until now that he was a king of cannibals, very clearly perceived that there was no further hope of rich presents from France, and looked upon the catastrophe described by his naked guest as a clever little drama, got up by the ingenious M. Combes for his entertainment. However, it did not entertain him, and by the treatment he received M. Evan was soon made to understand that the bearer of monstrous lies is sometimes less welcome than the bearer of gifts. Though supplied with food, he was compelled to trudge along the highway barefoot, until, on his arrival at the capital, he was intrusted with the honorable and lucrative employment of putting flints into the king's muskets. This occupation he carried on in one of the courts of the palace, where, half-naked, shivering, and hungry, he day after day, as Mr. Krapf observes, knocked the skin from his knuckles, until his hands were covered with blood. But he was pitilessly compelled to persevere in order to purchase exemption from starving. A shrewd man nevertheless was M. Evan. He soon formed a plan of escape, attended however in the execution with considerable risk. He desired to be thought a monomaniac, but at the same time so to temper the suspicions he excited that he should not be taken for a dangerous madman, and knocked in the head. His course lay between Scylla and Charybdis, but being no less dexterous than bold, he confidently reckoned upon success. The little culinary project of the governor of Efrata suggested to M. Evan his proper cue. To every person he met he declared that he was detained in a sort of slavery, and that immediately after the feast of the Holy Virgin the king and his family designed to eat him, the royal Besabesh undertaking, we suppose, the picking of his bones. This crotchet he circulated so widely, that it at length, as was intended, reached the king's ears. Sáhila Selássi did not exactly know what to make of his guest, but it was only when the accusation was formally repeated, through an interpreter, in his own presence, that he became convinced of the Frenchman's madness. Of course, he had simply to do with a spy, sent thither to watch the progress of his negotiations with the British embassy, but this idea not suggesting itself to the royal mind, M. Evan was not only suffered to depart, but supplied liberally with the means of proceeding to Gondar.

The business of the treaty meanwhile

progressed rapidly. Major Harris reached the court of Shoa in the month of July, 1841. Some of the difficulties which he had to encounter we have hinted at rather than described. Sähila Selässi at first looked upon him with distrust and apprehension, having somehow or another learned to cherish the idea that wherever the genius of England extends her trade, there she silently but irresistibly lays the foundation of an empire. But the British ambassador, by the exertion of a rare sagacity and an admirable talent for business, completely changed the texture of the king's thoughts.

What representations he made to him, and what arguments he employed, through his unaccountable suppression of all political documents, it is only permitted us to conjecture. It seems probable, however, that as Major Harris soon made himself acquainted with the relations in which the various states of Abyssinia stand towards each other, he was enabled to prove to Sähila Selässi that the power with which Great Britain allied itself must inevitably triumph over its rivals. He may possibly also have alluded to the fact, proved incontrovertibly by experience, that whatever eastern state has hoped to support itself through French influence has found, in the long run, it was leaning on a broken reed. He could scarcely, in fact, fail to show his majesty that the star of England is in the ascendant in the east, and that whatever other approaches it, is soon compelled to 'pale its ineffectual fire.' Whether these were the arguments employed for or not, certain it is that Sähila Selässi soon comprehended the difference between the French and English, and resolved to cultivate exclusively the friendship of the latter. He drew between the representatives of the two countries whom he had seen a comparison by no means favorable to our Gallic neighbors. He beheld the one all flattery and compliance, infinitely tolerant of ignorance, superstition and vice, and big with magnificent promises, which proved in the end to be nothing but wind; while the other, somewhat stern, haughty and stoical, though winning withal, overloaded him with presents, consulted his best interests, and promised, by their countenance, to elevate him in power and consequence above all the surrounding despots. Gladly, therefore, did he enter into a commercial treaty with Great Britain.

Let it not, however, be supposed that the King of Shoa comprehended all the advan-

tages which such a treaty, if properly acted on, was calculated to secure both to him and his country. Had he been capable of so much foresight, he would undoubtedly have exhibited greater perspicacity than most of our politicians and merchants at home. Some vague ideas of great profit, of augmentation of power, of extended dominion, of posthumous glory, flitted over his imagination. The extraordinary energy and self-confidence displayed by the British guests communicated themselves, in part at least, to his mind; and so long as they were present with him, he felt as though he had been lifted above himself, and projected, by a single effort, into the sphere of civilization. Distrust of his own character made him dread their departure. He knew they had placed him on an artificial eminence, from which he feared it would be necessary to descend so soon as the foreign props should be withdrawn. Besides, the notion always haunted him that the mission would never retire, unless in consequence of some offence given to it by him, in which case it would probably go over to his enemies, and strengthen incalculably their hands against him.

For these and various other reasons, it is obviously necessary to maintain a permanent mission in Abyssinia. A careful investigation of the matter, however, has led us to believe that the station of the resident ought not to be in Shoa. To render our view intelligible to others, it may be necessary to enter into some little explanation. There exists, as our readers will doubtless remember, a spiritual power in Abyssinia, closely, in its character and action, resembling the popedom of Rome. This power has, from the earliest ages, been placed in the hands of the Abuna,* or patriarch, who, though shorn of much of his external splendor, still exercises an extraordinary degree of influence over both prince and people in all the states which have been erected upon the ruins of the Æthiopic empire. Fortunately for Great Britain, the present Abuna's leanings are all towards us. He received most of the instruction, which renders him superior to his predecessors for centuries back, from Dr. Lieder, an English missionary, residing at Cairo, whence, according to custom, the Abyssinian patriarch is always taken. He,

* Major Harris, who has adopted a perverse system of orthography, has metamorphosed this classical name into Aboon, just as he has transformed Negüs into *Negooz*.

consequently, loves and cherishes the English name, looking probably also with some little partiality on the simple grandeur of the Protestant religion, while he strongly dislikes and despises that of Rome. Another circumstance, which may be regarded as favorable, is the extreme youth of the patriarch, who has not yet, we believe, attained his twenty-fifth year. Should Great Britain, therefore, enlist, or rather retain, him in her interest, the probability is, that during his patriarchate, which may reasonably be expected to be a long one, we might so completely establish our influence in Abyssinia as to be able to bid defiance to all our rivals. Of this fact the French are so well persuaded, that they already begin to affect a contempt for the patriarch, to depreciate his authority, and to maintain that no benefit could be derived from conciliating him. Properly to effect this, our ambassador should reside in the same city with the patriarch, through whom he might operate upon the minds of the clergy, and thus, in the end, effect important modifications in the whole system of Abyssinian civilization. To look, in the meanwhile, after the material interests of our commerce in each Æthiopic state, a political agent ought to be stationed at each court, subordinate to the resident, and responsible in the first instance to him. We may seem, perhaps, to contemplate too vast and expensive an establishment; but if the value be considered of the commerce which might thus be opened up with Central Africa—if due weight be given to the power we might thus exercise over the spring heads, as it were, of the slave trade—if we reflect upon the political preponderance which our position in Abyssinia would give us over regions scattered far and wide, including the whole coasts of the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, together with Nubia and Egypt—the price we might be called upon to pay would seem to be as mere dust in the balance. No conception can at present be formed of the extent to which our commerce with Central Africa may hereafter be advanced from that which is now carried on.

Complete information, even respecting the articles with which eastern Africa conducts its traffic with the east, we can scarcely be said as yet to possess. Circumstances, however, have come to our knowledge which may throw some light on the stream of wealth which flows through it towards the Red Sea, enriching every city, town, and

hamlet, through which it passes in its course. Many places in this part of the world owe their being entirely to commerce. In some localities, cities and flourishing emporia may be said to exhibit a sort of phenomenal existence, the duration of which is measured by the actual presence of the trade that gives them birth. At Berbera, for example, throughout a considerable portion of the year, the traveller who chances to land or arrive there discovers nothing but some eighteen hundred or two thousand empty huts, between which the howling hyenas or jackals in troops scour and howl by night. Man seems to have abandoned the place for ever. The port is as destitute of shipping as the town of inhabitants. On a certain day, however, fixed and known to the disciples of trade, a few white sails appear in the offing approaching the desolate and deserted shore; and on land, probably at an equal distance, clouds of dust spreading and surging up into the atmosphere, announce the approach of what might easily be mistaken for an army. Long strings of camels, mules, and asses, heavily laden, and escorted by warriors on horseback, with match-lock, lance, and shield, emerge from beneath these clouds and make towards the silent streets. In a few minutes doors fly open, tents are pitched, fires are kindled, life of every kind abounds, and Berbera is transformed into a populous city. And what a population! There is scarcely, perhaps, a single people or tribe dwelling within a thousand miles of the spot which has not its commercial representative at Berbera. There you behold the Banian from India peering forth cunningly between piles of rich goods; the Persian, with shawls from Kermān and turquoises from the neighborhood of the Caspian Sea; the natives of Mesopotamia, and Oman, and Hadramaut, and Yemen, and the Hejaz, with whatever commodities the soil of Arabia produces; the Egyptian, the Nubian, the Abyssinian, the Dankali, the natives of Susa, Enaria, Kaffa, Kambat, and Zingero; the Hurruri, the Isah, and the Somaali, all surrounded by the productions and merchandise of their respective countries. The whole of this multitudinous assemblage, brought together and pervaded by the spirit of gain, is engaged from morning till night in excessive turmoil and wrangling. Honesty, moreover, is a rare visitor among them. Each endeavors to overreach the other, high words arise, quarrels spring up, blows are given and return-

ed, lances flourished and creeses drawn, and here and there a pool of Mussulman or Pagan blood tells of the way in which bargains are sometimes concluded by these rough customers. All the dialects and idioms of Babel pass current there, each man screaming at the top of his voice in order to make himself heard amid the indescribable din, created partly by human tongues, partly by the neighing of horses, the strange grunting of the camel, the bellowing of oxen, and the braying of asses. Dogs, too, of every size and species, lean, hungry, savage, and without masters, prowl about the purlieus of the mart in search of offal, howling and barking to augment the concord of sweet sounds that denotes the whereabouts of the devotees of commerce.

Nevertheless in this strange and discordant hive a prodigious amount of business is transacted, partly by means of barter, partly through the instrumentality of silver and gold. Among the principal articles of traffic in this great fair must be enumerated slaves of all ages and of both sexes, but particularly females. These, whether Christians, Mohammedans, or Pagans, are generally of tender age, children kidnapped from their parents, or sometimes perhaps sold by them in defiance of the most sacred instincts of nature. These are purchased by the Mohammedans, to be educated for their harems or employed in household drudgery, and being transported into Arabia and Persia, as formerly into Sindh, soon retain of their parents and their country scarcely a remembrance. We cannot, however, concur with those who think they are the less to be pitied on that account. Not to have dear friends, not to have a country to love, may be reckoned among the greatest ills that flesh is heir to. True, the slaves may become attached to their new country, may even, when well used, learn to entertain some affection for their masters; but these bastard feelings are altogether weak and inoperative compared with the spontaneous impulses of the heart, with the original inspirations of nature, which custom cannot wholly quench or time obliterate. In the heart of the slave, therefore, there is ever a war of emotions, and the gratitude for favors received cannot always subdue, though it may blunt the edge of that revenge which the infliction of intolerable injury never fails to engender. Besides, it is to take a very narrow and ignorant view of slavery to confine our regards to the treatment which the captives meet with in a strange land. Have

they not mothers, fathers, and brethren, who mourn for them at home, who behold empty the place they were wont to occupy in the hovel, who see dust settling on the basket or the calabash which their tiny hands once carried, out of which their little sable lips once drank the refreshing waters of the neighboring spring? We have said that parents sometimes sell their children. But nature has provided that crimes so heinous shall be rare. In most cases the heart of man and woman, however hardened or degraded by barbarism, yearns towards its offspring, and will rather share with it the most sordid destitution than voluntarily snap asunder the links of affection. To prove this we need only reflect upon the care and arts put in practice by the wretched inhabitants of the interior of Africa to protect their little ones from the ruthless slave kidnapper. As a general rule the parents, who live in constant terror of those human vultures, place their children carefully between them in bed at night, supposing it impossible they should thence be stolen. But, as the toils of the day and the heavy influence of a sultry climate usually plunge them in deep sleep, the man-stealer enters their hovels, like the fabled ghouls of the Arabian tales, and, without waking their natural guardians, snatch the infant from the breast and the boy from his father's arms. Sometimes the dread of this leads the poor hunted African to construct a second story in his hut, where he deposits his children, and imagines them to be there out of danger. But the agents of the slave trade laugh at his poor precautions. They raise their ladders to the roof, push aside the palm thatch, and without disturbing an individual among the inmates, carry off their slumbering prey. To obtain possession of girls bordering upon womanhood, other stratagems are put in practice. Near the brooks and springs generally found in the vicinity of an African hamlet, the kidnappers lie in ambush about the dawn of day, when the women and maidens generally go forth to fetch water. A number of fleet horses are stationed close at hand. The miscreants having carefully reconnoitred the village, and discovered that no men are stirring, rush forward on their prey, seize, bind, and lift them on their horses, and before the alarm can be given, or their brothers and fathers come forth to the rescue, are already scouring away far upon the plain, heedless of the shrieks and cries of their wretched captives. It may be said, therefore, without the slight-

est exaggeration, that the curse of the slave trade penetrates through the whole length and breadth of Africa, and envelopes its entire population in a cloud of fears and apprehensions. No man lays his head on his pillow in peace, neighbor views neighbor with suspicion, suspicion engenders hatred, and thus feuds are kindled which are seldom quenched but in blood. Besides, for what are all the sanguinary forays undertaken by one powerful tribe against another? Is it not that the victors may carry away and sell the wives and sons and daughters of the vanquished? Let the reader examine Major Harris's account of the ferocious incursions made by Sáhila Selási into the territories of the Pagan Galla, and he will understand something of the curse which the slave trade proves to one whole quarter of the world. He will behold villages in flames, fathers, sons, and husbands weltering in blood upon their own thresholds, which they had vainly endeavored to defend; and yonder upon the burning plains troops of wo-begone and desolate women, exhausted by sobbing, their eyes swollen, their cheeks pale, but bearing still their children in their arms, as, pricked and goaded like cattle, they toil forward to hopeless servitude before the lance of their ferocious captors:

"A succession of richly cultivated plains, dotted over with clusters of conical white houses, in parts surrounded by clumps of towering junipers, stretched away from the foot of the mountain, the very picture of peace and plenty. Embosomed between the isolated peaks of Yerrur, Sequala, and the far-famed Entotto, lay the wide plains of Germáma, thickly peopled by the Ekka and Finfinni Galla, upon whose doomed heads the thunderbolt was next to fall; and full in its centre two placid silver lakes, like great mirrors, reflected back the rays of the morning sun across sheets of luxuriant cultivation, extending for miles, nearly ready for the sickle. Far beyond, the long wooded line of the Háwash, rolling its troubled waters towards the plain of the Adatel, loomed indistinctly through the haze; and in the extreme distance, the lofty blue range of the Aroosi and Ittoo Galla, skirting the mysterious regions of Gurágué, bounded the almost interminable prospect.

"The morning mists loaded with dust raised by the tramp of the Amhára steeds over acres of ploughed land, hung heavy on the heaths, green slopes, and partially screening the approach of the locust army, conspired to enhance its success. Twenty thousand brawny warriors, in three divisions, covering many miles of country, and linked by detachments in every direction, pressed on towards the in-

viting goal; their hearts burning with the implacable hatred of hostile barbarians, and panting to consummate their bloody revenge. Taken entirely by surprise, their devoted victims lay helplessly before them, indulging in fatal dreams of happiness and security, alaa! too speedily to be dispelled. Hundreds of cattle grazed in tempting herds over the flowery meads. Unconscious of danger, the unarmed husbandman pursued his peaceful occupation in the field; his wife and children carolled blithely over the ordinary household avocations; and the ascending sun shone bright on smiling valleys, which, long before his going down, were left tenanted only by the wolf and the vulture.

"Preceded by the holy ark of St. Michael, veiled under its scarlet canopy, the king still led the van, closely attended by the father confessor, and by a band of priests, with whom having briefly conferred, he turned round towards the expectant army, and pronounced the ominous words which were the well known signal for carrying fire and sword through the land. 'May the God, who is the God of my forefathers, strengthen and absolve!' Rolling on like the waves of the mighty ocean, down poured the Amhára host among the rich glades and rural hamlets, at the heels of the flying inhabitants; trampling under foot the fields of ripening corn, in parts half reaped, and sweeping before them the vast herds of cattle which grazed untended in every direction. When far beyond the range of view their destructive progress was still marked by the red flames that burst forth in turns from the thatched roofs of each invaded village; and the havoc committed many miles to the right, by the division of Abogáz Maetch, who was advancing parallel to the main body, and had been reinforced by the detachment under Ayto Shishigo, became equally manifest in numerous columns of white smoke towering upwards to the azure firmament in rapid succession.

"The embassy followed close in the train of the Negroos, who halted for a few minutes on the eastern face of the range; and the eye of the despot gleamed bright with inward satisfaction, whilst watching through a telescope the progress of the flanking detachments as they poured impetuously down the steep side of the mountain, and swept across the level plain with the fury of the blast of the sirocco. A rapid detour thence to the westward, in an hour disclosed the beautifully secluded valley of Finfinni, which, in addition to the artificial advantage of high cultivation, and many hamlets, boasted a large share of natural beauty. Meadows of the richest green turf, sparkling clear rivulets leaping down in sequestered cascades, with shady groves of the most magnificent junipers lining the slopes, and waving their moss-grown branches above cheerful groups of circular wigwams, surrounded by implements of agriculture, proclaimed a district which had long escaped the hand of wrath.

This had been selected as the spot for the royal plunder and spoliation; and the troops, animated by the presence of the monarch, now performed their bloody work with a sharp and unsparing knife; firing village after village until the air was dark with their smoke, mingled with the dust raised by the impetuous rush of man and horse.

"The luckless inhabitants, taken quite by surprise, had barely time to abandon their property and fly for their lives to the fastness of Entotto, which reared its protective form at the distance of a few miles. The spear of the warrior searched every bush for the hunted foe. Women and girls were torn from their hiding to be hurried into hopeless captivity. Old men and young were indiscriminately slain and mutilated among the fields and groves; flocks and herds were driven off in triumph, and house after house was sacked and consigned to the flames. Each grim Amhára warrior vied with his comrade in the work of retributive destruction amongst the execrated Galla. Whole groups and families were surrounded and speared within the walled court-yards, which were strewn with the bodies of the slain. Wretches who betook themselves to the open plain were pursued and hunted down like wild beasts; and children, of three and four years of age, who had been placed in the trees, with the hope that they might escape observation, were included in the inexorable massacre, and pitilessly shot among the branches. In the course of two hours the division left the desolated valley laden with spoil, and carrying with them numbers of wailing females and mutilated orphan children, together with the barbarous trophies that had been stripped from the mangled bodies of their murdered victims."—Vol. ii., p. 189-193.

This exhibition of barbarity, so disgraceful to the King of Shoa and his subjects, did not, however, terminate in the usual manner. For, although the influence of the British envoy was not sufficiently powerful to prevent the foray, it at least so far prevailed with the despot as to induce him, when his cupidity had been gratified by seizing on the droves and herds of the vanquished, to offer some reparation to humanity, by liberating upon the spot the whole of the captives. Major Harris by no means seeks to monopolize the credit of this signal transaction. He undoubtedly mentions first the efforts of the embassy, but is careful immediately to add, that the Reverend Louis Krapf, whom Sáhila Selássi greatly respected, united earnestly in making intercession for the prisoners. It was by the joint efforts, therefore, of our political representative and spiritual minister that the King of Southern Abyssinia was persuaded

to bestow freedom on many hundred Galla women and children. Some attempts, we are aware, have been made to throw doubt upon this affair; but the mere harboring of a suspicion is absurd. Several English gentlemen were present besides the envoy, and their testimonies corroborated the statement of the fact transmitted to the Indian government. Moreover, was there not a missionary of the Church of England on the spot, and that missionary a man jealous of the honor of his calling, and remarkable for the strictness of his integrity? Has he impugned the correctness of Major Harris's relation? Weighing man against man, we should not be disposed to doubt the envoy's veracity, even if he had; but, strengthened by the evidence of such a witness, our reliance on the accuracy of the facts related by Major Harris is complete.

A second occasion soon presented itself of proving the hold which the British envoy had acquired over the despot's mind, attended by much the same circumstances. Nor were these the only striking acts of humanity which, during his residence at the court of Shoa, Major Harris was enabled to perform. In one of those excesses of fury to which despotic princes are liable, Sáhila Selássi issued an ordinance, condemning to slavery and all its concomitant toils every person throughout his dominions who, according to immemorial custom, had intermarried with any of the king's slaves. Upwards of four thousand seven hundred individuals were, by this cruel decree, torn from their families, inscribed on the list of the king's serfs, and constrained by force to labor at the royal works. It is not easy to imagine the sorrow and consternation which this act occasioned throughout the country. There was scarcely a family which, in a greater or less degree, was not affected by it. Still, accustomed to oppression, inured to the odious caprices and violence of tyranny, the Shoans obeyed their master's mandate in sullen silence. There was no insurrection, no riot, no one contemplated the renewal of the Ides of March. The slaves smothered their rage, but, stung nevertheless to the quick, they cursed the king in their hearts. To deliver Sáhila Selássi from the disgrace of this measure, and his subjects from its humiliating consequences, Major Harris repaired to the palace, and, obtaining an audience, made so earnest and successful a remonstrance, that the infamous order was revoked. The intelligence spread rapidly

through Shoa, where, in every family, high or low, blessings were showered on the name of Great Britain.

It is rarely that the political resident at a foreign court enjoys opportunities of triumphing over practices so barbarous as those which excited the successful hostility of Major Harris. Dr. Johnson has celebrated in his 'Rasselas' one of the ancient customs of Abyssinia, which he has invested with a sort of poetical interest, and rendered familiar to the public. We allude to the confinement of the Abyssinian princes, all save him who reigned in what the doctor's somewhat quaint muse denominates the Happy Valley. This barbarous expedient does not, it is well known, trace its origin to Johnson's invention. From the remotest ages the uncle and brothers of the reigning prince were immured, not in a rural paradise, but in a gloomy mountain fortress, surrounded by deep moats and watchfully guarded. Europe owes perhaps the first intimation of this cruel illustration of royal jealousy to Urreta and Baretti, whose account is thus abridged by Ludolf. "The children of the Negus, as soon as they have received their names, are conveyed into a certain delicious place, in the midst of a large mountain, called Amark, where a stately castle is built, encompassed with the River Borohr, and fortified with a strong wall. Thither, as soon as the father is dead, the principal nobility go, and choose the eldest son, unless he be incapable of so great an honor, to succeed to the government. There is there a very large library, of above ten thousand volumes, all manuscripts; a seminary for the education of the sons of noblemen; and a bishop, with several of the inferior clergy, for the instruction of youth." The practice varied in different ages, and by some writers it is said to have ceased several centuries ago in Northern Abyssinia. This, however, was not the case in Shoa, where the ancient and wise precaution, as Ludolf considered it, was strictly observed up to the period of the British embassy. During its stay, Sáhila Selássi, having been attacked by fever, was so far reduced and dispirited, that he considered himself on the brink of the grave. The consciousness of his many crimes now tormented him. He knew that he had frequently towards his people been guilty of capricious cruelty. He felt that he had behaved with inhuman severity towards his blood relations. He trembled therefore at the approach of death, and was altogether

in a frame of mind to make some reparation for the transgressions of his past life. While such were his thoughts and sentiments, Major Harris pleaded before him the cause of his captive brother and uncle. The result we will permit him to relate in his own words.

"I will release them," returned the monarch, after a moment's debate within himself. "By the holy Eucharist I swear, and by the church of the Holy Trinity in Koora Gádel, that if Sáhila Selássi arise from this bed of sickness, all of whom you speak shall be restored to the enjoyment of liberty."

"The sun was shining brighter than usual, through a cloudless, azure sky, when the British embassy received a welcome summons to witness the redemption of this solemn pledge. The balcony of justice was tricked out in its gala suit; and priests, governors, sycophants, and courtiers, crowded the yard as the despot, restored to health, in the highest spirits and good humor took his accustomed seat upon the velvet cushion. The mandate had gone forth for the liberation of his brother and his blood relatives, and it had been published abroad, that the royal kith and kindred were to pass the remainder of their days free and unfettered, near the person of the king, instead of in the dark cells of Goncho.

"There were not wanting certain sapient sages, who shook the head of disapproval at this fresh proof of foreign influence and ascendancy, and who could in no wise comprehend how the venerable custom of ages could be thus suddenly violated. The introduction of great guns, and muskets, and rockets, had not been objected to, although, as a matter of course, the spear of their forefathers was esteemed an infinitely superior weapon. Musical clocks and boxes had been listened to and despised, as vastly inferior to the jingling notes of their own vile instruments; and the Gothic cottage, with its painted trellises, its pictures, and its gay curtains, although pronounced entirely unsuited to Abyssinian habits, had been partially forgiven on the grounds of its beauty. But this last innovation was beyond all understanding; and many a stupid pate was racked in fruitless endeavors to extract consolation in so momentous a difficulty. The more liberal party were loud in their praises of the king, and of his generous intention; and the royal gaze was, with the rest, strained wistfully towards the wicket, where he should behold once again the child of his mother, whom he had not seen since his accession, and should make the first acquaintance with his uncle, the brother of his warrior sire, who had been incarcerated ere he himself had seen the light.

"Siern traces had been left by the constraint of one-third of a century upon the now unfortunate descendants of a royal race, who were shortly ushered into the court by the state gaoler. Leaning heavily on each other's

shoulders, and linked together by chains bright and shining with the friction of years, the captives shuffled onward with cramped and minute steps, rather as malefactors proceeding to the gallows-tree, than as innocent and abused princes, regaining the natural rights of man. Tottering to the foot of the throne, they fell, as they had been instructed by their burly conductor, prostrate on their faces before their more fortunate, but despotic relative, whom they had known heretofore only by a name used only in connexion with their own misfortunes, and whose voice was as yet a stranger to their ears.

"Rising with difficulty at the bidding of the monarch, they remained standing in front of the balcony, gazing in stupid wonder at the novelties of the scene, with eyes unaccustomed to meet the broad glare of day. At first they were fixed upon the author of their weary captivity, and upon the white men by his side who had been the instruments of its termination; but the dull leaden gaze soon wandered in search of other objects; and the approach of freedom appeared to be received with the utmost apathy and indifference. Immured since earliest infancy, they were totally insensible to the blessings of liberty. Their feelings and their habits had become those of the fetters and the dark dungeon! The iron had rusted into their very souls; and, whilst they with difficulty maintained an erect position, pain and withering despondency were indelibly marked in every line of their vacant and care-furrowed features.

"In the damp vaults of Goncho, where heavy manacles on the wrists had been linked to the ankles of the prisoners, by a chain so short as to admit only of a bent and stooping posture, the weary hours of the princes had for thirty long years been passed in the fabrication of harps and combs; and of these relics of monotonous existence, elaborately carved in wood and ivory, a large offering was now presented to the king. The first glimpse of his wretched relatives had already dissipated a slight shade of mistrust which had hitherto clouded the royal brow. Nothing that might endanger the security of his reign could be traced in the crippled frames and blighted faculties of the seven miserable objects that covered before him; and after directing their chains to be unriveted, he announced to all that they were free, and to pass the remainder of their existence near his own person. Again the joke and the merry laugh passed quickly in the balcony—the court fool resumed his wonted avocation; and, as the monarch himself struck the chords of the gaily-mounted harp presented by his bloated brother Amnon, the buffoon burst into a high and deserved panegyric upon the royal mercy and generosity.

"*'My children,'* exclaimed his majesty, turning towards his foreign guests, after the completion of this tardy act of justice to those whose only crime was their consanguinity to himself—an act to which he had been prompted

less by superstition, than by a desire to rescue his own offspring from a dungeon, and to secure a high place in the opinion of the civilized world—*'My children, you will write all that you have now seen to your country, and will say to the British Queen, that, although far behind the nations of the white men, from whom Æthiopia first received her religion, there yet remains a spark of Christian love in the breast of the King of Shoa.'*"—Vol. iii. pp. 386-390.

Notwithstanding that the principal trade of Africa is in her own children, the other articles which she even now supplies to the commerce of the world are known to be singularly rich and varied. The cotton of Abyssinia, though short stapled like that of Dacca, is so soft and delicate as to resemble silk, and this even where little skill or care has been bestowed on its cultivation. Were British capital and industry introduced and applied to the raising of it, an unbounded supply might be obtained, which would render us completely independent of the growth of America. To the neighboring countries Shoa exports hides and grain of all kinds, and the small states immediately to the south and west of it abound in productions of the most costly nature. Here we find frankincense and myrrh equal, if not superior, to those of Hadramaut, with ostrich feathers, and civet, ambergris, and coffee and gold—the coffee transported on the backs of camels to the sea-coast, and then shipped for Europe under the name of Mocha. There is something curious in the way in which the gold dust is often brought down to the shores of the Indian Ocean and Red Sea. The merchants, while traversing the countries where it is collected, pour it into hollow canes, which they stop carefully at either end, and sometimes, we believe, use as walking-sticks. Another valuable article of merchandise consists of the skins of wild beasts, lions, tigers, panthers, but more especially those of the black leopard, which appear to abound chiefly in the jungle of Guraghè. To these may be added rhinoceros' horns, the ivory of the elephant and the hippopotamus, of which, for many ages to come, an almost unlimited supply may be reckoned on. For, in many parts of the interior, elephants are found in vast droves, which cover the plains and hills for miles; and in the lakes of Shoa, hippopotami are so numerous, that hundreds may frequently be beheld at once, sporting like porpoises on the surface, diving, rolling, or blowing up

small jets of water into the air, as though in imitation of the whale.

From what has been said above, it will, we apprehend, be obvious that Great Britain cannot in justice to herself neglect to establish, commercially and otherwise, her influence in Eastern Africa. Other nations, possessing much fewer facilities than are at our command, have for some years past exhibited great industry and perseverance in the endeavor to exclude us from that rich market. Along the whole coast of the Indian Ocean, from Sofala upwards, the Americans have been seeking to establish themselves a footing. They have likewise entered into negotiations to secure to themselves the sovereignty of the island of Socotra,* where the East India Company had once a *dépôt*, and which it meant, we believe, to purchase. But neither these manœuvres, nor the efforts of the Imâm of Muscat, need much disquiet us. The only real source of uneasiness is the system of restless and perfidious intrigue carried on in that part of Africa by the French, whose object clearly is to found in Abyssinia an empire, which shall become the rival of our own in Hindûstân. To accomplish this design they will spare no pains, and stick at nothing. It is long since French statesmen have bade adieu to all principle, and laughed at frankness and honesty, as things only fit to amuse Englishmen. Fortunately the reach of their understanding is far from equalling the laxity of their political creed; otherwise, through the supineness which England has of late displayed, we might long ere this have been beaten altogether out of the Red Sea. Our position at Aden, France regards with the utmost jealousy and envy, which, not being able to drive us thence, she can only exhibit by depreciating the place, exaggerating its inconvenience, and the sacrifices which its possession demands of us. But if the mercantile interest in this country be true to itself, we shall shortly supply our neighbors with still more painful incitements to envy. It is perhaps not generally known, that a ship destined to attempt the navigation of the Juba, has already doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and that a rich assortment of goods, suited to the markets of the interior, has been despatched overland and up the Red Sea to meet her. The problem, therefore, will probably soon be solved, whether the Juba and the Gochob be the same river; and if so, how far its waters may serve as a road into the interior. Possibly also the Haines river may be found to

unite, near its embouchure, with the Gochob, in which case another rich succession of markets may be reached by water. Even the project suggested by a French traveller may not be altogether impracticable—we mean the navigation of the Hawash, which, from the lake of Aussa, would carry barges and small vessels up to the very foot of the Abyssinian Alps, to within a very short distance of the Nile. Much, at all events, may be done, and something must, if we would not behold the largest and noblest field yet remaining for commerce to reap, pass into other hands. Africa has been made to feel she has wants which Europe can supply. Her curiosity has been piqued, and in more than one quarter a glimpse has been obtained of the advantages of civilization. The name of England, now purified from the stain that once attached to it, operates like a talisman in Africa, awakening the hostility of the vicious, but inspiring with confidence the humble and the oppressed. To us the slave-trade,* there and every where else, must owe its extinction, if extinguished it is to be; and this consideration, united with many others, ought to urge us, without loss of time, to acquire a commanding influence in the Christian, but uncivilized kingdom of Abyssinia.

For the growing interest which is, at present, felt in this subject, the world is chiefly indebted to Major Cornwallis Harris, who has published by far the most important work on that part of Africa which has ever appeared since the days of Bruce. M. Rochet D'Héricourt, in his clever and amusing production, supplies considerable information, though, from his consanguinity to Sir John Mandeville and Mendez Pinto, it is less to be relied on than might have been desired.

* Some truth there is, but dash'd and brew'd with lies.

For example, he tells us that he discovered the sources of the Hawash, whereas we know, from authorities on which we can depend, that M. Rochet, during the Gurâglé

* On the subject of the African slave-trade, we beg to refer the reader to the highly interesting and able work of Mr. McQueen, entitled 'A Letter to Lord John Russell,' now inserted in the introduction to his 'Geographical Survey of Africa.' It abounds every where with the most valuable information, compiled from authentic sources, and advocates sound and liberal views of policy in whatever relates to African commerce.

expedition, never quitted the king's camp, never saw the sources of the Hawash, and knew nothing concerning them but what he obtained from others. The same observation would apply to several other parts of his narrative. But our object not being to say unkind things, we quit M. Rochet, after having given the above taste of his quality. Of the travels of MM. Combes and Tami-sier, it were better, perhaps, to say nothing, since they cannot be put into any decent hands. The authors pride themselves upon having exploded whatever opinions other men hold as most sacred. They are St. Simonians by profession—that is, have every possible tendency to immorality and indecency. When they set out to travel, it was in search of *La Femme Libre*, and they undoubtedly found her in Abyssinia, where it might have been well for public morals if they and their manuscript had remained shut up for ever. A group of savages, who were probably of this opinion, once endeavored to give them the benefit of what Sir Thomas Brown calls 'the fiery solution'—in other words, entertained the project of roasting them in a hut. But our St. Simonians seem reserved for greater things, that is, to be employed by his most Christian and most moral majesty, Louis Philippe, in disseminating French philosophy among a people sufficiently depraved and degraded already.

As a perfect contrast to these ribald volumes, we ought perhaps to mention the journals of the church missionaries, which, though written in an unpretending and somewhat careless manner, abound with valuable information. The object of these travellers was not to pervert the minds of the Abyssinians, but to lead them into the ways of truth, to inspire them with a love of holiness, to breathe a spiritual breath as it were into their material system, to elevate them to the level of other Christian nations. From these journals, Mr. M'Queen, in a preliminary memoir, has extracted all the geographical information, which he has condensed and arranged with his accustomed skill and ability, so that it may in some respects be regarded as a supplement to his own admirable work on Africa. To none, however, of the above travellers could we refer for a complete description of Abyssinia and its inhabitants. Whoever would understand that country thoroughly must study the work of Major Harris, which is at once popular in form, and philosophical in substance. Nowhere

do we remember to have read a more admirable picture of barbarous manners. The narrative is full of movement, and strewed thickly with anecdotes. The descriptions are vivid and picturesque, and the characters which come before us are delineated with a master's hand. Major Harris's style is that of a man of genius,—animated, full of imagery, glowing, and picturesque. That it should be displeasing to some classes of readers we can easily understand. That which is bold and elevated is calculated to excite no sympathy in minds overmastered by the opposite qualities. But the public, free from envy and jealousy, and seeking solid instruction, blended skilfully with amusement, will recur again and again to this admirable work, which we look upon as a permanent ornament to our literature.

One unfortunate defect we cannot, however, pass over. Either through his own fault, or the fault of his position, Major Harris has provokingly kept back every kind of political information. No allusion to French intrigue do we any where find in his pages, so that if we have obtained any insight into the matter, we owe no thanks to him. We think this affectation of diplomatic secrecy absurd, especially since Major Harris must have known that there were numerous other travellers in the country through whom the whole facts of the case would sooner or later be placed before the country. In reality, therefore, the only thing he has succeeded in concealing is the extent to which his own influence prevailed in counteracting French intrigue, which may or may not be matter of regret to the public.

MOROCCO AND FRANCE.—Hostilities have broken out between Morocco and France: besides the indomitable barbarian chief Abd-el-Kader, the French are beset by the fanatical and furious subjects of the Emperor Abd-er-Rahman. Whether a "holy war" has been proclaimed, and whether there is any regular war at all, are doubtful points; Lord Aberdeen thinks not, he tells us in Parliament: but it is certain that the French have roused up a great border-foe, that might be able to pour countless and unceasing thousands upon their territory—to be repulsed, no doubt, but at what endless toil and cost! This gives a new turn to the occupation of Algeria. Should Morocco persevere in its hostility, France will probably be compelled, by the difficulty and annoyance of finding men and funds for this new contest, to procure for her position in Africa some definitive settlement, in order to bring other influences to bear upon the Moorish Emperor.—*Spectator*.

RESIDENCE IN THE CITY OF NINGPO.

From the Chinese Repository.

Notice of a seven months' Residence in the City of Ningpo, from December 7th, 1842, to July 7th, 1843. Communicated by the Rev. W. C. MILNE.

YESTERDAY, in company with Mr. Lay, I embarked for Ningpo; and at an early hour this morning, we reached the city. As soon as I arrived at the lodgings, my teacher, in whose charge they had been left, apprized me that the abbess had greatly incommoded him during my absence, and had broadly hinted her wish that I should look for other quarters. When I had listened to his details, I perceived that an early removal was most desirable. A little after I arrived, the superior came forward, and prostrating herself on the ground, knocked head and implored that I would move forthwith. I told her I would certainly do so as soon as suitable apartments could be engaged. She has evidently endangered her unlawful gains by admitting me into these premises, and prudential motives induce me to hurry away.

Having called upon the degraded Shú, we bent our steps to the commander-in-chief's. We found him in possession of the quarters occupied last year by the Madras artillery, not far from the Artillery gate.

He is the commandant of the department of Chüchau, on the S. W. corner of the province, and is at Ningpo doing duty for his excellency General Li, who has lately been appointed in room of his deceased predecessor. The name of this deputy is also Li. He is an aged gentleman, of a fine tall figure, but affected with a partial paralysis of the right eye. His speech is slovenly, his manner indolent, and his notions are aristocratic. He wore a handsome dress, carried a red coral button, and his official cap flourished from behind a slender plume of peacock feathers. The attendants, that stood immediately about his chair, were ensigns, sergeants, and corporals, with brass and white opaque buttons.

From this aged official we turned to pay a visit to the táutái, who was named on the 14th of December, as having lost his honors and office. He only awaits the arrival of his successor, to deliver up the seals of office. This officer (whose name is Luh) has a fine oval countenance, over which is

diffused the flush of health. But he looks depressed and anxious. He was one, with Shú tálaúyè, who urged the government to pacific measures, although he had been—during the first brush of war—one of the most pugnacious. He is a man of Shántung, and now looks to returning to the bosom of his family. The reputation in which he stands, as a scholar, is high. He is spoken of as having been very just, prompt, and efficient in the administration of his office; and his removal from its functions is much regretted by the people. Ever since his return to Ningpo, after the conclusion of the treaty at Nanking, whither he and Shú had previously been summoned by their excellencies the imperial commissioners, he has conducted himself toward the English with uniform deference and courtesy; and, in losing him, they are deprived of the services of an enlightened friend.

While we were sitting in the táutái's audience-room, Lí Jülin, the successor of Shú, entered. He also is a native of the province of Shántung. He does not appear to be above 33 years of age, and is considered one of the most fortunate men of his day. It is his literary acquirements that have gained him favor at court, for, at the early age of 19, he took the second literary degree, and was immediately after appointed to the chief office in Funghwá, a district in the department of Ningpo, not more than twenty miles distant from this city. When the English attacked the defences of Chápú, he held office at that port, but happily for him, he was absent on a tour of inspection, or he too might have shared the fate of Luh and Shú. He has but lately arrived in this city, and is now administering for the department. He had seen Sir Henry Pottinger, Mr. Morrison, and Mr. Thom, during their last visit to Ningpo, and appeared *au fait* on many recent events. His intelligent conversation and unassumed kindness give great hope that he will follow up the liberal views of his predecessor, and become of essential service to those foreigners who may visit this commercial mart.

The Mohammedan priest brought with him a follower of the prophet, who had recently come to town. This stranger gives very distinct information of a class of religionists in Káifung fú, the capital of Honán, his native province, who, from his description, resemble the Jews. He says, they refrain from eating 'the sinew which

is upon the hollow of the thigh,' and they do not touch the blood of animals. He recognized the Hebrew letters as those used in their sacred writings, and could trace, in the sound of Hebrew characters, a connection with words which he had heard them utter. The testimony of this individual precisely coincides with the brief notices published by Dr. Morrison, and with some of the lengthened details laid down in Grosier's History of China, vol. iv. chap. 11.

We now made for the Yúshing kwán, the temple of the Táu sect at the North gate, noticed before as a very large and extensive edifice. It lies close under and within the city walls, and is covered in at the back by a thick grove of trees. The avenue that leads from the outer lodge to the 'saucetorium,' is clean and cool. It is shaded over with the branches of some lofty trees, that rise on each side of the walk, and throw a sombre quiet over the whole place. The venerable priest, a man of short stature and slender make, but of mild and genteel manners, politely volunteered to show us round the building. We passed from one apartment to another through this corridor into that, and in the immense building did not meet with more inmates than half a dozen of the sacerdotal order. The spacious chambers, rooms, and halls are tenanted by sculptured, carved, and painted images of all sizes, shapes, and ranks, male and female, young and aged, animal, human, devilish, and imagino-divine.

There were two prominent idols that chiefly attracted our attention, and as we contemplated them, filled us with solemn sadness. They were the representatives of Shángti, the High Ruler of the universe. These huge images are lodged each in its own apartment, and in form, attitude, and attributes, are perfectly distinct. As the true Christian views these man-faced likenesses of Jehovah, this wooden, clayey, and gilded embodying of the *invisible One*, he must mourn over the fall of the human intellect, and tremble at the mockery and defiance to which it has lent its powers.

That man is not a *grateful*, nor is he an *enlightened* Christian, who can only smile at the folly of his fellow-creatures in attempting such semblances of the incorruptible God, or who can nickname them *idiots* and *blockheads* for worshipping these dumb shows. It is the light of Bible truth alone that has dispelled the darkness, 'in which we also walked sometimes,' or our ances-

tors; and it is to the power of Scriptural knowledge, that we have to ascribe the emancipation of our minds from the corrupting, the stultifying dominion of idolatry.

As the Foundling hospital (the Yuhying táng) was over the way, we begged the priest to introduce us to the building and its inmates. To the left hand of the outer porch is a crib, upon which the abandoned infant may be laid. Over the door are emblazoned the characters *kiáu ching páu ch'ih*, 'nurture to maturity and protect the babes.' On crossing the threshold, you open a finely paved square. To the right and to the left, there is a side door, with the words *nái fáng*, i. e. 'milk room,' or nursery, upon it. A number of coarse looking women were peeping through the lattice at us, with squallababies at their breasts, and squalid boys and girls at their heels. These women are their nurses, and these children the foundlings. Each nurse has two or three to look after. But I have rarely witnessed such a collection of filthy, unwashed, ragged brats. There are at present in the institution from 60 to 70 male and female children. One side of the house is appropriated to the girls, and the other to the boys. We got admittance into the girls' nursery, which consists of from 20 to 30 rooms, in two or three flights running the one behind the other. The boys' nursery is its exact counterpart in filth, as in every thing else. But the apartments of the housekeeper or superintendent, looked decent,—forming a good contrast to what we had just seen.

The object of the institution is to afford to outcast babes, or to the children of poor and destitute parents, the protection and nurture of a home. Boys remain under its benevolent roof, until they attain the age of 14 or 15, when they are hired out to service, or are adopted into some family, and girls until they reach their 16th year, when they are engaged as waiting-maids, or are taken into concubinage, or are betrothed by a parent in favor of his son or grandson.

This institution is above a hundred years old. It was erected in the first year of the emperor Kíelung's reign, at which time it numbered only twenty-four distinct apartments. During his reign and since his demise, it has undergone various repairs, and has been much enlarged, so that now there are upwards of 100 rooms, including superintendent's quarters and public halls. It has lately been repaired, after a partial

demolition during the occupation of Ningpo by the British forces in 1841 and 1842.

There is a temple within the city that is worthy of a passing visit. It lies to the south of the 'Bridge gate,' from which we discovered a path close under the city walls leading us to it. The range of the edifice is long. It bears an elegant front, decorated with a group of handsome reliefs, among which are embossed in gilt the characters *Tungyóh kung*, 'the palace of the Tungyóh god.'

On entering we found it almost deserted. None of the regular priesthood made their appearance, and no votaries were to be seen. The only persons to be descried, besides the doorkeeper, were mat-makers. It appeared indeed to be more of a mat-mart than a sacred building. The images are dusty and filthy, and show other signs of disuse and neglect. On pushing our way to the extreme end, we espied a gallery of idols and attempted to ascend the stairs. But the doors were barred, admission could not be gained, and our attention was directed to two notices, the one placed at the bottom of the right hand flight of steps, warning '(those that eat) strong-meats, (and drink) wine, not to enter;' the other upon the opposite side, advising 'the unclean person hastily to retire.'

Passing out again to the street, we perceived a wicket on the right hand of the principal gateway. It was open to us, and we were invited to behold the exhibitions intended to depict the terrors of hell. The apartment is called *tiyóh*, 'the earthly dungeon;' it is a dark, dreary cell. In the centre of the ground floor, there are images of hideous aspect, standing in threatening attitudes. Behind them, groups of small figures in stucco relief are plastered upon the wall, which exhibit the pains and penalties of hell. These are arranged in three or four rows, rising one above the other until they reach the ceiling. Each group has its judge, its criminal, its executioners, and its peculiar form of punishment. The judges are attired as officers generally are, and the executioners as police-runners. The penalties vary according to the heinousness of the culprit's crime, and the horrors of future punishment are depicted before the spectator in every possible form. To be whipped, to be bastinadoed, to be seared with red-hot irons, to be strangled, to be speared, to be beheaded, to be sawn asunder, to be flayed alive, to be squeezed, flattened, and crush-

ed between two thick planks, to be split up, to be bored through and through, to have the limbs torn off one by one, to be plunged from a cliff, or a bridge, into a dungeon below, or a rapid torrent, to be pounded in a heavy mortar, to be boiled in a hot-water caldron, to be burnt up in a furnace, to be baked at the stack, to have hot liquids poured down the throat, etc. etc., constitute their ideas of future punishments, and are the counterpart of the torments inflicted by the Inquisition in Europe upon the magnanimous adherents to the Protestant faith.

Turning from this spot we bent our steps to the *Tien-fung táh*, which is named by foreigners the Tower of Ningpo, or the Pagoda of Ningpo, or the Ningpo Obelisk.

As you ascend the river from Chín-hái, and come within five or six miles of Ningpo, this is the most prominent object that arrests the eye; and, to foreigners who visit the city, it is a point of no little attraction. As soon as they enter the east gate of the city, they make for it, and wind their way in a southeast direction. After shaping their course through numberless streets, it abruptly bursts upon their view, rising 160 feet over their heads, and towering high above the surrounding houses. This pyramid is hexagonal, and counts seven stories, and above twenty-eight windows. At every window there is a lantern hung up; and, when the obelisk is illuminated, which I have seen only once during my stay, the scene is very gay.

The building is in much need of repair, for it is daily becoming more dilapidated, and has already deviated several feet from the perpendicular, hence it might not inappropriately be called the Leaning Tower of Ningpo. As it is in the keeping of a Buddhist priest, who lives in a monastery behind, we were under the necessity of awaiting his arrival. He, poor man, finds it advantageous to keep the keys, since it is in that way alone he can secure the largesses of his foreign visitors. By ascending a flight of narrow stone steps, that run up in a spiral course through the interior of the column, we reached the uppermost story, from which the finest view one could desire opened upon us. The entire city and suburbs were beneath; the valley of Ningpo with its hamlets, villages, hills, mountains, rivulets, and rivers lay all around; and, away in the distance to bound our horizon, we had chains of mountains

on the one hand, and the sea with its islands on the other.

The date at which this tower was founded is exceeding antique. It is indeed more ancient than the city of Ningpo.

The district of Ningpo, in the time of the original Han dynasty, or at the Christian era, was very small. During the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, it rose in importance. At the commencement of the tenth century, and in the reign of Tait'sú, the first monarch in the line of (*not ii*) 'the Five Dynasties' which successively contended for the mastery,—it was organized a larger district. During that emperor's short sway, the foundation of the city walls was laid by Hwángshing, a native of the place. But the 'Tower of Ningpo' had been reared one hundred or one hundred and fifty years previous to that event. In raising this superstructure at that anterior date, the object sought for accorded precisely with the belief which, at the present day, obtains through the whole empire, that the presence of such an edifice not only secures to the site the protection and favor of heaven, if it already bears evidences of enjoying it, but represses any evil influences that may be native to the spot, and imparts to it the most salutary and felicitous omens. The tower has accordingly stood for the last 1100 years. But its history during that period, as given in 'the Annals' already referred to, has been much checkered. It has fallen to ruins, and been rebuilt. It has been burnt almost to the ground, and been reconstructed. It has been struck by lightning, and been repaired. Its pinnacle has been blown down in a hurricane, and has been restored. Some portions of it are now undergoing amendment. But its days appear to be numbered, and ere long its downfall may be announced.

Still pursuing our walk, we came to Hien Híoh kung, 'the District Literary Hall.' Each department in the empire owns a literary hall, and so also does each district. Accordingly, this city, as it is the principal in the department, has two such halls. The Department hall is that generally known to foreigners under the name of 'the temple of Confucius,' and lies within the northeast, or Artillery gate. The District hall or college was laid in ruins amid the disasters of 1841, and is now rising out of a mass of wrecked materials into a neat, orderly, and attractive range of buildings.

In these times there is more of name and show than reality or utility in such an institute. It was originally designed to be the residence of the literary officer, appointed to preside over the interests of learning in the district, but especially to patronize and promote the studies and views of those candidates who should be so successful as to take the first degree. Here they were to pursue their daily studies, and to undergo their monthly examinations, under his immediate inspection. But, from the degeneracy of the age, it has almost become the seat of a sinecure. Somewhere between, but behind, the District hall and the Department temple, there is the site of the commander-in-chief's palace. But there is scarcely one stone left upon another, so thorough has been the work of destruction.

Having crossed an arched stone-bridge, which, in the vicinity of the two temples lately mentioned, is thrown over a narrow part of the lake, we took the road to the right hand, and arrived at the ancient sculptured gate of a large public institution, which, from its proximity to the opposite lake, is called Yueh hú Shū-yuen, 'the Moon Lake College.'

At its foundation, nearly 200 years ago, it was called I'-tien Shū yuen, 'the Charity Field College,' a name in which a clue is given to the objects of its erection, viz., to aid the humble scholar, or to assist the poor and illiterate in getting an education. For the support of a teacher, fields have been granted, from the produce of which he receives 4000 catties of rice as his premium. The sacrist is also entitled to 400 catties. Not many months ago, it was occupied by the officiating commander-in-chief as his official residence.

From this spot we proceeded to the famous and valuable repository of books—the library spoken of before under the name of the Tienyih kóh. Our object in repeating this visit was to inspect two rare birds, of whose arrival we had lately heard. They are natives of Siam, and are generally known by the name Sienhóh. They somewhat resemble the crowned crane, the *Grus carunculatus*. They are both of them quite young. The one is a male, the other is a female. They are nearly of a size, but of the two the male looks the larger and more robust. The legs are long. The head is of a handsome black, forking off behind. On the crest there is a red skin. The rest of the body is white, except the

secondaries of the wings, which are not red, as represented in Chinese drawings, but black and overlap the tail. These have both been purchased by an Englishman, and it is said are to be carried to Great Britain.*

This is the bird that is worked upon the embroidered breast-pieces of the official dresses worn by the highest ministers and nobles of the state. None under the first rank of dignity are permitted to bear such a badge. In a native work on the ornithology of the country, there are many curious, and some prodigious, stories given regarding this fowl. It relates that the bird is capable of being kept in life for 1000 years; that, at 60 years of age, it can sing exquisitely and regularly every hour of the day; that, on reaching its 1000th year it can ascend trees, but not before; that it has a beautiful scarlet tuft of down or velvet skin on the crown of the head, to which the poison of the serpent, that it is reputed to be so fond of eating, determines; and that the downy or velvet crest is often formed into a bead, and made up with those ornamental necklaces, which the high officers wear around their necks, that, in case of imperial displeasure, they may destroy themselves, a matter (so report goes) very easily effected by merely touching the venomous bead with the tip of the tongue, when instant death follows.

Last night we were honored with a large present from his worship Li Jūlin, upon whom we had waited the previous day. These gifts were sent as tokens of friendship, and intended at the same time as a recognition of the courtesies we had paid. They consist chiefly of tea, fruit, and sweetmeats, in separate baskets, the sum of the lots being even and not odd, and each lot being made up of an even number of packets, according to the prevalent idea that, in an odd number there is bad luck, but in a complete number there is good. On a festive occasion, especially, this rule is almost universal. But in making presents at a mournful season, such as the death or burial of a friend, or the anniversary of his death, the odd number obtains. Connected with the receipt of presents, there are one or two formal peculiarities that deserve to be noticed. Should the present be large, it is generally expected that only a portion of it will be accepted, the rest to be returned

with your card of thanks, *unless it is especially requested by the donor that you should take the whole.*

Then, on your accepting the present, whether a part or the whole, you are under an obligation to make each of the bearers a gift of money, the amount of which will vary according to *the class* of the messengers, if mere coolies or if personal attendants,—according to the *quantity* and *value* of the presents,—according to the *quality* of the donor,—and according to *your own* station in society. The servants, on returning to their master, apprise him of your bounty, which, with his permission, they retain for their own benefit.

These appear to be fixed rules, to which I have not known a single exception during my residence at Ningpo, except in the case of intimate friends. In other parts of the empire the custom may vary. But in this department at least, it seems to be, not only universally, but uniformly observed among the well-bred community. It is a usage, however, that is not unfrequently taken advantage of by bad fellows to impose upon the stranger. For instance, several attendants will accompany the presents when one or two are quite sufficient. It happened once that a quave, who was some way or other connected with the chifu's office, went to my lodgings with a pair of ornamented candles, purporting that they had been presented to me by his worship. As I was not at home, the fellow could get no remuneration for his trouble. Being informed, however, that I was dining out, he made for the residence of my friend, and handed in a card with the candles. But, from the form and style of the card, and from the nature of the gift, which stood in awkward juxtaposition with the large and handsome presents that his pretended master had only the previous evening sent to me, it was evident that it was an attempt at imposition. The fellow was dismissed with little ceremony. He was probably hard pressed for money, and adopted this clumsy expedient to replete his purse. But, that the servants of the chifu's office might be warned against repeating the cheat, I apprized his worship of it, to the no small perplexity of his attendants.

As I have lately had a good opportunity of learning much about the nuns and nunneries of China, it will be fit in this place to give a short digest of the items I have been able to collect. In doing so, it will be better to embody all I have gleaned in

* Pwāntingqua of Canton has a pair of these birds at his country seat.

an account of the convent—a wing of which I occupied.

It is situated on a line with the lodgings I at present hold, and about 200 yards distant from them. It is dedicated to the idol, generally named in European writers, the Goddess of Mercy. Hence the building is called the Nunnery of Kwányin. The full appellation of the deity is Kwánshi yin, that is, 'observing the sounds (the cries) of the world.' It is represented as a female, who is supposed to extend her gracious patronage to all that, in trouble and difficulty, raise the cry for compassion. It is one of the numberless objects of idolatry, introduced by the Buddhists from the west. In the whole of China, there is no idol that meets with more respect and honor; and, since women form the overwhelming majority of the devout, and Kwányin being the special patroness of the weaker sex, they of course chiefly apply to her,—there is not any other that is more frequently invoked in favor of frail humanity.

The great allurements presented by the promoters of Buddhism in China, to the mind of the aspirant who would consecrate herself to the altar of this goddess, is the absorption after death into the unknown Budha,—a matter which, the more mysteriously it is represented to the mind of the ingenuous but credulous candidate, the more taking it becomes. This personal advantage is held out by the institution, to facilitate the succession of an order of priestesses, who can gain access where the formalities of society cannot admit the stranger priest, and who are qualified to work, both with dexterity and with impunity, upon the feelings of the class that is the most susceptible of religious impressions. To keep up this order of the priesthood, the rooms of the deceased, or, as they will have it, the annihilated or absorbed, must be filled up either by purchase or by self-dedication. In the case of purchase, babes, or girls of very tender age and good promise, are preferred and bought up at a very low rate. To my personal knowledge, a sweet child only four years of age has been offered by its own mother to an abbess for the paltry sum of four dollars!

But there are some, who either are dedicated by their parents from their birth, or who, when they come of age, voluntarily consecrate themselves to the service of this deity. When the case is optional, it arises often—if not always—from having been thwarted in some of their prospects or wishes.

I have seen a blooming nun of nineteen, who 'left the world' and all its concerns, and took upon her the vows of perpetual virginity, in consequence of the untimely death of her intended husband. The nun to whom I allude had small feet, which had been bandaged prior to her misfortune, and her introduction to the priesthood. Of the nuns, whom one occasionally sees walking peaceably though the streets of Ningpo, there are a few who have small feet. Probably all of these have, after they have come to the years of maturity and discretion, taken the veil without compulsion and of their own accord.

The candidate is not admitted into full orders, until she attains the age of sixteen. Prior to this, and from the commencement of her ascetic life, she assumes the garb peculiar to the sisterhood. The chief apparent distinction, between the novice and she in full orders, is that the head of the latter is wholly shaven, while the former has only the front part of her crown shaven. The younger nuns have platted cues flowing down behind. As to the habit which this devout class wears, it on the whole so much resembles the dress of the Buddhist monks, that it is in very many cases impossible, at first sight to distinguish the two orders. The nuns have large feet, clumsy shoes, long stockings and garters, full trowsers, short jackets, and wide sleeves—with bald pates and skull-caps, precisely as the priests have. But the priestesses have smoother countenances, softer looks, sweeter voices, and are more tidy.

According to report, the nuns of Súchau fú have reversed the general laws, and throwing aside the hempen cloth which is the material assigned to the self-denying sisterhood, have preferred silks and satins for dresses.

When the young woman has bared, or shaved, her head—a sign of making religious vows very different from that of 'taking the veil' adopted in the nunneries of Europe,—she is required to live a life of devotion and mortification. She must eat and drink sparingly, and her diet must consist of vegetables only. Strong meats and drinks are to be avoided as poison. The business and cares of this world are not to engross her attention. She has retired from it, and must be fitting herself for eternal canonization. Nothing should occupy her thoughts or engage her affections, but the service of the temple in the precincts of which she lives.

Daily exercises are to be conducted by her; the furniture of the small sanctuary, that forms a part of the convent, must be looked after and kept clean and orderly; those women, or men, who come to worship at the altars, and to seek guidance or comfort, must be cared for and assisted. When there is leisure, the sick and the poor are to be visited; and all, who have placed themselves under her special direction and spiritual instruction, have a strong claim upon her regard. That she may live the life of seclusion and self-denial, she must vow perpetual virginity. The thought of marriage should never enter her head, and the society of men must be shunned. On her death she will be swallowed up in nihilism!

In the Kwányin nunnery, there are altogether seven inmates. The head nun is about forty years of age, and is more masculine in her temper than any Chinese woman I have met with. Her passions are violent, and when her anger is roused, it rises to a fearful pitch. She is a thorough scold, and keeps her pupils in perpetual awe of her. But what must be the hardened depravity of her heart, that, under a cloak of sanctity, seeks to hide those scenes of vice and debauchery which, with her sanction and encouragement, are acted under her roof! Her avarice is voracious. Her deceit is dark and deep. She is a wolf in sheep's clothing. Her disciples are six in number, their ages running between seven and twenty-five. Four of them, notwithstanding their spare diet, look fat and hale. The two younger are in a bad state of health. The abbess always pretended to be very fastidious in avoiding animal food, and every thing having a strong flavor. Yet she used to drink the ardent spirits distilled from rice, and appeared at times to be much under its influence.

Their daily services are conducted morning and evening. At the usual exercises, however, I have rarely seen more than two officiate. On special occasions, that are occurring every month, there are services which occupy the whole day. At some of these, they are aided by sisters from other convents in the city or the country; and, not unfrequently, priests are called in to join the sacred concerts, in which case the priests and priestesses occupy separate apartments, but proceed with the chants in unison.

Their sacred books consist of many volumes, printed in large text on fine paper.

For these they have a profound respect. I bought a copy from them, but they would not part with it until they had strongly urged me to give it an elevated place on my book-shelves. The rapidity with which the pages and sections of the books are hurried off at their religious services, is amazing. Both the young and the old nuns seem equally expert at their recitations. But there is nothing of a *devotional* spirit about them. Their demeanor is any thing but devout. When a choir of juvenile nuns meet together, it is shocking to see the levity with which they pay religious homage to the stock before them. They are as merry and tricky, as flirting and frolicsome, as any party of girls met to keep the birthday of one of their schoolmates. As much time is spent in reading and reciting prayers, cantics, &c., &c., the candidate, before she can be admitted into full orders, must undergo an educational training. She is taught to read, and many of them pursue the same elementary course that is adopted throughout the empire. They learn the Trimetrical Classic, the Four Books, &c., and are taught the ready use of the pencil. Some of the sisterhood, I have been told, are very well read in the lore of the country. It would appear, from what I have seen and heard, that the training of the novice is intrusted to that inmate who was last admitted.

Those among the laity, who have put themselves under the spiritual direction of a nun, are expected to confide in her as a teacher, and to submit to her as a priestess. Whether the devotee be a man or a woman, the nun who is the chosen preceptress gives to the individual a *new name*. Each nun is on the alert to cultivate the acquaintance of the disciple she has already made, and to swell her list of friends, because her support principally depends upon them. Behind the shrine of Kwányin, in that nunnery to which I have throughout been making a special reference, there is a slab erected with the names of subscribers, or donors, who for the maintenance of the order had promised or paid down small sums of money. To each of the female contributors there is a new name prefixed. Visitors from town and country are very frequent. These generally contribute a little in money or in kind, so that with the subscriptions of steady friends and the donations of occasional visitors, the means of subsistence are not lacking. Besides, there is property invested in houses and in land. That wing of the con-

vent which I occupied is entirely appropriated to lodgings, let out at a moderate rate, and capable of being made very comfortable, if one were not perpetually subject to annoyance from the boisterous money-seeking landlady.

The extra services I have above alluded to are got up by the patrons of the order on occasions of calamity, or prosperity, or when the abbess is successful enough to work upon the superstitious feelings of a husband, through the agency of a priest-ridden wife. The person, who sends requesting the services of the nuns, appoints the number of books to be recited at the shrine of the nunnery, for which he must pay a certain remuneration. At each service the nuns are said to receive respectively the small premium of 100 cash a day.

According to the statement of the superior to this convent, there are, in the district of Ningpo alone, thirty nunneries and above 300 inmates, the largest number in a single building not exceeding twenty. But the estimation in which the religious order is held is exceedingly low. They are described by all to be a class of women almost on the same footing with those who are lost to all the finest and most delicate feelings that are peculiarly the glory and the protection of the sex.

Like the male priests of the same religion, and like the popish priesthood in the Philippines,—they are not only not respected by the populace, but are detested for their profligacies, and dreaded for the influence, which they are supposed to exert on one's destiny by familiar intercourse with the spirits of the invisible world; hence, it is a common saying, that 'to meet with a nun in the street will be unlucky to your errand.' Indeed such was the profligacy of the dressy, small-footed, opium-smoking nuns of Sūchau—the capital of Kiangsū province,—that the notorious Yü Kien, (who in 1841 hastened down to Chínhai as imperial commissioner invested with full powers to destroy the barbarian English by fire and by sword,) when he held the office of lieutenant-governor in that province, broke up their establishments and disbanded the sisterhood.

To complete this notice of Chinese nuns and nunneries, I will refer to the two junior inmates of the Kwányin convent. The younger of the two died only a week ago, at the early age of seven years. She had been bought when six years old. When I came into the neighborhood, she was suffer-

ing a good deal from ulceration of the bowels. On the abbess hearing that an English physician had reached Ningpo, she applied to me for his assistance. Dr. Johnstone of the Madras Rifles, who was then on a visit of a few days, cheerfully consented, and prescribed for the sufferer from his private stock of medicines. This was in the end of last month. But the child was already beyond remedy, and death had fastened upon her vitals. On the morning of the 29th of December, while the elder nuns were rejoicing that the poor child was sleeping so soundly, they were not aware that the sleep of death had stolen upon her, until they perceived she was insensible to sound and to touch. It was breathing its last. When they ascertained this fact, the body was removed out of the room, and put into the wood-house, there to expire unattended. Aluh, her senior in age, although devotedly attached to this dying companion, was not allowed by her superior to watch over the closing moments of the poor girl. When it was laid in its rude coffin, the servant was ordered to throw in the doll with which she had played; and, after a sorcerer of the Táu sect had performed his incantations to quiet the spirit of the departed, and to bribe away from the spot any demons that might be lurking about, the coffin was placed under the city walls.

Aluh, her senior, is a girl thirteen years of age. Her father, who is dead, used to go about Ningpo hawking turnips and greens. On his death, the mother sold this poor girl to the nuns at the tender age of four. Being the sixth of eight sisters, (the seventh having in like manner been given over to a convent in the neighborhood,) she is named Aluh (the sixth); but her priestly name is *Tsákshen*, 'Collected Virtues.' As she has not yet reached the age when she can be fully inducted, her head is not quite shaven. Her countenance is peculiarly striking, to which her present sickness adds a mournful interest, as it cannot fail to create serious apprehensions that she will not long be a survivor in this world.* And truly how deplorable, how cruel, is the mistake by which so many of the female youth of China are at an early age made over to a system, the influence of which is only to render their minds more corrupted, and to aggravate their future woes!

* She died on the 13th of the following May.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY H. MACNAMARA.

From the Metropolitan.

THERE does not exist a more perfect feature in human nature than that affection which a mother bears towards her children. Love, in its true character, is of divine origin, and an emanation from that Spirit, who Himself "is Love," and though often degraded on earth, we yet find it pure, sublime, and lasting within the maternal breast. Man is frequently captivated by mere external graces, and he dignifies that pleasure, which all experience in the contemplation of the beautiful, by the title of love; but a mother makes no distinction, she caresses the ugly and deformed with kindness, equal to, if not surpassing, that she bestows on the more favored. Too frequently are interested motives the basis of apparent affection, but it is not so with her, who clings more fondly to her children in their poverty, their misfortunes, ay, and their disgrace. The silken chains by which we are bound one to the other are sometimes broken with facility; a word, a look, may snap the links, never to be re-united; friendship decays or proves false in the hour of need; we almost doubt the existence of constancy—away with this doubt, while the maternal heart continues, as a temple, for the dwelling of God's holiest attribute.

She has watched her infant from the cradle; she will not desert him until separated by the grave. How anxiously she observes the budding faculties, the expansion of mind, the increasing strength of body! She lives for her child more than for herself, and so entwined has her nature become with his, that she shares in all his joys, and alas! in all his sorrows. "Not because it is lovely," says Herder, "does the mother love her child, but because it is a living part of herself—the child of her heart, a fraction of her own nature. Therefore does she sympathize with his sufferings; her heart beats quicker at his joys; her blood flows more softly through her veins, when the breast at which he drinks knits him closer to her."*

Say that her son falls into poverty; a bankrupt in fortune, he is shunned by former acquaintances and despised by most of his fellow-beings, but one will there be found, like a ministering angel at his side, cheering his despondency, encouraging him to renewed exertions, and ready herself to become a slave for his sake.

Say that he is exposed to censure, whether merited or unmerited,—all men rush to heap their virtuous indignation on his head; they have no pity for a fallen brother, they shun or they curse him. How different is the conduct of that being who gave him life! She cannot believe the charge; she will not rank herself among the foes of her child. And if at length

the sad truth be established, she still feels that he has not thrown off *every* claim; and if an object of blame, he is also one of pity. Her heart may break, but it cannot cease to love him. In the moments of sickness, when stretched on the bed of pain, dying perhaps from a contagious disease, he is deserted by his professed friends, who dare not, and care not to approach him—one nurse will be seen attending him; she will not leave his precious existence to the care of hirelings, though now every instant in his presence seems an hour of agony. His groans penetrate her heart, but she will not let him hear the sad response; she weeps, but turns away, lest he should see her tears. She guards his slumbers, presses his feverish lips to hers, pours the balm of religion on his conscience, and points out to him the mercy of that Judge before whom he may shortly appear. When all is silent, she prays for his life; and if that may not be, for his happiness in the life to come.

He dies.—The shock perhaps deprives her of life, or, if not, she lives as one desolate and alone, anxiously looking forward to that world where she may meet her darling child, never to part again.

With equal simplicity and eloquence, the tender affection of Hagar for her child is expressed in the Old Testament.* In a wilderness, herself parched with thirst and fainting from fatigue, she beholds her infant—her only companion—lying from want of nourishment. The water-bottle was empty. Placing her boy beneath a shrub, and moving to some distance, she cried, "Let me not see the death of my child!" "Let me not behold the severance of those ties, which nature compels me to support and cherish; let not mine eyes witness the gradual departure of that angel spirit, which I had hoped would afford me comfort and consolation in my declining years." And "she lift up her voice and wept." But she was not left childless, "for God was with the lad."

If we reflect upon the inestimable value of this parent, we can appreciate the beauty of the psalmist's expression, when he compares himself, laboring under the extreme of grief, to one "*who mourneth for his mother.*" And was it not in accordance with the perfect character of our Saviour, that some of his last thoughts should be for the welfare of her who

* Genesis xxi. 14, &c.

† A very fine picture of maternal suffering is exhibited in the fable of Niobe, (Ovid's *Metamorph.* lib. 6, fab. 5,) after the destruction of her sons.

"Heu! quantum hæc Niobe, Niobe distabat ab illa!"

Invidiosa suis, at nunc miserranda vel hosti!
 Corporibus gelidis incumbit: et ordine nullo
 Oscula dispensat natos suprema per omnes."
 And after the death of her daughters, how appropriate was her change into a lifeless marble statue, paralyzed—yet weeping!

followed him through all his trials? When extended on the cross, pointing to the disciple whom he loved, he said to Mary, "Woman, behold thy son," and to the disciple, "Behold thy mother." And from that hour the disciple took her to his own home.

Among the greatest and the best of our fellow-creatures,* we shall find that they never forgot the duty owing to her from whom they not only received life, but frequently inherited superior powers of mind. We are all too apt to disregard blessings to which we have long been accustomed, and to appreciate them only when it is too late. Many of us have cause to regret the past on this account, and some would willingly begin life again, solely from a wish to serve and please those of whose worth they are now aware.

Trifle not with a mother's love! It is too valuable, too elevated, and, though it last to the end of life, too transitory. Like many objects of inestimable worth and power, it is yet delicate and sensitive; then wound it not by a thoughtless word or an unkind action, but cherish its existence with feelings of the strongest admiration and respect.

Let us endeavor to share in the sentiments of the poet, Kirk White, as expressed in the following lines:

"And canst thou, mother, for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honors on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?—
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought! where'er our steps may
 roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age."

PUNISHMENT OF APOSTATES FROM ISLAMISM.

From the Asiatic Journal.

A RECENT occurrence, which has established a precedent for interference by Christian governments, in matters of religion, with Mahomedan states, is too curious in itself, and too important in relation to its probable consequences, to be allowed by us to pass without a short notice. The relaxation of that severe system of anti-Christian policy which for so many

* Tasso, Pope, Gray, Cowper, Kirke White, Canning, may be adduced, among many others, as well-known examples.

centuries kept Turkey in a constant state of active or slumbering hostility with Christendom, and the adoption by the Turkish government and people of many of our habits and modes of thinking, seem to have invited this encroachment (for such we deem it) upon their peculiar laws, and in a matter which, a few years ago, would have thrown the whole Ottoman empire into combustion.

The short and simple facts of the case are as follows. By the Mahomedan law, as administered in Turkey, persons who, having embraced Islamism, afterwards abandon that faith, are liable to suffer death. This is no doubt a barbarous and cruel law, but it is not peculiar to Mahomedanism—witness the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford! There have been probably more persons put to death in cold blood, and according to the forms of law, for exchanging one mode of Christianity for another, than in Turkey for renouncing the established faith altogether.

In the Turkish empire, there have been individuals who, educated in Christianity, have apostatized to Islamism,—men of lax or abandoned principles, who hoped by such change to improve their worldly circumstances, or, perhaps, in a few cases, to gratify their appetite for pleasures in which the Mussulman creed permits its votaries to indulge without let or censure. It is barely or scarcely possible that one or two individuals in a century have conscientiously repudiated the Bible, in the belief of which they have been bred, and sincerely embraced the *Koran*. When the Barbary states were in their vigor, many Christians, captured by their rovers, became Mahomedans, either through compulsion, or in the hope of escaping the horrors of slavery; but that infamous system has passed away.

Recently, some individuals, who had apostatized from Christianity to Islamism, and become again converts (as it is termed) to their original faith, have been executed in Turkey. What might have been the motives of these men in thus dallying with a question of such vital importance to themselves, it is impossible to know; if the first change was a sordid or licentious one, the second may be as little sincere. But the motives of the converts are no part of the question.

The ambassadors of England and France at Constantinople have been authorized and instructed by their governments to demand of the Sultan that this practice, of putting to death converts from Islamism to Christianity, be formally and forever abandoned throughout the Ottoman empire. When this proposition was made to the minister of the Porte, he told the ambassadors that this was a religious question, in which the government could not act; at the same time, in order to evince his desire to fulfil the wishes of his Christian allies, the Sultan, although he could not abrogate a religious law, undertook that it should not in future be enforced.

This was a very considerable step in toleration, to be taken by a bigoted government, at

the instance of those whose motives it must suspect and whose faith it detests. The law was still to remain unrepealed, but inert, like our law against witches, up to a very late period. And this would probably have sufficed, if it had not been intended to establish a direct and unquestionable precedent for interfering peremptorily in such matters hereafter. The two ambassadors would listen to no stipulation short of a formal abrogation of the law. It was in vain they were reminded that this was no question involving the toleration of Christianity, which is secured by treaty; the ambassadors demanded interviews with the Sultan, and threatened that, if their proposition was not agreed to, they would cease communication with the Porte, and withdraw from Constantinople.

Whether the military and naval preparations, which were ordered contemporaneously with this demand, indicated an intention primarily to resist it, is matter of conjecture: the Turkish government is too feeble to engage in a war with any European power, even when the contest is for the defence of their faith. It has submitted.

In this event we foresee the ultimate overthrow of Mahomedanism as a principle of government. Similar occasions for interference will often happen, and they will never be neglected. The two creeds will thus be brought into a species of conflict, and Mahomedanism will sink from a dominant principle into the distinction of a sect.

The result may be beneficial; but we wish it could be brought about by different means. Neither England nor France has any greater right to require the Turkish government to forbear executing apostates who relapse, than to call upon that of Portugal to abstain from an *auto da fe*.

THE POLKA.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

WHEN we wrote last month, that there was little doubt but the Polka would soon leave Paris, and come to town *via* Folkeston and Boulogne, we scarcely imagined that our predictions would be so rapidly fulfilled. The Polka has arrived, and its London popularity bids fair to equal its Parisian, at least for a season. But we are bound to state our impression that this season will be a very short one.

The "Illustrated London News," with its usual active vigilance, was the first to herald the approaching *furor*, by giving the music of the dance, and illustrations of its execution, in which a lady with long plaited tails and a gentleman in melodramatic costume, were throwing their limbs about in unwonted action. Then advertisements of tuition in its mysteries

crept into the newspapers. Nobody as yet knew it, but all assumed the knowledge; and what they were at a loss to comprehend they invented of their own. Some announced that they had started for Paris to see how it was performed in society; others simply stated they gave lessons in it twice a-day; and one lady informed an anxious public "that she had had the honor of acquiring it from a Bohemian nobleman." How we should like to have seen the interview! and what a subject it would have made for the pencil of Mr. Leech, who in the portrayal of "foreign gentlemen," seedy and otherwise, stands unrivalled. Bohemia must indeed be the land of dance, from the days of La Esmeralda to the present time, when its very nobles give lessons therein. Imagine our returning the compliment, and dispatching one of our peers—Lord Brougham, for instance—to teach the college-hornpipe or the double-shuffle at foreign academies!

It was left for Easter Monday to reveal the music and the dance of the Polka to public ears and eyes,—the former at the Haymarket, the latter at the Lyceum and Princess's Theatre; and four days later the Opera followed their example. At the first-named house it was simply played by the orchestra, but at the others it was executed by the *corps de ballet*. Miss Farebrother, as a most bewitching robber, joined her band of forty very pretty thieves in its graceful evolutions at the Lyceum; and at the Princess's so many dark eyes and good legs flashed and twinkled in the figure, that the lookers-on were well nigh beside themselves. But at both of these theatres young ladies in the boxes became alarmed as they watched its intricacies, and whispered to each other, or thought to themselves, "Goodness gracious! shall we be expected to go through all those positions in society?" We believe we can relieve their anxiety by replying, "Certainly not;" for in both cases the Polka is a fine fiction, as now performed. We, who from our "Divan" remove the roofs of houses at our will, and, Asmodeus-like, lay bare their secrets, know that at neither theatre was any thing particularly understood about it at all. At one house, the tact of the gifted little woman who now manages therein, cleverly aided by her satellites and auxiliaries, contrived to throw additional attraction into a very clever burlesque by its apt introduction; and at the others, the evening "Fair Star" shone with increased brilliancy by the Polka, which emanated from the united heads, or heels, of Monsieur Jullien and Madame Vedy. A great man and a talented is Monsieur Jullien. You will find envious musicians, and gloomy frequenters of classical concerts, who call him a humbug. This we flatly contradict. He has unequalled tact in seizing, and ability in arranging, any subject of popular interest. And, even admitting that he is one, a man who can "humbug" London for three or four consecutive years is of no ordinary mind. How many are struggling to do the same; and, in the same, misera-

bly failing. We return to our original position: Monsieur Jullien is a great man and a talented; his quadrilles are only surpassed by his camellias.

But as yet there had only been a revelation of the Polka to Easter-holiday makers. On the ensuing Thursday its name appeared in large letters on the *affiches* of the Italian Opera, for the benefit of those living on the *entresol* of society. We say the "entresol," because those above them knew it already, from their intercourse with the best Parisian circles; but the intermediate people wished to learn it,—those *parvenu* gentilities who go to the Opera, not to be amused, but because they imagine being constantly seen there gives them position. The "Polka" was to be danced by Perrot and Carlotta; and the announcement, no doubt, drew together a good many who had seen the others,—people of inferior station, who boldly paid their eight-and-sixpence, or crept in under favor of a newspaper admission. "Now," they thought, "we shall see what the Polka ought to be; for the others have been mere *divertissemens*."

Well, the curtain rose, and discovered "an interior." It might be "a palace," "a hall of audience," "an apartment in the castle," "a splendid saloon," or whatever sort of scene the exigencies of the piece demanded. Then entered a grand procession of ladies and gentlemen, more or less Bohemian, in costumes that had done the stage much service. These marched about, paired off, and promenaded together again, until the audience wondered what would come afterwards. Next followed a "pas de deux," in which the scantiness of drapery excited virtuous indignation; and then Carlotta and Perrot bounded in, amidst the cheers of the spectators, and the Polka commenced.

What it was cannot very well be defined: to us it appeared a species of double Cracovienne run mad. Carlotta pointed her toes upwards, and clicked her brass heels together, and Perrot did the same; then they waltzed in unequal time, and leant backwards, and forwards, and sideways, and against one another, and turned each other round, until they finally spun off amidst universal applause, and the intense bewilderment of the spectators, now greater than ever, as to what the Polka was supposed to be. For surely nobody would ever attempt all those evolutions in a ball-room!

The truth is this. The Polka is in itself as simple as the waltz; it is, in fact, a species of waltz in Cracovienne time, if we may be allowed to say so. Two people can dance it as well as two dozen, beginning or leaving off whenever they please; but, as the first half-minute shows completely what it is, a different arrangement was necessary for the stage, and various figures were introduced, at the option, and according to the taste of the ballet-master or mistress. That it will ever become as popular in London as on the Continent we much doubt. There is, at the best, too much of the

ballet about it. But creating a sensation about any thing always benefits somebody; and in this instance, whether the dancing-masters, the opera-dancers, the theatres, or the music-publishers have benefited the most by its introduction, the end has been fully answered.

LOVER'S EVENINGS!

From the Literary Gazette.

It is but putting the apostrophe at another point, and making it Lovers' Evenings, to indicate how pleasant such evenings are. Time immemorial they have been so; blessed with the hopes of Youth, dear to the memories of Age.

But though of a like enjoyable kind, the Lover's Evening of which we have now to discourse is of an unlike description. It was the first public appearance of the gentleman of that name, so well known and so highly popular as novelist, composer, artist, dramatist, and lyrist, as the expositor of Irish character, and an illustrator of Irish music. Lover's Tales are among the raciest of his country's productions in that line; and his songs are sung from the court to the cabin,—touching in natural pathos, or rich in national humor. A patriotic ambition has, happily for those who can hear them, induced him to deliver lectures on the music of Ireland, and embellish them with examples from ancient times, from his admirable contemporary Moore, and (chiefly) from his own compositions, either already chanted throughout the three kingdoms, or novelties which, from their beauty both in language and melody, must speedily partake of the same enviable notoriety. On Wednesday, the handsome concert-room of the Prince's theatre was crowded, centre, reserved seats, and orchestra, with as fashionable a looking throng as we have ever seen on a similar occasion. At eight o'clock the lecture began; and, except the interruptions of numerous bursts of applause or laughter, the silent attention paid to the whole till nearly eleven o'clock* was the best tribute that could reward the successful efforts of Mr. Lover.

* Too late, however, and we are of opinion that no treat of the kind should exceed two hours, and conduct us into midnight. Encore, it is true, interfere with and destroy previous calculations of time; but in London, with its distances, many people desire to leave public places so as to get home at convenient seasons; and others in the upper ranks of life have often to visit private parties. Care should be taken to meet these requisites; for it is very annoying to quit what is so agreeable to us in the middle of our pleasure, and hardly less so to notice persons obliged to depart in order to avoid too late hours.

His own voice is of limited power ; but what is wanted in physique is abundantly made up in genuine expression. The bard is the true interpreter of his own ideas ; and to us an emphasis is worth more than the highest note ever reached by vocal organ. We love meaning far better than flourish, a vibration of our heart's strings beyond the purest shake ever executed, and a simple feeling of emotion above any pitch of tone that would astonish the world. When rarely united (as in one of the applauding audience who sat not far from us, Mrs. Alfred Shaw), the finished powers of music and just expression are indeed irresistible. But to return to our theme. After some pertinent and interesting introductory remarks, Mr. L. sang a new song, called *Whisper Low*, of which it is enough to say that it deserves a place beside his *Angels' Whisper*—"A baby was sleeping." He then proceeded to speak of the ancient harp and harpers, of the remarkable names given to the strings of the instrument, and other matters of curious lore, interspersed with many amusing anecdotes, and old as well as modern traits of Irish character. Every division was followed by a song, duet, or trio, aptly brought in, and charmingly sung by Miss Cubitt, a Miss Rollo Dickson, and the author. Among these, the glowing benevolence of the *Four-leaved Shamrock*, sung by Mr. L. ; *Carolans*, sung by Miss Cubitt ; *Molly Bawn*, sung by Miss Dickson ; and, in conclusion, *Coo Coo* (a new song), also sung by this young lady ; and *Widow Machree*, by Mr. Lover ;—were lauded to the echo. The story of the "Curse of Kishogoe" was told with inimitable drollery. And of new songs, destined for equal popularity with their predecessors, we may quote the following :

" Whisper Low.

" In days of old, when first I told
A tale so bold, my love, to thee,
In faltering voice I sought thy choice,
And did rejoice thy blush to see ;
With downcast eyes I heard thy sighs,
And hope reveal'd her dawn to me,
As soft and slow, with passion's glow,
I whisper'd low, my love, to thee.

The cannon loud, in deadly breach,
May thunder on the shrinking foe ;
'Tis anger is but loud of speech,
The voice of love is soft and low.
The tempest's shout, the battle's rout,
Make havoc wild we weep to see ;
But summer wind and friends when kind
All whisper low as I to thee.

Now, gallants gay, in pride of youth,
Say, would you win the fair one's ear ?
Your votive prayer be short and sooth,
And whisper low, and she will hear.
The matin-bell may loudly toll
The bridal morn when all may hear ;
But at the time of vesper-chime
Oh whisper low in beauty's ear."

Of a livelier character is

" There's no such Girl as mine.

" Oh, there's no such girl as mine,
In all the wide world around ;
With her hair of golden twine,
And her voice of silver sound.
Her eyes are as black as the sloes,
And quick is her ear so fine,
And her breath is as sweet as the rose,
There's no such girl as mine !

Her spirit so sweetly flows,
Unconscious winner of hearts,
There's a smile wherever she goes,
There's a sigh wherever she parts ;
A blessing she wins from the poor,
To court her the rich all incline,
She's welcome at every door—
O there's no such girl as mine !

She's light to the banquet-hall,
She's balm to the couch of care ;
In sorrow, in mirth, in all,
She takes her own sweet share
Enchanting the many abroad,
At home doth she brightest shine ;
'Twere endless her worth to laud—
There's no such girl as mine !"

At the end, the room rose and loudly cheered this most entertaining and characteristic beginning of a long course of "Irish Evenings," which, like Wilson's Scotch, will delight the public, no matter to which of the three kingdoms they belong.

EXPEDITION INTO THE INTERIOR OF SOUTH AMERICA.—Our neighbors are honorable competitors in the field of geographical enterprise and scientific exploration. Accounts have been received of the Comte de Castelnau's expedition into the interior of South America, dated from Sabara, one hundred and fifty leagues north of Rio Janeiro, and some of the fruits of its labors, a collection of objects of natural history, have already reached Paris. The Comte Ange de Saint Priest, who lately published a collection of drawings of Mexican antiquities, (*Athen.* No. 814), has submitted to the king a project for a scientific exploration of the provinces of Yucatan, Chiapas, and Central America ; and a commission, composed of eminent members of the Institute, has been formed to organize the expedition, direct its labors, and trace its route. The king has created the bishop of Ireland a chevalier of the legion of honor, in acknowledgment of the services rendered by him to the Iceland Exploring Scientific Commission ; and the Geographical Society has awarded its gold medal, for the most remarkable contributions to geographical literature, to M. H. de Hell, for his journey to the shores of the Caspian Sea, and to M. d'Arnaud for his travels to the sources of the White Nile.—*Athenaeum.*



From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE WINDS.

BY JOSHUA NIXTY.

WHAT voice is in the winds !
There is a feeling in their lightest tone,
The soft gales sigh the storm-blast's hollow moan,
Each to the soul in language of its own
Speaks and an echo finds.

How light upon the ear
Breathes the soft murmur of the evening gale,
Wringing from memory full many a tale
Of home, and youth, and love, ah ! visions frail,
As they were passing dear.

The whirlwind in its might,
That vanquisher of earth, the hoarse, the loud
Scourger of ocean, ruler of the cloud,
What is the whirlwind?—what but passion's
crowd
Of feelings as they smite.

How o'er the ravaged earth
Are strown the fragments of her summer prime,
Like blighted joys that lie in after time
Upon the aching heart, whose only crime
Was to give passion birth.

The night wind sweeps along,
With fitful cadence sighing on its way,
As if the spirits of the bright, the gay,
The loved, the lost, were in its mournful play,
A melancholy throng.

How soft its gentle kias—
And can it be that spirits from above,
Thus on the pinions of the night-wind rove,
Fanning the fever'd cheeks of those they love,
And whispering of bliss ?

But now the morning breeze
Steals o'er the earth with fragrance on its wings,
Filling the soul with bright imaginings ;
The flow'ret opens its bud, the wild bird sings—
There's music in the trees.

What says the breeze of morn ?
That gentle hope within the human breast,
May thus breathe sweetly, calming it to rest,
Thus sing of happiness and regions blest,
To comfort the forlorn.

Then have not winds a voice ?
Is there not language in each magic sound ?

Are they not eloquent as on they bound
O'er earth and sea ? When are they silent found ?
When cease they to rejoice ?

Among the snows untrod,
Along the vale and o'er the grassy hill,
Through trees, 'mid flow'rets boisterous or still,
By night, by day, the universe they fill :
Theirs is the voice of God.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

I SIGH IN VAIN.

I sigh in vain
For freedom, and my spirit long hath pined
To tread the dark green hills of earth again,
To drink the mountain-wind.

More blest than I,
On silver wing the sea-bird far may roam,
Seek the glad sunshine of the azure sky,
Or the bright billow's foam.

The forest deer
Are in the green wood bounding wild and free,
While, fevered and heart-sick, I languish here
In lone captivity.

The bright sunshine
That warms the earth and lights the lonely sea,
May gladden every heart and eye save mine,
But scarce may beam on me.

I pine alone,
There is no smile to soothe the captive's woe—
No kindly breathing voice, whose gentle tone
Forbids his tears to flow.

Night's raven wings
May fan the mourner to a brief repose ;
But the sweet pause from sorrow which she brings,
On me she ne'er bestows.

For when the stars
Begem the dark arch of the midnight sky,
Sadly I watch them through my grating bars,
As they sail silent by.

Or if I lay
Me down on my straw bed, and seek to sleep,
In tortured visions scenes now far away
Will by my spirit sweep.

My throbbing head !
 Oh, that my burning fantasies were o'er,
 And thou wert laid cold in thy last low bed,
 To dream of earth no more.

Man was not made
 To waste in lone captivity away ;
 Far better 'twere in quiet to be laid,
 Mouldering in dull decay.

Welcome then, Death !
 Too long thy seraph wing hath stayed from me.
 Come, break this chain, and steal this fluttering
 breath,
 And set my spirit free.

From the Metropolitan.

THE ARAB MOTHER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"In the march of a caravan, it is customary to bury the dead by the way-side, and I have known a poor mother carry the corpse of her infant for hours, loth to tell the secret which must entail a perpetual separation."—*Mr. F. Ainsworth's Tales of the East.*

SLOWLY and sadly o'er the desert wild
 A wearied throng their languid way are keeping ;
 The mother to her bosom clasps her child,
 How tranquilly the gentle babe is sleeping !

All marvel when its eyelids shall unclose,
 Listing to hear its murmured accents breaking ;
 They see not in that infant's calm repose
 The deep and dreamless sleep that knows not
 waking.

But she, the mother, *knows* that death is there,
 And struggles not against the sad conviction :
 How can she silently her trial bear ?
 How can she still the outbreak of affliction ?

How can she light and careless speech command,
 And veil her agony from each beholder,
 Locking within her own the little hand
 That every moment in her grasp grows colder ?

Oh ! she can deck with mimic smiles her face,
 Fearing lest force the child from her should sever ;
 The wayside grave—the desert resting-place—
 These, these would tear her from her babe for ever.

And therefore doth she nerve her struggling
 powers,
 Calling up pleasant images to cheer her
 Of the fair shady tomb o'erspread with flowers,
 Where she may still preserve her darling near her.

Deep is the fountain of a mother's love,
 Ever within her tender bosom springing,
 Yet must our chastened reason disapprove
 The love to outward signs thus wildly clinging.

Dear though it be to seek a loved one's tomb,
 There pouring forth affection's fond revelations,
 This robs not death of its repelling gloom,
 This hath not power to heal the wounded feelings.

But thou, O Christian Mother, need'st not fear
 The trial, though the child of thy devotion
 Should find a grave,—dark, fathomless, and drear,
 Beneath the whelming billows of the ocean.

Or lay unknown, unwept, in foreign ground,
 Amid conflicting scenes of war and danger,
 Where wild weeds cluster o'er the sun-burnt
 mound,
 Trampled beneath the footstep of the stranger.

Yet Faith shall in thy sorrow show to thee
 A day when ocean and when earth shall tremble,
 And from the plain, the cave, the field, the sea,
 The Lord shall bid the slumbering dead assemble.

There shall He re-unite his severed ties,
 There shall his people gaze upon each other,
 And mid the rest thy dear one shall arise,
 Greeting with smiles his fondly loving mother.

And proving that the lone and distant grave
 Is but a brief and passing habitation ;
 That Death the body can alone enslave,
 And souls endure no lasting separation !

From the Metropolitan.

SPRING, AND THE CONSUMPTIVE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THE Spring ! the Spring ! O the joyous Spring !
 It is coming again ! I can feel its wing
 On the green hill top, in the sylvan vale,
 And it flushes the cheek that is wan and pale ;
 And the mother dreams, as she looks on her boy,
 That flush is the herald of future joy ;
 And fancies she sees in his bright young eye
 The promise so dear, that he will not die.
 But the beautiful bloom that lights his cheek,
 Is the fading fire of a flame so weak,
 That the breath of Spring does but fan to consume,
 And soon his cold ashes will rest in the tomb.

The Spring ! the Spring ! O the joyous Spring !
 It brings life and death on its roscate wing ;
 And the pale consumptive must bow his head
 To the green sod, that covers the lonely dead.
 When the violet basks in the genial ray,
 And the wild-bird sings on the leafy spray,
 His bloom will be gone, and his voice will be
 hush'd,
 And the heart of the mother lie lone and crush'd :
 But a richer Spring will revive the bloom
 Of that pale shrunk boy, in his timeless tomb,
 And his soul will take flight on a brighter wing,
 Than heralds the path of the golden Spring.

The Spring! the Spring! O the joyous Spring,
 Shall a thousand holy mem'ries bring,
 Of the beautiful flow'rs that have pass'd away,
 To bloom in the light of eternal day.
 Oh! why should we mourn, when the young
 heart breaks,
 Ere the guard of its virtues its post forsakes,
 To let the wild passions of earth come in,
 That stain the pure blossoms of youth with sin?
 Then weep not, fond mother, his young life's close,
 Though he fall in his bloom, like the first Spring
 rose;
 Say, what can'st thou offer so fitly to heaven,
 As the flow'r in the beauty with which it was
 given?

From the Spectator.

STANZAS.

BY BAROO GOVIN CHUNDER DUTT,

A native of Bengal.

WHERE is the gay melodious voice,
 O where the mirthful tone,
 That bade my kindred soul rejoice
 In hours forever gone?
 For ever gone!—aye—with that name
 A thousand memories throng,—
 The gentle look, the soothing word,
 The silvery laugh and song!

The lofty hall, and trellised bower,
 Where waved the stately plume,
 And brightly glanced the midnight gem,
 And flowers breathed rich perfume,—
 They flash o'er memory's darkened eye,
 Like lightnings through a storm,
 And with them starts to claim a sigh
 Each well-known friendly form.

No soft lamp pours its silvery ray
 Through yon proud chamber's gloom,
 All silent is the mouldering way
 Where censers breathed perfume;
 But still resounds the lark's sweet notes
 Amid these scenes so fair,
 And still on morning's wings she floats
 To woo the fragrant air!

Though cold be Beauty's crimson cheek,
 And dim her laughing brow,
 And her blue eye no more bespeak
 A mind as pure as snow,—
 Yet still the rose blooms wild around,
 The Queen of Eastern flowers,
 And still the clashing waves resound
 Beside the forest bowers!

But hush'd is music's mirthful voice,
 And silent is each tone,
 That bade my kindred soul rejoice
 In hours for ever gone!
 And nature's sights are nothing now—
 A leaf, or breath of air—
 Unless, departed friends! with you
 Their glory I can share.

From the Metropolitan.

COME TO THE WOODLANDS.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

O COME to the woodlands! the young moon is
 wreathing
 Her bright silver tresses with garlands of dew;
 O come where the music of nature is breathing!
 And the eglantine spreads its wild roses for you:
 Where glow-worms are peeping,
 The wild fawns are sleeping,
 The nightingale thrilling his sweet roundelay;
 The hymn of the night breeze
 Is heard in the pine trees,
 O Geraldine! come to the woodlands away!
 The twilight is fading, the night is advancing,
 The spring's sweetest odors are loading the gale;
 O come where the fairies by moonlight are danc-
 ing!
 To song and to minstrelsy, down in the vale:
 O'er violets, dripping
 With dew, they are tripping,
 Around the old oak, in their revels so gay;—
 Thy sweet eye is brighter,—
 Thy footstep is lighter,—
 O Geraldine! come to the woodlands away!

From the Athenæum.

MORN AT SEA.

'Tis glorious on the waters, (when young morn
 Shows in the golden east his rosy face,
 Laughing to see night's swift retreat,) to trace
 Our path midst spray and foam, like blossoms torn
 From the green hedgerow, when May clothes the
 thorn
 In robes of purest white. With rapid race
 The light sail coyly flies the wind's embrace,
 Eager to be pursued the while. As corn
 Bends to the Autumn breeze, so bends the mast;
 While like a sportive dolphin seems my boat;
 And I, Arion on his back, may float,
 And glimpse the mermaids as we hurry past,
 Peering into the depths; where broken rocks
 Protect sea flow'rs to deck their braided locks.

From the Metropolitan.

SONNET.

BY G. B. COWELL.

'Tis glorious, some bright evening, to behold,
 As sinks the chariot of the lord of day,
 The clouds, in garments robed of purest gold,
 Throng on all sides and close around his way.
 Thus were the Muses wont, methinks, of yore,
 To sit before the blind old Homer's mind,
 And breathe the magic of that heavenly lore
 Which still enthralles the heart of all mankind.
 Thus did they float before his mind's keen eye,
 In such rich colors, such bright radiance drest,
 As lightly gliding from their thrones on high,
 Those heavenly thoughts they planted in his
 breast,
 Thoughts, which ne'er fade, though centuries
 roll by,
 Whose blossom blooms with immortality!

MISCELLANY.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS FOR INDIA AND CHINA.

—Steam intercourse with India is likely to be arranged in a manner to meet the wishes of all parties interested in the subject; and a rapid and most efficient communication will ere long be carried out, by means of powerful vessels to be employed by the Government of India, and probably by the Peninsular and Oriental Company. Without pledging ourselves to details, we believe the following to be a correct outline of the arrangement at present contemplated. There is to be a bi-monthly instead of a monthly intercourse. The mails which leave London and Calcutta simultaneously on the 1st day of every month, are to be conveyed by the East India Company; those leaving on the 15th, by the Peninsular and Oriental Company, if they obtain the contract; and the distance between London and Calcutta, and *vice versa*, is to be performed in forty days. The effect of this arrangement will be as follows:—The mail leaving London on, say the 1st January, will be conveyed *via* Marseilles and Suez to Bombay, whence letters will be transmitted, as now, to the various parts of the continent of India, and to Ceylon; those for Calcutta reaching that city on the 10th February, so that answers may be despatched by the homeward mail of the 15th, to be brought by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's vessels, calling at Madras and Ceylon to take up the Bombay and China letters, which will arrive in London on the 25th March, in time to permit of replies by the outgoing mail of the 1st April, *via* Bombay. In the same manner, the mail leaving London and Southampton on the 15th January, will be conveyed by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's vessels *via* Suez to Ceylon, where they are to drop the mails for China and for Bombay, and then proceed onwards, calling at Madras, to Calcutta, arriving there on the 25th February; thus allowing time to answer by the homeward mail leaving on the 1st March, and reaching London by way of Bombay on the 10th April, to which replies may be transmitted by the outward mail of the 15th April, which will convey despatches to Bombay, China, Madras, and Calcutta, by way of Ceylon. The intercourse with China will be monthly, the Peninsular and Oriental Company having undertaken the conveyance of a mail, which will be forwarded from Ceylon immediately on receipt of the outward mail of the 15th of every month. In order to carry these arrangements into effect, the East India Company are to provide three new vessels of competent power. The Peninsular and Oriental Company, to fulfil their part of the undertaking, have ordered an iron steamer of large power; they have also purchased the *Precursoer*, conditionally, for £50,000, and offered \$23,000 for the India.—*Asiatic Journal*.

Dr. Wolff.—Capt. Grover has received a letter from Dr. Wolff, dated Meshed, March 24. The doctor fell in with Saleh Mohammed, called the Akhoondyadeh, whose circumstantial statement of what he said people told him of the execution of Col. Stoddart and Capt. Conolly, was published in all the papers. The doctor thus writes:—"Saleh Mohammed told me that the two persons who were put to death, and of whom he gave a circumstantial account to Col. Sheill, may

have been two other persons, and that the executioner may have belied him. Besides this, I must confess that two things are suspicious to me in the extreme: he first told me that the executioner who told him the story had been the executioner of Stoddart; on another day I asked him which of the two executioners had put Stoddart to death, and he replied he did not know!" The doctor also says:—"A caravan arrived here some days ago from Bokhara; and ask whom you will, the invariable answer is,—'They may be alive, for nobody has seen them executed, and the Gosh Bekke, or prime minister, who for five years was supposed to have been put to death, has suddenly come forth alive and well from prison.' The chief of the caravan of Bokhara, Mullah Kareem, who leaves that city every two months, and has a wife there, told me two days ago, that if any one asserts that he has seen the execution of the two *celchies*, (ambassadors,) he is a liar!"—*Asiatic Journal*.

DOCK YARDS OF FRANCE.—The number of laborers employed in the several dock yards on the west coast of France at present, is 10,170, of whom 3465 at Brest, 1102 at Rochefort, 1212 at L'Orient, and 1127 at Cherbourg; besides 1000 artificers, &c., of the artillery, and 2053 other laborers on the marine works connected with the last-mentioned of these ports. The cost of the *matériel* of the French navy is estimated at about twelve millions sterling, or 238,463,000 francs, and out of this sum the ships themselves, without any of their equipments, are estimated to have occasioned an outlay of nearly £2,500,000. From the year 1826 to 1830, inclusive, the yearly consumption of hemp for cordage amounted to 2450 tons; it does not exceed at this time 1470. A ship of the line, with her entire equipments, is estimated to cost the state a sum of £116,000; for instance, the *Hercules*, which conveyed the Prince de Joinville to the Brazils, did not put to sea for less than £117,580, in which sum, however, some extraordinary disbursements are included.—*U. Serp. Mag.*

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF MEDICINE.—This is a small but very select society, composed of physicians, surgeons, and general practitioners. Its object is the mutual comparison, so to speak it, of notes, for general edification. It meets once a week, at the house of each member in rotation. At the last meeting—

The chair was taken by Dr. Hookie, at the head of his own tea-table. The worthy chairman, with a cup of Hyson in his hand, begged to propose as a toast, "Success to Practice." Drunk unanimously.

The secretary (Mr. Jones) then stated that Mr. Baggs had a communication to make to the Society.

Mr. Baggs would, with permission of the Society, relate an interesting case. The patient was an elderly lady, *etatis* 65; her complaint was a sinking at the stomach, accompanied by a singing in the ears; together with a nervous affection, described by herself as "alloverishness." He (Mr. Baggs) had called the disorder *Debilitas*, and *Tinnitus Aurium*. Ordered—*Pil. Miceæ Panis*, box one,—three pills to be taken every night: and a sixteen ounce mixture, composed of *Tinct. Cardamom*: *Comp. drachms* ten: *Syrup*: *Simp.*: ounces

two: and the rest, Aqua: three table spoonfuls three times a day. The patient had been two months under treatment—expresses herself to have been done a world of good—but should like to go on with the medicine. He (Mr. Baggs) considered that he had been very lucky in his patient, and only hoped he might have many such.

A member here suggested the propriety of drinking her health. (*No, no; and laughter.*)

Another member thought that Mr. Baggs had made a good thing of it.

Mr. Baggs rather flattered himself that he had. He had charged "Ister," each visit, 5s., besides medicine, and he had seen the case daily.

The same member wished, if it was a fair question, to know what might have been the prime cost of the drugs?

Mr. Baggs said that the tincture in each bottle, he should think, was about threepence-halfpenny, and the syrup perhaps three farthings. The aqua was an insignificant fraction of the rate on that fluid; as was the Panis of the baker's bill.

One member considered that a few powders, now and then, might have been sent in. Another would have applied an Emplastrum Picis to the *Epigastrium*. It would have been 3s.

Mr. Baggs thought that a little moderation was sometimes as well.

The Society, generally agreed with him.

Dr. Dunham Brown then recounted an instructive case of gout, occurring in an alderman. He had been in attendance on him for a twelve-month, and had taken, on an average, three fees a week.

The Chairman next read a valuable paper "On Professional Appearance," in which he strongly recommended black gaiters.

A discussion ensued respecting the advantages of spectacles in procuring the confidence of patients. At its conclusion—

The Chairman inquired who was for a game at whist? Several members answering for themselves in the affirmative, cards were introduced. The Society separated at a respectable hour.—*Punch*.

A GLIMPSE OF FAIRY LAND.—The Emperor of Russia is the only existing representative of the Emperor of the Fairy Tale or Arabian Nights' Entertainment. For fair speeches and rich gifts on every side, there has been nothing heard of like him since the little girl out of whose mouth came lilies and roses whenever she opened it, and out of whose hair was combed pearls and diamonds. He scattered his drafts for 1,000*l.* or 500*l.* about him with as much nonchalance as a stage Cræsus could distribute bits of white paper. Lords of the Household have received his Majesty's portrait set in diamonds; Equerries, his "cipher," similarly adorned; maitres d'hôtel have diamond rings; and even menial domestics have gold boxes, rings, and watches. In reading of this shower of good luck, one is carried back in imagination to the days of Danaë; Sinbad's Valley of Diamonds rises to the view—a fat cook setting a delicate roast before the Autocrat, which is withdrawn with a jewel sticking to it. But the provoking part of the story is the imperturbable phlegm with which John Bull endures this vision of Fairyland opening for a moment in the midst of his commonplace world. The Chelsea Bazaar, Mr. Ward's motion about the Irish Church, the Sugar-duties, a hundred other topics of the day, each in turn driving out the other, have already obliterated

the sensation caused by the lavish generosity of the Monarch who appears to "hold the gorgeous East in fee." We are too busy a people to mind portents long: it is very doubtful whether, were some of those green knolls once said to be the haunts of "the good people," to open at our feet and reveal the elves gambolling in caverns rich as that in which Aladdin found his lamp, the marvel would excite more than an exclamation of momentary surprise. The Imperial visit has come and gone like the lightning, "which doth cease to be ere one can say it lightens." If the Emperor—instead of, as is probable, merely gratifying a momentary whim—calculated upon exciting a *sensation* in England by his meteor-like transit, he has reckoned without his host.—*Spec.*

POLICE INTERFERENCE IN GERMANY.—An Englishman is just arrived in a German town, with half-a-dozen youths under his care, for the finishing of their education. Some of these youths are nearly grown to manhood. They have their guns and pistols, and practise at a mark, or at birds, in their tutor's garden. A flock of sparrows settles on a tree; they fire at them. A man in a neighboring garden raises his head and gazes sternly and significantly at them. Presently arrives a policeman, with a long printed paper of regulations against the shooting of birds, with all the pains and penalties. The youths lay aside the fowling-piece, and amuse themselves with shooting at the sparrows with pellets of putty, sent from a sarbacan or blow-gun, blown by the mouth. Presently appears again the grave servant of justice, with another long printed paper, showing how strictly it is forbidden to kill *singing* birds, with a list of those which are decided by the wisdom of the government to be singing birds, and the various fines for such offences, mounting up in severity from a tom-tit to a nightingale, the penalty for whose death is five florins, or 8*s.* 4*d.* Guns and blow-guns being thus spiked by the police, the unfortunate youths betook themselves into the open wood behind the house, where they supposed they could molest no one, and amused themselves with firing at a mark with a pistol. At the very first crack, however, out steps a *wood* policeman, in his long drab coat with green collar, seizes the pistol, pockets it, and walks off. Astounded at this proceeding, the youths for some time desisted from all sorts of shooting; but, tempted one day by a handsome brass cannon in a shop-window in the city, (what do these shopkeepers sell little brass cannons for?) they immediately conclude that with cannons you may shoot. People do not shoot singing-birds, at all events, with *cannon*. They therefore bought the cannon; and to avoid all possible offence, they carried it into the mountains, and far up there, in a rocky hollow, they commenced firing their cannon at a mark on the wall of a precipice. Bang goes the little cannon, back it flies with the shock,—out starts a policeman, and puts it in his pocket!

The patience of the youths was now exhausted. They demanded, "What! cannot we even fire a child's cannon?" The reply was, "Nein, das ist am strengsten verboten." "No, that is most strictly forbidden." The youths, with English spirit, protested against the seizure of their cannon. "Good! good!" was the answer, and the next day they were summoned to the Amt-house, and, on the clearest showing of the printed regulations, fined ten shillings.—*German Experiences.*

O'CONNELL.—After the close of the proceedings in the Dublin Court of Queen's Bench, on Thursday last week, Mr. O'Connell and the other traversers remained for about an hour in the Judges' chambers, awaiting certain formalities in order to their commitment. At a quarter after five o'clock, they were driven off in three carriages, accompanied by the High Sheriff, and escorted by a strong body of mounted Police, to Richmond Bridewell, in the South Circular Road. As they passed forth, there was a general cry of "Silence!" among the crowd; which was in a state of great "excitement," and several persons shed tears. Numbers followed the carriages; and a large crowd was collected at the entrance of the prison. Inside the prison-gate stood a numerous party of gentlemen, in two files, personal friends of Mr. O'Connell: they uncovered as he entered; and he shook hands with them. O'Connell and his companions were conducted to the Governor's house. Mr. Purdon, the Governor, being absent, Mr. Cooper, the Deputy-Governor, received the prisoners from High Sheriff Ball; and Mr. O'Connell was conveyed to rooms which he had engaged before the passing of the sentence. They are spacious and airy. Mrs. Fitzsimon and Mrs. French, O'Connell's daughters, were in waiting to receive him in his new lodging; and after a short interval, he walked with them in the large gardens belonging to the prison, to which his party have access. The Liberator seems to pass his time as pleasantly as a prison allows: he has an almost daily levee, admitting visitors for a few hours each day except Mondays and Wednesdays. The Dublin papers publish a letter by his chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Miley, dated "the second day of the Captivity," describing O'Connell at mass.

"Never have I beheld the Liberator in a sublimer attitude than this morning, as he knelt, I may say in fetters, before the altar he himself had freed. It was a spectacle of much grander import than even of a 'just man contending with adversity'; and if those who have been laboring so long, *per fas aut nefas*, to afflict his spirit, to embitter and disgrace his declining years, could have beheld the serenity of his countenance in receiving the divine communion, I would not say they would have been sorely disappointed, but, for the honor of human nature, I shall persuade myself that it would have repented them of their intent in seeking to fix the brand of a felonious conspirator on such a man. No; O'Connell is not sick—he is not sad; let no one believe it. I was beside him in the court; I accompanied him to the prison; it is scarce an hour since this hand that writes was grasped in his: and I aver, upon this knowledge, that he is in rude health, unshaken in his purpose, and undismayed as when he denounced the Union on Tara or Mullaghmast, serene in the spirit of his mind, and full of buoyant vigor. He is proud of his present position, and looks back upon the past with triumph; and never were his hopes of the future brighter than at this moment, or more akin to certainty."

The Repeal papers present a "tremendous excitement" as obtaining in the provinces; but the examples cited are not very striking. In one place the people shut up their shops in token of mourning; in others they got up early to hear the news; and on Sunday prayers were said for O'Connell's health and strength to bear up under the "unjust sentence." The most "alarming

excitement" occurred at Galaway. A foolish sexton, to curry favor with a gentleman who had arrived over night at his residence in the neighborhood, rang the bells of St. Nicholas's church; on which a mob collected, and would have lynched the sexton, but that some priests and gentlemen interposed and promised that he should be punished. He was summarily dismissed.—*Spectator*.

BYRON'S STATUE BY THORWALDSEN.—A case of an extraordinary nature is about to be brought before the London tribunals. Thorwaldsen, as is well known, had executed a colossal statue of Lord Byron, which he presented to the Chapter of Westminster, on condition of its being placed in that cathedral beside the monuments of other poets. The Chapter first accepted the offer, but it is equally well known that some scruples were raised afterwards against placing the author of *Don Juan* in this national mausoleum; and the case containing the precious marble was never claimed by the Chapter. The testamentary executors of Thorwaldsen being informed of this state of things, made some inquiries, and the masterpiece of Thorwaldsen was found lying on the floor of a cellar in a state of extreme deterioration, amongst the fragments of the case, which the humidity of the place had reduced to a state of perfect rottenness. Consequently, a person duly authorized by the executor addressed a formal reclamation to the authorities, but when the Custom-house officers went with him to the cellar, it was found that the statue had disappeared, and nothing but fragments of the case remained behind. The executors then addressed to the Custom-house a demand for indemnity. This, however, was refused, under the plea that it cannot be answerable for goods refused by the parties to whom they are addressed. The executors have resolved on bringing an action for damages against the Custom-house of London. The sum claimed is 30,000l. (750,000f.) at which the statue was valued by the artists of Rome on its being shipped to London.—*Morning Chronicle*.

POPULATION OF GERMAN STATES.—The Table of Population, on which the appropriation of the duties received on account of the German Customs-Union is founded, affords us the following data respecting the number of inhabitants in each State of the Union in the year 1843; viz. Prussia, 14,934,340; Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, 175,223; Bavaria, 4,370,977; Kingdom of Saxony, 1,706,267; Wurtemberg, 1,646,871; the two Principalities of Hohenzollern, 58,387; Baden, 1,290,146; Electoral Hesse (or Hesse Cassel), 692,535; Grand Duchy of Hesse, 811,503; Landgraviate of Hesse, 18,444; Brunswick, 265,835; Nassau, 398,095; and Frankfurt on the Main, 66,338. The total population of States forming the Union, inclusive of certain isolated districts, Thuringia, &c., amounted last year to 27,623,815.—*U. Serv. Mag.*

THE FRENCH IN ALGIERS.—In a speech in the Chamber of Deputies, Marshal Soult admitted the holy war declared by Morocco against the French in Algiers. The papers also announce an untoward event in the province of Constantina. The garrison of Biscara, composed of natives in French pay, had revolted, murdered two French officers, and betrayed the post to the enemy.—*Spect.*



SCIENCE AND ART.

ANTIQUITIES OF ATHENS.—Among the many inscriptions of the Acropolis which have been published in the *Ephemeris* of the Archæological Society, are three or four of peculiar historic interest—the inscription on the base of the votive statue to Minerva of health, mentioned in the *Life of Pericles*, by Plutarch and by Pliny, the catalogue of the contributions of different towns to the treasury in the Parthenon, and the description, price and distribution of the work done in erecting the Long Walls.

The following statues and reliefs are of sufficient value to merit casts, were the means afforded from the museums of Europe:—10 pieces of the frieze of the Parthenon, of the 14 still in the Acropolis; 1 metope—the Winged Victory taking off her sandal, and another called the Bull of Marathon, reliefs from the exterior of the Victory Apteros, with part of a third, a beautiful little statue of a fawn, about 2 feet high; Ceres, or Diana, ascending a car, in a style resembling that of the Zanthian Marbles; about eight of the small sepulchral and other reliefs preserved in the Pinacotheca; several beautiful fragments of small statues, three of those preserved in the Stoa of Adrian; a torso of a Cupid; a bold sepulchral relief of an old man and a youth, 5 feet high; a finely draped statue, of the best era, 6 feet high, found at Andros, head wanting, having been replaced by a Roman bust, as the cutting at the neck shows; small relief, with inscription *Athena, &c.*; the colossal statue of Erechthonius, still in situ, below the temple of Theseus, 8 feet high, head wanting; colossal statue of Minerva Victrix, remarkable for its exquisite drapery, head wanting, near the Theseum. In the Theseum—the very curious relief, 6 feet high, of a Warrior with spear, with great remains of colors—a work of Aristion, of the ancient school of Sycon; a beautiful figure, of the very best era, perfect all but the legs below the knee and the arms, 5 feet high, called the Apollo, from having a serpent on the base; a statue supposed to be Apollo Lycius, 6 feet; a beautiful little Silenus, with the infant

Bacchus on his shoulder, 3 feet; a Pan, 3 feet high; a beautiful little Terminus, 1 1/2 foot high, with three heads of the Diana Triformis, and one of Hermes; a sepulchral relief, 5 feet by 4, of a youth, dog and boy; another, of the same size, of female, nurse, child, and friend—both these pieces, in very prominent alto relievo, are admirable specimens of the common sepulchral style subsequent to the best period of Athenian sculpture. Several other reliefs, of small size and minor importance. No excavations have been made lately out of the Acropolis, neither is there any probability of any being made, for the Greek Government have no funds for the purpose, and the law prevents any individual from removing any antiquities from Greece. It is much to be lamented, that great part of the town is built over ancient remains, and little hope can any longer be entertained of any discoveries in Athens, except in the Acropolis. Indeed, many reasons combine to point out other places as affording better hopes of success in archæological research. —*Athenæum*.

MR. DRAYTON'S INVENTION FOR SILVERING MIRRORS.—By this gentleman's process, the mirror is, for the first time, literally speaking, *silvered*, inasmuch as silver is precipitated on it from its nitrate (lunar caustic) in the form of a brilliant lamina. The process is this: on a plate of glass, surrounded with an edge of putty, is poured a solution of nitrate of silver in water and spirit, mixed with ammonia and the oils of cassia and of cloves. These oils precipitate the metal in somewhat the same manner as vegetable fibre does in the case of marking ink—the quantity of oil influencing the rapidity of the precipitation. Mr. Faraday here referred to Dr. Wollaston's method of precipitating the phosphate of ammonia and magnesia on the surface of a vessel containing its solution, in order to make intelligible how the deposit of silver was determined on the surface of clean glass, not (as in Dr. W.'s experiment) by mechanical causes, but by a sort of electric affinity.

-This part of Mr. Faraday's discourse was illustrated by three highly striking adaptations of Mr. Drayton's process. He first silvered a glass plate, the surface of which was cut in a ray-like pattern. 2d. A bottle was filled with Mr. Drayton's transparent solution, which afterwards exhibited a cylindrical reflecting surface. And, 3d. A large cell, made of two glass plates, was placed erect on the table, and filled with the same clear solution. This, though perfectly translucent in the first instance, gradually became opaque and reflecting; so that, before Mr. Faraday concluded, those of his auditors who were placed within view of it, saw their own faces, or that of their near neighbors, gradually substituted for the faces of those who were seated opposite to them.—*Ath.*

PNEUMATIC APPARATUS FOR VALUING THE RESPIRATORY POWERS, ILLUSTRATED BY DIAGRAMS AND TABLES.—It consists of two instruments, the one called the "Breathing machine" for measuring "Volume," and the other called the "Inspirator," for measuring "Power"—by which the three principal observations for arriving at correct results are taken, viz., the number of cubic inches of air thrown out of the chest—and the power by which that air can be drawn in and given out. The "Breathing machine" consists of two vertical cylinders, one within the other,—the outer one contains water, while the inner one, being inverted, is intended to receive the breath, and hence is called the receiver; this receiver is raised in proportion to the quantity of air given out of the lungs of the person under examination. The receiver is counterbalanced by two leaden weights working in two vertical hollow brass perpendicular tubes. To each of the weights is attached a cord, which, working over a pulley at top, passes down another brass tube or column and connected with the cross-head of the receiver, which cross-head with the receiver works up and down by means of slots formed in the inside column. In order to determine how much air is given out, a scale is connected with the receiver, which ascends and descends with it; on this scale the figures represent cubic inches—calculated according to the contents of the receiver, which contains 388 cubic inches of air. The level of the water is the datum or standard line from which the number of cubic inches is to be determined. A bent glass tube is connected with the water in the reservoir, so that the level of the water in the reservoir is readily ascertained by an inspection of the tube: the divisions on the scale on the same level as the surface of the water, indicate the number of cubic inches contained in the receiver, at any elevation. The breath enters the receiver by a tube passing up through the reservoir of water, and when the experiment is concluded and the receiver is to be drawn down again, the air is discharged by a valve cock at bottom. Three taps are fixed in front of this machine, the one for drawing off the water when necessary; the second for discharging the breath through; and the middle one, called the drain tap, for draining off water that sometimes by accident is forced into the vertical tubes. The "Inspirator" is constructed on the principle of elevating by the power of the muscles of inspiration and expiration, a column of mercury, and according to the elevation of the mercury to determine the relative power exerted by these muscles. It consists of a

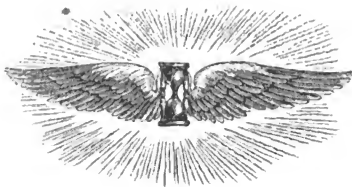
dial plate, graduated with inches and tenths, and is divided equally by a perpendicular line. The left side is graduated for measuring inspiration, the right half for expiration: certain words are engraved in each division expressive of different degrees of strength, thus—

Graduation of Power.

Inspiration.		Expiration.
1-5 inches.	Weak,	2-00 inches.
2- " "	Ordinary,	2-50 " "
2-5 " "	Strong,	3-50 " "
3-5 " "	Very Strong,	4-50 " "
4-5 " "	Remarkable,	5-80 " "
5-5 " "	Very Remarkable,	7-00 " "
6- " "	Extraordinary,	8-50 " "
7- " "	Very Extraordinary,	10-00 " "

These expressions of power are obtained from results of nearly 1,200 observations. The mercury is contained in a bent tube, one end of which is surmounted by a flexible tube, which is terminated by an Indian rubber nose-piece, through which the person under trial draws in or blows out to the extent of his power. Several persons, including fire-brigade men, wrestlers, gentlemen, and particularly Robinson, the well-made dwarf, thirty-six years of age, standing 3 feet 9 inches high, were subjected to the trial of Mr. Hutchinson's apparatus—and it was observed how accurately these cases agreed with Mr. Hutchinson's table of heights, by which it appears that the capacity of a man's lungs increases in arithmetical progression of 8 cubic inches for every inch of his actual height.—*Ath.*

LAND DRAINING.—Land is rendered cold and late by the *great capacity of water for heat*, as compared with clay or sand; the same quantity of heat which is sufficient to raise the temperature of earth or mould four degrees of Fahrenheit, and of common air five degrees, being only sufficient to raise that of water one degree; the residue being absorbed by the water and rendered latent. Consequently, when the land is saturated by water, the sun's rays, instead of being expended in heating the soil, are absorbed and rendered latent by the water which it contains, and the soil derives but one-fourth of the warmth which it would do were it filled with common air instead of water. Other injurious effects are, that it sours the land, and gives rise to the formation of substances hurtful to vegetation. These are caused by the exclusion of common air and the oxygen which it contains from the pores of the soil. Vegetable and animal manures thus remain imperfectly decayed, or decay is converted into putrefaction, and acetic, malic, tannic, gallic, and other acids substituted for carbonic acid and ammonia, the products of simple decay, and which, with the elements of water, are now recognized as the chief agents in the nourishment of plants. Superabundant moisture, likewise, renders the climate of a country insalubrious; but its injurious effects are more immediately recognized in supplying the roots of growing plants with a greater quantity of moisture than they are able to digest, and thus rendering them weak and dropsical.—*Ibid.*



OBITUARY.

THE KING OF SWEDEN.—March 8.—At Stockholm, His Majesty Charles John XIV. King of Sweden and Norway, and Sovereign of the Order of the Seraphim.

Of all that brilliant race of warriors and of statesmen called into sudden life by the terrible forces of the French revolutionary war to scour and sack the plains and cities of Europe, few were gifted with the more dignified and enduring energy which survived the crisis of their youth—one alone retained by his own deserts the kingly prize which had been flung to him. Of all the phantasmagoria of the French revolution, and the King-vassals of Imperial France, Bernadotte alone preserved to our day the position to which he had been raised; but he preserved it because, in a country jealous of its ancient liberties and of its national independence, he learned faithfully to observe the conditions of a constitutional government, and to maintain, even at the sacrifices of his personal sympathies, the honor and freedom of the land which had adopted him.

John Baptiste Julius Bernadotte was born at Pau, the capital of Bearn, Jan. 26, 1764. His parents were humble, but not of the very humblest condition, as appears from the superior education they were enabled to give him. Some accounts say that he was designed for the bar; but, in his 16th year, he suddenly relinquished his studies, and enlisted as a private soldier into the Royal Marines. Notwithstanding his superior acquirements and his good conduct, the year 1789 found Bernadotte only a sergeant; but after the revolutionary torrent swept away the artificial distinctions of society, and cleared the military stage for the exhibition and success of plebeian merit, his rise was most rapid. In 1792 he was Colonel in the army of General Custines. The year following he served under Kleber with so much ability and zeal, that he was promoted to the rank of General of Brigade, and almost immediately afterwards to that of General of Division.

In the ensuing campaigns, the new General served both on the Rhine and in Italy, and on every occasion with distinguished reputation; but he kept aloof from the conqueror of Italy—having even thus early taken up an ominous foreboding of his designs.

The weakness of the existing government, the talents, popularity, and character of the hero, and, above all, the contempt which he exhibited for the orders of the Directory, when opposed to his own views, might well create distrust in a mind so sagacious as Bernadotte's. He was so little disposed to become the instrument of Bonaparte's ambition, that, after the peace of Campo-Formio,

he flatly refused to serve in the army of England. With some difficulty he was persuaded to accept an embassy to Austria, from which he shortly returned. On the establishment of the Consulate, he received the staff of a Marshal of France, and in 1806 the title of Prince of Ponte Corvo was added to his other honors. In the German campaigns, as well as in the command which he held for a short time against the Chouans in the west of France, he was distinguished from all his military comrades by his consideration and generosity towards the conquered enemy. From 1806 to 1809 he commanded the first *corps d'armée* in the north of Germany; and it is recorded that his personal kindness to a body of 1500 Swedes, who had fallen as prisoners into his hands, first awakened among the younger officers of that nation those feelings of gratitude which led to his nomination as a candidate for the reversion of the crown of Sweden.

Of all the Imperial generals (for the sterner Republican spirits of the army had long been removed from the scene) Bernadotte was the least inclined to yield to Napoleon that servile deference which he so strictly exacted. The blemishes of the Imperial regime, the abuse of military power, and the jealousies which had sprung up between the *grands* of that transitory court, had alarmed his caution, and, perhaps, offended his sense of justice. Suddenly, and by a personal impulse rather than by any subtle combination of policy or intrigue, his name was mentioned at the Diet of Orebro, where the deputies of Sweden were assembled to choose a successor to Charles XIII. The consent of the Prince de Ponte Corvo had already been privately implied; that of the Emperor Napoleon was, not without misgivings, extorted from him. Bernadotte said, with characteristic acuteness, "Will your Majesty make me greater than yourself, by compelling me to have refused a crown?" Napoleon replied, "You may go; our destinies must be accomplished."

From that hour Bernadotte, or, as he was thenceforward styled, Charles John, Crown Prince of Sweden, turned with no divided affection to his adopted country. The first acts of his government were to refuse to recruit the French fleet at Brest with Swedish sailors, and to struggle against the oppressive exigencies of the continental system. In 1812 a secret alliance was formed between Sweden and Russia; and in the following year the Crown Prince assumed the command of the combined forces of Northern Germany against the French Empire. The reward of these services which he had rendered to the cause of European freedom, and to the armies of Sweden,

was his undisputed succession to that crown, which he owed neither to the sword nor to the arbitrary policy of his former master, but to the deliberate choice of the Swedish people. He showed himself worthy of the confidence of Europe by his undeviating adherence to those principles of order, justice, and forbearance, by which the maintenance of the general peace has been rapidly secured; and, by his frank and judicious compliance with the obligations imposed upon a sovereign by the free constitutions both of Sweden and of Norway, he earned the unbounded veneration of those nations. If we look back upon the annals of Sweden in the preceding half century, we are confounded by the perpetual revolutions which agitated the state and menaced the existence of its Kings. But since the accession of Charles John to the throne of Sweden, although the whole of Europe has at various times been shaken by important changes in the internal constitutions of its states, Sweden has continued to enjoy uninterrupted tranquillity and prosperity.

It was on his birthday in the year 1840, after a reign of nearly 30 years, that Charles John XIV. took occasion, in a speech from the throne, to survey with parental satisfaction the condition of his dominions. The population of the kingdom was so much increased, that the inhabitants of Sweden alone are now equal in number to those of Sweden and Finland before the latter province was torn from the former. The commerce and the manufactures of the country have been doubled, agriculture improved, instruction diffused, the finances raised from a state of great embarrassment to complete prosperity, the national debt almost paid off, a civil and a penal code proposed for promulgation, the great canals which unite the ocean with the Baltic have been completed, and lastly, the secular hostility of the Swedish and Norwegian nations has given way to mutual confidence, cemented by kindred institutions, and the enlightened government of the same sceptre.

Such are the claims of the late sovereign to the respectful and grateful recollections of his people. Of all the princes of his time, he sought most steadily and effectually to concentrate the whole energy of his government on the internal duties which it had to perform. He found Sweden exhausted by centuries of foreign war, which were followed by endless reverses abroad and convulsions at home; he has left her at the head of the secondary powers of Europe, and well prepared to uphold her interests and her dignity in those important questions which the course of events may, at no distant period, open for discussion on the shores of the Baltic.

A very interesting memoir of Bernadotte will be found in the volume entitled "The Court and Camp of Napoleon," but it is too long and too well known to be transferred to our columns on this occasion.

Bernadotte married the sister of the wife of Joseph Bonaparte. His son and heir has assumed the royal authority, under the style of Oscar the Second, and announced his intention of continuing the government of Sweden and Norway in the footsteps of his late father. The Prince of Vasa, the heir of the old dynasty, has written from Darmstadt to all the great powers, to say that, "in the present position of affairs, he should certainly abstain from all demonstration; but that

he did not intend, on that account, to forego his own claim, as well as that of his family, to the throne of Sweden."—*Gent's Mag.*

The long-expected death of the Duke of Angoulême took place at Goritz on the 3d instant, after months of suffering. The Duchess and Duke of Bordeaux were with the expiring exile. It is stated that the French Court have gone into mourning.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Annuaire des Voyages et de la Géographie pour l'année 1844, par une réunion de géographes et de voyageurs, sous la direction de M. Frederic Lacroix. Paris. 1844.

This is the first of a promised series of little works to be published annually, and which are to comprise a popular survey of whatever, worthy of note, shall have been done in each year towards extending and enriching the field of geographical knowledge. The design is excellent, and the execution of this first part is, on the whole, very creditable. As a specimen of cheap literature it is a marvel, even as considered with reference to the average rate of price for French publications. The body of the work opens with a 'Resumé des Voyages de l'Année,' occupying fifty pages. Next we have fourteen articles (170 pages), either original essays, or extracts from books of travels not yet published, some of which are highly interesting. The rest of the volume is taken up with reviews of recent works, of which twenty-seven are noticed, and with useful tabular matter, lists of books, &c. The following statement, put forth on the authority of M. Hommaire de Hell, is startlingly at variance with opinions hitherto received. That traveller spent five years in exploring the countries between the Black Sea and the Caspian. His work has recently begun to be published in parts; we purpose giving our readers some account of it when it shall have reached a more advanced stage of publication.

"M. Hommaire has ascertained that the difference of level between the Sea of Azov and the Caspian, is 18.304 millimètres (7.3 English inches) not 108 mètres (354 English feet) as asserted by Parrot and Engelhart in 1812, nor 25 mètres (82 English feet) as declared in 1839 by three members of the Academy of St. Petersburg. He proves that this difference of level is not the consequence of a depression in the land, as some geologists suppose, but results simply from the diminution of the waters in the Caspian. This diminution he traces partly to the separation of the two seas, and partly to the loss sustained by the waters of the Oural, the Volga, and the Emba, since the Oural mountains have been denuded of their forests, and the regions along the banks of the Volga have been brought into cultivation. Every thing combines to prove that the Caspian was formerly connected with the Black Sea in a line passing through the basins of the Manitch and the Kouma; and this junction would be renewed were the Bosphorus suddenly blocked up, as is found by an easy calculation of the amount of evaporation from the surface of the Black Sea,

and of the quantity of surplus water that flows from it into the Mediterranean. The numerous salt lakes covering considerable spaces in the provinces of southern Russia, prove that the Caspian was formerly much more extensive than it is at the present day. It was the gradual retirement of the waters of that sea, that left behind those remarkable hollows from which the Russians extract vast quantities of salt."—*Foreign Quarterly*.

Southey's Poetical Works, complete in one Volume. pp. 800. Double columns. Longmans.

Like the late popular edition of Moore, the publishers have here collected the poetical treasures of Southey into a single volume, together with the separate explanatory and highly interesting prefaces to former editions. These present much for the critic to reflect upon, and are peculiarly worthy of attention for the author's criticisms upon himself, and anecdotes connected with the composition of so many immortal writings. For Southey is one of the immortals; and when we view the vastness and variety of the productions contained within this volume, we feel that we are within the shrine of a genius of original character, great attainments, and extraordinary powers. To say more now would be superfluous. The public has every reason to rejoice in being enabled to possess such a monument of literary devotedness and insignificant talent. It is a library in itself.—*Lit. Gaz.*

The Rebellion in the Cevennes. An Historical Novel, in two volumes. By Ludwig Tieck. Translated from the German by Madame Burette. Nutt.

Tieck is becoming better known and better liked in England every day. This is one of the best of his historical stories exceedingly well translated.

The rebellion of which it embodies the principal feature was one of that long succession of insurrections in which the small Protestant sects, such as the Albigenses and Waldenses, vindicated themselves to the death against the crusades and oppressions of the papal power. The characters in this narrative are nearly all historical, and Tieck exhibits considerable art in the way in which he blends his facts, and the dramatic incidents he interweaves with them, so as to produce a romance no less picturesque than true.

These rebellions and struggles for freedom of religious opinion are favorite topics with the German writers, but none of them exceed in interest the bold circumstances attending the movement headed by Roland, the hero of Tieck's plot. To the English reader these stories ought to be no less attractive. England is the champion of the protestant world. The dispersed and hunted protestants of all denominations in all parts of the earth look to England, with much the same feelings as the followers of the Greek church look to Constantinople—short of the historical tradition which consecrates it as the metropolis of their religion. It is hardly necessary to commend Madame Burette's labor to every body who takes an interest in such topics.—*Court Journal*.

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS

GREAT BRITAIN.

History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht. By Lord Mahon, vol. 4. *From the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle to the Peace of Paris.*

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L'Inde Anglaise en 1843. Par le Comte Edouard de Warren, Ancien Officier au Service de S. M. Britannique dans l'Inde, Présidence de Madras. *Paris.*

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